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PETERSON'S
LADIES NATIONAL
MAGAZINE

JANUARY.--VOL. XXI.

EDITORS.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,
CHARLES J. PETERSON.



C. E. J. W. HAYDON DEL. ET. SC.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME.

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1852, INCLUSIVE.

Alhamra, First View of the—By Ann S. Stephens,	176	Letter; the Love or, Treason in Flowers—By Ann S. Stephens, (<i>Illustrated</i>)	13, 91
April, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>),	232	L——, the Lily of—A Story of New Year's Eve—By J. T. Trowbridge,	39
Bradshaw, Caroline—A Story of New England Life—By the author of "Susy L——'s Diary,"	29, 107	Ladies, Equestrianism for—By Frank Howard, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	81, 129, 170, 229, 269, 305
Border, the Heroine of the—By Charles J. Peterson,	70	Love, the Second—A Sequel to "Caroline Bradshaw"—By the author of "Susy L——'s Diary,"	149, 214, 259
Books, Review of New — 84, 132, 183, 231, 270, 307		Legacy, the Gipsy's—By Ann S. Stephens,	171, 221, 249, 297
Beauty, Tact &c.—By Sydney O. Poynts,	100	Linden, Lizzie—By Frank Lee, author of "Kate Cleveland," a Prize Story,	242
Baby, the First—By Mrs. Jane Weaver,	119	March, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>),	183
Baker, the Poetry of George H.—By Charles J. Peterson,	127	Marriage; Katie Yale's or, Love and Luxury—By J. T. Trowbridge,	256
Bargains, My Wife's—By Smith Jones, Jr.,	267	May, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>),	272
Beauty, the Village—By Ellen Ashton,	303	Morrison, Rose—By Mary L. Meany,	280
Californians; the or, Both Sides of the Picture By a New Contributor, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	48	Oaklays, the—By Mary L. Meany,	157
Century, Costumes of the Past—By Catharine H. Ford, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	78	Party, the Sugar—By J. T. Trowbridge,	121
Child, the Angel and the—From the Danish of Hans Andersen,	125	Party, Mr. Periwinkle—By Mrs. Peter Periwinkle,	189
Cup, the Fortune in the Tea—By Smith Jones, Jr., (<i>Illustrated</i>),	139	Party; Our May or, the Wedding in the Grove By D. Ellen Goodman, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	237
Camp; Kate or, the Happy Old Maid—By Julia J. Norton,	205	Question, A New Way to Pop the—By James H. Dana,	27
California, My Return from—By A. L. Otis,	275	Right? Was She—A Sketch from Real Life—By Rev. H. Hastings Weld,	141
Day, St. Valentine's—By Mary V. Spencer, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	89	Reprimand, the—By Emily H. May, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	178
Friend, My Wife's New—By Smith Jones, Jr.,	75	Rhine, A Legend of the—By Helen Fawcett,	287
February, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>),	134	Slumber, Death and—From the German of Krummacher,	130
Feathers, Artificial Flowers and—By Mrs. White, author of "Gossip About Gloves,"	196	Stream, the Haunted—By James H. Dana, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	191
Gloves, A Gossip About—By Mrs. White,	167	Seamstress; the French or, Charity Begins at Home—By Virginia Peyton,	289
Higginbothams, the—By Eliza Rodman,	42	Table, Our Work—By Mlle. Defour, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	83, 131, 181, 296
Howard, What the Schoolmaster Taught Fanny —By Carry H. Stanley,	198	Table, Editors'	84, 132, 182, 230, 270, 306
Heir, the Hopeful—By Mrs. Peter Pariniwinkle, (<i>Illustrated</i>),	273	Town Up-Town and Down—By Miss Alice Gray,	233
Ishmael," "Hagar and—By the author of "Dora Atherton," "The Valley Farm," &c.,	20	Watch, the Pawned—By Ira B. Northrop,	97
It," "I Know—By E. W. Dewees,	146	Walter, Little—By H. Stewart, M. D.,	165
January, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>),	85		
June, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>),	308		

183570

P O E T R Y .		
Autumn, Sonnet to—By H. J. Bowles,	- - -	99
Adieu, the Warrior's—By George H. Banister,	- - -	166
April—By Fanny Wharton,	- - -	190
Anteros, Eros and—By Charles H. Hitchings,	- - -	302
Awakening, the Heart's—By Mrs. Newton Croslan,	- - -	304
Bells, Unseen—By Mrs. A. F. Law,	- - -	38
Bed, the Prisoner's Death—By Henry J. Vernon, (<i>Illustrated</i>)	- - -	126
Boy, to An Infant—By Rev. Sidney Dyer,	- - -	140
Browning, On Mrs.—By Maria Norris,	- - -	177
Baby, Our—By Ernestine Fitzgerald,	- - -	236
Bethlehem—By Grace Norman,	- - -	236
Bird, Song of A Caged—By E. K. Smith,	- - -	288
Curl, the Golden—By Emma Louise Chandler,	- - -	82
Clematis—By Emily Herrmann,	- - -	164
Comforter, the—By Emily Herrmann,	- - -	213
Corinne, the Last Chant of—By Jessie Cone,	- - -	228
Clara, to—By Mrs. A. F. Law,	- - -	228
Coming, Spring Is—By J. Wamer,	- - -	266
Crowd, A Star She Moved Amid the—By Miss Elizabeth M. Roberts,	- - -	304
Darling, Our—By Catharine Allan, (<i>Illustrated</i>)	- - -	19
Departed, to One—By Bessie Lee,	- - -	80
Darling, the Lost—By Grace Norman,	- - -	156
Drop, to A Snow—By Frederic Cooper,	- - -	169
Death, Life and—By Fanny Wharton,	- - -	269
Evanescence—By E. D. Howard,	- - -	220
Ellis, Lines on Seeing a Likeness of Mrs.—By Grace Norman,	- - -	295
Flower, the Autumn—By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr,	- - -	28
Friends, the Aged—By H. W. Payson,	- - -	180
Gulgehan—By T. H. Chivers, M. D.,	- - -	69
Grave, By A—By D. Ellen Goodman,	- - -	120
Girl, the Blind—By D. Ellen Goodman,	- - -	204
Gone, Days—By Mrs. White,	- - -	286
Hours, Winter—By H. W. Payson,	- - -	118
House, the Old Red School—By S. E. Judson,	- - -	164
Home, Dreams of—By Rev. Sidney Dyer,	- - -	227
Home, the Angel of the—By Charles H. Hitchings,	- - -	258
Infant, Death of an—By William Edward Knowles,	- - -	83
I, You and—By Richard Coe,	- - -	90
Lord, Ministering Angels and Their—By Mrs. E. H. Evans,	- - -	96
Lelia, to—By H. W. Payson,	- - -	140
Lessons Love's—By Mrs. Julia C. R. Dorr,	- - -	268
Life, Awakening—By Frank Lee,	- - -	279
Lily, the Tulip and the—By W. L. Shoemaker,	- - -	296
Mother, the Sick Boy to his—By Frederic Cooper,	- - -	41
Me, Sweet Sister, Pray for—By Clarence May,	- - -	90
Moonlight—By J. Warner,	- - -	106
Me, Ah! Is It Sweet to Tell—By Rev. Sidney Dyer,	- - -	124
Magdalene, Mary—By Charles H. Stewart,	- - -	145
May, Welcome to—By Henry J. Vernon,	- - -	268
Norah—By Mary L. Lawson,	- - -	175
Night, Morning and—By Jane Gay,	- - -	279
Offering, An—By Kate Groves,	- - -	288
Pen, Song of the—By Horace B. Duran,	- - -	77
Petrel, the Stormy—By Richard Coe,	- - -	197
Poem—By Corra Glengyle,	- - -	248
River, the Ohio—By John K. Holmes,	- - -	47
Reverie, A Winter Midnight—By W. S. Shoemaker,	- - -	148
Recline," "When in Death I Calmly—Moore's Melodies, (<i>Illustrated</i>)	- - -	175
Rover, the—By E. F. Haworth,	- - -	305
Sunshine, Summer and—By Mary L. Lawson,	- - -	106
Stansas—By Clara Moreton,	- - -	128
Song—By Frederic Cooper,	- - -	195
Sonnet—By Mary E. Smith,	- - -	228
Swing, the—By Catharine Allan, (<i>Illustrated</i>)	- - -	229
Strong, Be—By Catharine Allan,	- - -	241
Sill, Moss on the—the—By Rev. Sidney Dyer,	- - -	274
Sunbeam, the—By S. E. Judson,	- - -	302
To ——————By Edith Vere,	- - -	74
To ——————By Edith Vere,	- - -	120
Tontine, the Belles of—By T. H. Chivers, M. D.,	- - -	145
Thyself, Help—By Jane Gay,	- - -	180
Truth, the Tried—By Emily Herrmann,	- - -	248
Word, Whisper One Gentle—By Henry Howard Paul,	- - -	26
Winter—By S. D. Anderson,	- - -	131
Wheel, the Old Mill—By J. A. Turner,	- - -	220

F U L L - P A G E E N G R A V I N G S .

- Our Darling.
The Love Letter.
Title-Page for 1852.
Fashions for January, colored.
New Year's Eve.
Juliet Adams.
Still Sleepy.
The Prisoner's Death-Bed.
Fashions for February, colored.
St. Valentine's Day.
The Reprimand.
When in Death I Shall Calmly Recline.
Fashions for March, colored.
The Fortune in the Tea-Cup.
Rosalind and Celia.
The Haunted Stream.
The Swing.
Fashions for April.
The May Day Party.
View of the Levee, New Orleans.
• Fashions for May, colored.
The Reaper Going Home.
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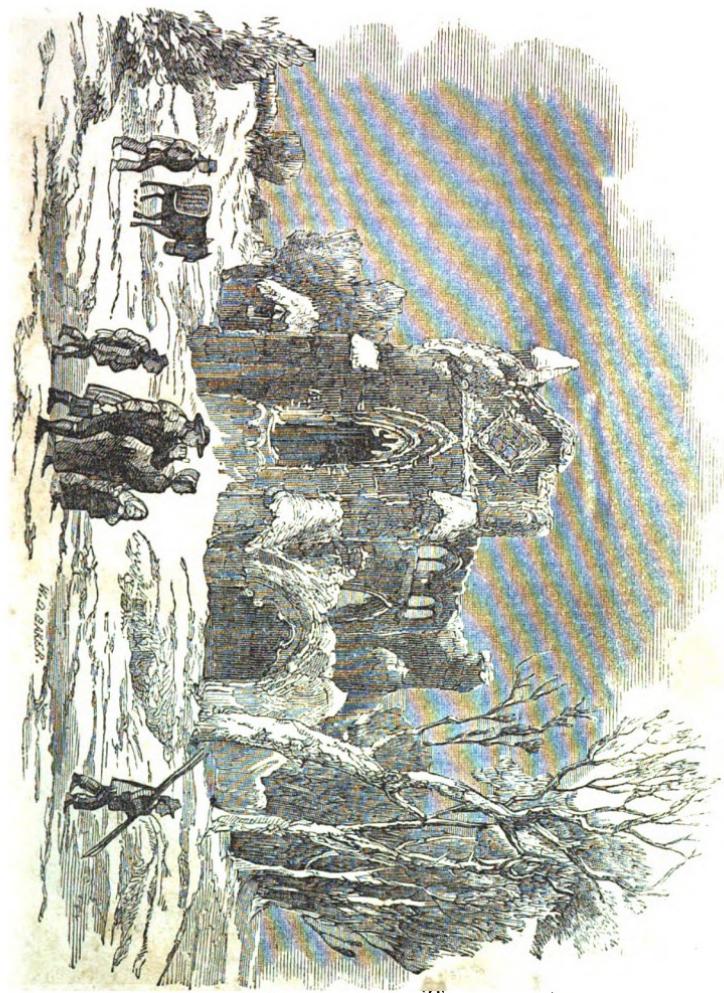




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JULIET ADAMS, (SEE "THE CALIFORNIANS.")

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1852.

No. 1.

THE LOVE LETTER; OR, TREASON IN FLOWERS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

TALK about the dark eyed beauties of Italy and Spain, why you can any day, when the sun shines softly and the air is bland, find more real beauty in Broadway or Chesnut street than can be mustered in a month either in Seville, Florence or Naples. In the youth and first bloom of life, American girls are more beautiful than any race on earth. They have a delicate, classical, nay, altogether exquisite sort of loveliness unsurpassed by anything in continental Europe. They know it, too, the pretty rogues; and it would quite amuse you to see the coquettish little airs and graces they (some of them, not all) assume before foreigners, especially foreigners who have titles and wear decorations. Perhaps out of the numbers that travel abroad one might find a fair representation of the female loveliness of the land, though I have seen thousands of beautiful American women at home where one can be found on her travels.

Now and then, however, one sees upon the Chiaia at Naples, on the Corso at Rome, or driving in the suburbs of Florence, a form so exquisite in its loveliness, a face so delicate and yet so rich in bloom, that it quite makes you start with a home feeling, for there is no mistaking such faces. Italy, France and Spain each has its own style of beauty, but there is no possibility of fancying it American for a moment. The female loveliness of our country has all the delicacy and bloom of a spring blossom, not the less interesting that you feel how short, like that blossom, will be its durability.

One of these faces beamed upon the pleasure-seekers of Naples one season. Almost every day as the public drives began to fill, you might have seen a light, open carriage, drawn by a pair of fine bays, dashing up and down the gay thoroughfare. In the back seat sat a lady in

second mourning, and rather beyond the middle age, with a little King Charles spaniel in her lap, and a grave, and very lovely girl of three or four-and-twenty by her side.

A nice, pleasant old lady she seemed to be, with her bland face beaming with kindness, and her comfortable person filling more than a fair portion of the carriage. There were remnants of previous beauty, too, in that face; a glimmer of lost dimples hovering about the cheek; and glimpses of sunshine sparkling yet in the brown eyes, that reminded you how lovely her youth must have been, as a winter apple brings thoughts of the blossom that still leaves a shadow of itself about the core.

In the front seat, and almost always directly before the elder lady, sat the young girl of whose beauty we have been speaking, so delicate, so bright and spring-like, that her resemblance to one of the heads in Guido's Aurora was the constant remark of those who had seen those glorious frescoes.

Of course, I need not say that Ella White's hair was lustrous with that beautiful golden gleam which this great master seems to have painted from the sunshine—that her eyes were of no permanent color, but changing and sparkling till you scarcely knew, when her long lashes drooped over them, what would be their hue when the silken fringe was lifted again. Nor did her beauty consist in regularity of features, so far as the beholder could tell, for it was very seldom that the features were sufficiently in repose for a fair judgment, but a glowing, transparent complexion, a bright, happy look, happy almost to recklessness, were elements of beauty, sufficiently in contrast to the Neapolitan style, to insure very earnest admiration on their own account.

The likeness and yet contrast, too, which existed between Ella White and the other fair girl in the back seat drew considerable attention. The one so fair, so reserved and impenetrable, with a shade even of sadness on her fine face—the other brilliant and sparkling as a sunbeam, and yet with a family likeness running through and losing itself as it were in the comely person of the elder lady—all this had been a subject of speculation to the haunters of the Villa Reale during the last month. But in all European towns, haunted by travellers, gossip has a swifter wing even than in a home city, and it was soon known in every hotel along the crescent of that magnificent bay, that Mrs. White was a widow, with a daughter and niece, making a continental tour, and to this were added whispers about great wealth and a foreign engagement for one of the young ladies, if not both, with various other things not quite so well founded in fact, but certainly not the less interesting for that.

Well, as I have said, the Chiaja began to fill with equipages. The soft, rosy purple of an Italian twilight was gently stealing over the bay, and the air was fragrant with the breath of a thousand flowers that swept down from the rose thickets of Capo di Monte, and the terraced gardens that overhang the crescent-like curve of the drive. Mingled with this was a faint odor of orange blossoms, borne across the waters from beautiful Sarentum, whose white walls might just be discerned through the purple distance.

Still the twilight had not yet deepened into the sad hours when tears always seem lingering about the heart, and Ella White, though peculiarly susceptible to the influence of everything sweet or grand in nature, kept up a most brilliant flow of spirits, now glancing at a carriage with sparkling and eager eyes—now allowing her gaze to range down the green vistas of the Villa Reale—now exchanging a gay smile, or waving her pretty hand to some passenger who lifted his hat to her party from the side walk. Nothing could be more evident—Ella was expecting some one. Something nearer her little heart than the gay throng of carriages that swept by, gave that glow to her cheek and that sparkle to her eyes. The Cousin Maria looked over, and a sly, knowing little smile stole across her lips. Mrs. White smiled, too, but in an indolent, good-natured way, which was not likely to bring a tinge of warmer blood into Ella's cheek.

They had followed the crescent of the bay up to that point of high land which gives you the whole of Naples at a glance, with Capri slumbering in the golden haze which pours down the horizon, and green, gloomy old Vesuvius vomiting clouds of black smoke into the beautiful sunset, rising directly opposite, a severe

contrast to the heavenly world smiling at its foot. Even this magnificent scene had no power to win Ella White from the object that preoccupied her mind.

"Come, come, mamma," she said, drawing the velvet folds of her purple mantilla over the dress of pure muslin that harmonized so sweetly with the climate and the scene, "the air is getting bleak here; remember, this is the sunset hour, so dangerous for strangers."

"Yes," said Maria, with a demure smile, "we should be much safer walking along the Villa Reale. Ella never suffers with a night chill there."

"No, no, Ella is right," observed Mrs. White, gathering up the folds of her cashmere shawl with a half-shudder, "the scene is beautiful enough, but we shall all be safer in the hotel."

This was not quite the effect that Ella had anticipated from her little manoeuvre.

"Oh, but it is only on the high ground," she said, "that one feels in the least chilly. The gardens are so sheltered and so full of trees, one has no chance of taking cold there; besides, the statues look so beautiful in the soft light—the rosy sunset takes away all that cold, dead look which clings to the marble—then, in the moonlight, oh, mamma, you should see them in the moonlight."

"Why, child, where did you see them by moonlight, pray?"

It was seldom that Mrs. White put a question so directly, and with that air. Ella blushed crimson, and cast an imploring look on her cousin, who was smiling with a sort of quiet motion behind her snowy sun-shade.

"Oh, that night we dined at the ambassador's, you know, aunt, Ella and I walked home through the gardens," said Maria, after a moment's pro-voking delay.

"Yes, I remember," said the elder lady. "Let me see; who was that very handsome young man that insisted upon walking home with you that night, though I told him the courier was quite protection enough—who was he?"

Mrs. White looked directly at Ella as she spoke; and it struck her that the beautiful girl was quite as much affected by the sunset as the statues she had been describing, for the blush upon her cheeks was like the glow of a ripe peach. "Oh, that—that was the marquis—cousin, do you remember the title?"

"No matter, child, no matter; if he only has a title, it is sufficient," said the mother, complacently.

"He has not only a title, aunt, but is high in the king's favor; one of his council, I believe," said Maria, in her usual low tone.

"Ah!" said Mrs. White, who was far more

frank in such matters than many of her compatriots, who openly decry the aristocracy of Europe and meanly worship it at the same time, "it would be something to take my daughter back to the United States a marchioness, a real lady! What would the Hopkiness say to that?"

"Mother," exclaimed the young girl, with a sparkle of the eye, and a glow upon her cheek far more fiery than the red that had just left it, "you forget of what country and faith we are. How many times, too, my dear, dear papa, who is dead—how many times has he told me that to be a true American was title enough for any man or woman, for it was the title of a freeman!"

"Ah, yes, your father was very singular, very republican in his ideas," replied the mother, with a look of annoyance, "but we ladies have our own way of thinking, especially such of us as have seen the world."

"My father got his opinions from a brave old stock, mother. If pedigree is worth anything, he might indeed have boasted, his father's father was a soldier in the Revolution."

"An officer, you mean, child—an officer."

"No, mother, I never heard that he was an officer, but a soldier, and a good one he was, my blessed father has told me so a thousand times. I remember crying myself ill, when a little child, over the stories he would tell me of that fearful old Jersey ship, where our ancestors suffered so much."

"Hush, child, hush; I tell you, he was an officer. Look yonder! are you ambitious of claiming descent from a thing like that?"

Mrs. White pointed to one of the hireling soldiers that stand sentinel along the Chinja.

"A thing like that," said Ella, and an expression of ineffable scorn curled her beautiful mouth. "Was there anything like that in the American Revolution?"

"Why, a common soldier is a common soldier the world over."

"No, mother, *that* man is a common soldier, body and soul, he is at the bidding of another, bought and sold for so much money—his life, his blood, his very soul is a matter of bargain; but in our Revolution every soldier was a patriot. No man sold himself there."

Ella broke off suddenly, for two gentlemen passing slowly along the drive wheeled their horses and rode up to the carriage, one curbing his steed to a short canter, and resting one white gloved hand on the side of the carriage as he paid his respects to the ladies within.

The other, less familiar, contented himself with a more quiet recognition; but a single glance passed between him and Ella, which brought the blood somewhat warmly into her cheek, and with some sort of magic, a tuft of the

most fragrant violets fell into her lap, it might be, from one of the dozen flower-girls that haunt the entrance of every fashionable hotel in Naples; or it might be—how useless to go on. You could see by Ella's cheek, by the diamond-like sparkle that shot through her long lashes, that she had no flower-girl in her mind.

When Ella reached the Vittaria, which commands the principal entrance of the Villa Reale, the violets lay within the muslin folds that covered her bosom, and with a bright smile, hailing the signal as if it had been a star, the young Italian rode away, leaving his companion, who had officially dismounted, to attend the ladies. As this man handed Maria from the carriage, a whisper passed between them, and the young lady looked toward her aunt. Rossi instantly addressed the elder lady, in that soft, broken English that sounds to us interesting, as the first efforts of a child at speech.

"Oh, madam, not one turn in the grounds. See how beautiful the evening is."

Mrs. White was very indolent, and like most good-natured people of inert temperament, reluctant to make the least personal sacrifice. Had the Villa Reale been the pleasantest valley in Paradise, a thing it very much resembled, she could not have been tempted into the delicious haze that flooded the statues, the trees, and the glorious water beyond, like a shower of sifted gold.

Mrs. White shook her head.

"But the young ladies?" entreated the Italian, as only a child of the sweet south can entreat.

"Oh, do mamma," murmured Ella, "the courier, you know, can follow us."

"Well, well, but do be careful about taking cold. Remember what we were just saying of the night air," and Mrs. White passed into her hotel, conscious that she was allowing a great impropriety, but soothing down her scruples with thoughts of the Italian marquis who was to be propitiated, and pleading the privileges of her own country, where this little escapade of the girls would have been no impropriety at all.

Meantime, Ella White and her cousin were inhaling the mingled breath of roses, heliotrope, jasmines and violets that flooded over them from a thousand flower-beds and blooming thickets in the beautiful promenade; here the shadow of a statue fell, like the reflection of a living thing, across their path; now the slender columns of some pretty temple, lovely mimic of the still lovelier clime of Greece, gleamed out from its drapery of rich vines. The golden haze that had been so warmly rich a little before, was now softened down by the cool gleams of a rising moon. Never was there an hour or place so full of all that made the glory of Paradise. Never

since Eve saw her own pure beauty reflected back by the fountain, had the moon lighted up a more heavenly face than that of Ella White. She was leaning upon the arm of Marini, for that was the title which Mrs. White was so curious about. Her eyes were lifted to his face, her mouth was warm with smiles; the soft wind swept the curls in and out from under her pretty bonnet, with such shadow-like wantonness there was no light to bring out the rich color, but one could fancy the golden lustre that was striving to break through the shadows.

There were few persons in the walks, and those few glided quietly amid the trees, conversing in low tones, and avoiding the strangers who were in sight. Ella was conversing with the Italian, low and earnestly. The subject was not entirely of love—there was something too clear and decided for that. Yet an under-current of tenderness ran through her voice that could not be mistaken. She loved the man by her side, but it was as the proud, honorable and high spirited of our nation love, not with the passionate abandon of the Italian woman. All at once Ella's voice was raised in answer to something that the Italian had been saying.

"What would I do—how would I have you act! Rise, and say to this tyrant of Naples that you are no longer his bondman. Go to him, there in his palace, where he sits trembling with fear of the people he has outraged, the ground-floor blocked up with hireling soldiers, the sumptuous prison which he dare not leave unless guarded by a double wall of fighting men—go to him and say, I am honest, frank, a man; there is that within me which revolts at the iron tread with which you crush my nation to the dust; say to him I will no longer be of your council, no longer aid to crush my fellow countrymen, because they deserve to use the birth-right of free thought as God intended them to use it."

"And if I did," answered the Italian, with intense bitterness, turning suddenly, and pointing his finger toward the towers of San Elmo that frowned blackly over the city, "the deepest dungeon up yonder would hold me in less than twenty-four hours." The Italian's face gleamed while in the moonbeams, as he spoke, and a gloomy fire burned in his eyes; all at once he turned suddenly, and clasping his hands, bent his eyes upon the young girl.

"Oh, my heavens, what a country your's must be, where the heart of man may swell and expand with no tyrant's clutch upon its energy. Where a man dare speak and act fearlessly, the feelings that are within him."

"And this land, so beautiful, so written over, as it were, with the language of angels, why should not this land be free as ours? What if

foreign soldiers swarm here by thousands, is not the city full of able-bodied men, each with muscles, sinews, strength that more than equal theirs?"

"But how are these men to be reached—how influenced to throw off the great moral incubus, this abject fear that the government has fastened upon them? Remember, lady, remember that people born and bred under a tyranny are shorn of their strength, cramped, humiliated. Should a George Washington start up in Naples to-day, where would he find the hardy, stern warriors to follow his lead? Passive despair, the energy of madness, these would be the elements offered him wherewith to work out Italian freedom, not the stern, hard, solemn courage that made every man in Washington's army a warrior."

"Such men as Washington give this solemn courage to the people; spirits like his subdue these fiery elements of madness and despair into solemn and persevering energy."

"But we have no Washington."

"But you have a Marini."

"What would you say, lady?"

"There is a nation to be made free; a tyrant to be hurled down. I am told by those that know the Neapolitans well, that thousands on thousands of these oppressed people are ready to rise at any moment; but their leaders have been dispersed, they are waiting for the one great spirit which is to concentrate the mighty strength they offer."

"It was these very elements with which Rienzi strove to liberate Rome. With what a mighty strength he used them for a time; but in their recoil they crushed him."

"But how great he was even in defeat and death."

"But was Rome made free?"

"Alas, no! but he who made the glorious effort, how we worship the very name of Rienzi."

"And Marini, if he could rise like the Roman hero to fall like him, would his name be worshipped thus?"

"In one heart it would."

"And you would lament my death?"

"You would not die, the great God of nations will protect you, while engaged in the holy cause of freedom."

"In the last struggle were many brave men engaged, where are they now?"

"In exile, I know many of them were in London, when we visited that city, many in Paris."

"And many," said the Italian, again pointing to the grim towers of San Elmo, "are yonder, buried from human knowledge, close as if the grave covered them. Many are working in the streets all day, chained ankle to ankle with common felons, doing services and living upon

food, from which a hyena would turn with loathing. The King of Naples, finds a punishment more terrible than death, lady, for those who offend against his government. Would your admiration—your sympathy—the worship you speak of, follow a man there, into the sewers and kennels of the city?"

"It would—the felon's dress, would seem to me as robes of purple and gold. From my soul, I should love, nay! worship the man who wore them, more a thousand times for his misfortunes."

The Italian took her clasped hands in his, and pressed them passionately to his lips. He looked into her eyes, they were brimming with tears; her lovely mouth trembled in the moonlight, yet tearful and agitated as her face was, it glowed with enthusiasm.

"Beautiful woman—angel, do you love me?"

"Can you ask? do you not feel the truth in your heart?"

"I belong to you and Naples, now," said the Italian, for the tumult of his passion subsided into a deep, holy swell of joy.

Ella drew a long breath, soft and broken, with that voluptuous interruption which entire happiness gives to a sigh.

They stood opposite each other, he gazing with hushed tenderness upon her face; she struck with sudden embarrassment, her white eyelids both closed, her cheek pale, and her little figure drooping like a willow bough. The patriotism was gone, there was no room in that little heart for anything but the sweet and holy feelings that flooded it, as light fills a crystal vase—still his look embarrassed her—the intensity of her own sensations—the delirious rush of emotions that she had never felt before, enervated her as a full gush of perfume from the orange groves of Sorrento might have done.

"Give me," said the Italian, gently, "give me this night to love, to-morrow I will be all you wish. If I may not free Naples, I can die or suffer for her, only let me feel that in any fortune you will love me."

"In all, in every fortune, trust me, as I trust you."

They walked on absorbed in one another, happy perhaps as two beings ever were on earth. The full moon shed its broad pure light upon them as they passed. The waters that tossed along the beach seemed full of hidden and sweet music, which never reached their ears before. Nothing of gloom was there, save old Vesuvius, rising across the bay in giant blackness, vomiting clouds of smoke that rolled gloomily downward, spreading over the city of the dead, from which it had swept away all human life centuries before. To and fro, to and fro, the smoke from that yawning crater swayed and surged like a pall

torn and weltering in the glorious moonlight, downward it swept along the torn sides of the mountain, creeping like a shadow of the terrible past through the broken walls and silent streets of Pompeii.

San Elmo, too—its towers and battlements were bathed in the moonlight, and flung out in glorious relief by the deep purple of an Italian sky, but nothing had power to brighten its fearful past, or its cruel present. To one who looked beyond the surface, San Elmo was a more terrible object than the fiery mountain. Yet, with these two monuments of eternal and mortal power, looming before them, the lovers were happy. Where is the spot on earth, so fill it with gloom or danger if you will, which true affection cannot brighten, or which will not be rendered celestial by a breath of love?

Leave them to their happiness—they see only the flowers that bend upon their dewy stalks, as they pass the soft whispering waters, the moonlight that flags the walk before them with silver. The black pall-like smoke from Vesuvius, what had that to do with their warm vital joy—their glorious youth. Was it not sweeping its sable forth along the city of the dead?

The lovers had forgotten Rossi and his companion, it had been well if they too had been as completely overlooked, for the wily Italian had other and more serious objects of attention, than the infatuated girl who leaned upon his arm. Their language was that of acknowledged lovers, he addressed her by those thousand endearing epithets that the Italian language renders so delicious, and no ear ever thirsted more greedily for the sweet incense, than those into which his protestations were poured. It was infatuation, madness, a wild mixture of vanity, ambition and a dozen hundred passions, that filled the bosom of this wayward girl as she listened. How cold and tame was the most ardent language ever bestowed upon her at home, compared to the adulation of this man, a nobleman too, a favorite of royalty.

All these considerations had their influence upon the girl, sweeping away her principles and blinding her common sense, more effectually than the most earnest love could have done.

They walked on, keeping Marini and Ella in sight almost within hearing, for devoted as Rossi seemed, he watched the young couple with a restless sort of scrutiny that Maria at length observed.

"You are not listening," she said, all at once, "your eyes constantly wander toward my cousin!"

"I was wondering what she could have to say so earnestly. How eager, how ardent she is."

"Ah! Ella is such a republican, I dare say

she is striving to persuade the marquis to throw up his title and follow us to America."

"Let us walk on quietly, her arguments must worth hearing?"

"Oh! it is always her conversation to which you listen, if mine has become so valueless—why not give it up at once?"

"Why do I not part with my life—my soul," answered the young man, with every appearance of wounded tenderness. "But how can I be uninterested in your cousin's opinions while they threaten to separate us forever. With her republican ideas will she consent to leave her relative in a land so hateful to freedom as this?"

"She has no authority over me!"

"No, but her mother has; and American children have wonderful influence over their parents."

"True, Ella does influence her mamma more than any girl I ever saw," answered Maria.

"Can you wonder, then, that I should be anxious—that I should watch the person who may hold the treasure of my life in her power?"

"No, no, I was wrong," said Maria, entirely subdued. "But Ella has so many attractions—men think her so beautiful—since our childhood she has always stood before me. Where she is, I am sure to be overlooked."

"Not here, not in beautiful Italy could she find preference; why, a thousand eyes have I seen turned upon you when she has passed unnoticed. True, Marini has become a worshipper—watch them, they pause in the walk, absorbed in each other; we are forgotten. Is there no place where we can sit down?"

He drew her toward a marble bench, beneath a clump of acacias, close at hand, and seated himself beside her, still in sight of Ella and her companion. The earnest, nay, excited air, with which they conversed; the raised tone which now and then sent a word to his ear, all seemed to interest Rossi more than the occasion could warrant. After sitting with ill-subdued restlessness by her side a few moments, he started up.

"One moment! excuse me a single moment," he said, and disappeared in a winding path.

Maria kept her eyes fixed upon Ella, for by the side of her fair cousin she expected to see her lover reappear. But she watched in vain. Marini and Ella still remained standing in the moonlit path; thickets and clumps of acacias were on either side, and for an instant, she fancied that a man's shadow fell athwart the path. No, it must have been the waving of a tree bough, for the young people still remained alone.

Ten or fifteen minutes after, Rossi stole softly to her side again—so softly, that he was close by before she was at all conscious of it.

"Pardon, my angel; I must have kept you

waiting," he said, with the most insinuating humility, "but a gentleman met me in the walk, out yonder, as I was taking a little circuit in order to join our friends without disturbing them too suddenly. He was an old college companion, and would detain me."

Marini and Ella moved on; they were more silent, more quiet now. Their voices, when they did speak, fell to a murmur. She drew closer to his side, with an air of that sweet trust which springs from an overflowing heart. Rossi watched them, and smiled till his white teeth fairly glittered through the raven blackness of his beard and moustache. Maria saw the smile, and gathered it to her heart as a homage.

They were approaching the iron gate which opens upon the Chiaja, opposite the Vattaria. Rossi and Ella paused close by the statue of the dying gladiator, the most noble original of which is in the Capitoline Museum. Their faces were turned from the dying agony, which seems to freeze the very marble to renewed coldness, and once more they fell into earnest conversation. Rossi and Maria came near the fountain, which was filling the air with the cool, bell-like tinkle of its rain.

"One moment," he said, leaving her suddenly, "have patience with me again. I must exchange a word with Marini before he leaves the ground."

He glided from her, noiselessly, as he had done before; and, directly, she saw his shadow blended with that of the dying gladiator. Whether he spoke with Ella or her companion she could not tell, but she was beginning to get impatient, and resolved to walk forward. Neither Ella nor her companion had perceived his approach; for they were talking with great eagerness.

With his eyes fixed upon the dying agony of the gladiator, and his person hid in the dim shadow cast downward from the marble, the traitor listened.

"I saw these exiles frequently, both in London and France," Ella was saying, "and they entrusted me with the letter, which I promised to place safely into your own hands: it will inform you of all their projects, it points out the way by which you can co-operate here. The letter is safe and to-morrow you shall have it."

"No! to-morrow I attend the king, there is a boar hunt in the royal forests, and I could not absent myself without suspicion."

"The next day be it then!"

These words were scarcely uttered when Rossi was at Maria's side again. He now addressed her eagerly, striving to subdue his voice to a tone of entreaty.

"Come," he said, "they will give us a little time yet, and the night is so lovely, let us take another turn."

The infatuation was on her: Maria was like a leaf in the wind to that subtle man. What arguments he used, what insidious flattery, need not be repeated; her own acts will best explain all.

How little time does it require to set the springs of evil in motion! The young people left the garden apparently cheerful and careless as they had entered it; but there had been pledges given that night, which must be redeemed in tears, perhaps blood.

Maria was in her cousin's chamber alone, and with a look upon her face that would have startled you. A tortoise shell locket, inlaid with gold, stood before her, and she held a tiny watch in one hand, while the other searched among the curious charms that ornamented the chain, for a key in the disguise of a small trumpet, which opened the casket; but her hands trembled till the charms rattled against each other, and the diamonds on the watch took fire from the quivering light. She could, with difficulty, fit the key in its lock. She lifted the fragile lid as if it had been of iron, and turning her pale face toward the door of an inner room, held her breath, listening as the burglar listens when he feels the bolt yielding to his grasp.

There was no sound—nothing but the soft sweet breathing of a sleeper in the next room.

Slowly the young girl let her eyes drop to the casket. A few trinkets were there, and a folded letter. She snatched the paper, thrust it with both hands into her bosom, then closing the casket, locked it with impetuous haste, and went into the inner room trembling in every limb as she walked.

Ella was sleeping sweetly on her snow white couch, the delicate curtains had been drawn back from the pillow over night, and her fair young face in all its smiling goodness and rich bloom, was revealed in the repose of her morning slumber. The golden hair lay in waves and masses under her temples and down upon her shoulders, for the pretty little cap, one mass of Valenciennes, was all too fragile for the abundant tresses that would break free.

How like a serpent Maria seemed, as she glided up to that beautiful sleeper, and stooping her pale frightened face down, kept her gleaming eyes riveted upon those tranquil features, while she stole the watch cautiously back to its place beneath the pillow.

Maria received a note during the day, and Ella was surprised by the paleness of her cousin's cheek as she read it.

"I had better not call on you to-day, lady, mine," so the little, perfumed billet, ran. "It is not likely that the happiness of seeing you alone would be vouchsafed to me twice in succession: and in the presence of our friends, the little commission you promised to execute could not be acted upon safely. This evening, my beautiful, when the moon is up, I will be under the window, where all unsuspected I have watched to feast my eyes with a glimpse of your heavenly face. A few notes on the guitar, love, shall warn you of my presence. Then the little document may be safely transmitted, but not without some token, a flower which has touched your lips, a leaf, anything that assures me I am still loved. Have all prepared, and do not fail me. Without a glance of that dear face at the window, how can I exist."

Rossi."

"And will it be a favorable answer? I begin to think so, cousin, for your cheeks are in a flame now," said Ella, giving a roguish little peep over her cousin's shoulder, "Rossi, beautiful, beautiful; I was all in the wrong, fair marchioness. How delighted mamma will be, a real lady in the family, of course. You accept, come, come, let us write the answer. I should so like to practice a little. How very delightful it must be to accept a man at once and put him out of misery."

She was flashing about like a sunbeam, that darling little Ella White, clapping her rosy palms together, and enjoying her cousin's annoyance with a relish of the mischief that was perfectly exhilarating. You would not have believed her the same creature who had talked so earnestly in the Chiaja twelve hours before.

Maria had darted a sharp look over her shoulder, and folded her note with evident trepidation; at first a little reproach sprang to her lips, but the unconstrained gaiety of her cousin assured her that she had only sought a glimpse of the signature, and with a forced laugh, she deposited the note in the little embroidered pocket of her apron. "Oh, how cruel! not one little peep!" cried Ella, clasping her hands in mock entreaty. "How shall I ever know how a lover proposes?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

OUR DARLING.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

BEAUTY is suit on thy brow so bright;
Innocence looks from thy eye of light:

Angel thou art, and ever shalt be—
Darling—in life and eternity.

“HAGGAR AND ISHMAEL.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “DORA ATHERTON,” “THE VALLEY FARM,” &c.

I.

It was a miserable garret, black with age and damp.

A mean bedstead, a solitary chair, and an old hair-trunk, constituted the entire furniture of the apartment.

The wind howled without, and the rain drove through the broken panes, for it was a stormy night in autumn; yet no fire was in the room, though two persons occupied it.

And one was a mother, still pale and feeble, the other an infant but four weeks old.

The first was thinly clad, in a light summer dress, but ill calculated for the night or season. Yet she seemed to have forgotten her own sufferings in concern for those of her boy, who was crying with cold and hunger.

“Hush, baby dear,” sang the miserable parent, amid her tears, pressing him closer to her bosom, as she sat rocking on the edge of the bed, “the wind blows, the rain beats, but mother will protect her darling. There, little one, sleep,” she continued, as the babe ceased its plaint. “Better times may come for both of us, to-morrow, and then you shall cry no more with cold and hunger.”

As if conjured by her voice the infant gradually sank into a quiet slumber, which the mother watched with a sad tenderness inexpressibly pathetic to see. Her eyes beamed not with the joy with which a wife looks on her sleeping babe; for love was mingled with agony: the boy was the child of shame.

Yet not wholly sinful had been poor Ellen Warton. Born to better days, she had been compelled, by an early orphanage, to seek her livelihood in a great city; and what the perils and privations of that destiny are need not be told. But against long days of exhausting toil; against nights of fevered sleep or listless watchfulness; against cold, sickness, and, worse than all, utter friendlessness, she had borne up until, in an evil time, chance made her acquainted with a young lawyer, far above her own station in life.

Howard Stanley, alas! had many idle hours on his hands that winter, and Ellen had a susceptible heart. The result may be guessed.

It is an old tale. Had the poor girl had a parental home, or a mother to warn her, or brothers and sisters to love, she would not, with all her poverty, have fallen. It was the yearning

of a desolate heart for affection, the instinct of her sex to pour out its treasures of tenderness somewhere, that led to her ruin. She beguiled herself, as thousands have done before and since, with the hope that her betrayer loved her too well to abandon her, and that, in the end, he would give her wealth and station by marriage.

But Howard Stanley dared not do this, even if he had wished. His family was wealthy and expected him to wed a wealthy bride. It had come also of an old Puritan stock, and having numbered many eminent fathers in the church, was proud of its traditional propriety. To have betrayed his crime, or married his penniless victim, would alike have made him an alien and outcast from his home. But he did not wish to marry Ellen. He was ambitious, and began already to repent of the sentimentalism, as he called it, which had led him to take an interest in the unprotected orphan. He pitied her, indeed, “but,” as he said to his conscience, “it was too late now to moralize.” To extricate himself from his dilemma, he sailed for Europe, resolved never to see Ellen again, but concealing this intention, and telling her he went on imperative business.

When the consequences of her weakness became apparent, the terrible expiation of Ellen began. She was driven from her lodgings, she was deprived of her work. How she subsisted she could scarcely herself tell. The miserable garret, where we find her, had been her last refuge; there her child was born; and there she now sat penniless.

Yet she had endured all with comparative serenity, for she attributed it entirely to her lover's absence. “When he returns from Europe,” she would say to herself, “he will acknowledge his son and marry me: and then how happy, oh! how happy we shall be.” And she would strain her infant to her bosom with tears.

With these hopes she had watched the arrival of every packet, and, at last, had been blessed with seeing her lover's name among the list of passengers. Within a few hours a letter, blotted with her tears, was despatched, containing the narrative of her sufferings and imploring the father's blessing on their babe.

For the answer to this missive, which had been written the day before, Ellen was now waiting. Her hopes were not as bright as they had been, for her lover's delay was unaccountable.

Suddenly the latch of the garret door was lifted. The poor girl started to her feet with a beating heart, expecting to behold her lover. But only a slip-shod servant appeared.

"Here's a letter, marm, as was left with the mistress," said the intruder. "There's no answer."

The blood went back to Ellen's heart, and she stood stony and speechless, holding the enclosure till the servant had disappeared. Then, with a convulsive movement she turned, deposited her sleeping child on its bed, and drawing near to the chair on which burned her solitary tallow candle, broke the seal.

For a moment she gazed on the letter, without opening it, her features working convulsively; but finally, with what seemed a desperate effort, she unfolded the sheet. Several bank notes, as she did it, fluttered to the ground.

But she took no notice of them, for she was already devouring the words, as if, having once begun, she would know the worst as soon as possible.

We will not quote the letter. Howard Stanley, though he had almost forgotten Ellen, felt keen remorse on reading her pathetic narrative. His first impulse was to see her, but, as among other maxims to which he had been educated, he had been taught never to act in a matter of feeling, until he had slept on it, he deferred a decision till the next day. The result was a letter, in which he announced as tenderly as possible, that he could never see his victim again. He concluded by enclosing a considerable sum of money which he had obtained, that day, at great sacrifices to himself.

When Ellen had finished this cruel epistle, she sat, for several minutes, like one bewildered. A single fell blow had shattered into ruins the edifice of her love, of her reputation, and of her hopes for her child; and, as yet, she could scarcely realize the life-long disaster. Her first thoughts were of her boy.

"He does not say a word of baby," she muttered, at last. "He cares a little for me, but none for darling." And at this thought she burst into a flood of tears. "Oh! precious, precious treasure," she continued, hysterically, snatching it to her breast, and waking it with her convulsive embraces, "he casts you off, he dooms you to shame. Better for both of us," she cried, with a sudden gust of despair, "if we had not been born."

The babe, frightened, began to cry, and partly to soothe it, partly impelled by the tenderness of her soul, the mother paced the room, now addressing terms of endearment to her child, now venting her despair, and now bitterly cursing her own past folly and the selfish cruelty

of her betrayer. Gradually her demeanor became almost frantic.

"Money!" she said, at last, pausing before the chair, and spurning the notes that lay on the floor. "He sends me money as a salve for my wrongs!" And, bursting into a laugh of bitter irony, she continued. "While I was suffering bodily agony, shame and starvation, and all for him, he was pleasure-seeking in Europe, forgetful of me: and now he sends me money to restore to me my virtue and to give my boy an honorable name. God curse him," she cried, stamping her foot, her eyes flashing with sudden and almost maniacal fury. "I will have none of his money. I will die in the streets sooner." And she hissed the words between her clenched teeth.

All at once she seemed to have formed a resolution, for her features, but now working convulsively, became rigid with an inflexible firmness. She placed her babe silently on the bed, and, unmindful of its screams, gathered up the bank notes, re-enclosed them, and left the room. She was gone less than five minutes, and when she returned, that rigid look was still on her face; but now it had settled into a frightful calm, that suggested irresistibly the idea of insanity.

She advanced at once to her infant, however, took it up, soothed it with caresses, offered it what meagre sustenance she had, and, as it nestled to her bosom, crooned it to sleep with nursery rhymes.

But when the infant slumbered she returned to her wrongs, only her words now were like those of one crazed.

"I have sent the money back, baby," she said, as she softly laid the child on the bed, "and now we have not a cent in the wide, wide world. We owe rent here which we cannot pay either." She started up suddenly, for she had, at first, sat down on the bed-side, and continued speaking brokenly and at intervals. "But the storm outside is fitter for you and me both, baby. You won't mind the rain with mother, will you? We will go forth. The world casts us out. You have no home now but your mother's bosom. You are Ishmael and I am Hagar," laughing bitterly; oh! how sad was that crazed laugh. "Come, let us go, baby. We have staid too long already."

All the while that she had been speaking, since she rose from the bed-side, her preparations for departure had been going on. Opening her trunk, she had removed her scanty wardrobe, which she proceeded to tie up in a handkerchief. She then took down her faded cloak and bonnet from the wall, and put them on, still speaking. After this, and with her last words, she gathered

her child tenderly under her cloak, extinguished the candle, and noiselessly descending the stairs, left the house undetected.

On the door steps, outside, she paused a moment looking up at the black sky, from which the rain was pouring pitilessly, and then clasping her child closer to her, went on her way and was soon lost in the gloom.

II.

Five and twenty years had passed.

It was the evening after a general election in the state of ——. The contest had been fierce and close, for a great principle had been involved in the struggle, nothing less indeed than the success or failure of one of the mighty moral reforms of the age. All day the result had hung in suspense, but sufficient returns had now come in, to render it certain that the candidate in favor of the movement had been chosen governor.

For once the usually sober population forgot its decorum. Bonfires were lighted in the streets; the church bells were set ringing; and a torch-light procession was organised to march to the mansion of the successful candidate. At more than one evening service, clergymen fervently returned thanks for the victory, which, as they phrased it, “had been vouchsafed over that old dragon Satan.”

It was a sumptuous dwelling before which the procession halted. Part of the front was semi-circular, and in this portion was the drawing-room, at one window of which the newly elected governor now appeared. He was a man of majestic port and benign countenance, in age about fifty, but carrying his years marvelously. A certain aristocratic air was imparted to him by the elaborate nicety of his dress; but this, in no degree detracted from, but rather increased his imposing appearance. He bowed with dignity, yet affability, as cheer rising after cheer welcomed his appearance at the window.

His heart beat high as he stood there. The scene, indeed, as beheld from that point, was calculated to stir the dullest bosom. Opposite to his window stretched the public park, and this, as well as the avenue above and below, was crowded densely with human beings, the vast concourse extending out of sight into the dim obscurity. The torches flaring among the trees; the portable transparencies glittering like Chinese lanterns all over the crowd; the thousand, thousand eager upturned faces: and, high above all, the moon sailing through the autumn clouds, her calm majesty contrasting so strikingly with the excitement of the throng:—all this was a spectacle which even the most unconcerned could not have gazed on without emotion.

But the heart of the candidate swelled with

profounder feelings than the mere picturesque created. He had entered into the contest, heart and soul, not from personal ambition, but because he believed the path of duty was plain before him. In his election, therefore, he saw the triumph of a great principle, the beginning, he believed, of a new era in legislation. His bosom beat high, therefore, and when the huzzaing subsided, he proceeded to address the vast concourse in a strain of the loftiest eloquence. His words seemed literally on fire; his imagination glowed like that of a prophet; and the abettors of existing wrong trembled, as they listened, to denunciations that made them seem devils even to themselves.

At last the crowd filed off; the cheering died away; and the guests departed from the princely mansion.

Start not, reader, when we tell you that the new governor was the Hon. Howard Stanley, whom you and we knew, in a private station, five and twenty years ago.

Five and twenty years is a long period. It had changed the briefless, idle lawyer into the middle aged statesman. It had altered the thoughtless young man into a sober, earnest, and even conscientious citizen.

And yet the change was less great than it seemed. Howard Stanley was still substantially the same as he was five and twenty years ago: it was outward appearances that had altered, more than the inner man. He had been kindly hearted when young, and he was scarcely kinder now; and he had been even then of strict principles, in most particulars. In one thing, indeed, we have seen him criminal, base; but it had been less his fault than that of the conventional morality in which he had been brought up.

Let us go back over those five and twenty years. On the morning after Ellen's disappearance, he had received the bank notes she so scornfully returned; and again, for a moment, he contemplated seeking an interview. But, as before, cooler reflection taught him not to do this. He dared not marry her, for that would be to proclaim his crime, and though brave in all things else, he had not the courage to face the social ban which it would bring upon him. If kindness was one quality he possessed, inflexibility was another. The first had partly caused his error; the last, he was resolved, should relieve him of its consequences.

“She spurns me: well it is her own fault,” was his concluding soliloquy. “Why will she not allow me to assist her? I pity her, and would help her, if I could. But it would never do to marry her: it would ruin me: besides, neither could be happy under the circumstances.”

He made secret inquiries, however, as to her

fate. But, from the night she had received his letter, she had entirely disappeared. At first he feared she had committed suicide, and, for months after, when the finding of a drowned body was announced in the newspapers, he trembled lest it should be hers.

Gradually this terror and remorse, for it was both, wore off. He now believed she lived. But he dared not prosecute inquiries for her publicly, lest he should be detected. He was compelled, therefore, to remain inactive, though, for years, his heart thrilled at times to her memory.

In all this period did he feel no yearnings after his boy? Alas! none. To a mother, with whom parental love is instinctive, this may seem incredible. But Howard Stanley had never heard the prattle of his child; had never even seen its beautiful, blue eyes: no holy ties had grown up between him and it. If he thought of his offspring at all, it was with mortification for himself and anger toward it: but, in truth, he did not wish to think of it; and tried to banish it from his memory entirely.

Oh! blind human soul, that could toil in a thousand schemes of philanthropy, yet neglect its own flesh and blood, not think it wrong.

III.

"THE man is very impudent, sir!"

The speaker was the turnkey of the city jail, who had come to the governor, with a request for an interview, from a prisoner under sentence of death.

"I have already said," replied the governor, resolutely, "that I cannot accede to the request. I have laid the case before the attorney-general, who tells me that the prisoner's guilt is undoubted. I have, therefore, refused a pardon. After this, to grant an interview, would be to hold out hopes which I can never realise."

"But there is something more than common," interposed the jailer, "in this man. I don't think he fears to die; for a more hardened, or rather more determined character, I never saw: and his desire to see you arises from no unmannerly terror of his doom, your excellency may rely."

"Why, you seem interested in this man?"

"I am. He is a peculiar character; wicked and desperate, indeed; but with many noble traits. It is the wreck of what might have been, I often think, a useful and even distinguished citizen."

"What clergyman visits him?"

"Several, but not at his request. He laughs at their concern for him, and says they have come too late: that his destiny is decided, and that he wouldn't be mean enough to smuggle himself into heaven now, even if he could."

"This is frightful," interrupted the governor.

"I know it; I repeat his own words, however. He told them, the other day, to go into the alleys and cellars of the city, among the beggars, thieves and wantons, and there labor: and not to wait till years of outlawry from society had done their work, till the ripe criminal, those were his very words, was in prison, and the gallows being built."

"He has a strange name," mused the governor, referring to a paper in his hand.

"Ishmael, your excellency means. I once asked him if he had Arab blood in him, when he answered with a scornful laugh, and said that he was the original Ishmael, whose hand had been against every man and every man's hand against him."

"I don't wonder you are interested in him," answered the governor, after a pause. "He is evidently a man of superior mind, but with a certain savageness of ideas, like many criminals who think society has done them wrong. But I can't break my rule, which is never to allow my judgment, in cases where pardons are sought, to be influenced by personal considerations. He has taken man's blood: and the law must have its course."

With these words the turnkey was dismissed. But, the next day, what was the astonishment of the governor to find that officer again soliciting an audience, on the same errand.

His excellency slightly frowned, for he did not like his decisions, when once positively announced, to be appealed against.

"I beg your pardon," said the jailer, noting the governor's countenance. "But the prisoner made me promise to come to you again, and though I told him you rarely revoked a resolution, he insisted on my compliance. And yet, to speak frankly, I don't think he cares much whether I obtain a pardon or not: it is an interview with you that he chiefly wishes. He told me to say that he demanded it for your sake more than for his own; and that—I beg pardon for what I say, but they are his very words—if you did not grant it, you would repent it through all eternity."

The frown deepened on the inflexible brow of the governor. "I am not to be alarmed," he said, "by such miserable shifts. The man must die."

"And your excellency will not see him?"

"No," said the governor, positively, rising to show that the interview was at an end. "I am less inclined to it than ever. The wretched man must dismiss all hope, and bethink himself of his soul. Have clergymen about him, whether he will or not, for even at the eleventh hour he may repent. It would be horrible if he should die in the frightful mood you described yesterday, like a wolf gnashing his teeth in the trap."

The multiplicity of affairs, demanding the attention of the newly installed governor, absorbed his mind for the remainder of the day and dismissed him so fatigued to bed, that he thought no more of the prisoner. But, on the morrow, when the death-bell began to toll, and he recollects that the condemned murderer was about to expiate his offence, a strange sensation came over him. What, he thought, if the man were innocent? What if mitigating circumstances existed, which he had been too proud to reveal, unless in a personal interview? It was evident, from the jailer's story, that he has a haughty, resolute, half-savage offender, who thought himself as much wronged as wronging. Once, the governor was on the point of sending a respite, but he made a resolute effort, shook off his feelings, and ultimately forgot the affair in the engrossing concerns of the day.

At night, however, when the entire household had retired, except himself, there was a knock at the door, and the turnkey made his appearance.

The proud, inflexible man, started, with a nameless awe, at the sight of this officer.

“Your excellency will excuse me, I hope,” said the jailer, “for visiting you so late; but I promised the prisoner that I would deliver this packet to you, in person, and at this hour.” And, as he spoke, he took from his coat-pocket a bulky letter and handed it to the governor. The latter received it with a trembling hand, which he tried in vain to prevent; for, in truth, he was ashamed of his weakness: and then quietly laid it on his table.

“How did the man behave?” he said, partly to conceal his unaccountable emotion.

“He died, sir, as he lived,” was the answer, with a sad shake of the head. “He told the clergyman that he would soon know more of eternity than a thousand priests could tell him; and that, therefore, it was useless to talk. Yet he did not object to the prayer on the scaffold. He said that it would do him no harm, and might work some good in the crowd; it was one of the decencies of society,” he added scornfully, “by which, he supposed, a legal murder was sanctified.”

“Awful!”

“So it was, in one sense. And yet he died bravely, not game-like, but bravely: more like a Pagan martyr than a Christian murderer.”

The governor laid his hand on the turnkey's shoulder. “My friend,” he said, “you had a strange liking for this murderer, and this excuses to me your extraordinary observations. You would act more wisely to keep them concealed however, for all will not understand you as I do. There is too much mock sympathy for crime afloat,” he added, severely, “too much of

a disposition to elevate murderers into heroes. It ill becomes public officers, especially, to countenance such morbid sentiments.”

IV.

THE governor was alone.

He sat, for some time, with the unopened packet in his hand, turning it over and over, his heart beating with strange violence.

The lamp, that hung just overhead, threw its bright glare full on his broad brow, and thence down his striking countenance, the workings of the latter showing how much he was agitated and how he struggled against his emotion.

“This is weakness,” he said, at last. “I am overworked and nervous. What can this outcast, this Pariah have to say to me, that I thus tremble at it?” And, with sudden resolution, he broke the seal, and casting the envelope carelessly to one side, began to unfold the letter.

A locket, of a fashion some five and twenty years back, fell to the table.

As if struck from his fingers, by an unseem hand, the letter dropped to the floor; and that stern, immovable man shook as if in an ague-fit.

It seemed as if he could not remove his eyes from that locket. There he sat, his face ashy pale, his gaze fixed on the toy; it possessed for him the fearful fascination of the Basilisk. Terror, horror, and agony chased each other, by turns, over his countenance. Several times he extended his fingers to take up the locket, but as often withdrew them with a start, before touching it, as if there was death in the contact.

And yet it was but a simple toy, at least for a stranger to look upon. It was entirely plain, though of gold, and contained no setting: but some hair, evidently that of two persons, was fancifully intertwined, forming the letters H. S. and E. W., worked in cipher. When last he had seen that locket, it had been in the possession of Ellen Wharton. It was his gift to her. Can we wonder, therefore, at his present emotion?

Oh! what tides of old recollections, full of the bitterest remorse, surged through his soul. The wound, which had been closed for years, broke out afresh: his whole frame was convulsed with the agony; and never, never had he seen his sin in so terrible a light, no! not even in his first hours of vain regret.

But it was not alone the thought of Ellen which tortured his soul. An awful suspicion had flashed upon him, as sudden as it was paralyzing. What could the possession of that locket by the murderer mean?

“Great God!” groaned the governor, after a fearful silence, in which he had revolved this suspicion until it assumed the form of a certainty, “he was my own child. The same pride—

the stubborn spirit so like my own—his desire to see me." He spoke in gasps, at long intervals, "I see it all—oh! Lord God, thy arm is long and thy vengeance sleepless—I abandoned my offspring, and forgot even his existence, but my sin has found me out at last."

He started from his seat, and began wildly to pace his study, his demeanor more like that of a wild beast than of a man. Had the jailor seen him then, he would have had no difficulty in recognizing the relationship between the prisoner and governor, little as he then, or ever after, suspected the terrible truth.

At last the governor paused at the table, and glaring at the letter, which still lay on the floor, seemed struggling with himself whether to pick it up, or not.

"If I read it," he thought within himself, "certainly will, perhaps, remove all hope that it may not be her son. But if he should have stolen the trinket—if he should have learned its history by chance—oh! there is a possibility here, which I had not thought of—he cannot deceive me by a false tale—I shall detect it at once;"—and, with almost savage eagerness, he clutched at the letter, and holding it to the light, with shaking hands, began to read.

The epistle was dated, —— Prison, Thursday night, 10 P. M. November —, 18—: and began without introduction. It was written in a bold, though inelegant hand.

"When you receive this," it said, "I shall be dead. I recognize in your inflexible character something akin to my own, and that forms a tie between us: the only one I acknowledge, though your blood flows in my veins.

"I have asked to see you, not to sue, coward-like, for my life; but to show you what the son of a governor may become, when he is cast out, an Ishmaelite, in his boyhood. I wanted not only to triumph over you, but to behold my triumph. For my whole life has been one continual wrong at your hands; you have made me everything that I am; and I hate and curse you, father. There, I have written the word, how does it look to you? How does it sound to say that the murderer in the condemned cell and the governor in his princely mansion are child and parent; and that they share the guilt equally between them, the one for having struck the deadly blow, the other for having left his offspring to grow up an outcast.

"You wince, I see you do, as you read this. I will make you writhe yet with even keener agony. You have seen the locket, which I send with this: it was ~~hers~~, given to me with her dying breath, when, for the first time, she revealed my parentage. I was then but a child. But though I had known suffering, I had not known sin;

while *she* lived, angel that *she* was, she kept me out of evil. But she died early, broken-hearted. I have been told, that for more than a year, when I was an infant, she was crazed.

"After her death, I was left to fight my way through the world as I best could; for I swore over her coffin, (it was of pine and furnished by the overseers) that *you* I would never apply to. You cast *her* off, whom you pretended to love. Could *I*, whom you had never seen, hope to reach your heart? But, whether I could or not, I would have died a thousand deaths, sooner than have supplicated you.

"Do you know how children of shame, deserted like myself, grow up? I will tell you, and when you make your next speech in behalf of foreign missions, think of what I say! When you next sit, in your velvet-lined pew, and hear the gospel preached, remember that hundreds, almost thousands, are like your own son, and within a stone's throw of your church, but with no gospel preached to them. I had no home, and I yet had to live: what could I do, but what others did? Sometimes I peddled newspapers; sometimes I sold obscene books on the wharves; and sometimes, when trade was dull, and I had no money to buy papers or meals, I stole. Very soon I forgot what my mother had taught me of the Sabbath and God. I learned to swear as other children learn to talk. Sometimes I saw you in the street, for I had learned to know your person; and once, when you almost stumbled over me, as I stood in my rags purposely to cross you, you muttered that such a young vagrant ought to be sent to the poor-house. How often I cursed you, after that; and what a savage joy it gave me!

"You wince again. All this, you see, was your own work. I have your stubborn soul, as hard as granite itself: and behold what it becomes when left wild and unchiselled. I grew up an outcast, a very Ishmael: there was no one to care for me, and I cared for none. The world would not suffer me to be honest, even if I would; for once, remembering my mother, I strove, for awhile, to live as I thought she would have wished. I found a store where they took me as errand-boy; but, soon after, some money was missed from the till; I was suspected; and it being found that I had once been in the House of Correction, my guilt was considered clear. They kicked me out of the shop, and when I began to protest my innocence, threatened to send for a constable. That, too, was your work. Do you think, if I had been acknowledged as your son, that I should have been considered a thief by nature?

"But why go on? There are thousands, like me, growing up, in the same way, in this city:

and thousands more in every other great city in the land. Yet you philanthropists—ah! do I touch you again—think there is no call for human kindness in our direction, nay! regard it no sin to desert your own unacknowledged offspring. Well, we are even with you, after all. Society and you make Ishmaelites of us, and we repay you both by eternal war. We sell pestiferous books to your other children: we teach them to swear from seeing us swear in the streets: we diffuse everywhere the poison of our sin and our hate: we violate your laws, and laugh at your moral terrors.

"They call you a great man, a fearless reformer, and, I believe, something also of a saint. You feel like a saint now, don't you? Behold your work! You yourself, are my murderer; sharing my sin, you sign my death-warrant; and refuse a pardon, nay! even an interview, because it is against your principles. Oh! blessed Pharisee. Broad is your phylacteric, and long are your prayers in the market-place; you spoil widows and orphans, even your own child; surely great shall be your reward in heaven.

"You see that I know something of your Scriptures. Since I have been here, when no one was by, I have read much of them. Had I studied them, under the eye of love, I might, perhaps, have been a different man. But, believe me, they are not what you, and those like you, think. Christ did not turn from the Magdalene. Christ never blessed the father who abandoned his child. I know now why my mother called herself Hagar, and me Ishmael, for in them were typified to all time outcasts, like ourselves.

"I say that, had I studied the gospels sooner, I might have been different. But it is too late now. The world treated me, from my very cradle, not as Christ taught: and the sin of my iniquities, at least in part, is the world's. Yet now you Christians, after making me what I am, murder me with legal forms; for, before heaven and eternity, I declare that I am innocent of the intent to kill. I struck the blow in self-defence. But I was an outcast, and my word went for

nothing; besides an example was needed, as the judge said, to stop the torrent of vice rolling over the land: and in consequence, the crowd to-morrow, will be filled with godly edification, I suppose, to see a fellow creature choked under the gallows."

The manuscript closed abruptly at this point. The governor, who had read it, literally with hair on end, sank back with a groan into his chair, the letter falling from his relapsed hand to the floor.

"The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," he murmured in a voice broken like an old man's. And with half connected sentences, he went on at intervals, "vengeance is mine I will repay—the bruised reed and smoking flax—into outer darkness, where shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth."

His head dropped forward on his breast, and his words sank into indistinct mutterings.

V.

It was long after midnight, when the governor's wife, awaking and not finding her husband at her side, proceeded in alarm to his study. She opened the door, and seeing him sitting in his chair, as if asleep, approached to arouse him. But when she came nearer, she started back with a shriek, dropping her candle, for she gazed on the stark face of the dead.

No one heard her shriek, fortunately, as she afterward thought; for, on looking to see if there could be any cause for this sudden death, she descried the letter, and afterward the locket. She read the first; then burned both, and finally calmly summoned the household.

An eminent physician gave a certificate, the next day, that Governor Stanley had died of a stroke of apoplexy; and the widow, who alone knew the truth, offered no contradiction.

But from that day, it was observed, she never smiled. How could she? For she carried, in her bosom, one of those awful secrets which sear the heart forever, and from which there is no repose but in the grave.

WHISPER ONE GENTLE WORD.

BY HENRY HOWARD PAUL.

WHISPER that gentle word once more,
It seemed an echo from above;
Its angel tones my bosom thrill'd,
'T was sweet indeed—it told of love.

A thrill of transport near my heart,
With lingering fondness seemed to say,
Whisper that gentle word once more—
And brighten hope's declining ray.

The witch'ry of that gentle word,
Breathed in its tone a sweet delight;
Its music spell of loveliness—
Would change to-day the darkest sight.

Thy dreamy glance might captivate,
But then thy voice had not been heard;
Who could resist its passionings—
The whisper of one gentle word.

A NEW WAY TO POP THE QUESTION.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

I WAS sitting, one day, dreamingly regarding the fire, when my friend, Harry Conway, came in, looking inexpressibly woe-begone.

"What's the matter, Hal?" I said, cheerily, "has Lizzy jilted you?"

"You've hit it," he replied, moodily. "To-day, when I asked her to be my partner on our sleigh-ride, she curtly told me that she was engaged with Ned Hammersley."

"Rather strange," I said. "Surely she don't mean to prefer that conceited fool to you!"

"I wish I had never seen her," said Harry. "I have been in torture for a month past, wishing to ask her to be mine, and yet withheld by the fear of a refusal. And now the suspense is over: but oh! how fatally. She despises my suit."

"Not so fast, Harry," I answered. "I am a married man, and claim to know something of the gentler sex: and there is nothing more certain than that a woman frequently means the very reverse of what she does."

"Then you don't believe," eagerly said my friend, "that Lizzy scorns me?"

"I do not. On the contrary, I fancy that she likes you—nay! more than half loves you."

"God bless you for those words," cried Harry, shaking my hand rapturously. "You make a new man of me." But almost immediately his countenance fell, and he added. "Yet what did she mean by engaging to go with Hammersley? She knew very well I intended to ask her."

"Perhaps," I said, quietly, "there's the pinch. Young ladies, now-a-days, don't like to have it thought that any time will do to ask them. When I was a bachelor, Harry, and wished a fair companion for a sleigh-ride, I took very good care that no one asked her before I did."

"A precious fool I've been," said Harry.

"That's a true word, if ever you spoke one," said I, laughing. "You know no more about courting, Harry, than a cat does of astronomy. The case is this, my dear fellow. Lizzy is piqued, and, though she had a good right to be so perhaps, you must not allow her, for all that, to get the advantage of you. If she flirts, you must counter-flirt: and so go into the parlor at once, and ask Miss Lawrence to be your partner: you'll find her and my wife at their crochet-work; and hark—a secret in your ear. My pretty cousin is engaged, though it is not known here:

so there'll be no harm done, flirt as hard as you will."

Now, Miss Lawrence was a beauty, an heiress, and a famous toast. Her home was in New York, but she had come to spend Christmas among our hills: and great had been the sensation which she had created; for, in truth, there was no one to compare with her, in the whole country, except Lizzy herself.

After much persuasion Harry consented to my plan. Fortunately my fair cousin had made no engagement for the ride. When Harry had gone I let Miss Lawrence into the secret.

"Now," said I, "you must assist me to make this match. Lizzy loves Harry, there is no doubt; but she has everything her own way here."

"As all belles should," saucily interrupted my cousin.

"Agreed," said I, "except when it is going to make her unhappy for life. Harry is very sensitive, and a little flirting, let me tell you, will frighten him off altogether. The thing is to make Lizzy jealous, and so repay her in her own coin. After that she'll easier come to terms."

"For once, I suppose, I must turn traitor to my sex," said Miss Lawrence, laughing.

The evening for the sleigh-ride came, and was a night among a thousand. There was not a cloud in the sky, and the winter moon shone clear and beautiful: the air was cold as zero, but still; the landscape looked like dream-land. It was a sight to make an old man young again, to see the sleighs dashing to and fro through the village streets, collecting their lovely freight: while the merry jingle of the bells made the blood dance joyously in the veins.

Away swept the gay cavalcade. Most of the belles and beaux were distributed through three enormous sleighs, and, to judge from the incessant mirth kept up, were crazy with fun. There were about half a dozen sleighs, however: and among these were Harry's and Hammersley's.

Lizzy looked astonished, as I suspected she would, when she saw who Harry's companion was. She knew that Miss Lawrence was quite equal to herself in beauty, and superior in fortune: and a shade of alarm stole over her face. But she disguised it cleverly, under an additional gaiety of manner; was wittier than ever; and

danced, laughed, and talked as if she was the happiest of the happy.

My fair cousin played her part, meantime, to admiration. Everybody thought that Harry had made a conquest: and not a few complimented him, even in Lizzy's hearing, on his good fortune. But he himself was less elated.

"We're carrying it too far," he said to me, anxiously. "Lizzy don't mind me a bit. She's really half in love with Hammersley. See how she leans on his arm and looks up into his face."

"So did Miss Lawrence, five minutes ago, to you; and yet she's in love with another. Ah! Harry, women are born-cheats, I'll wager now that Lizzy is as uneasy as yourself."

"I wish I could think so," sighed Harry.

"Keep up your flirtation," I said, "and don't be the first to give in——"

I would have said more, but, at that moment, a cry of fire rang startlingly through the ball-room; and looking up, I saw, from the huge volumes of smoke pouring into the doorway, that the hall was in flames. Simultaneously a voice cried that the staircase was on fire, and retreat in that direction cut off. It seems that, while we had been dancing, a candle had fallen, and the fire got headway undetected.

"We must escape by the windows, Harry," I cried. "Fortunately the roof of the porch is just beneath them, and the descent thence not far, while the snow will break the jump. I will look after my wife; you take Miss Lawrence."

But Harry had already disappeared. As, at that instant, I caught sight of my wife, I thought no more of him; but pushed through the affrighted crowd, in order to join her. In another moment she was safe on the ground, and

with her Miss Lawrence, whom I had found clinging to her. Having rescued them, I hastened back to render what assistance I could to others.

I had scarcely, however, regained the ball-room, when I saw a wild form dashing by; but I had hardly recognized it as that of Lizzy, when it fell into the arms of a gentleman advancing quite as wildly from the opposite direction.

"Oh! save me, save me," she cried; bewildered with terror; and with that sunk senseless.

Could I believe my eyes? Yes! it was Harry, not Hammersley, into whose arms she had fallen. Nor had it been a mistake. That glance of reliance and love, which she gave my friend, ere she fainted, was eloquent of the contrary.

"You didn't seem to think of Miss Lawrence," said I, slyly, to Harry, when all having safely escaped, we went together to seek our sleighs. "Nor, in fact, did Lizzy appear to think of Hammersley. A pretty pair you are to flirt!"

Harry made no reply, but looked excessively fat, yet happy beyond description.

A month subsequently Lizzie married my friend, Miss Lawrence being bridesmaid.

"Do you and Harry intend to flirt any more?" said I, in a whisper, to the bride. "You're such adepts, you should keep it up. You especially finish so superbly."

Lizzy blushed scarlet, but rallying, saucily replied:

"I find it was you that put Harry up to flirting; you wished to set us quarrelling, you rogue: but I check-mated you, sir, by my new way of popping the question."

Harry laughed, my wife laughed, and Miss Lawrence laughed, and all at myself. So Lizzy had the best of it after all, as women will.

THE AUTUMN FLOWER.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORE.

ONE evening late in the Autumn
When the woods were growing dim,
And the aisles of the forest echoed
No longer the wild bird's hymn;
O'er banks where the dry ferns rustled,
O'er meadows sere and grey,
And hills all bathed in the sunlight
I gaily bent my way.

And down in a sheltered valley,
Where rude winds seldom came,
A small, white floweret lingered,
The last that bore its name,
I gathered the tiny blossom;
Chilled were its petals fair,
And its rich perfume no longer
Blent with the evening air.

But close to my heart I pressed it,
And the little, trembling thing,
To the soft, warm hand that held it
Seemed gratefully to cling;
And ere long its breath grew sweeter
Than when, in Summer hours,
Its young leaves ope'd, to welcome
The cool, refreshing showers!

Oh, lone sweet flower of Autumn,
How like the human heart,
Will its hidden fount of sweetness,
Its buried wealth, thou art!
Oh, heart! though chilled and blighted
Thy fragrance lingereth still,
And Love, the great magician
Can call it forth at will!

CAROLINE BRADSHAW.

A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—'S DIARY."

New London, June 28th, 18—.

"Pass me that basket, John," said sister Augusta to a servant. "No! how stupid you are! the one that has the silver in it; I want to put in these spoons. That's it. Now take at least half of this matting into the front parlor. Don't drag it; don't upset that vase!—be careful! there is Sir Walter Scott directly in your path—to the right a little! to the right, John! There, he is fairly out of the room," turning to me; "and I can breathe once more. I declare, every time we fix things to leave them for the summer, I wish we hadn't one half as much stuff in the house. Cad, that curtain, dear. Thank you. I can't trust John with this; and Mary isn't much better. I tell you, there isn't a day, Cad, when I don't think that I would like it best being just rich enough so as to have a good, little, comfortable establishment, where you and I could do all and have no servants in the house. See that oil-spot! Wouldn't this be nice, to have nobody about but ourselves? Husband and Freddy, you and I?"

"Let's sell half that we have and give it to the poor, and try it. I have been thinking——"

"Yes, I know you have been thinking how it would set a dozen poor families on their feet at once; but, besides—for heaven's sake, John, don't open the door like that? There won't be an inch of paint left on anything in the house."

"I'll be careful, ma'am. Mary would like the screw-driver."

"Here; and take these curtains into the dining-room. They go into the long box. Let them be on the lid, though; I'll see to packing them. I'm provoked, Cad, about your going up country. It will be so pleasant out to the villa this season, with the Newells and Blairdells for our neighbors! Augustus Cummings too, he is a friend of the Newells, and will be out often. You haven't seen him?"

"No. Here are the forks, Augusta."

"You ought to. I want you out to Roxbury more for this than anything else. With his face, fortune, and talent too—for they all say he is a splendid speaker—he wont be in the market long, you——"

"Ah, fie! Augusta."

"By no means, Cad! Of course you will be

married some time; and it may as well be to Augustus Cummings as to any one. There, see! the forks go well here. He has only to see your face; and that is what Otway and Miss Rogers say, as well as I. Do go to Roxbury with us."

"No."

"Oh, dear! why?"

"In part because I don't want to meet Augustus Cummings after all that has been said and planned by you and Otway, and Miss Rogers. I couldn't look him in the face. Let Miss Rogers go and show him her face, while I am up in the country drinking new milk."

Some despairing thing Augusta would have said in reply; but Mary came in trembling, to tell her that she had broken one of the parlor lamps into a thousand pieces. She "ran against Lydia, or Lydia against her, rather—the stupid thing!"—and knocked it out of her hands."

We had a weary day; we had many weary days as the covering of furniture, the packing and removing went on; but I comforted myself with thinking every night after I went into my room—I shall not see Augustus Cummings; and this pleases me. I shall go to New Hampshire, where I have not been now for four summers, and eat berries, and drink new milk, and wear loose dresses and cool shoes, write letters, and keep a journal of the great things that must happen there. I shall sit at the large, round table with my grand-parents, where the baked beans and warm brown loaf are always so good; shall be with my good and noble Uncle Harrison and Aunt Agnes in the large, shady house that was Augusta's and my home while our parents lived; and shall delight myself with the jungle-like luxuriance of field, garden and yard; with the thick shade of the old elm, and with the green turf that is as soft as velvet, and as cool as a bath to the feet at night. And this is all; only I shall often see my cousins Henry and Laura, whom as yet I hardly know; and hear the birds, and take long rambles alone. And this is all that will take place there. In other respects I shall come back from those still places, to this busy city where the pulse of life beats so high and so quick, just as I went.

But I see now that I shall not; for what images shall I carry back of the mornings here, when

all the lands about lie still, and blue, and pure, as if in the night-time, while his tired children slept, "God's dewy hand" had touched all things anew; as if He had breathed anew into our mother earth the breath of life, so that she became a breathing spirit with many voices, all saying unto us—"come—come now and let the sordid cares go; be free, be glad with us." The little hills clap their hands; the mountains and the trees shadow forth God's greatness; all the little islands and the birds are glad. Come, child of earth, child of heaven, come and be happy with them. Consider all that thou seest. See that we love thee and take thee to our large, warm heart, as the mother of flesh the babe whom strangers have worried. Thy God made us, fresh and genial as thou seest us, and gave us to thee. Be thankful to him while thy life shall last. Think the great thoughts, do the loving, noble deeds, that shall make thee true to the great Being who dwelleth in us and in thee.

I am half-weeping as this entreaty comes to me, albeit full of thanksgiving; for, as there is heavenly wisdom and sweetness in the voices I seem to hear, so is there sadness, as if the spirits that look abroad see sin and sorrow on the earth; see that multitudes of men, women, and children are beginning the new day without once lifting their eyes or their hearts away from the ground they tread. I shall never forget these mornings, as God knows. They will go with me, by-and-by, to the city home where brick and mortar are around me, and where lordly wealth and crouching beggary go along the streets side by side. Oh, dear!—not the sigh, not the "oh, dear" of an ennui, but of a heart sick as death of the poverty, wretchedness, and sin in that great city where I have my home. It is as if no bright morning sun beamed anywhere on this earth; as if there were no green fields and woods stretching afar with room enough in them and to spare; as if no cool, pure breeze went abroad through the day; as if the pure air, the green fields, and the early day were not saying, "come, all ye that are happy!—come—come, ye poor, benighted, afflicted ones! learn of us; 'drink from the welling fountains of that living knowledge, which purifies the heart, chastens the affections, and raises you to communion with the great Source of life.'" Oh, I pray now with a yearning heart that will not let God go unless He hear me, that the wandering and the poor may be restored and comforted, and that the rich may be taught of the Saviour, so that they may understand the true use of life and wealth.

The 29th.

Half the village called here yesterday to see me. The young talked of their pleasure in having me here again for a summer season; of the sails

we will not fail to have on the Sunapee; of the fish we will take; of the horseback rides and the scramble up Kearsage, and of the dinner on the top, where we will be as hungry as cubs, so that the dinner there shall be remembered our whole life-time.

The elderly ladies came so early, because they had been told on every hand that I am more than ever like my mother. They wanted to see me, they said; and, when they saw me, the reminiscences came.

"The land!" said Mrs. Boynton, shaking her little curls in a vigorous way, "this house was like a palace in those days, and your mother was like a queen. Everybody looked up to her. And when old Governor Dinsmoor came into town—which was longer ago than you can remember, Miss Caroline—he must come right here, be lodged and fed here, because there was no other house in town, public or private, good enough for him. I remember as if it were yesterday, a great company went out to escort him into the village, my husband among the rest. He and others of his make were good enough for this part of the business; and I suppose most of them thought this part good enough for them. Mr. Boynton didn't, though; I didn't. We were always inclined to look higher; and now, as your uncle and aunt can tell you, Miss Caroline, we do look higher; as high, I suppose, as anybody in town. We didn't stay in Lowell three years for nothing, as you will believe, when you see our altered style. But at the time I am speaking of we could just stand back at the outside; and, once in a while, get a glimpse at the show. There were other out-of-town folks here at your house beside the governor and his suite. And I remember seeing the Woodmans, and Cummings, and Spragues going in and out. These families and yours were very intimate at this time. I was going down by here, I remember, just at sundown, and they were all out in the yard together. The governor—a fine, portly-looking man—was standing talking with your mother and Dr. Cummings, close before one of the white rose-bushes; and he broke off a half-blown rose and some buds and leaves, and laid them among the braids of your mother's black, glossy hair. It made her look beautiful, I assure you; for she was dressed just right for it. She had on a black satin dress that would stand alone it was so rich—I dare say you or Augusta have the satin now; and her complexion was like yours; as white and fair as the white rose itself. Your mother was very merry that night—it was only two years before she died, three years before your father died. I can remember her laugh now as plain as if it was only yesterday that I heard it. There was a band of music here in the yard that

evening; and, along late, they went out to the roof of your house and played there. They heard the music distinctly over to your grandfather Bradshaw's. Your father was a grand-looking man. He was a business man. It seemed as though half the village was gone when he died. But I declare! I must go. You must run in often, Caroline. The girls have got a piano, and paintings they did at New Hampton, where they almost graduated, and I don't know what all to show you. And, look here," lowering her voice as she came nearer; "Andrew—you must remember him; for you were always together when you were children; he is in Lowell now, in trade, as I suppose your uncle's folks have told you. Well, the girls are full of plans to get him up here, by-and-bye, after you have been over to your grandfather's to stay awhile. They want him up here. They think *something* will come of it; but I shan't tell you what, Miss Caroline!" laughing and shaking her curls. "I shan't tell you what; and I see by that blush of yours that I needn't. Good evening, Miss Caroline!—good evening!"

Monday, July 1st.

My Cousin Henry graduated last year at Dartmouth. He reads law now with Uncle Harrison; comes over every day from grandfather's for this purpose. He is a fine scholar; a grave, still, handsome man; with an air a good deal reserved, a little haughty, so that I do not like him. He does not like me, I fancy, as he had little to say to me, even while I was at grandfather's, where we sat at the same table, and passed each other often. Laura is a dear girl of twenty, as fresh, modest, and charming as a spring flower. She and Henry have their home at grandfather's since their mother died, three years ago. Their father has his mostly at Washington, when he is not away on his Indian agency, which often takes him to the West, where he is at present.

The Boynton girls call often, and praise Andrew, and drag me over to their house, whether I am willing or not; and come purposely after tea to take long walks with me. They say often to others—"oh! Caroline and we are *very* intimate. There isn't a day that we are not together somewhere. That is, when she is here at her uncle's. We are going to send for Andrew when she's done running over to her grandfather's so often, naughty girl that she is! He'll be delighted with the rambles we have, and all that."

It is for those Boynton girls to demonstrate how meagre is wealth when the heart is poor, and how worthless all the lessons of the schools, when they just roll over the tongue a few times and then are gone. It seems to me that every day, every hour of their lives, is without one single, lofty, beneficial endeavor. It troubles me

that I must be so much with them; for I feel it dragging me down. It need not, I suppose. I suppose I ought to have so much of the divine, Christ-like life in my breast, that I might interpose words of gentleness and wisdom, now and then, and to win them on to better thoughts and ways.

I shall go over to grandfather's to-morrow, where I need neither see them nor hear Andrew Boynton's praises sung for a whole week. And my little Cousin Jemmy, the full-moon-faced boy who sits now at my feet, watching to see me throw pen, and pen-wiper away, he shall go with me. I can get along better with my stiff Cousin Henry if Jemmy goes like a wild thing from one to the other, and through the rooms.

The 6th.

I have told Cousin Laura that I do not like Henry; that I do not find it easy getting along with him; and that I fear I never shall. She was sorry. But she looked up out of her momentary regret with a smile; and said—"you *will* like him, Caroline, when you know him better. Every body likes him. I don't know another person in the world who has so many friends." Heigh-ho! I wonder if anybody else is troubled as I am with people they cannot, make what effort they will, thoroughly like; and to whom they cannot by any earthly or heavenly means be thoroughly indifferent.

He—Henry I mean—helps grandfather and the troop of work people make hay now a part of every day. It is his part to manage the oxen and hay-cart, because he is not so strong as the rest. And while they stand on the lawn, and he drinks his milk, or his cold water within, and chats a little with grandmother and Laura, I like to slip out through the front door, and breaking hastily some roses and asparagus in the yard, hang them on the yokes of the creatures and about the cart. I am back into the house before he has time to get out. I will not stay to see how he likes it; I will not trouble myself enough about what he likes for this. And yet, in sober truth, I do trouble myself. I gather currants for the table, thinking—"this will make Henry's breakfast taste good; he eats so little!" And when I put flowers in the vases, I think, as I group them—"this will please Henry. He wont say anything praising them or me; but I shall see his eyes kindle as they linger on them." This provokes me that I must be continually thinking of him, when in reality I do not like him. It makes me, as it were, his slave, and spoils all the grace and comfort of my action. I would gladly be his cousin, as James says, "in a thoroughly divine way," serving him in any spontaneous manner as the free air and the birds do. As the child Jemmy does. He runs over the haystacks

chasing grasshoppers; rides in the empty cart, and on the high loads; goes wild with pleasure, and carries laughter wherever he goes.

The 10th.

Laura and I rode over to the village last evening to bring Henry from the office.

"And so you don't like me very well, Caroline," said Henry, as soon as we were seated in the carriage. He gathered the reins with a look half gay, half serious.

"Not very well—nor you me, I fancy," I answered in the same vein.

"No—not very well; but I would like to like you. See that bird! Hear him! I don't know any sound on earth so sweet." He meant the bobolink, that with his joy-craved "ting a lling-ling," sailed slowly, albeit with fast-flitting wings over the strawberry field.

Somehow I liked him better for the few sincere, impulsive words he had spoken. I still like him better; I think he likes me better. He looked quietly in my eyes many times while we were at breakfast. He lingered near me awhile after it was over. We disputed about the Administration; and I followed him to the door for the sake of hearing the last word. I got it by darting back into the house directly I had said, "no! and your saying that only proves that you don't know so much about politics as I do."

I heard him laugh; but, as I was out of his sight, he did not reply. I was right glad to have the last word. Grandmother and Laura were glad. Grandfather took his hat to go, as he said to Jemmy, who was laughing with the rest, "the way with the women folks, ain't it, my boy Jemmy? They always manage in some way to get the last word."

"Us, grandpa," replied Jemmy. And he slid up to grandfather with a look of half doubt, half defiance at us "women folks."

But grandmother had only to show him her good smile, Laura to pelt him a little with pickled grapes, and I to take him dancing around the table, and we were on velvet again.

We called at Uncle Harrison's last evening, and soon the Boyntons came flocking in until they were all there. I was near being carried off my feet by them. When would I come back to the village to stay a while, a week, say? they asked. They had just got a letter from Lowell; could I not guess who wrote it? Ah, but indeed! I could never begin to guess what nice things were in it about one Caroline Bradshaw. I could never guess that. Mrs. Boynton shook her curls and Mr. Boynton his sides as this went on. "Never mind, Caroline! don't blush so!" said he, tucking me familiarly under my chin. "The girls would be glad enough if they could have as nice things said about them by—by Henry, here, for

instance." Angeline sneered a little and tossed her head. Adaline laughed, blushed, hid her face, after having covered her father's mouth a moment with her hand, and said—"oh, pa! you naughty man you! I declare, I'll be mad if you say another word."

"Yes, you say so. But we all know that you like well enough all that is said to you about the beaux; especially about one of the beaux just now not far off." This gave occasion to fresh blushes, laughter, and expostulation. When it was over he turned to me, saying—"be neighborly, Caroline! be neighborly! come in any time and take a ride with the girls in the new carriage. You haven't seen it yet. Andrew sent it last week, from Lowell. Ha, ha! You must try it, and see how you like it." He then turned to Uncle Harrison and resumed his conversation with him on the speediest ways of money getting. Of all the methods he had tried, the man unblushingly declared, the best was putting the little he had out of his hands and going into bankruptcy as he did before he went to Lowell. I was glad to see that uncle only nodded his head at this proposition, looking very grave.

"To be sure, it was a bad job failing in that way," continued Mr. Boynton, a little embarrassed by uncle's manner, "but there was no other way. I had held on as long as I could. I couldn't have paid more than ten cents on a dollar, if I had given up every cent I had in the world, every single cent."

"Even this would have been something for Dr. Cummings. He was your security to a considerable amount, I believe."

"Yes; two thousand dollars," replied he, looking ashamed, or vexed, or in some other way discomfited. "But I couldn't pay it! I've told the doctor and others who meddled with what didn't concern them, that I couldn't. He is no poorer for my going into bankruptcy, and I am a great deal richer. But there is no help for it. It is the way the world goes. First one at the top of the ladder, and then another. The doctor had his day: he must let me have mine now, whether he is willing or not."

"I am sure I hate Dr. Cummings," interposed Angeline, who, having seen me listening to them instead of herself, had turned her ear to the conclusion. "Going over our heads as he does, and he as poor as Job's turkey! We, none of us have the least patience! As for Andrew, he wont take any notice of him, any way!"

"No! that he wont!" exclaimed Adaline. "He's above it! Did you ever see, Mrs. Bradshaw, what a figure his little girls go since their mother died? It's positively ridiculous! so often with dirty frocks and faces!"

"Poor young things!" said Aunt Agnes, with

a sorrowful face. "I pity them! it was so different while their mother lived, although in the last years of her life they were poor and she a sick woman. I wish Mrs. Means would manage to keep them in a little better order for the doctor's sake. I know he is often troubled about it. But I suppose the poor woman does the best she can. She isn't very strong; and it is a great care and labor for her."

"I suppose so," replied Angeline, without appearing to have really heard what aunt said. "I should think the doctor's rich uncle in Boston would be ashamed! Rich as an old Jew, and not doing a single thing for the doctor, or any other relative, they say, but the nephew, Augustus Cummings, the young minister, you know. The old man has educated him, and done everything for him; and will end, I suppose, by giving him all he's got."

"And if he does, the young minister will keep it, I'll warrant you," said Mr. Boynton, tipping his head knowingly. "He'll hold the money-bags tight enough, and keep preaching every Sunday to his people, that they must sell all they've got and buy souls with it."

"Now that's wicked, father!" said Mrs. Boynton, with affected chiding. "Caroline won't like to hear you say such things; and I'm sure I don't. But about the old man's giving his money to Augustus Cummings, you see if he gives it to him. You see if he don't get mad about something just before he dies, and make a will, and give all he's got to the missionaries. 'Tis the way such cross, rich old fellows are apt to do."

"Well, if he does do it, nobody has any business to blame us for the doctor's being poor, or anybody but the old uncle himself!" said Angeline. "It belongs to him, and not to pa, not to pa! to set Dr. Cummings up."

"I guess it does!" rang Adaline's voice. "I guess it does! Yes, indeed! I guess it does!" rang and groaned the others.

We made no reply; but they might have read any quantity of disapprobation in our looks, if they had given themselves a moment to that kind of study. I saw that Henry was ready to snap his fine teeth at them all. Laura, who had not once spoken, had tears in her eyes, and glowing cheeks. The doctor's little girls are Cousin Laura's darlings. She takes them lovingly to her side at church, and wherever she meets them. And on the part of the girls it is—"Laura; I've got a flower hid in my hand for you. Guess what it is." Laura purposely guesses wrong to give the children amusement. "A dandelion."

"No; guess again—guess again."

"A thistle flower."

"Ha! no; you must guess once more."

Then Laura guessed—"a pink;" and a pink it generally is.

Clara, who is ten years old, and who has beautiful tastes, which, by the way, are often disturbed by the kind of toilet Mrs. Means makes up for her, touches Laura on her hand or arm, and asks her in whispers if her hair ribbons are right; if she liked that great, thick cape on such a young girl as she is, and on such a warm day. She begs her to tie her bonnet-strings a little tighter, so that her head need not turn in it, as it is apt to do after Mrs. Means ties it. I have seen the doctor watching how things went between them. Once I am sure I saw tears in his eyes; and often I have seen a look as if he would willingly go on his knees before Laura and his girls, and take them together to his heart.

He is a tall man of easy manners, with a fresh and a pleasant face. Or, this is his habitual expression. One often sees him looking pale and discouraged, and very sad. Laura has her eye on him when he is in this mood, and sighs if he sighs; but directly says cordial and pleasant things to him, until he smiles and comes to her side, when she is so gentle, so happy, so womanly! She would marry him if he were to offer himself, poor as he is, heavy as her toils and cares would be; nay, because he is poor, and has need of her in his house. But the poor, dear child must not do this, unless she will allow me—good! if she will take him in his poverty, they shall find that a kind fairy comes in among the wedding guests, and leaves a generous dowry under the bride's pillow.

I hear Henry singing. I shall go down and ask him if he was not wishing to see me; if he is not glad that I have come.

Wednesday, the 11th.

Yes; he was glad! downright glad! he said. He was tired of those everlasting law-books. I, too, looked tired. Would I not then go and take a long, quick walk with him over the hills? I was glad to go; Laura was glad to see us go; but she would not accompany us. She would rather stay and shade her tower; for, as she has leisure in these days, I teach her landscape-painting. She went with us across the lawn, repeated grandmother's charges about our being back in season for supper, kissed us, and then ran back singing to her work.

"It makes the poor child very happy having you here with her," said Henry, as we went on our way. "And to see that you are beginning to like me better; you do like me better, don't you, Caroline?"

"Yes, a great deal!" replied I, meeting quietly his honest, good-natured look. "And you, Cousin Henry?"

"I like you vastly now; but at first—"

"How was it at first? Let me hear about it."

"At first I thought you cold and arbitrary. I am never pleased with a woman of this character. But we must walk faster, cousin mine! See!" showing me his watch. "A quarter to six. We will walk two miles out. Can you, and be back at six, so that grandmother's tea need not wait for us?"

"Yes; try me."

But Henry himself grew pale, and his breath almost went out of him with the rapid walking. He was grave and thoughtful to find how little strength he has; but it did not last. He soon forgot it in his enjoyment of the loitering pace, the shade of the old woods that lay along our way, and the singing of the great multitude of birds.

Our walk ended with my starting to run away from him on reaching the lawn, that I might be the first in the house. But whew! He went by me with graceful leaps, and was spreading his arms in the door to keep me out, before I was half way across the lawn. The feat pleased grandfather, who greatly enjoys all Henry's victories over us "women-folks."

How good it was coming to the supper-table after the invigorating walk. The little hot biscuit with cream in them, the strawberries and sugar, the new, sweet butter, and the cold custards—how good they were, all of them!—but none of them so good to me as it was to see that Henry ate them with exquisite relish, laughing heartily the meantime at grandfather's lively stories.

Friday, 13th.

Letters came from Augusta and her husband. "No Augustus Cummings yet," Augusta writes. "And the reason is the Newells have failed, and the house here has gone with the rest. The affairs of this world go crazily, don't they, Cad? I often wonder if there isn't some hidden method of making them go better. It appears to me there ought to be. If there isn't, if there *must* always be as much trouble and fuss of one sort and another as there is now, I don't know why the world should have been made, or the people that are in it. I confess I think better daily of your life up there. Eating strawberries and white sugar and cream, picking peas and shellings them, eating cucumbers from the vines direct, and helping grandmother and the rest churn—I confess this seems comfortable. But then I suppose these things are not *life* after all; or they else only make up the *material* part of life, unless they do something for the inner woman. Ah, heaven bless us all, and make something nobler of us! or, all but you and Otway. You and he are quite as good as I can well bear to have you until I grow better some way. But this I shall

say—heaven help me and Abby Rogers to be a little less vain, and simple, and good-for-nothing, for I am so dissatisfied with myself!

"Love for thee, darling, and for all the rest in that house and in Uncle Harrison's,

From theirs and thine,

AUGUSTA."

Dear Augusta! and yet it is good for her that she hungers and thirsts after a better life, after righteousness. It has been said by one who has thought much on life—"if nature perfectly satisfied me, if society perfectly justified me; if my relations to the one brought me no consciousness of disease, and my relations to the other no consciousness of sin; then I should be forever content to feed upon honey, and bask in the smile of my fellows, ignoring God, ignoring destiny." One may willingly suffer dissatisfaction and pain in one's poverty and sin, if thereby the sin and poverty will go, and God's blessedness come into their place.

I can hear Henry's hoe moving in the garden. Early as it is in the day this is a sign that his brain is already tired. He is not well; I see this even plainer and plainer. He could not walk with Laura and me, last evening, because he felt so languid, and because the dews chill him. He came out, however, a little way to meet us on our return; and had delicate hard-hack-flowers in his hands, gathered by the way. These he placed in our braids, the purple in Laura's, the white in mine. He smiled and inquired about our walk; but I saw that he had tears in his eyes. Poor Henry!—poor Henry I keep saying in my heart. I sometimes fear that he will droop and die by the way, just when his feet have reached the temple, and his hand is stretched out for entrance. God forbid! this I feel I could not well bear. He has "only been studying too hard," he and Dr. Cummings both say when they are questioned. "A little relaxation and good company will set all right." I trust they do not deceive themselves and us.

Tuesday, 17th.

He is better-day, so that we sing again in whatever part of the house we are.

For the rest, the Boyntons and others walk or ride over to see us—especially the Boyntons. And especially the Boyntons are dying, as they constantly affirm, because I do not go back to the village. They have forty plans, all of them perfectly delightful, they say; and, among the rest, one for a great party at their house. They only wait for me to be back there; for not until I return to the village will "somebody else" come up. "Er! they can't wait!" they say, shaking themselves from head to foot.

The doctor will ride over this afternoon, bringing in his children with him. Laura goes singing

and in smiles as she helps grandmother and Nancy make the old-fashioned cup-cakes, of which the doctor is so fond, and tarts and cookies for the children. The best in the house grandmother and Cousin Laura will bring forward for the good man and his motherless ones, who now in their comparative poverty and their inefficient house-keeping have so few "creature comforts." Once it was very different there, grandmother says. Once they had as good a table as any family in town; and people went and came, always sure of a welcome. The elder Boynton gave them the first blow; the younger Boynton the second; and ever since that time things have seemed to go wrong. The doctor drove here and there to retrieve his losses, if possible, until in his overaction and anxiety his health gave way; and for a year he had no income whatever. The doctor's wife had been in bad health for years; still, in the way of reducing their expenditures, they gave up their maid, greatly as they needed her with their young family. In this way Mrs. Cummings overtasked her strength. Her health utterly failed; and after a year of helpless suffering she lay down to the rest of the grave.

"And this was the work of the Boyntons. Heavens, how I despise them! a thousand times more than I do the vilest worm that crawls. For the poor, half-naked man who takes that which does not of law belong to him, lest he and his starve, I have compassion, charity; but none for the Boyntons, or for any others like them. But no one who believes in a God everywhere, in the heart of every man, approving or condemning his life, can envy them. Dr. Cummings does not envy them, nor has he reason; for, compared with them, he is a happy man in the noblest sense. He has a far-seeing, loving heart, that would not wrong another or ten worlds like this; and what is far more difficult than this, that can suffer wrong and still keep its patience, its good-will, its trust in God and the right. He is universally respected. Even the Boyntons, with their arrogance of wealth, look up to him from a great way below, although all with sneers and head-tossings.

Evening.

Just over the hill, in a little, brown house close to the road-side, there lives a poor widow, who ekes out the substance yielded by her thrifty garden, by going into several families in the village washing. As we were all sitting together this afternoon, we heard slow, shuffling-steps, which we knew to be hers, approaching the parlor.

"Miss Bradshaw," said she. We looked around and saw her standing in the door, with her eyes fixed appealingly on grandmother. "I shouldn't come this arternoon, Miss Bradshaw,

bein' as ye had company here; but I've got started for the village on business; an' I want ye ter come out here a minute; an' you too, 'squire, if ye will."

They both started with her for the dining-room; and I heard her say farther on her way—"I wanted ye ter look over this bill, if ye will. Fer them 'ere Boyntons 're goin' fer ter try ter cheat me out o' four shillin-an'-sixpence fer washin' fer 'em. I thought it was too bad!"

Henry frowned on hearing this; but immediately went on with me showing the pictures of the "Penny Magazine" to Charles and Clara. Meanwhile, at the farther side of the large room, before a window that opened upon the garden, stood Dr. Cummings and Laura side by side. They were talking earnestly; and for some time seemed not to notice the lively little Jane, who kept dancing about them, every now and then flinging her arms around them both, hugging them closely together.

"Laura! Laura! you don't know who's got you and papa," said the girl, holding them in the tight embrace. They both looked down on her and smiled. They both put out a hand to lay it on her head; it happened, therefore, that when Laura's hand lay on the golden locks of the child, the doctor's lay on Laura's. "I'm going to keep you and papa just so always, Laura!" pursued Jane, with her beautiful face upturned to theirs, and still embracing them.

Again were the doctor and Laura moved by the same impulse at the same moment. They both stooped to kiss the upturned face, and so it happened that they were not far from kissing each other. At this moment Clara called Jane to us; and I heard the doctor say—"would that the poor child might do as she threatens; that she might keep you and her papa always together." Laura did not speak. Nor did I dare to look up; but I fancied that I heard her heart beating. "But I am too old and too poor to be thinking of such happiness," sighed he, after a moment's pause.

"Too old and too poor!" repeated Laura, with a hesitating, agitated voice.

"Yes; I mean I am too old and too poor to hope that one so young and happy as yourself, will come and be a mother to my children, and a companion to me. But I do sometimes dream of such things; and, while it lasts, I am happy."

Little Laura's heart was plainly in a sad flutter. Her bosom heaved, her cheeks were in a glow, and her eyes were bent low, veiled by the long lashes. The doctor looked down on her face. He too, I saw, was intensely agitated. "You will not despise me for my dream, Laura?" pursued he inquiringly, and as if he must know how to interpret Laura's emotion.

"No," replied she, in soft, thrilling tones.

I heard no more that was said; for the grand-parents came in, and soon supper was on the table. But I saw that the doctor was thoughtful, although he compelled himself to talk; and that Laura was excited, and that she committed blunders in waiting upon the guests.

The 18th.

"It will be as my father and our grand-parents, and Henry and you say about it," Laura said, last evening, when I spoke to her of the doctor's proposals. She blushed and laughed a little, but with tears in her eyes; and would go no farther than this—"it will be as you all say. This is what I have said to the doctor."

"And will he write to your father?"

"Yes; to-morrow."

"And speak with our grand-parents and Henry?"

"Yes; to-morrow. And to-morrow we will talk it all over, dear Caroline. But to-night, my head is so confused!"

Evening.

The doctor called to-day on his way to a patient in the west part of the town. Laura looked down on her sewing, breathing heavily and irregularly. The doctor stood near her—he was in haste and could not sit—looking down on her gentle face, her busy fingers, as he talked with the rest about the weather. He seemed to have few clear ideas on the subject, however; and, at length, suddenly abandoning it, he said—"come, girls, get your bonnets, both of you, and ride a mile or so with me; the walk back will do you good."

We ran for our bonnets; and were already in the chaise putting them on, when the doctor came to the door, attended by our grand-parents. They always get as much of his friendly talk as possible, by going with him to the door, chatting while he is taking his place in the carriage, not unfrequently calling out the "good morning," or the "good evening," when he is across the lawn and in the road.

Now the doctor is a tall, broad man; his chaise is a tall but a very narrow chaise, so that when his portly figure showed itself in the doorway, Laura and I looked down on the mere bit of the seat we left unfilled, and then, with quick, inquiring glances, in each other's face. Grandmother, at the same time, stepped out as she talked, to put my skirts further back into the carriage, lest, by-and-bye, they should be sweeping the wheel.

"Doctor!" exclaimed she, alarmed at seeing how her grand-daughters filled the carriage, "what will you do? See! the girls fill the seat! Can't you make a little more room for the doctor, girls? Try and see if you can't!"

We tried our best. We gathered our clothes close, we tipped ourselves off each way, laughing with the rest, when we saw that with all we could do there was not room enough for one-half of Dr. Cummings. He, by-the-bye, did not look in the least concerned. He laughed as heartily as any one, putting on his gloves in the meantime.

"The women-folks must wear so many petticoats now-a-days, there is no such thing as finding room anywhere for them," said grandfather, still laughing. "We must go edgewise, making ourselves as thin as a pan-cake. I'll leave it to you, doctor."

"It is just as you say, Esquire Bradshaw," replied the doctor, making his way into the chaise. "And so *this* one of the women-folks"—gathering Laura into his arms, and taking her seat—"this little thing mustn't complain if I—there; here we are; room enough; plenty room enough. Good morning, Mrs. Bradshaw! Good morning, Esquire."

Will it be believed? The doctor had "the little thing" fairly established on one knee—with her back toward me, so that I could not see what sort of a face she put upon the matter. She coughed, however, as did the doctor. She did not talk much; but the doctor kept up a vigorous chat with me. At length he put the reins into Laura's hands; and then, still talking with me, he encircled her form with his arm, drawing her closer to him, that she might find herself supported by his broad chest.

"There, that is it; that is comfortable," said he, looking into her face with infinite tenderness.

When the time came that we must turn back, he sighed that he must part with us; put out both hands to take Laura out; one, only, to help me. He clearly thinks me of very little consequence in comparison with Cousin Laura.

"Laura!" exclaimed I, finding that she made her way homeward, without being inclined to talk with me.

"What, Caroline?"

"I am going to tell Henry that the doctor was near eating you up."

No answer came. She still trudged on, with eyes on the ground.

"I am going to tell him that he all but kissed you."

Now she laughed. But she looked honestly as a child in my face and said—"I shan't care if you do. I like the doctor as well—great deal better than I do my own father. I am less afraid of him. If he were to quite kiss me, I should know that it was all right, because he did it. I wouldn't care if you, and Henry, and all the world, or, at least, all the good and friendly part of it, were looking on to see."

Thus was I brought to let my weapons fall, because she could in no way be made to close with me. She was the dullest companion one ever had; unless one has had the bad luck, sometime, to be walking two miles with a lady as much in love as Cousin Laura. I was glad to get home. Especially glad I was, when we reached the lawn, to see Henry coming away along on the straight road. He was just returning from the office.

"Ah! there is dear, good Henry coming!" exclaimed I, joyfully. "I shall go and meet him; will you go?"

"No; we have already walked so far! I will go in and see how it is in the house," replied she, not half so glad to see Henry as I was. I can see that Dr. Cummings fills her heart more and more. I don't know what Henry and I will do for room there, if things go on long in this way.

"This is a good one!" said he, with a kindling face, as, with his hand out, he stepped forward the length of the reins to meet me. "I was thinking about you," he added. He took his place beside me, letting the reins lie on the horse's back, that he might go step-and-step.

"What were you thinking about me? That I am an idle thing, running out to meet you whenever you come, glad as if you had been gone three months, instead of three hours?"

"Not this. I was thinking that you are a dear, good girl; and that I am glad you came up here this summer. I am thankful to know you better," he continued with filling eyes—"that I love you, and you me. If I live it will help me through many a struggle, and if I die it will be a dear thing, a dear thing, knowing that you will often think of me, and will by-and-bye meet me there." He raised his finger and his eyes upward, with the beautiful and solemn look of an angel.

I caught his hand and brought it hastily down with both my own; for his words, and, above all, his manner, brought back the old prophetic fear, as if it were a blow, and made me half beside myself. "I can't have you say such things to me, Henry!" said I. "Remember! I can't any way bear it!"

He kissed my hand, looked with gentle eyes in my face a moment, and then abruptly changed the subject by asking if that was Laura he saw leave me at the house. I told him in a few hurried words—for we were already near the house—of our ride with the doctor. He smiled at my half-sincere, half-laughing complaint, that, inch by inch, the doctor is crowding me out of my place in Laura's heart.

"At any rate I shan't complain of this if it does one good thing," said Henry, extending his hands to help me out.

"What is that?" I asked.

"If it sends you away to me, as it has done this morning." I returned his smile with one as cordial; the light pressure of his hand, with one a little lighter, if I mistake not, and came into the house.

Henry has been cheerful, often gay, since the morning. His words did not probably mean so much as I fancied. I presume that he has an occasional impression that he will die early; an impression not at all rare in highly imaginative, not very strong and well young persons. They desire death when they are so weary, and the way before them looks so long and toilsome; and this yearning is the low knell of prophecy to them.

The 25th.

Letters came last evening from Uncle George, and from Augusta. Uncle George "will give his daughter away with pleasure to one of his earliest and most esteemed friends." Over this Laura is tearful and excited, but, withal, very happy. As for the doctor, he takes strong steps, as if new life were in him. Augusta "will gladly see me at Roxbury next week; for on Wednesday she will give a *fête* to our city friends and the *élite* of that place, out in the grove. And she cannot live without me! I am indispensable! I must take formal leave of my rusticity on leaving New London; for a succession of gala days will follow; not one of which can go on prosperously without me." We are all very sober and, still over this. No one says to me—"don't go!" but I can see what a disappointment would be here in my place if I were to go. And I yet feel all the time that I ought to go on Augusta's account.

The 27th.

"I hope you will make up your mind not to go to Roxbury, Caroline," said dear, old grandfather this evening, as he took his seat with us. "You will be as happy here."

"And God knows how much happier we shall all be, if she stays," said Henry, taking a few steps away.

"Yes, do stay, dear!" chimed in grandmother, nestling close to me, and looking coaxingly in my face. "Laura will marry Dr. Cummings; and you must stay here to go like a singing bird from house to house. I desire nothing better than this. What say you, Laura?"

"That I desire nothing better," answered Laura, laughing, but with eyes full of tears nevertheless.

"And what does Caroline say?" asked Henry, after a pause, in which I thought intently on what I would do.

"That I would rather remain here, and put the flowers in Laura's hair; and then, when she

is in another home, to be here with you, Henry, and with our dear grand-parents."

Now we were all near weeping. Henry stood by my chair a moment, and then walked away to a window, without speaking. Grandmother looked lovingly in my face; and, with a quivering chin and husky voice, said—"yes, Caroline, this is what I thought you would say. I thought you would like best, here, where it is so quiet; and so I've told Henry all the time. You always did love to be here when you were a child. You remember it, father?" appealing to grandfather, who had been making vigorous work of wiping his nose, clearing his throat, and wheeling his chair so that his face would be turned away.

"Yes, I guess I do remember it! She was a dear little thing! And there is another thing I remember, and *would* remember, as long as I remember anything; and this is, that there are no two old, almost worn-out creatures in the whole world, that have so much to be thankful for as we have, mother. We have each other down to this late stage of our journey, and these three good grandchildren to be like our children to us. If they can be contented with us, I don't know of one thing more that we ought to ask."

I must go to the village ere long to remain awhile, for good Aunt Agnes begins to think that I care nothing about them or their house, since I stay away so long. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNSEEN BELLS.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

MUSING fancy sounds the ringing
Of unnumbered, unseen bells,
Some—with notes of joy vibrating,
Some resounding dirge-like knells;
And they urge—with ceaseless measure—
That a mingled web is life;
Bright the threads that deck the surface,
Whilst the woof with "grey" is rife.

In a dwelling rude and lowly, kneels a form in earnest
prayer;
With her eyes to Heaven uplifted, eloquently kneels
she there!
On a couch—with sunken visage—rests a frame of
fragile mould;
Pale and livid—see it shudder, as it feels the death
dew—cold.
Vain the supplicating language, vain the agony of
love—
For the soul hath burst its bondage, and ascends to
courts above.
Hark! Upon the silence breaking, sound the bells
with mournful tone,
Joining in the deep bewailings of the widow's
troubled moan.

Enter yonder lofty dwelling! View the gay and
motley throng!
Mark the bursts of thrilling laughter! List the
melody of song!
Some young hearts are bounding lightly to the
measures of bright hope;
Others strive to hide 'neath masking, anguished
thoughts which find no hope.
Here they seek to quaff that goblet filled from out
Lethean stream,
But naught calms the pulses throbbing, naught dis-
pels mem'ry's dream.
Now again we hear the ringing of each hidden,
unseen bell,
And rude tones of jarring discord on the midnight
breezes swell.

Round the Eucharistic altar gather forms with
reverent mien;
By the wings of Faith uprising, on their Saviour's
breast they lean;
And upon, and all around them, rests an undisturbed
calm;
While each soul, with inward trembling, breathes a
penitential psalm.
Here the fairy heart is strengthened! Here the
bruised reed is bound!
Here the spiritual "manna" and the "living streams"
are found!
Pealing forth exulting measures now resound the
unseen bells,
And Divine Renunciation—chime they in their
echoing swells.

In his purple robe of greatness rests the man of
untold wealth;
Whilst in meanest garb another thanks the Lord for
life and health.
Alternating shades enfold us! Riches swiftly flee
away—
And the golden ingots gather round the spurned of
yesterday.
Some enshrine a faded chaplet; others clasp a
blooming flower;
Some are crouching to their masters; others wield
the rod of power.
Sad and changeful is the accent sounding now upon
the air;
This the burden it keeps telling—we Time's changes
too must share.

Thus we seem to list the ringing
Of unnumbered, unseen bells;
Some—with notes of joy vibrating,
Some resounding dirge-like knells;
And they urge—with ceaseless measure—
That a mingled web is life;
Bright the treads that deck the surface,
Whilst the woof with "grey" is rife.

THE LILY OF L—.

A STORY OF NEW YEAR'S EVE.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

NEVER shall I forget the last New Year's Eve, I passed in the village of D—. Even at this day, the strange and terrible event, which has impressed indelibly upon my soul the memory of that night, haunts my imagination in the dark mid-winter hours, and not unfrequently disturbs my dreams. I have often thought it singular, that it is only at the close of the year—in the dull and dreary December—that these recollections force themselves upon me with any degree of force. It must be something in the association of the season with the incident. Whatever it may be, it is that *something* which impels me at this moment to look back with memory fresh and strong to that fearful night, and relate its story.

It was the night of the thirty-first of December. There was to be a grand ball at P—, a village eleven miles from L—; youth and pleasure meeting to dance at the funeral of the old year, and to welcome with hilarious mirth the birth of the new.

A considerable party of young people in L—, early made preparations to attend this ball. I was one of a company of six gentlemen—as boys advanced in their teens like to be called—who chartered a large sleigh, to be drawn by four splendid black horses, and to be driven by the celebrated horse-tamer, F—, (so well known in L—, and who may be still living there) whose services we considered ourselves fortunate in having secured.

It was just seven o'clock in the evening, when F— having faithfully picked up our party in different parts of the village, we set out from L—. The air was bitter cold; the glowing constellations twinkled with unsurpassed brilliancy in the clear, frosty sky; the crisp snow crackled and shrieked beneath the hoofs of the horses and the runners of the sleigh; and the chime of bells filled all the air.

We were a merry party; and on setting out, every heart seemed to beat in joyful unison with the chime of the bells. Well provided with straw and "buffaloes," we boldly defied the cold, and only laughed the louder when we felt the frost spirit tingling in our fingers and toes, and maliciously attacking our faces.

Having been disappointed in not being able to obtain for a companion the young queen of my myself—

heart—who had cruelly engaged herself for another scene of pleasure, although she knew I expected her to go with me to the ball, I was the "bachelor" of the company; all my companions being provided with partners. To conceal the aching void in my heart, I assumed an exceeding gayety, and declared myself happy in my liberty, since it afforded me an opportunity to try my skill at driving four in hand. F— accommodated me with the reins, and I used them so as to command his approbation, and at the same time to excite emulation in the hearts of one or two of my companions.

When I was too cold to enjoy driving any longer, I crept into the body of the sleigh, in the midst of the buffaloes and straw which enveloped the party; and William G— proposed to take my place.

"No—do not, William," I heard his partner say, in a beseeching voice.

This was Lizzie Lord—who will not blush now to see her name written in full! With the exception of my perfidious *Mary*, I looked upon Lizzie as the most charming girl in our village. She was then sixteen—tall, slender, graceful—in short, the most perfect lily of love I ever beheld. My Mary was a rose. Had I preferred lilies to roses, I might have preferred Lizzie to Mary. As it was, I thought her without an equal in beauty and grace—with one exception.

William was Lizzie's beau. They were quite devoted to each other, and quarrelled often enough for their friends to suppose there was a great deal of jealous love on both sides. They had had some sort of misunderstanding that evening. William had been somewhat too attentive to some other fair one; and Lizzie's feelings had been hurt.

It might have been as much spite as emulation of my driving, which prompted William to volunteer to take the reins.

As I said before, Lizzie begged him not to change his seat. He was by her side of course."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Oh!" said Lizzie—"I am so cold! But go, if you like," she added, in a trembling voice.

I suppose William was ashamed then to yield.

"Are you cold?" he asked, somewhat earnestly. But he added quickly, in a gay tone, alluding to

"Well, Fred will keep you warm! He understands it! Ha! ha! do your duty, Fred!"

And William took his seat with the driver. I sat down by Lizzie's side. Too gallant to allow William's suggestion to pass without taking advantage of it, I let my arm gently glide around the Lily. She as gently repulsed me; and heaving a sigh, I took care of my unruly arm. I was sorry I had not put it where it belonged at first. Lizzie was nevertheless inclined to flirt.

I tried to talk with her without meeting with much encouragement toward sociability; and I was not at all sorry when William finally returned to claim his seat.

I heard him whisper to Lizzie; but she answered him very briefly. I thought she must be very angry with him to be so silent.

"Are you cold now?" he asked.

"Not now."

"Why don't you talk then?"

"I don't feel like talking," answered Lizzie, in a low tone.

"You are angry with me!"

"I am not angry, William."

"Displeased!"

Lizzie made no reply.

"Well, if you are," said William, between his teeth, "I can't help it. It is impossible for me to please you always. You are continually getting angry with me about trifles. When you get over it, just let me know."

I always thought William was a little cruel. He turned to Jane H——, and began to converse with her in the gayest tone he could command. Still Lizzie said nothing. She only sighed.

Once more I endeavored to draw her into conversation; but she scarcely answered me. Observing my object, William put his face to hers, and said with a light laugh—

"Are you pleased yet?"

She made no reply; but seated herself in a more comfortable position on the bottom of the sleigh.

"Let her pout," laughed William. "I am used to it. She'll get over it soonest if you leave her alone."

I must confess I was partly of his opinion, and thinking I had done all duty demanded, resolved to follow his advice. I did not speak to the Lily again. She sat motionless and silent on the bottom of the sleigh.

Meanwhile all was gayety around her. William's laugh was loudest. I joined in the general mirth. In our merriment we sung in full chorus, the silvery voices of the girls, and the clear, rich tones of their partner's ringing out with the joyously jingling bells upon the cold air beneath the twinkling stars!

And the four black horses pranced gaily; and

still the snow shrieked and crackled beneath runners and hoofs; and as we flew onward dark fences seemed jagged lines traced upon the white ground.

Still Lizzie, in the midst of all this mirth, sat motionless and silent on the bottom of the sleigh.

Thus we arrived at D——. F—— drove up to the hotel, where the ball was to be, in grand style, wheeling the four blacks in a beautiful circle, and bringing the sleigh within half an inch of the steps. Just at that time our merry voices were pouring forth the stirring tones of the *Canadian boatman's song*, which to my ear had never sounded so beautiful, and grand, and full of soul-inspiring melody as on that winter night. I do not like to hear it now. Ever since it brings that scene vividly before me, and fills my soul with sadness! Oh, memory! how dost thou, by one link, drag up from the dark gulf of the past the endless chain of joys and sorrows, forged in the fiery furnace of youth! Its clanking falls heavily upon my heart, like the solemn sound of Sabbath bells!

Our song ceased with the chime of the sleigh bells. Our merriment had protected us against the cold, and it was no great matter to overcome the numb sensation which sitting long in one position had produced; and we rose upon our feet. Youths leaped to the steps, and with playful complaints of being frozen, the girls, with their assistance, did the same. With one exception. Lizzie sat still.

"Lizzie," said William.

There was no reply.

"She is asleep!" said one of the girls, gaily.

"I'll risk that in the noise we made!" exclaimed another.

"She is making believe!" said William, peevishly. "She is only waiting for me to get out of the way. Well, I'll humor her. Fred, be so good as to escort her in when she is ready!"

And William—to show himself independent, I have always supposed—walked proudly into the hotel.

"Come, Lizzie!" exclaimed Ellen V——, impatiently, "we are waiting for you."

"She is actually asleep!" said I. "She would not act so, I am sure, if she was not. Take hold of her."

Ellen shook her companion's shoulder. The Lily only drooped the more. Ellen pushed aside the thick veil, and endeavored to raise her head.

"She won't wake up!" she exclaimed, half frightened.

"There is something wrong," muttered F——, who had given the reins to the ostler.

"I am afraid!" said Ellen, starting back. "I—I think she has fainted!"

F—— bounded into the sleigh. I saw him

tear the thick glove from his hand, and lay his palm on Lizzie's face. A suppressed exclamation escaped his lips; no more; and lifting the Lily in his arms as if she had been an infant, he bore her hastily into the hotel.

A vague terror came over me. I believe I feared the worst. Uncertainty made horror more horrible. I heard F—— call for help the moment he entered the hall, and being wholly beside myself with fear, I rushed into the public parlor. I met William G—— near the door.

"There is something the matter with Lizzie," I articulated.

Either my words or my manner conveyed a fearful meaning to William's heart. Laughter died on his lips. Mirth faded from his countenance. He became deathly pale.

"With Lizzie!" he gasped.

Making a strong effort to appear self-possessed in the presence of the crowd which pressed around me, I said—"I think she is dying!"

A cry of consternation quivered on every lip. Only William was silent. He disappeared like a shadow. No direction was needed to lead him to the Lily. Already a crowd pressing around her indicated the spot where she lay in the arms of those who were endeavoring to restore sensation.

It was too late!

I heard a murmur fall from the ashy lips of Jane H——, who had penetrated the throng and obtained a view of her companion.

"FROZEN TO DEATH!"

Dizzy and faint I turned away. For a moment I seemed staggering through a horrid dream. The walls reeled around me. Ghastly faces and spectral forms floated before my vision in a mist.

My perfect consciousness was restored by

seeing a pale figure approach, with wild gestures of despair. It was William! His face was haggard; I never saw a countenance so full of grief unutterable. He wrung his hands, and muttered,

"Lizzie! Lizzie!"

That was all. I took him by the hand. I endeavored to say something—I hardly know what—something to lessen his grief—but he pushed me from him with a desperate gesture, and falling heavily upon a chair with his hands clasped fiercely to his brow, groaned aloud.

How deeply was the terror of that night stamped into my young and inexperienced heart! How vividly the scene flashes now upon my soul! Once more I seem to gaze on the pale face of the Lily as she lay in the cold embrace of death, still beautiful in the magnificence of her ball-room dress!

Oh, the vain and hollow heart of youth! Not even the fate of one so young and fair could check the mad pulse of mirth, or impress a serious thought upon the gay beings who had met to celebrate the death of another year! The music pealed forth its joyous tones; the dance went on; the ball-room resounded with gayety; and in another chamber lay the corpse of the beautiful and young; and there we, her grief-stricken friends, poured forth our lamentations over the untimely dead!

William has now a fair young bride, and he is happy; but I ween the solemn anthems of those winter winds—the golden constellations which glow in these winter skies—even the chime of bells and the measures of the dance—often and often call up to his soul remembrances of the fair Lily of L——, and of that fearful New Year's Eve—as they do to this saddened heart of mine!

THE SICK BOY TO HIS MOTHER.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

"MOTHER, I think I heard you say
There is a land, though far awaу,
Where all is peace and joy;
Oh! tell me of that world above,
And of a Saviour's dying love,
Oh! tell your suffering boy.

I heard you say that in that land
Thousands of happy children stand
With sins forgiven;
Dear mother, say what brought them there?
And tell me of that world so fair,
Tell me of Heaven."

"I spoke of that bright land, my boy,
I spoke of peace and wondrous joy,
There angels sing;

I said that there sweet children stand,
A holy and a happy band
Before their King.
You ask, dear boy, what brought them there?
To that bright world so sweet and fair,
That world above;
On earth they did their Saviour fear,
On earth they loved God's word to hear,
And sing his love.
And if we love Him here below,
To that bright land we too shall go,
Both you and me,
There we shall stand and sing his praise
Through countless years and endless days,
And happy be."

THE HIGGINBOTHAMS.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

COMING events are said to cast their shadows before; but everything at the Northwells proceeded just as though nothing different from usual were about to occur. Mr. Northwell went to his lawyer's office, as was his daily custom; Mrs. Northwell, after alternately teasing and fascinating, as was her daily custom, stepped to the mirror to arrange her curls under a coquettish little cap; and very well pleased at what she saw there, appeared not at all inclined to leave the spot.

Yet, as she stood there, she did think of Mr. Northwell, and with a little pique too, as she then called to mind their conversation. If this gentleman had one little imperfection thrown in to balance his numerous excellencies, it was an overweening family pride. According to his own account, no ancestry could have been more splendid than his; and it was really a marvel how so many other families ever contrived to obtain possession of so much wealth, since the Northwells had been represented as owning almost every place in the Union. Mr. Northwell classed among his most valuable possessions an old, stained piece of parchment, carefully framed, which traced back the family of the Northwells, in the most satisfactory manner, almost to the days of Adam and Eve. Mr. Northwell had been known to catch up this precious relic on an alarm of fire, to the entire neglect of jewelry and valuables; and his wife laughingly insisted that every time he read it over, his head rose several inches higher in consequence—which must have been rather inconvenient, for he measured six feet in a tame state.

There was also a wonderful book, chiefly remarkable for being very clumsy and tedious: “the History of the Northwell Family”—the members of which were distinguished for a multiplicity of wives and children; and it really seemed as though the Northwells could join hands, like an interminable string of paper babies, and dance around the globe. This book contained some distinguished portraits of governors, and other great men, whom Mrs. Northwell pronounced “horrid old frights,” and whom her husband gazed at with affectionate reverence; which was not at all lessened by the fact that his existence began long after theirs was finished.

This pride of family was Mr. Northwell's pet

42

hobby; and his wife was often quite confounded by the grand stories he related, to which she could find no match in the annals of her own family; for they, although of a good old stock, sank into utter insignificance before the grandeur of the Northwells. And yet she thought it a little remarkable that she never saw any of these relatives, for never had man fewer than Mr. Northwell, but, as he said, nothing could induce them to leave Rhode Island, which they considered the one inhabitable spot upon the face of the earth; and in consequence of the distance, all intercourse between them had ceased for a number of years.

But Mr. Northwell had once spoken laughingly of a visit he made these relations when a little boy; and having been brought up to entertain feelings of reverential awe for the house in which his father, and an unending string of grandfathers, had been born, he was surprised to find it a desponding-looking tenement, which stood on a sandy shore, and quite disdained the companionship of trees. At night the beating of the surge was a sound of never-ceasing gloom; by day existence was a blank. The homestead was embellished by the presence of about a dozen gigantic cousins; who dined in their shirt-sleeves, and in shaking hands really made a toil of pleasure. His wife appeared so much amused by this recital, that Mr. Northwell, rather frightened at what he had done, immediately related a story of such fearful magnificence that it almost obliterated all remembrance of the slip alluded to.

Mrs. Northwell uttered an exclamation of impatience as a servant announced that Mrs. Sanderson was in the drawing-room; and she very unwillingly descended the stairs to meet her visitor. This Mrs. Sanderson was a cousin of Mr. Northwell's, and quite as much puffed up with family pride as himself. She was an elderly lady, with no children; and had, therefore, abundance of time to devote to the concerns of her friends. Mrs. Northwell she had a particular wish to take in hand; she considered her entirely too extravagant, too fond of company, and too much disposed to have her own way.

As Mrs. Northwell entered, she perceived from the expression of her visitor's countenance, that something unusual was about to be divulged;

and provokingly refrained from manifesting the least curiosity. Mrs. Sanderson could hold in no longer.

"Have you heard the news?" said she, at length.

"No," replied Mrs. Northwell, with a smile, "have the Dutch taken Holland?"

Without noticing the easy indifference of her hostess, Mrs. Sanderson continued, as though her words involved the welfare of the Republic. "Cousin Stacy Higginbotham, and Henrietta have arrived in town!"

She glanced at her companion, expecting delight and astonishment; but Mrs. Northwell looked reflective. Higginbotham? the name seemed familiar; where had she heard it?—Quite aghast, she now remembered that a Cousin Higginbotham had figured in one of her husband's grandest stories. The enemy, then, had arrived. Mechanically she listened to Mrs. Sanderson's pompous narrations.

"Mrs. Higginbotham," said she, "is very much of an invalid; she has been in close attendance on a crazy husband, who has now left her a fortune; and she has come to the city for the express purpose, she says, of finding her relations. Poor Henrietta! I feel for her."

Seeing that it was expected of her, Mrs. Northwell asked what particular disaster had impoverished Henrietta.

"It is a sad story," continued her visitor, "some years ago, Henrietta had a sister, older than herself, who married Arault Pepperworth. Of course, you have heard of him. Henrietta was suspected of a preference for him; and after the wedding, she became very quiet and melancholy. After awhile the sister died—and in two years Arault Pepperworth offered himself to Henrietta. She accepted him, and seemed to become quite a different person. The wedding-clothes were all made, and the preparations for a grand wedding commenced; when Arault, who was an elder in the church, took it into his head that he ought not to marry his wife's sister. He came and told her so; and after he had gone, Henrietta quietly locked up the cake put away her wedding-clothes, and sat down to her knitting. Arault married some one else; but, before a great while, this wife died too. He appeared now to have forgotten his scruples, for he again offered himself to Henrietta, who refused him—telling him that she was not an old glove to be cast off and on at pleasure. A third time he committed matrimony; and his last wife has now been dead about a year. They say that Henrietta has hopes of him yet; but he appears to be very moderate, and always does things his own way."

Mrs. Northwell refrained from showing her

amusement at these family relations; for her husband's eyes seemed to be looking sternly down upon her; and she sympathized as well as she was able in the trials of Henrietta Higginbotham.

"Of course," continued the visitor, "you will wish to call upon Cousin Stacy?"

Mrs. Northwell at first, gave a start of dissent; but then as she remembered that Mrs. Higginbotham was an invalid, and thought of the pleasure it would give her husband, she concluded to accept the invitation. Her toilet was rather more protracted than usual; for she was now about to face those terrible relatives who had haunted all her married life. At length, however, she descended; and with her pretty pink bonnet, and soft curls, looked the very personification of a Hebe. Following her visitor's advice not to take the carriage, she set out on foot to storm the enemy's quarters.

The Higginbothams had esconced themselves with another member of the family, who was reduced to the necessity of taking boarders; and after repeated rings at the bell, the visitors were admitted by a slovenly-looking Irish girl, and ushered into a small parlor. This was one of those hopeless-looking rooms that strike dismay into the heart of an adventurer; and seating themselves on a sofa, which Mrs. Northwell asserted was stuffed with bricks, they awaited the entrance of these unknown cousins. Some time elapsed; heavy footsteps were distinctly audible overhead, and there was a constant opening and shutting of doors. The stairs creak, or, to use a figurative expression, groan beneath their burden—the door is thrown open—and enter the invalid.

Mrs. Northwell had expected to see a tall, thin lady—one who would, at least, have the decency to be pale and interesting; but a large, stout woman entered, whom Mrs. Sanderson clasped affectionately, and introduced as Cousin Stacy. She bore a much stronger resemblance to the hostess of a country inn than a delicate invalid; and looked as though she had never experienced a day's sickness in her life. Her reception of Mrs. Northwell was patronizing, and her manner of talking very loud and pompous. Her daughter, who followed behind, looked exactly like one who had been crossed in love; and appeared very quiet and subdued. Her age might have been thirty-five. Mrs. Northwell found it impossible to draw her into conversation; and finally gave up the attempt in despair.

Mrs. Higginbotham, with an expressive roll of her eyes, said that "she loved the very name of Northwell," (she had been a Northwell herself) and spoke as though she always kept a large stock of affection on hand, to bestow upon any

chance member of that fortunate family who might happen to turn up. Mrs. Northwell could scarcely suppress her smiles as she glanced at these scions of a wonderful family, and thought of her own elegant relations; she concluded that these must be importations from the homestead her husband had visited in his boyish days.

Mrs. Higginbotham had entered into a long discussion with Mrs. Sanderson upon family affairs—Henrietta was looking at, and thinking of nothing—and Mrs. Northwell caught herself suppressing a yawn. For want of other occupation she took an inventory of Henrietta's dress; and came to the conclusion that there are more becoming things in the world than sage-colored silk, and home-made collars. Her hair was not arranged at all—it looked as though it had turned into the comb of its own accord; and the visitor could not help contrasting the mother's toilet with the daughter's. Mrs. Higginbotham, to be sure, had not displayed any very great taste in the cap of cotton lace, trimmed with a gaudy ribbon, or the dress of bright green Cireassian; but it was evidently put on with some degree of care, and not, like Henrietta's, thrown upon her at random.

Mrs. Northwell was just debating upon the possibility of keeping her eyes open any longer, when her companion rose to go; and with a sigh of ineffable relief, she gladly seconded the motion. Mrs. Higginbotham was loud in her regrets at their short stay, and sent a most affectionate message to Mr. Northwell; promising to come soon and return the visit. Henrietta said nothing, and looked less.

Once fairly seated again in her own boudoir, Mrs. Northwell indulged her risible faculties, which had been very much excited all day. Her eyes, still beaming with mirth, encountered the valued parchment, setting forth the whole genealogy of the Northwell family, and her merriment became almost uncontrollable. Her laughter still rang through the apartment when her husband entered; and the effort to control her merriment only made it worse. Catching the infection of her silvery tones, Mr. Northwell too laughed, as he exclaimed:

"You are really incorrigible, Ada; I suppose that, as usual, you are laughing at nothing?"

Mrs. Northwell broke forth afresh. "Nothing!" said she, "indeed! Do you call two hundred pounds nothing? for I am sure she weighed at least that. Oh, but," said she, recollecting herself, "I ought to be more grave, for I have just seen some relations of yours."

Here she went off again.

Mr. Northwell glanced at his pedigree, and braced himself up with the consciousness of his grandeur.

"Is it possible!" said he, with a grave expression of delight, "who were they? Any of Cousin Peleg Ketcheram's family, or Aunt Keziah Popperham's daughters, or perhaps some branch of Uncle Kit Gildergrass' family?"

This list of excruciating names increased Mrs. Northwell's struggle for gravity; and the gentleman paced the floor impatiently until she gasped forth Cousin Stacy Higginbotham. This was a pinnacle of grandeur to which he had scarcely raised his eyes; why the Higginbothams were the great people of Rhode Island—the very top of the family tree! and he frowned, almost in earnest, at his wife's ludicrous description of her visitor.

"Dress," said he, majestically, "is nothing—I look at the mind."

"I looked too," replied his wife, with another outburst, "but I didn't see anything. It was like the boy whom his father sent to Lorenzo Dow, with an intimation that his son was too much disposed to hide his talents in a napkin. 'I have shaken the napkin, at every corner,' was the message that accompanied the boy's return, 'and I find that it is empty.'"

Mr. Northwell would not join in a laugh against his own family; and abruptly left the room. He also took the earliest opportunity of paying his respects to these scions of so noble a stock; and if he were little surprised at their external appearance, carefully refrained from making his wife the confident of his sentiments.

Time passed on; their visits remained unreturned, and the name of Higginbotham had almost faded from the volatile mind of Mrs. Northwell. She sat one day, in the drawing-room window, watching with some degree of interest the movements of two ladies, who appeared to be searching for some place they were unable to find. Suddenly, as their faces were turned toward her, the whole truth flashed upon her—they were *Mrs. Higginbotham and Henrietta!* Her first impulse was to hide herself, and pretend that she had not seen them; but then, with a smile at this childishness, she advanced to the door as the ladies were announced.

Mrs. Higginbotham had donned a green velvet hat, with plumes that stood up, and plumes that stood down; and *Henrietta* looked, if possible, more dowdy than before. Having seated her guests, the next thing was to entertain them; and this, as Mrs. Northwell found, was not so easily done. The mother enacted the duchess—the daughter the nonentity; and like a school-girl waiting her composition, she glanced up at the ceiling, and down at the floor, in search of inspiration; but she found that it was like "calling spirits from the vasty deep."

"But will they come when you do call for them?"

At length, however, Mr. Northwell came to her relief; and quietly giving up to him the task of playing the agreeable, she watched with considerable amusement his "nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles," which Mrs. Higginbotham received as though they were not the half of what she deserved. Mr. Northwell was apparently quite abashed by the noontide splendor of the old lady's invincible self-conceit; and coincided with everything she said in the most deferential manner.

At length Mrs. Higginbotham rose majestically from the sofa, and Henrietta followed her example. Now came "the tug of war." First Mrs. Higginbotham complained of a pain in her head, and sank back again; and Henrietta sank in concert. Mrs. Northwell ran for some cologne and bay water; but when she returned her visitor was in a hysterical state, supported by Mr. Northwell and Henrietta. Her hat and shawl were removed; and she was deposited upon the sofa, until sufficiently recovered to be moved up stairs. Her daughter did not appear to be very much alarmed; she said that her mother was subject to these attacks.

"How long do they generally last?" inquired Mrs. Northwell, somewhat anxiously.

"About a week," replied Henrietta, coolly.

"Were it not for your mother," said Mr. Northwell, politely, "I should esteem it a fortunate occurrence that has made you my guests."

His wife could not echo the sentiment. She fairly ground as she thought of the pleasant little party she had invited for Christmas week, now near at hand, and wished the Higginbothams at the North Pole. Henrietta took things very coolly; and Mrs. Higginbotham accepted their attentions with the air of a queen. She was established in the best bed-room, and appeared to feel very much at home. Her daughter said that no physician was necessary; all that she needed was rest and quiet. Mrs. Northwell smiled at this remark, as tray after tray, breakfast, luncheon, dinner, and tea entered the invalid's apartment; but like the spider's victim, "never came down again." Mrs. Higginbotham said that "all that kept her up was eating—were it not for that she did think she must sink."

The invalid required at least one servant devoted to her; and Mrs. Northwell appropriated to this service a little girl, whom she had taken more from charity than an expectation of profiting by her services; for among the many well-trained domestics, Mary was quite a superfluity. This had fostered a disposition for indolence and ease, which Mrs. Higginbotham seemed determined to eradicate; and her hostess observed, with a smile, that if she succeeded in making anything of Mary, it would be some recompense

VOL. XXI.—3

for the Higginbotham infliction. The child flew up stairs and down like one possessed; she started at the first sound of the sick-room bell, and seemed bent on distinguishing herself in the eyes of Mrs. Higginbotham. "What a smart, little thing it is!" the invalid would remark, and like a spell, it seemed to excite the child to almost incredible feats.

Mrs. Northwell found that entertaining the Higginbothams was like receiving a sovereign; their followers gathered around them so rapidly that the elegant establishment of Walton Northwell was as much public property as the premises of a hotel. Branches of the family to the fiftieth degree clustered around its prop and stay; until Mrs. Higginbotham fairly rivalled the old woman of childish memory, who lived in a shoe. One old lady insisted upon sitting up with the invalid, and fulfilled her intention by turning Mrs. Northwell out of her boudoir, and snoring all night; another anxious friend would come and read to her—establishing herself as the Northwells' visitor at luncheon, dinner, and tea; others were constantly bringing all kinds of eatables, until the room was fairly turned into a restaurant.

Mr. Northwell was now so accustomed to encounter strange faces on the stairs, that a company of housebreakers might have carried off the valuables before his very face; he would have set them down as friends of Mrs. Higginbotham. "I really do not see," said his wife, one evening, "what I have done to deserve this visitation—I am sure I have not been very wicked lately. By-the-bye, my dear," she continued, with a most mischievous look, "how pleasant it must be for you to have all your family relations collected about you—so very refreshing—particularly those whom you have never seen till now. But I haven't that to keep me up, and I feel rather tired."

At first, Mr. Northwell pretended to shake his provoking little wife; but as she only laughed, he was obliged to do the same, and even acknowledge himself weary of this continuation of favors.

"I wonder," said he, "when Mrs. Higginbotham intends to be well? I hope she does not mean to play invalid here for the rest of her life. But my dear Ada," he added, with a twinge of conscience, "they really do belong to a most splendid family, old Governor Frettlebrewer."

But Mrs. Northwell had danced off; the governor's ghost had been so often raised to terrify her into a proper appreciation of his grandeur, that it had lost its effect and degenerated into a bore. She turned toward the sick-room.

"Henrietta," said the invalid, just as she entered, "Christmas week is very pleasant in the city, and these Northwells are rather good sort of people."

The entrance of their hostess prevented the damsel's reply; but Mrs. Northwell, who believed that a change even for the worse was agreeable, resolved instantly to import two little nephews, who were always taken with the scarlet fever, whooping-cough, or measles when out visiting—a cousin, who played on the piano all day, and sat up at night to practice new tunes—and a young married couple who never travelled without a baby, that appeared to think it had been sent into the world for the express purpose of screaming all the time. If this addition did not storm them forth, she would in despair apply the torch to the premises with her own hand.

The very next day, to her great surprise, these worthies all dropped in one after the other, without having been sent for at all. Mrs. Northwell, as usual, began to laugh—her husband looked rather blank—and the Higginbotham frigate showed signs of moving with all on board. In course of time they actually departed; and Mrs. Higginbotham's adieus were made as though she had conferred a great favor on the Northwells. So she had by leaving. Mary, the little hand-maid, lingered in the hall; till the last expecting some acknowledgment of her services; and Mrs. Higginbotham, at length roused to a remembrance of her duty, turned toward her.

"Mary," said she, imposingly, "you are a very sweet girl, (how Mary trembled) and I hope, child, that, when you are old enough, you will get a good husband."

Mrs. Northwell suddenly forced her pocket-handkerchief into her mouth, and even her husband turned aside; while Mrs. Higginbotham sailed majestically on to the carriage, in the delightful consciousness of having acquitted herself to her own satisfaction.

Mrs. Northwell had felt almost as much burdened as though Mrs. Higginbotham's substantial proportions had rested on her; but she now went about with a light heart, in spite of the sick little boys, the musical young lady, and the screaming baby. These were only temporaries; but she had begun to fear that Mrs. Higginbotham might prove a permanency. All things have an end, and so did these troubles; the Christmas party passed off as delightfully as could be desired; and Mrs. Northwell had made an express stipulation with her husband that the name of Higginbotham should be a forbidden sound.

Some are born to greatness, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them; whether the Northwells had claims to the two former, the latter saying, at least, seemed verified in their case. In the spring Mrs. Northwell received a long letter from Mrs. Sanderson: which was, to her great surprise, dated "Old Wildfire," the family seat, and which began:

"Of course you will be delighted to hear of the happiness of our dear Henrietta, who is about to marry Arault Pepperworth. Henrietta's nature is pensive and interesting; while that of Mr. Pepperworth being more fitted to struggle with the world, they make an uncommonly well-matched couple. Mrs. Higginbotham has desired me to express the pleasure your presence, and that of Mr. Northwell, on the occasion, would give her; and she hopes that, on the receipt of this, you will immediately set out for Old Wildfire."

"What is the matter, Ada?" asked Mr. Northwell, a little impatiently; for it is provoking to see a person laughing immoderately, when you are entirely ignorant of the cause.

"*Happiness of our dear Henrietta!*" Which happiness," she continued, "consists in her becoming *the fourth wife of her first love!* Oh! ye good women of old! there's patience, and constancy for you, and meek endurance!"

Mr. Northwell took the letter which she had dropped in her excitement; and after reading it he sat a few moments thinking.

"Ada," said he, rather hesitatingly, "what do you think of accepting this invitation?"

"Oh, I should like it of all things!" she exclaimed, her eyes fairly dancing. "We shall then see the whole menagerie at once!"

Her husband looked rather disconcerted; some fragments from the wreck of his family grandeur were still floating about in the ocean of his mind.

"Now," said his wife, laughing, "what is the use of trying to keep up this farce any longer? I belong now to the initiated—and my one peep behind the scenes has caused me, like Oliver Twist, to 'ask for more.' I want to see Uncle Kit Gildergrass."

Mr. Northwell pronounced her incorrigible; but she had been so often told this that she did not mind it in the least.

Well, one morning two travellers set forth on a journey; and after travelling "on, and on, and on," as the fairy tales say, they came at last to Old Wildfire; which they found as quiet-looking a place as could be imagined. The description of Mr. Pepperworth's character they found perfectly correct; he was indeed perpetually "struggling," and seemed ready to quarrel with any one whom he could draw into a dispute. His appearance scarcely warranted the strength and endurance of Henrietta's affection; but it quite spoilt the simile of comparing it to the ivy, since it had not clung around a ruin, for Mr. Pepperworth appeared to be in full possession of all his faculties. The preparations for eating were conducted on so extensive a scale that the Northwells wondered if an invasion of Goths or Vandals were expected.

Aunt Keziah Popperham entered; and Mr.

Northwell gazed with surprise on his father's first love—an immense woman, with a gigantic family of sons and daughters.

Cousin Peleg Ketcheram was a widower, engaged for the fifth time; and he was evidently considered quite a beau—for even widowers were scarce, and invariably engaged. As to a young man, such an article would have excited as much surprise as any of Barnum's curiosities. They all seemed to be born married.

Uncle Kit Gildergrass was a good-natured old man, who claimed relationship with everybody, and somewhat startled Mrs. Northwell by giving her a hearty kiss. This seemed to be a way he had; and all took it quietly. A bouncing school-girl deposited herself on his lap—"la! she was sure she didn't mind Uncle Gildergrass!"—staid spinsters received his salutes with a "nobody cared for Uncle Gildergrass!"—but Mrs. Northwell, toward whom he appeared irresistibly attracted by her youth and beauty, considered him a dangerous companion, and begged her husband to "keep her out of the clutches of that horrid old man!"

There was a young gentleman too—engaged of course; and looking so very sheepish, and conscious, that he reminded one forcibly of Bell in "The Inheritance," with her "a person in my situation." This was young Grubb Springbottom—his father was "old Grubb."

As each one in succession was mentioned, Mrs. Northwell would glance at her husband with a peculiar look, which had the effect of turning his eyes another way; but she whispered,

"This reminds me exactly of a very old novel

I once read, called 'Cherubina,' in which the heroine, a crazy, romantic individual, sets forth to discover the character she has read of, that are as familiar as household words. At a ball some one points out to her the characters in 'The Children of the Abbey,' and other books; when she finds 'Amanda' a great, stout woman, with the air of a grenadier—"Lady Euphrasia an old maid of fifty, and others to correspond."

Mr. Northwell looked rather disappointed himself; and began to view things in a different light. The ceremony was concluded; and Henrietta Higginbotham was converted into a Pepperworth. Uncle Gildergrass commenced with the bride, and kissed every one in the room—Mrs. Higginbotham not excepted; relatives flocked around to offer their congratulations; and one spinster faltered, "may you be happy!" with such visible agitation, that Mrs. Northwell concluded she must be a disappointed lover of Arault Pepperworth's. That too fascinating man bore off his interesting bride to the carriage that awaited them; and the guests departed.

Now that the Keziah Popperhams, the Kit Gildergrasses, and the Peleg Ketcherams had been stripped of their fancy trappings, and brought down to plain realities, Mr. Northwell felt that his family grandeur was like an oil painting—a picture that looked best at a distance. On his return, he manifested decided symptoms of indifference toward the framed parchment; and Mrs. Northwell one day found the hitherto-cherished relic in the garret, with its face ignominiously turned to the wall.

THE OHIO RIVER.

BY JOHN X. HOLMES.

Flow on thou bright and beauteous River, flow!
I love thy banks, though here no castle walls
With ivy hung in gloomy grandeur show,
To tell how man, the staggering boaster falls—
No cairns here, whose history recalls
The olden time, the iron age, where right
Lay in the cradle. What of that, oh, stream,
I love thee still! Here memory's chain grows bright
As thou dost stretch afar in all thy glorious might.
'Tis love that makes the desert doubly dear
To the rude Arab—the proud Switzer sees
Grandeur in hoary rocks! Unto his ear
The avalanche, the foam, the free-born breeze
Bear music. Be they eaves, or trees,
'Tis the mind's fancy that doth tint them well;
Throw over all the softest light, and please
The wanderer when he comes awhile to dwell
Where youth has told a tale, and felt the bosom
swell.

How have I watched thy waves at even-tide,
And the light bark that floated o'er thy breast;
How often marked thee float away in pride
By fertile banks, toward the boundless West—
Or where I strayed to take the covert rest,
Caught the sweet echo that thy murmurs made,
To feel that Life was not the schoolman's jest,
But something which a rapture may invade
Where iron heels are not, nor castles half decay'd.
Bright, beauteous River! How the soul awakes
When on thy banks the weary Pilgrim stands!
A heart of stone its early haunt forsakes
To journey far, and praise in other lands.
Here—my devotion like a pillar stands
My country!—when I speak of thee, let praise
Begin, and love conclude my song! No bands—
No clanking chains; for Freedom still I'll raise
My voice, though weak it be, through all succeeding
days

THE CALIFORNIANS; OR, BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

CHAPTER I.

"I do not see my little *pet* Susan Adams this morning," said Mr. Phillips, a gentleman of some sixty years, and a weekly visitant of one of the ward schools in the city of New York, and, as he spoke, he looked around as if seeking some object.

"No, neither she nor her sister Mary have been present for a week past," replied Miss Wise, the principal instructress. "However here is a note from them, which came this morning, by the hand of one of their little school-mates; an urgent request, you will perceive, sir, for me to call on them as soon as the afternoon exercises are over. But that will be impossible, as I shall then have a teacher's meeting to attend."

Mr. Phillips, without further parley, offered to make the visit in her stead. He was a man of tender sympathies and much benevolence of heart; and he thought he perceived in the language of the note, though penned by a child, a tone of sadness and despondency, not befitting childhood's years.

Mr. Phillips possessed himself of the necessary information for finding the abode of the Adamses, and repaired thither without delay. A half dozen windings up narrow, dark, dingy, staircases brought him to the attic of a miserable lodging-house in O—— street.

As he was about to enter the room, which had been described to him as the Adams' apartment, an elderly woman of decent demeanor and slightly foreign accent, hearing footsteps approach, appeared at the door; and in a voice scarcely above a whisper, accompanied by a solemn, significant shake of the head, said—"too late—too late, doctor, all is over!"

Mr. Phillips comprehended that he had been mistaken for a physician; and hastened to undeceive the woman, by informing her that he had called on the part of Miss Wise.

"Oh, yes, sir, I know how it is, my little granddaughter carried the note to the mistress this morning; and mayhap, sir, you would know the little girls—Mary and Susan—if you be one of the gentlemen as looks to the schools."

"Yes, I know them; and very sweet children they are too," was the rejoinder.

"Well, they're gone down below to my room.

The poor little things took on so when they seen their mother was really dead, and didn't breathe no more, that I had much ado to set myself on making things decent about here; for although Miss Juliet—heaven bless the angel!—always keeps matters clean and tidy, yet the blood that found its way out of the poor lady's mouth—for lady indeed she was, good sir, notwithstanding her great poverty—so bespattered everything that they must needs all be changed."

"I am to understand then," apostrophized Mr. Phillips, while leading his way into the chamber of death—"that the immediate cause of Mrs. Adams' decease was hemorrhage from the lungs?"

"Yes, sir, that was it: we didn't think her so near her end, though she has been very poorly, and forced to keep her bed for a week or more past. But two hours ago, or thereabouts, she was seized with such a violent fit of coughing that the lungs burst; and she was very soon suffocated—poor, dear lady!—before we could get the doctor here. I think if he had come when Miss Juliet first went after him—but doctors ain't apt to hurry themselves when there isn't no pay in expectation—he could have done something to relieve her; and she might have got up again; and even if she hadn't never been able to sew any more, might have been a great use and comfort to them little girls—so dutiful and affectionate them children always was to their mother, that it delighted one's heart to see it, sir. I always told my little grand-daughter that I wished she would take pattern by them—and then, to give advice and counsel to Miss Juliet; though—dear girl—she never seems to be any way but discreet and correct in her conduct. Yet it is a very sad thing, sir, for a young woman of Miss Juliet's age to be deprived of her mother; particularly if she be the comely-looking person that Miss Juliet is. It is so dangerous, sir, for a poor young girl to look well; because there's so many unprincipled men, who, for their own self-gratification, make no scruple of taking advantage of her unprotected and friendless situation. I think her mother had many pangs of heart in view of this thing; for since doing that great job of sewing for the Californians—which wore her down so dreadfully—and the disappointment they caused her, and things all together worrying on her mind

so—I have hearn her frequently talk about it, as though she felt that she was not long for this world. As to matter of looks, one would hardly thought when she came to this lodging, eight or nine months ago; as might be, that she could live along even to this time. However, that was just after she had received news of the death of her only son, her last prop and hope, who took a fever at one of them sickly places where vessels sometimes stop to get water and provisions, when making that long voyage round to California. It is a sorrowful thing, sir; but many of them young men who have gone off there to seek their fortune, and like Mr. Henry Adams, to get something to support their poor mother and sisters with, find their grave before they even reach the El Dorado, as it is called. And again, many of them live to send home great treasures of gold to their friends; some of them as don't exactly need it. But that is the way of life, sir, clouds and darkness for some, sunshine and rain for others. Although the last arrival brought golden intelligence to some, it brought sorrow and darkness to this family, sir, Mr. Henry Adams was an extraordinary good young man—and handsome to look at, they say—and was no less doted on by his mother and sisters, than he was on his part devoted to them. So you see, sir, his loss must have been a great blow."

"The Californians—to whom you, madam, alluded a few moments since, as having given Mrs. Adams employment—are they friends of the family?" inquired Mr. Phillips.

"Why—no, sir—not exactly—that is to say, they're not relations; but they're old townsmen, that used to know one another before Mr. Adams broke, and moved here from the eastward. They're folks as wasn't then in as good circumstances as Mr. Adams was; and as one time and another he had done the Swifts a good turn, Mrs. Adams, when she hear Mr. Swift had come back from California with half a million of dollars, or thereabout, and was living with all his family at that great hotel on Broadway, thought she would call on them, and revive old acquaintanceship; and let them know all her misfortunes; and see if they couldn't give her and Miss Juliet some sewing to do, that would be more profitable than making gentlemen's shirts and collars for them stores—why, you wouldn't believe, sir—for I don't suppose you buy your shirts at such a very cheap rate—how little pay them as makes them gits. Indeed, sir, Mrs. Adams and Miss Juliet—after keeping the needle going incessantly from morning's dawn till late at night—wasn't able both together, though being right handy with the needle, to take in but a dollar and three-quarters from Monday morning to Saturday night. And a dollar and three-quarters

is a very trifling sum, sir, to support four persons on a week; and out of that, to lay by three-quarters for room-rent. So, as I said, Mrs. Adams went to the Swifts, and asked them if they could give her something to do in a more profitable way than shirt and collar making. As it happened they had great lots of sewing to do, as you may imagine, sir, for they was fixing off the three boys and two youngest little girls to go to boarding-school. Then Mr. and Mrs. Swift, and the two elder daughters was going to travel all over everywhere hereabouts, and when they had seen everything in America—all the railroads, and canals, and waterfalls, and the White House at Washington, and all such things—they was then going abroad into other parts of the world. Well, sir, the preparations for all these things required a deal of clothes." Here the speaker stopped for breath; and then resumed. "You must know that there was a great many rich ladies living at the hotel as well as Mrs. Swift; and they each one had some poor folks to propose to her, who would do her sewing at a right cheap rate; mere *nothing*, as that lady said, because they considered even that would be better than working for the shirt stores. So Mrs. Swift told Mrs. Adams, if she would do her work on the same terms that these other sewing-women had offered to, she, for old acquaintance sake, would prefer to give it to her. Accordingly Mrs. Adams and Miss Juliet threw up their shirt work and undertook the job. Then after she and Miss Juliet had sewed sturdily on, almost night and day for six weeks, and made a great lot of garments, they went off without paying her a dollar."

"Went off without paying her!" exclaimed Mr. Phillips—"how so?"

"Why, you see, sir, that Mrs. Adams and Miss Juliet carried home every Saturday night the garments they had made during the week; and when they got to the hotel—which was generally pretty late in the evening, for they had a long way to walk, and heavy bundles to carry—the Swifts was always in the great drawing-room, amusing themselves with dancing, cards, and all that, and couldn't be disturbed. So it was on the Saturday night preceding the Monday morning that they had arranged to leave; and not'istanding they knew they was going, they didn't take no pains to see Mrs. Adams, nor let her know nothing about it; but left a billet with one of the ladies in the house for her, telling her that they couldn't possibly come into such a disagreeable out of the way place as where she lived, but would see that her bill was settled when they returned to the city, which—God willing—would be in the course of some six or seven weeks; that as to the work she then had on hand, it being for the children as was at boarding-school,

they didn't think it a matter to wait for it to be done. So poor Mrs. Adams was thrown into great disappointment and distress at not getting her money when she had finished her job. But them people as is very rich, sir, and always has plenty of money in hand, never seem to take into consideration but what the poor can live just as well *without any* in hand, as they can with their plenty."

"What was the amount of Mrs. Adams' bill against Mrs. Swift?" inquired Mr. Phillips.

"Eighteen dollars, sir. I must tell you that she didn't take up her pay from week to week, because she knew it would be all safe with them, and to have such a nice large sum come in all at once, she thought would make her feel quite beforehand. It was not a very wise thing, perhaps; and at the end couldn't but bring the matter all the same. For to support them along, she had to draw in that nice little bit of earning of them two children, which she was laying by agin the time when they would need their fitting out to go into the school as teachers—the occupation that Mrs. Adams and Miss Juliet, ever since Mr. Henry's death, have been striving so hard, and laboring so diligently, almost night and day, to fit them for. Because, sir, they meant it shouldn't be with them children, as it was with Miss Juliet when she wanted to be a teacher; and was refused for not having received her bringing up and education in a public school. They're the most industrious children I ever saw in my life. Why, if you'd believe it, sir, them little girls, ever since they moved to this place, have earned a shilling a piece, week in and week out, besides going every day to school. Come into this room when you might, you would always see them down by their rag-basket sewing away as fast as they could make their little fingers fly. Then you never would hear them teasing their mother either, to let them go and play around with the other children. And though it seems hard for little ones to be always working, and never take a minute's time to join in the glees and frolics so natural to their young days, yet on the whole, I think it is better for them than to spend their out o' school hours running at large in the streets, where they see and hear so much that is pernicious and corrupting to their tender minds. I often tell my grand-daughter that I wish she would take pattern by them little girls, and not worry me so much to be playing in the streets the minute she is out o' school. And her grandfather too is so wishful to keep her away from the bad she learns there, that he offers if she will only stay in the house, and sew rags for him like the little Adamses girls, to give her six-pence more a week than he pays them—my husband is the carpet weaver that you see, sir, down

below in the basement of this house; and who ever since they came into this lodging, has employed them little girls to sew rags for him; as I've already said, I believe. Well then, sir, after Mrs. Adams' disappointment in getting her money from the Californians, there was no way to do but for her and Miss Juliet to go and hunt up work agin at the shirt stores; though they had thought never to try it no more; but with that eighteen dollars coming in from the Swifts to keep 'em along awhile, to endeavor to get into some more profitable line o' business. So two—three—let's see—June now—yes; three weeks ago it was then, just as that spell of cold wet weather come on, Mrs. Adams and Miss Juliet had to go out on this business of hunting up work; and they was out all day long in the wet near upon a week—for when folks is out o' money they can't wait for sunny days—and that's how Mrs. Adams, sir, come by this dreadful cold which she has suffered so much with, and which has now at last brought her to her death-bed."

"Had Mrs. Adams relations do you know, madam?" inquired Mr. Phillips.

"Why—no, sir, I believe not any very near relations; that is, 've never hearn talk of any; and if she had, since she has moved away from the eastern part of the world there, where she was born and brought up, it seems as if they had lost sight of her, as 't were. 'Tisn't when folks has become poor, sir, and can't no more be the people they once was, that they're apt to be looked up by their friends and acquaintances. And now, sir, very like you'd be disposed to see the little girls, and Miss Juliet, who'm gone down below into my apartment; and I'll go and bring them if you please."

"No, madam, with your permission I prefer seeing them where they now are."

Mr. Phillips followed this worthy woman down to her half subterranean abode, and as his eye glanced around this humble domicil, whose treble appropriation was that of manufactory, dormitory, and domestic menage, he admired it no less for its air of cleanliness, than for its provision of homely comforts, and thought within himself how much more estimable was the combination of virtue and rags—poverty and beneficence—than mountains of gold and a heart callous to a fellow creature's woes.

Seated on a rude stool, partly concealed behind the loom which the old weaver was industriously plying, Mr. Phillips beheld a young woman of singular beauty and loveliness, whom he at once understood to be Miss Juliet Adams. The two little girls were on the ground on either side, with their faces buried in their hands on their sister's knee, and weeping in silence, while often the sister would dry off her own tears, and

tenderly imprint a soothing kiss on the brow of the one and the other.

Mr. Phillips sat sometime a witness to the subdued grief of these friendless ones, till feeling it unfitting to obtrude upon such profound sorrow, he at length rose, and requesting the weaver and his dame to leave to him all arrangements for the obsequies of Mrs. Adams, took his departure; slipping at the same time a bright yellow piece into the hand of the latter, for the procurement of some refreshments; which the wasted forms and wan countenances of the three young mourners indicated immediate necessity.

Ere the elapse of much time from Mr. Phillips' absence from this scene of bitterness, Miss Wise, having been apprized by that gentleman of the sad event, called to offer her condolence; and saying that she had been commissioned by Mr. Phillips to provide the orphans with a suitable wardrobe for the mournful occasion, ordered a young woman to accompany her to take the necessary measures for two entire suits for the three.

Then soon came a man with plummet and rule, to take the dimensions of the little narrow house; and make the requisite appointments for the closing scene—that of committing dust to dust, and ashes to ashes.

CHAPTER II.

The following day, at an early hour, Mr. Phillips was at this humble lodging, tendering his sympathies to the bereaved; whom he found gathered around the lifeless remains of their parent—the one being in the world whose bosom had ever been the repository of their complaints, whether of griefs or of wrongs; but which was now hushed in death, silent and unresponsive to their moanings.

Mr. Phillips thought proper to endeavor soon to divert them from their tears, and began by caressing his *pet*—as he was wont to call her—little Susan, the youngest, a fascinating child of seven years of age.

"And you read, write, and cipher, my little one, do you not?"

"I read, sir, and cipher some; but I do not write yet. I'm going to begin right away; that is, I was going to; but now I can't go to school any more; because I shall not have anywhere to live any more."

"Not have anywhere to live any more! What makes you think that, my child?"

"Why, sir, sister Juliet can't keep a house for us all alone."

"Did she say she could not do that?"

"No, sir; but I think she could not."

"Did your sister Juliet write the note that

was sent from here yesterday morning to Miss Wise?"

"No, sir, my sister Mary wrote it the evening before, while sister Juliet was gone to carry home the shirts; and ma told her what to say."

"Then your sister Mary knows how to write very well; if it was she who wrote that note."

"Yes, sir; but she has been learning almost two years. She began before brother Henry went away; when sister Juliet used to teach us."

"Have you ever taught a school?" asked Mr. Phillips—seizing the opening for changing the conversation from one to the other—in addressing himself to Miss Adams.

"No, sir; but until my brother Henry's death, my little sisters were taught by my mother and myself. Since that period they have been to the public school."

"As you appear to have had some experience in teaching, as well as in many other considerations seem well calculated for a teacher in a select school, may I ask, Miss Adams, why you did not on your brother's decease turn your attention to that occupation, instead of the one you have been following of late?"

"Indeed, sir, that would have been a much more agreeable one to me; and I felt within myself that I could fill that capacity, consequently my mother and I made great exertions to obtain for me the situation as teacher either in a school, or as governess in a private family. But as I had then scarcely entered my sixteenth year, I was for the latter situation considered too young and inexperienced. Besides, music being generally an essential branch required of a private teacher, I was on that account unqualified to fill that station; because of late years, ever since my father's misfortunes, which made it necessary that my mother's instrument should be sold, I had had so little opportunity for keeping up the practice of it, that I had nearly lost all the knowledge I ever possessed. Then as to the other situation, that of teacher in a school, it was the one which, with my brother's assistance, I was fitting myself for. But in consequence of not having been to a school since my father's decease, which occurred soon after our removal to this city, about five years ago, I was unknown in any of the schools; therefore could get no certificate of qualifications from those sources; and no one would take me on trial, for any remuneration, other than instruction in some one or two branches that I might require."

"I was unable to accept any offer of this kind; for my mother's health had received such a shock from the afflicting event of my brother's death, that she began now to be unfit to take care of herself even, much less of my two little sisters. This prostration continued for some

nine or ten weeks; at the end of which period, finding the funds that brother Henry had left with us very nearly exhausted, we were obliged to leave the very comfortable upper part of a house which we then occupied, sell off all the goods we could spare, and remove to these lodgings."

"You spoke, Miss Adams, of your brother having left funds with you on his departure for California. May I inquire, if you please, how long he had assumed the family's support?"

"Ever since the period of my father's decease, sir. He would permit my mother to make no exertions whatever in the way of business; and he never would have left us till he saw us with a comfortable provision for the future, had he not a few weeks previous to his departure been thrown out of business, by the failure of that large mercantile house—perhaps you may have known them, sir, G. W. & S. P.— & —, in which he held the situation of accountant. And as several of the young men who had had employment in the same establishment—also out of business—were going to seek fortunes in the El Dorado, he was induced to join them; more with the hope and expectation, sir, of elevating our condition than of making it worse."

"How long had your brother been absent when you heard of his decease?" gently inquired Mr. Phillips.

"Several months, sir: the first letter, written by one of his companions, to inform us of the event, never reached us."

"I think then he must have been among the earliest emigrants to that country."

"He was, sir, among the very first."

"What was his age, permit me to ask?"

"He had just attained twenty-three years, sir, at the time of his death."

"There was then some considerable difference between his and your age."

"Yes, sir; my mother buried two sons between my brother Henry and myself, also one between myself and sister Mary."

Now came the painful task to Mr. Phillips, of apprising the orphans that four o'clock of the following day, had been fixed upon as the hour when they must yield to the grave the object who had hitherto constituted their sunlight of life; and he then took his leave; hot, however, without first imparting to them the knowledge of his very benevolent design—that of taking them all with him to his country place for a few weeks, immediately that the funeral ceremonies should be over.

The appointed day and hour for the sad solemnities came round—for the orphans too soon alas! A little before the time specified for the assemblage to take place, came slowly driving up to the B— street church a hearse, followed by

two carriages; the first the very splendid private equipage of Mr. Phillips, bearing himself and the young mourners; the second a more humble one, bearing the honest weaver, his kind-hearted dame, and their little grand-daughter.

Wisely had Mr. Phillips advised that the final leave-taking by the orphans of their mother should be in the privacy of the chamber, before the removal of the body into the coffin; for oh! that agonizing moment, the *last look*; and that too of your mother. Who that has ever passed through this soul-harrowing trial, but can comprehend the intensity of the sufferings of the deeply sensible Juliet Adams, and her two tenderly devoted little sisters, on taking the *last look* of their mother!—and to them, not alone of their mother, was it, but of the only friend and recognizing kindred they had upon earth. Heart-rending indeed was the scene! With Miss Juliet it seemed as if nature, over-taxed, had failed to sustain her. Her usual fortitude gave way, and she sank senseless to the ground. The little ones cried in the bitterness of their young hearts, that "they could not have their mother shut up in the coffin and taken away from them." But alas! that man of sombre countenance and solemn profession—the undertaker—knows too well his inexorable duty to heed; and he proceeded to it without much delay, or what by him was considered loss of time.

The number that congregated to pay their last tribute of respect to the very estimable, though of late obscure Mrs. Adams, was small—very small. But a few there were; and those few joined tearfully with the mourning ones during the performance of the very beautiful and imimitably solemn burial service of the Episcopal church, to whose faith Mrs. Adams had for many years been attached; and upon whose services she had, whenever her health permitted, been an attendant.

A mahogany coffin, furnished with a plate, upon which was inscribed the following:—"Died, June 7th, 18—, aged forty-two years and five months, Mary Emerson, wife of Samuel Adams"—enclosed the remains of her who in view of the grave, had no other hope than that of being borne thither by the hospital hearse, encased in an unplaned deal box, and unattended by kindred or acquaintances; and although past being sensible herself to the gratification of an entombment in Greenwood by the side of her husband, yet it was an unspeakable one to her surviving children to discover that Mr. Phillips had taken care that this should be done.

CHAPTER III.

A GORGEOUS June sunset had left a rosy west, which blending with the soft light of a crescent

moon, shed a halo of beauty over the landscape in the distance, and immediately surrounding Phillipston house, its charms enhanced yet by the music of the innumerable songsters which inhabit its groves, bowers, and parterres; and as Mr. Phillips' carriage, on the evening of the day of Mrs. Adams' burial, wound round the spacious avenues in its approach to his splendid mansion, this scene, which should have been in harmony with everything good and lowly, nevertheless fell harshly and discordant on the grieved spirits and broken hearts of the young mourners. They had left their mother behind them in the cold grave! The west should not have thrown up its rosy light; there should have been a dusky cloud spread out there. The noble Hudson, then tranquil as a mirror, should have been ruffled and disturbed, and dashed rudely against the banks along which threaded their road. The birds should have warbled out their vespers and earlier gone to rest. The moon should have veiled her half-sided face, and concealed her gentle glances. The benign and kind-hearted Mr. Phillips should have been less assiduous in his efforts to soothe and beguile them from their sorrows; and Mrs. Phillips should not have opened her door to them with that air of cordiality, tenderly folding each one in her arms, and giving her an affectionate kiss. But no; the harmonies of nature—sympathies of soul—benignities of heart—although discordant in the first moments of grief, are salutary and good; albeit 'tis time alone can be the assuager of human woes.

The young Adams', after rising from the almost sumptuous table which had been some time in readiness for them—partaken slightly of however on their part, for the heart swollen with grief leaves little inclination for food—were led by Mrs. Phillips herself up the grand staircase to the second floor, and through a long corridor which conducted to one of the wings of the house, containing two fine large rooms, besides several small ones appropriated to the linen presses, &c.

"This, my children," said Mrs. Phillips—opening the door of the first room attained at the end of the passage—"is yours so long as you stay at Phillipston; and this"—opening a door connecting the two large rooms—"is in Mrs. Wells'. She is a very kind, affectionate woman, and being near, you can always call on her when anything is the matter." Then bidding each one an affectionate good night, she told them that they need not rise in the morning until Mrs. Wells aroused them to make preparations for breakfast; which they would take with her in her own sitting-room.

Mrs. Wells was, as Mrs. Phillips said, a very good, respectable woman, of about thirty-five or six years, and lived at Phillipston in the capacity

of housekeeper, or rather general superintendent of the place during the cold months, which the family always passed in town. This worthy woman knew well how to sympathize with the young Adamsses in their bereavement and desolation, for she had once possessed a house and home of her own, and two fond children; but all were now swept away, and she stood, as it were, alone in the world.

The following morning, previous to Mr. Phillips' departure for the city, as was his daily custom, he went into Mrs. Wells' sitting-room and gave the young orphans a kind greeting. Addressing Miss Juliet particularly, he informed her that he was going to town, and purposed calling at the lodgings in O—— street; and if she approved, he would advise that all things there should be given over to their good friend the weaver's wife; who, doubtless, would be able either to make use of them herself, or dispose of them to her advantage. At the same time, if there were any particular articles she wished to retain, and would designate them, he would see that they were put in safe keeping.

She thanked him handsomely, saying the proposition was one agreeable to her, and that there was but one article she desired to keep. This was a small trunk containing a few relics of her deceased father and brother; and to which she had yesterday added those she wished to preserve of her mother.

Little Susan said she should like to keep her brothers, if she could—and then added, "never mind, it is no matter; she supposed they would die before long, and she wouldn't like to see them die."

As Mr. Phillips looked a somewhat wild inquiry to know what the child meant by having her "brothers kept," Miss Juliet, blushing slightly at the exposition of this singular idea of her little sister's, explained to him that it was only a rose tree set in a green box, which her brother Henry had bought for her two or three years ago; and which she had always called Henry; and that to the three little shoots which had sprung up from its roots, she had likewise given the names Samuel, James, and Charles, after her other deceased brothers.

Mr. Phillips, patting her on the head and smiling at the incongruity of the whimsy, assured little Susan that her rose tree should be kept for her. He then told Miss Juliet that if she further approved, he would leave an order that, in case the Swifts on their return to the city, should think it a matter worthy their consideration to settle the bill she had against them, for it to be paid to the weaver's wife. "For," said he, "I think you would not care to receive the money from them, since it would seem to you

almost like taking the price of your mother's life."

Miss Juliet's heart responded to bursting to this generous sentiment; and drying her eyes from the tears which flowed profusely, placed her signature to the order. He then proposed that she should take her little sisters and go and sit awhile with Mrs. Phillips, who would doubtless find them some kind of entertainment;—and then, by-and-bye, to take a stroll around the park—that it was very pleasant, and possessed many retreats which they would find very agreeable. After this, he bade them good morning, and started for the city.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME time had passed since the orphans went to Phillipston, during which they had been delicately left by themselves, till at length Miss Juliet began to feel uneasy; her sense of the propriety and fitness of things, intimating that such an utter abandon to sorrow should not much longer be indulged in, either by herself or little sisters; and she was cogitating in her mind various methods for broaching this to her kind benefactors—when one day a bustle of preparations seemed going on in the sewing room; getting ready, as Mrs. Wells informed her, for their seamstress to come and make up clothes for Mr. Henry, who was in California.

"Is he coming home?" inquired Miss Adams.

"No, Miss; they are to be sent out to him by the ship that is to sail on the —.

"Will there be much sewing to do?" was the next question.

"Yes, Miss, there will be a great deal to do; there are a great many garments to make."

This intelligence relieved Juliet's mind much, and her countenance actually brightened up at it; for she surmised that she and her sisters could at once make themselves useful. The little girls, she thought—with her instruction and fitting—could do the hemming of the shirts, handkerchiefs, and much else of the like sewing; and as for herself, she was sure she would be able to do any portion of it as well as the seamstress. And full of the ardor which a spirit of independence incites, she sought Mrs. Phillips and expressed her wishes according to the foregoing. They were met by this amiable lady with a gentle acquiescence, but in a manner, however, entirely devoid of gratification at the proposition for them to be doing something. So delicate was this lady's mind, and so careful was she, lest their peace should be disturbed by imagining that they were becoming burdensome.

Some weeks from this period had passed off at Phillipston house unmarked by incident of any kind, even that of the reception of letters from

the far distant shores of the Pacific; which when they did arrive, never failed to raise up something of a commotion, or emotion as it might be; when, very late one Sunday evening, as Mrs. Phillips sat engaged in devotional reading, in the drawing-room—quite distant from her sleeping apartment, where Mr. Phillips had been some time slumbering, for it was his custom to retire early—a violent tug at the great bell—hung for night use only—sounded its peals through the house, and along the hall, startling the lady with such fearful apprehensions of danger, that she was sinking to the ground when she felt herself folded within the arms of a man, who accompanied the embrace by the exclamations, "oh, my mother! my mother! it is you—it is really yourself, you are alive!"

Anon, every one in the house was upon his feet—for all the domestics save the porter had gone to rest—the dog set to barking—the cocks to crowing, and the horses to neighing; all were consternated, all were bewildered, and believed not that they saw a reality in the form of Mr. Henry Phillips, but that they were beholding his apparition.

"What is the matter?" was the interrogatory with which Miss Adams, throwing open the door, hailed Mrs. Wells, as that lady was on her return to her bed.

"Mr. Henry has come home from California," was the astounding information.

"Mr. Henry come home!" was ejaculated in return.

That was enough for Juliet Adams, whose quick sensibilities threw instantaneously upon the canvass the contrasting pictures of her own family's sorrows in the loss of their Henry, and the Phillips family's joys in the welcoming home of theirs. She uttered not another word. Her heart filled to bursting, she retired to bed; not however to sleep but to weep.

Several days previous to the event above-mentioned, the completion and packing up of Mr. Henry's wardrobe ready for shipment had been brought about. The seamstress had gone her way, and the Adams had been again entirely at leisure; and Juliet began sensibly to feel making a useless waste of their time, although they by no means spent it in idleness, for each and all were assiduous in their application to books: Juliet in acquiring knowledge and imparting instruction to her little sisters, and they on their part in receiving it from her.

During their residence at Phillipston these three sisters had been much in the habit of strolling hand in hand around the park—for nature had created them enthusiasts in the beauties of her works—and innumerable were the objects therein inviting them to the indulgence of this

enthusiasm. Not even when the sewing for Mr. Henry was going on, were they permitted by Mrs. Phillips to sit plying the needle after the hour of four o'clock in the afternoon; and particular care was taken by that kind-hearted lady, that the little ones should by no means at any time sit steadily fixed down; to avoid which, she devised frequent interruptions, by sending for them to come, now, and assist her in feeding her birds; and now, to pluck off the dry leaves from her plants; and again, to accompany her to gather some fruit.

All this while, Juliet and her sisters had not only spent a part of their afternoons and evenings in a secluded elysium—as it seemed to them—which they had happily discovered in their rambles, but since then had there, with their books, passed most of their mornings also, till they had now become almost wonted to the place, as with the feeling of its being their own private little house; for no foot save theirs had for a long time seemed to have set there an intrusive step.

Diverging from one of the broad avenues, was a footpath leading for some distance through a thicket of firs and junipers, extending to the verge of the bank where the Hudson threw up a small cove of most picturesque outlines. The arm which put out, forming this inlet, was a gentle slope to the water's edge; and almost at the extremity, was a natural terrace embowered with primroses and woodbine; the profuse and natural undergrowth of the majestic beech, chestnut, and maple, with which that point of land was thickly wooded.

Here in this sweet spot, screened from human ken, Juliet loved to shut herself up with her little world—her sisters Mary and Susan—and dream! poor girl; she had no dream!—and think of her lost ones, and gaze mentally upon a vacant future.

It was on a lovely evening ere dusky night had yet closed in, as Juliet Adams and her sisters were sitting—as they were wont—in their bower of roses and woodbine, chatting upon their one and ever sad theme—when suddenly a splashing of water was heard, and the working of oars as of a boat approaching—another instant and it had rounded the point and was full before them.

A gentleman—apparently not yet thirty, of manly form and elegant height, dark, wavy hair, and profusion of black whiskers—was the intruder into this retreat.

The parties, equally surprised, remained for some moments alike immovable. The gentleman seemed to be hesitating whether to push off shore and row away again, or whether to advance and solicit pardon for the intrusion, which he perceived it evidently was. And Juliet on her

part was equally at a loss whether to take her sisters by the hand and retire, or fasten her eyes upon a book which she held half-open in her hand, and engage in its perusal. Another turn of thought, and she had decided on the former course, and was making the motion to rise, when, gallant as a knight of the olden time, this gentleman leaped upon the shore and bowed to her gracefully, entreating her not to regard his appearance in that place as contemplated impertinence: nothing being further from his expectations than falling upon such a group of female loveliness. "And now, dear lady," he said, "all I ask is to be permitted to retire the way whither I came, with the assurance of your gracious forgiveness for this unintentional molestation." Having said this, the gentleman leaped again into his skiff and rowed rapidly away.

Juliet sat for some little time silent and contemplative: then rising rather quickly, took her sisters by the hand and bent her way homeward.

Never perhaps since Juliet's deprivation of all that constituted her social world—her brother and mother—had she felt so deeply her debarrence from interchange of thought, and sentiment with congenial spirits—those whom she could with freedom unbosom and speak her heart to—as at the present moment. She had received a tender of civilities from one evidently ignorant of her poverty, and this made her feel as though she had been looked upon with a regard only to *herself*; and this, again, made her feel like herself—as she had not done since those happy days ere bereft of her brother Henry. Never, therefore, had she experienced so keenly her isolation from kindred and bosom socialities. And long did she sit silently indulging the train of sweet memories it called up to her mind. Now the family—after the decease of her father—would be grouped around their quiet little tea-table in their snug parlor, on — street, in the enjoyment of home chit-chat; when brother Henry said this, and said that—did this, and did that—when another one said this, and said that—did this, and did that—at all which, Mary and Susan laughed gleefully—and ma was pleased and laughed also. Then still farther back—ere death had walked into their door, and misfortune's blight had settled on their hearth—wou'd come up scenes connected with their affluent home, of hospitality, pleasure, and mirth, amid which, her father—tender, affectionate, and soulful—presided as dignifiedly as solicitously. Here would she be sitting upon that loved parent's knee—then chatting by his side while on a bright, sunny morning taking a stroll round the garden—at which times would her brother always have ready some prank to play upon her—pursuing, and pursuing, until gently chid by

that doubtlessly fond one. Many of these by-gone scenes, and forever departed joys and objects, came vividly before her, till her rapt spirit had nearly forgotten to mourn them as such. But at length, slowly as painfully, does this bright ideality withdraw from the vision, and stealthily creeps along to replace it the cloudy present—the dark future—the bitter reality—loneliness of heart.

"Don't you think that gentleman was very handsome who came rowing up to our arbor this morning, sister Juliet?" asked Mary, after they had retired to their room, and were making preparations for bed—and then added, in the sweetest innocence, without waiting for a reply, that she thought him very handsome indeed; for he had such beautiful dark hair, and large, dark, pleasant-looking eyes; "just like brother Henry's, don't you think so, sister?"

"Brother Henry was very fine-looking; but I do not like to have him compared with others, sissy."

"Do you think he knew we were three sisters?"

"He said that he did not."

"Do gentlemen like him always mean what they say? Ma used to tell us that they did not."

"Not always, sissy. But I think that gentleman meant what he said."

"Why do you think so, sister?"

"Because 'tis only truth that makes the soul beam from the eyes, however much the manner may have the air of sincerity."

"I wonder where he came from, do not you, sister?"

"Oh, he is probably from the city—a visitor in the neighborhood somewhere—very likely from the other side of the river. Now let us to bed, sissy, and go to sleep. See, Susan is asleep already." And affectionately imprinting a kiss on the snowy brow of the little thing, she laid herself down; but sleep did not early fall upon her eyelids that night.

CHAPTER V.

"WHERE IS MR. HENRY PHILLIPS?" asked little Susan of Mrs. Wells, while they were breakfasting on the following morning; then added, with her usual naivete, that she would like very much to see him; for she wished to see if he looked like her brother Henry; and ended by wondering where he had been all the time since his return from California.

Mrs. Wells satisfied her childish curiosity by informing her that he had been in the city attending to his business—that he was, however, out at Phillipston this fore-going afternoon, and whether

he returned to town, or spent the night thereat, she did not know. She rather thought he went back to the city, as he liked to attend the places of amusement; but assured the little girl that when he next came to Phillipston she would take pains that she should have an introduction to the gentleman with whom she was so desirous of an acquaintance.

The morning was sunny and bright. The flower-beds which studded here and there the lawns surrounding Phillipston house like so many clusters of gems in a girdle, were never so gay. The zephyrs, light and gentle, wafted forth never so rich a fragrance. The birds sang never so sweetly. Nature was in her gayest dress.

The ever pensive young mourners, instinctively imbibing the inspiration breathing forth from everything around and about them, were early on tip-toe for their roseate alcove on the shore of the Hudson. But early as they were, another, fired by the same inspiration to sympathize with, and drink in this beauteous joy of universal nature, had preceded them, and was already an occupant of the favorite retreat.

Mr. Henry Phillips had now so arranged and disposed of his business in town—making California shipments and what not—that he had been able to pass the previous night at Phillipston, the first since that of his arrival from the Pacific; and in the course of the evening—made a very long one—which was spent in home chit-chat with his father and mother, who, while bringing up for his information the many events that had come round, and incidents that had occurred during his absence—such as the marriage of this friend, the decease of that, the broken down fortunes of the other—brought at last the story of the Adams' family, and to which he seemed to listen with breathless interest; his heart warming during its relation with such intense enthusiasm, that ere the closing period, he had started to his feet with the exclamation—"I knew—I knew something was the matter here! And, dear mother, I thought it was *you*; and to acknowledge the plain truth—for you all wondered so at my coming home in good health, as I was, and the gold amassing as fast as we could desire—it was nothing in the world but *that* which brought me!"—and, thought he, this explains the group that I, not stumbled, but rowed in upon this evening.

"Nothing but *what*?" inquired both his father and mother, in one breath.

This interrogatory from his parents, put in their usual dignified, earnest manner, brought Mr. Henry to his cool senses, upon which he resumed his seat and remained musing for a while in seeming disgust at himself, for having exposed to his parents such a puerile whim—a weakness

utterly unworthy of a man, as he regarded it. But he had gone too far to retreat; they must now have his reason for coming home so suddenly and unannounced.

"Well," said he, peevishly, "if I must tell, it was a dream, if dream it was, though it didn't seem to me like one."

"You must relate it, Henry," said his mother, "I must have it."

"Why, mother," said he—still peevishly—"it was about you—almost all about yourself."

"I was at home, in New York, yet it was not at our own house in the —— avenue, but at an indescribably miserable place. At the same time it was our house, and my home. And in this wretched place was a great commotion—people weeping and mourning. Anon, the whole scene was removed to a church; anon, to a large burying-ground; and as quickly to Phillipston, where everything appeared enveloped in the blackest of darkness; amid which I was groping my way around to try to find you, mother, for it seemed as if you were *dead*; when suddenly, a light more brilliant than that of the moon broke forth over my head, or rather partly behind me. I turned to look at the phenomenon, as it struck me, and it was a *star* hanging apparently midway the heavens, and which emitted a soft, rosy blaze. I turned again to resume my search for you, mother, and the midnight darkness was changed to a soft, quiet moonlight evening. I then saw you, father, looking as natural as I now see you, with a group of mourners about you. But my mother I could no where find; and in my agony of mind at this, I awoke."

"And did you, sir, pull up sticks and take a voyage of several thousand miles, and then, scarcely ere your steamer had touched her morning, tackle horses late as the hour was, and gallop out here like mad upon the faith of a night-marish dream—the work of an overheated imagination, probably from thinking before you went to sleep that night, how much you would like to see your mother—the consequence, doubtless, of having *roughed* it that day either in the eating, drinking or wearing?"

"Is not that country, let me inquire, pretty rich in a population of ghosts and goblins, as well as mines of gold?"

"Oh, Mr. Henry, this is too lame an apology to attempt to palm off on to your father and mother, who know you too well to believe that you could ever be *scared* by a dream. Say at once, that you wanted to come home and see your mother and give her a kiss, or many of them, as you did that night."

"Yes, that's the fact, and I'll now give you another"—leaping to his feet to suit the action to the words—then with a "good-night, father,"

bounded out of the room, up the stairs, and into his chamber. But he was not that night troubled with nightmare visions; for his slumbers were too gentle to allow of his dreaming of anything but that beautiful *star*, with the soft, rosy light radiating from her countenance, which had so singularly beamed out upon him on his visit to his old favorite nook—the woodbine bower.

Almost at the first dawn of the following glowing morning, already described, Mr. Henry Phillips was on the wing, hastening to his skiff for his much loved, and ever-much indulged enjoyment while at Phillipston, a row on the Hudson. He could not fail—for it had always been his resting-place after pulling some time at the oar—to put in at his alcove, now rendered doubly interesting from his agreeable rencontre there of the previous evening. Stretching himself upon a long rustic seat of wicker—the work of his own boyish hands—he was occupied in scanning over some periodicals and papers which he had brought from town with him the foregoing day, when, one moment the light, silvery voices of children's chatter fell upon his ear, another moment, and Juliet Adams, lovely as that morning which had called forth such joyful greeting from all nature, stood before him.

He rose, and respectfully addressed her thus—"Miss Adams, I am Henry Phillips, a person of whom you have doubtless heard mention during the period that you have been the highly esteemed guest of Phillipston; the circumstance and cause of which, until last evening, after my happy meeting with you, I was entirely unacquainted with; and I pray you now, Miss Adams, to accept the homage of my"—heart, he had half pronounced, but retracting the word, said—"respect."

This address, accompanied as it was by the soul which beamed its truthfulness and sincerity from the eyes—to use her own remark relating to their interview of the previous evening—brought blushes to the pale face of Juliet, and coupled with the embarrassment occasioned by the surprize of their present rencontre, caused her to remain for some moments immovable, and unable to give utterance to a word. At length, bowing to him with some grace, she took her sisters and was turning in silence to retrace her steps, when he seized her hand, saying "he could never permit it. The right of that spot was his of old," he declared, "being one almost of his own creation, at least embellishment, and to no being on earth," he added, eagerly, "could it afford him the happiness to yield up that right so much as to Miss Juliet Adams." Then gently leading her to the seat and placing on either side of her little sisters, as he had found them on the foregone evening, he gathered up the papers

and magazines, leaped into his skiff, and in an instant had doubled the tiny cape, and was pulling away for Phillipston house, where he remained no longer than to partake of a slight breakfast, and then left for town.

Juliet sat for some time in a most painful perturbation of mind. She spoke not to her sisters nor they to her. The blushes which had suffused her cheek, gave place ere long to an ashy pallor again. When by and-bye, Mary looking up into her face, said, affectionately, "sister Juliet, you look so pale this morning; is anything the matter with you?"

"I do not feel very well, sissy, and I think we had better return to the house," was the reply. Poor Juliet Adams! The bower of woodbine and roses on the inlet of the Hudson is no more for you.

In silent pensiveness, Juliet with her sisters regained the house, and retired to her chamber. The day was spent by her in efforts to devise plans for their future. For her judgment—ever quick and discriminating—was convinced that dependents as they were, their stay at Phillipston could now no longer be protracted. Often and again, would the question—"what shall I do—what can I do?"—arise, giving birth to half-formed schemes, but which would as often vanish into vapor, yielding place to a recurrence of the same interrogatories, till becoming nearly frenzied with her endeavors to descry some road in her apparently pathless and objectless future, she began in her mind to half-upbraid her patron for leaving her so long in a state of uncertainty as to the extent of the period she and her sisters were to remain at Phillipston. When he spoke to her about bringing them out there, his words were—"for a few weeks"—and she was sure the time usually designated thus, had already, and over expired. Could it be that he was waiting for her to make the proposal for their departure from his house, she mentally asked herself. Perhaps it was so, for his manner was so very tender, was also the mental response; and upon this she half made up her mind to solicit an interview with him on the morrow ere he should leave for the city.

"Shall we go down to our bower, sister?" asked Mary, as the waning day cast her lengthening shadows athwart the glorious landscape which lay spread out before the windows of their chamber.

"No, sissy; that is Mr. Henry Phillips' place, and we must not go there any more," was Juliet's reply.

"Well, I like Mr. Henry Phillip's very much—and how nice he did talk to you this morning, sister—but I am sorry we cannot go there any more. Do you think he will go there any more, sister?"

"Of course he will, sissy."

"That is the reason then, you do not think it right to go. Is it not, sister?"

• "Certainly it is, sissy."

Juliet judged right that Mr. Henry would not cease his visits to his favorite retreat. He returned again that evening to Phillipston, and again took a row to his loved alcove. But the accessory charm of that spot had fled. Everything around looked vapid and uninteresting. The duskiness of evening there was not now pleasant. His star beaming its rosy light did not appear.

CHAPTER VI.

THE morrow came and with it a settled determination in Juliet's mind to seek an interview with her benefactor. But she was spared the disagreeable task by his seeking one with her; and he said, "Miss Adams, I have delayed informing myself upon your wishes as to your future course of life, deeming it necessary that you should enjoy a considerable period of profound repose, both mental and physical, before you would be capable of judging even of an occupation which would be most consonant to your feelings and taste. I recollect of your telling me that previous to the sad event which deprived you of your brother, you had contemplated fitting yourself for a teacher. With this idea I have—should it meet your views—arranged with Mrs. Hill, principal of a boarding-school about seven miles from Phillipston, for her to take both yourself and sister Mary to prepare you for engaging in those duties. That lady will be empowered by me to furnish you both, with everything necessary for your comfort and convenience. Therefore when anything shall be wanting by either of you, you will call on Mrs. Hill. Little Susan we should like to have remain for the ensuing winter at Phillipston. Mrs. Wells, who has already become much attached to her, will take your place in giving her instruction. As Mrs. Hill's school reopens on Monday next, she is desirous that you should come to Hillsborough to-day. Therefore, if it would be agreeable to you, we will drive first to Greenwood and then around by that road on our return."

An uncontrollable emotion prevented for some time the utterance of Juliet's grateful assent to this most magnanimous proposal, for of all pursuits that her patron could have devised for her, that of teaching was the one most in accordance with the wishes of her heart.

The departure from Phillipston of Juliet and Mary Adams, was to them at once a moment of joy and pain. Joy that they were about to enter upon the routine of duties which was to prepare them for an independence of life; and pain at

being separated from their little sister Susan. For these three seemed united and cemented into one soul by a tie and feeling more tender and indissoluble than even the kindred bond, that of common suffering.

"Do not cry so much, sister," said the little girl, tears the while streaming down her own pale cheeks, as Juliet turned again and again to embrace her, "I shall not sleep alone, Mrs. Wells is going to have my crib moved into her room, and placed by the side of her bed just as it is by yours; and I shall say my prayers for you and sister Mary every night and morning. Then, when I've done my lesson, Mrs. Phillips, you know, always lets me feed the birds and water the flowers. Besides, Mr. Henry says that he shall sometimes take me with him for a row on the river; and perhaps he will then sometimes take me to his alcove, and when he does, I shall always think of you and sister Mary."

"Very well, Susan, you may *think* of your sisters as much as you like; but when you are with Mr. Henry Phillips, you must never *talk* of them. Remember that, sissy, will you?"

Mrs. Phillips' leave-taking of the orphans, to whom since their residence under her roof she had become much attached, was affectionate and kind. Kind, because the many little home-like provisions with which they found themselves furnished, made them feel on somewhat more of a footing than they otherwise would have done with their new and independent companions.

As the carriage drove from the porch of Phillipston house bearing in it little Susan Adams' whole world—that world from which, for the first time since her young heart could know and feel, had she been shut out—she sank on her knees at the feet of Mrs. Wells, and wept, and sobbed, as only children of that tender age can sob. And when she was reminded by that lady of the composure and courage she had urged upon her sister Juliet, she entreated Mrs. Wells—using her own language—to let her "cry a great deal, because her heart did ache so much."

The group gathered on the porch to dismiss the Adameses from Phillipston, was only Mrs. Phillips, Mrs. Wells, and their little sister. But one

there was, who sat partially concealed, eyeing the scene, for there beat within his breast an interest too tender a nature to risk an exposure by appearing on *this occasion* in the foreground of the picture. Ere long, however, he came forward and joining in the efforts for little Susan's consolation, said he would give her a row on the river.

Soothed the child finally became, and rowing they went. Mr. Henry chatted and whistled, and whistled and chatted.

"Then you love sister Juliet very much, do you, little Suzie?"

No answer.

"Is sister Juliet going to write to you, Suzie?"
No answer.

"Would you like that I should sometimes take you over to see sister Juliet, Suzie?"

Again no reply.

"What is the matter with you, Suzie? Why do you not answer? Would you like that I should sometime take you over to Hillsborough to see your sisters?"

"Sister Juliet told me that I must never talk of my sisters to you, sir."

"Ah! that indeed," well, thought that gentleman, here is one avenue closed; but another shall be opened. And again he whistled.

Mr. Phillips before going to Hillsborough, drove, as he had contemplated, first to Greenwood, to allow Juliet and Mary the opportunity of dropping a tear over the graves of their lost ones. The hallowed spot was changed since they last stood upon it. The kind and generous hearted Mr. Phillips tenderly led them to its precincts, then left them and wandered about, reading the inscriptions on the neighboring stones, while they were reading on a handsome tablet of grey marble, and within a pretty enclosure, the following:

"In memory of Samuel Adams, who died May 10th, 18—; also of Mary Emerson, his consort, deceased June 7th, 18—; also of Henry Emerson Adams, son of the above, deceased December 3d, 18—." "Who would weep for the friendless may shed here a tear."

Between the graves of Mr. and Mrs. Adams, Juliet and Mary recognized Susan's rose tree. It was profuse with blossoms, and flourishing in almost evergreen freshness.

Language fails in the attempt to depict the emotion, and express the gratitude of the hearts of Juliet and Mary Adams on beholding this no less unexpected, than extraordinary act of munificence on the part of their friend and benefactor.

The tearful tribute offered, the carriage was regained and they drove to Hillsborough.

CHAPTER VII.

The first Monday of — had been for several years a grand reception day at Hillsborough—one incessant coming and going of carriages—one perpetual greeting between teachers and pupil, and pupil and pupil—introductions to new ones—salutations of old ones, and lamentations for absent ones.

In the midst of all this scene of life and mirth and motion, were seen the beautiful Juliet Adams and her sister Mary striving at cheerfulness—an effort enjoined by their patron upon Mrs. Hill to

see that they should cultivate—bearing their part.

By-and-bye came dashing round the wing a splendid open carriage, blazing with the glitter of ornaments and colors, that bedecked the group with which it was peopled. Just at this moment the piazza was literally crowded "with maidens young and charming," and from whom broke forth a general and simultaneous exclamation—"there come the Swifts!"

Juliet and Mary, as it happened, were standing near Mrs. Hill, at the top of the steps, and also recognized them, though they gave no manifestation of it; neither did they shrink, by retiring from their position, from coming face to face to them.

Mrs. Swift was handed first from the carriage by a richly attired, tall and somewhat elegant looking gentleman, of twenty-eight or thirty years apparently. Next to the mother, came Miss Almira, the eldest daughter, about nineteen years of age; and next, Miss Rosetta, the second daughter, of seventeen; lastly, the two little girls, Julia and Anna, who had returned to school.

Mrs. Swift at once recognized the Adamses; was almost speechless though at finding them in that situation.

Even when Juliet, worn with incessant application, and wasted by meagre and scanty sustenance, used to be dancing attendance on Mrs. Swift, as seamstress, attired in an old, faded black garb, she had thought her—in common parlance—"a very handsome girl," and pitied her in her mind, that she should not have been so situated as to be able to make a *show* in the world. But now that she was freshly and respectably appareled, and had rallied to a natural fulness of face and form—throwing out a contour of features of exquisite grace—adorned as they were by a profusion of rich, glossy, black hair—a complexion white as the lily, softly tinted with rose—thoughtful, dark grey eyes, shaded by long, silky, black lashes, these overarched with a brow so inimitably beautiful that the pencil would falter at an essay—a mouth of peculiarly pleasing formation, strongly indicative of those three admirable characteristics, dignity, firmness and amiability, add to which the griefs she had tasted had left over-spread a pensiveness but sweetly enhancing to this beauty—she thought her the most transcendently so, of any being on whom her eyes had ever yet rested.

However, she did not say that much, when—almost as soon as they had regained their seats in the carriage for the city—she was questioned by the gentleman escorting her as to who the young lady was in mourning attire, with whom she stopped and talked awhile before.

Mrs. Swift was not so much to blame for sprinkling water on the flame she perceived had been enkindled. It was natural; she being the mother of two young ladies, who, though not beautiful, were rather pretty. And Mr. Charles Sommers was an uncommonly estimable young man—sufficiently inducted into the ways of the *beau monde* to make a desirable gallant—was agreeable in conversation, of which he had a good fund, having seen considerable of the world—was an old fellow-citizen—and, above all, was rich; for he too had come home from the Pacific, bringing with him the contents of a California gold mine.

"It was Juliet Adams—Mr. Samuel Adams' daughter—you must remember him; of the old firm of Walker & Adams."

"Certainly I do, madam. Is it possible that was his daughter! Well, worthy is she to be the daughter of so excellent a man as was Samuel Adams."

"Yes, he certainly was an excellent man," was the rejoinder. "She is very pretty, don't you think so?—takes after her mother."

"She is more than pretty. She is exceedingly beautiful!" was the rather unwelcome response.

"Yes," she again said, "I think myself she is handsome."

"But what became of Mr. Adams after the failure?" inquired Mr. Sommers.

"He went to New York and took an accountant's situation in the large mercantile establishment of —, but soon died. His son Henry then stepped into the same office, and by his exertions continued to maintain the family until the failure of the house; which occurred about the time of the arrival of the California gold intelligence. Being then out of business, he was induced by some of his fellow clerks to make one of a company and go out there. He was, however, seized with a fever during the ship's stoppage at —, and never lived to reach the El Dorado. Poor Mrs. Adams," the lady continued, "I felt very sorry for her when she came to the — House letting me know of her troubles, and solicited my patronage in the way of sewing. It fortunately so happened that I had then a great deal to be done. I therefore gave them enough to keep them all steadily employed for six weeks. But when Mr. Swift, on our return to the city, went in search of them to settle their bill, he learned from an old weaver and his wife inhabiting the basement of the miserable house in which they had resided, that Mrs. Adams during our absence had fallen sick and died; and that a gentleman had taken Juliet and the two children to his home with him in the country somewhere, to stay a few weeks; who, as Mrs. Hill informed me, was Mr. Ashley Phillips. And further, that

it was he who had now placed Juliet and Mary with her to prepare for the occupation of teaching, which I was very glad to hear. For I am sure it will be a great deal better than for them to be seamstresses all their lives," concluded Mrs. Swift.

Mr. Sommers—after this philanthropic gratulation in behalf of the Adamses, that through Mr. Ashley Phillips' munificence they would not be obliged to remain seamstress all their lives—sat for some little time silent; for he was thinking that neither should it be his fault if they remained teachers all their lives. But being a man by no means deficient in tact, he soon grew rather profuse than lax in his attentions to Mrs. Swift and daughters; for he had heard the mother tell her little girls, that she should drive out to see them as often as every Saturday afternoon, and perhaps sometimes on Wednesdays, the dancing days.

CHAPTER VIII.

The ensuing Saturday failed not to bring about to Julia and Anna Swift the accomplishment of their mamma's promise—a drive to Hillsborough. The persons composing her party were the same as those of Monday. Mr. Sommers was unusually gay during the ride, and appeared to be in the excess of enjoyment.

After they had alighted from the carriage, as he was ascending the steps with Mrs. Swift on his arm, Mr. Sommers said, in a very unsuspicious manner, "we ought to inquire for the Adamses, ought we not, they being old acquaintances of ours?"

"Indeed, I think we ought," returned Mrs. Swift, desiring to appear agreeably disposed to any proposition offered by Mr. Sommers.

"Well, madam, you will recollect that it is a long time since I have seen any of the family, therefore pass a word of introduction if you please."

"Certainly, Mr. Sommers," was the reply.

Accordingly permission was desired of Mrs. Hill for the Misses Adamses to accompany the Misses Swifts to the drawing-room. The request was granted, and the invitation sent to the Adamses.

Juliet, however, returned the messenger to Mrs. Hill respectfully declining. This brought an interview between that lady and Juliet, to learn her reason for conduct so seemingly extraordinary. Juliet being disinclined to reveal to her the true reason, merely told Mrs. Hill that although their families had formerly been acquainted, she did not wish evermore to be on terms of sociability with Mrs. Swift; and thought, therefore, a renewal had better not be commenced.

Mrs. Hill, perceiving the existence of a preju-

dice, which though making no attempt to pry into, nevertheless told Juliet that if she could comfortably yield her feelings so much as to see Mrs. Swift, accompanied by herself, who would assume the principal part of the conversation with her, she would be exceedingly obliged—the Swifts being patrons, whose good-will she regarded it for her interest to retain. Besides, were the circumstances known, it might give rise to unpleasant gossip; which, in a school, was always to be avoided as far as possible.

Juliet, in the amiability of her temper, and considering the dependency of her situation, felt at once the propriety of acquiescing with Mrs. Hill's wishes; and rose and accompanied that lady to the drawing-room.

This was a happy arrangement for Mr. Sommers. He could now do the agreeable to Mrs. Hill in such an adroit manner as to be able to visit the Adamses—always in that lady's presence of course—Independently upon the claim of old family sociability; which was set up by him in very strong terms; so much so that Juliet was nearly bewildered; for she was sure that she never remembered to have seen Mr. Sommers before. However, that he expressed himself so eulogistically and respectfully of her parents, sufficed to gain her esteem at least.

The Swift party had just risen to their feet for departure, when a splendid phæton, drawn by a milk white span of extraordinary beauty, was seen turning the wing. The Adamses at once knew the equipage as Mrs. Phillips'.

Did Juliet's heart on this discovery give evidence of emotion? Certainly it did; for she would now fold within her arms her little Susan. And so she did; and both she and Mary were scarcely less overjoyed at embracing their sister, than at seeing Mrs. Wells. As to the sensations at meeting with the other member of the party—by one of the sisters at least—it would be inappropriopos on this occasion to divulge them. We hardly dare touch so much upon this at present, as to reveal how Mr. Henry Phillips came to be at once Mrs. Wells' escort and driver. We hardly dare tell the secret—for such he wished it should remain—that while giving Susan her usual morning's row on the Hudson—being informed by the child during her chatter, that it was Mrs. Wells' design to take her to Hillsborough that afternoon—he made use of the little pussy's paw, or rather mouth; telling Lizzie to say to Mrs. Wells that she would like her to get him to drive them when going over to see her sisters. However this was what that gentleman really did do.

Mr. Henry Phillips, Mrs. Wells and little Susan were ushered into the drawing-room; and instantly was seen the joining of hands; and the exclamations heard—"Phillips!—Sommers! How

is this! I thought you were in California," said each to the other.

"Why, Phillips, your Cousin Fred grumbled terribly at your leaving him so suddenly. But he, however, consoled himself with the idea that you were coming straight back again," said the latter of these gentlemen—"you purpose returning soon though, do you not, Phillips?"

"Why—yes—that is—it's rather unsettled as yet."

While the recognition of these two old California friends was taking place, and the above conversation—and much more of the like passing between them, during which came in at the proper time the introductions—Mrs. Swift was eyeing Mr. Phillips with most intense interest—her gaze frequently broken, however, by glances at her two pretty daughters to see if they were appearing their best—but as frequently riveted back again.

She had thought Mr. Sommers elegant, and in most respects all that heart could desire. But she saw in Mr. Henry Phillips' noble bearing—symmetrical proportions—elevated and open brow, bespeaking mind and dignity—soulful beaming eye, expressive of truth—mouth indicative of integrity and uprightness—all that constituted her *beau ideal* of manly perfection. And she said within herself, "this is a happy *rencontre*. How glad I am that Mr. Sommers proposed to see the Adamses. He shall invite him to come and take a seat in our box at the opera. Then Mr. Swift can ask him to the — House to dine with us." Then again she thought she discovered in his bearing and glances toward her, a *hauteur* that should forbid the indulgence of any hope of success in this scheme.

Lively and agreeable was the chat which was maintained in the drawing-room at Hillsborough that Saturday afternoon; and long did it continue. For it was only till the sinking sun and uprisen moon had admonished them of the day's departure and the night's approach, that they thought of taking their *conge*. And when Mr. Henry Phillips—who as all were making egress and promenading the piazza—had drawn Juliet Adams' arm within his own, it was not alone Mrs. Swift who received a check to her hopes. Neither was Susan Adams the only one sensible to joy, when—as that gentleman called out to her while taking leave of her sisters—"don't cry Lizzie; remember the promise"—she informed them that she had the promise if she would not cry, of being brought over to Hillsborough very often.

The visitors gone, Mrs. Hill said, "well, Miss Adams, we have passed a very delightful afternoon. I hope you will never regret your compliance with my wishes."

"Oh, no; certainly not, madam," was the affable answer.

"I like your New England friend very much, Miss Adams. I think him one of the most agreeable persons I ever met with."

"Yes, madam, he is indeed exceedingly agreeable," was the rejoinder.

"As for Mr. Henry Phillips," Mrs. Hill resumed, "I have known him of old. He has few equals."

To this remark there was no rejoinder. But if Mrs. Hill had cast a glance at Juliet's face, she would have detected a more than ordinary blush on her cheek.

Further remarks upon the guests of the afternoon were interrupted by the peal of the supper bell; and rather glad was Juliet.

CHAPTER IX.

VERY soon after the transpiration of things narrated in the foregoing chapter, cards were issued by the Swifts for a grand *déjeuner* at the — House, and the brilliancy of the affair in its anticipation, was such that it created quite a sensation in the *beau monde*.

Together with many distinguishes from all nations who were to honor the occasion, it was hinted that there would be some few rich returned Californians; among which were two names standing out so conspicuously, and so perpetually, upon the tongues of Mrs. Swift and daughters, that surmise was not long in fixing them as the admirers, if not the accepted lovers of those pretty young ladies.

This talk received no discouragement from the family; but was on the contrary excessively pleasing. And they began soon to persuade themselves that the idea abroad, must have originated from declarations of regard covertly dropped here and there for them by those gentlemen, and which would as certainly ere long come to them openly.

The three weeks interim from the issue of Mr. and Mrs. Swift's cards to the grand day, was propitious to that lady's wishes in favoring her with those interviews she so assiduously sought. And although on her first meeting with Mr. Henry Phillips she had imagined a *hauteur* unfavorable to the plans she at once schemed in her mind, yet on the second meeting, this impression was entirely effaced, by the graciousness and suavity of manner then received from him by herself and daughters.

This conduct was adopted by Mr. Henry as his most politic course, for the blinding both of Mrs. Hill, and the Swift party all round, as to the real purpose of his visits to Hillsborough; where not only every Saturday afternoon, but as regularly the Wednesday half holiday, brought the same party.

Were these reunions conducive to Juliet's happiness as well as to that of Mrs. Swift and daughters? Certainly they were. How could they have been otherwise; for she then had little Susan by her side. And with the idea of this enjoyment alone, she suffered herself to go lethargically on, drinking it in, as though enjoyment were indeed and in truth for *her*; till finally, on the last holiday visit previous to the grand *déjeuner*, she was aroused to a view of the passing circumstances, and her conduct in regard to them, by some chat of the little Swift girls with her sister Mary coming incidentally to her ears.

As the pupils of Hillsborough were after supper this evening, taking their hour's respite in the play-room, Julia Swift said to Mary Adams—"I suppose your sister thinks Mr. Henry Phillips comes here on our holidays to see *her*. But he does not; ma says he does not. It is because he knows Almira and Rosetta will be here; and he comes on purpose to see them. Everybody says so too."

To this allegation, and information, Mary Adams returned in the simplicity of her mind—that her sister Juliet did *not* think Mr. Henry Phillips came to see *her*. She knew he did not do so—that he only came to drive Mrs. Wells and Susan over.

Then joined in Anna—the younger of the Swift's—"I like Mr. Henry Phillips very much. So does ma like him; and I'm glad it's my sister he comes to see, and not yours." To which Mary rejoined again, that she too liked Mr. Henry, because he was so kind to Susan in bringing her over so very often to see them. Besides, he had just such eyes as her brother Henry's were, and she liked him for that.

This converse—childish and nonsensical though it was—sufficed for the opening of Juliet's eyes to a reflection of her situation; and bitter were her self-chidings for having allowed herself in a forgetfulness of it so far as nearly to have become a prey to the charmer. She thought of the adage—"children and imbeciles speak the truth"—and blushed that she should have been so slow in awaking to this one. "Of course it is so," she said, to herself. "Why should it not be?" And then she commenced a scanning over of all her words and actions from the first day to the last, to see if she could detect a betrayal of her weakness—the cherishing of a sentiment unbecoming her circumstances. Then she scrutinized her heart; also interrogated herself as to the course expedient to pursue in future. "Should she request that Susan be no more brought over to Hillsborough?" If necessary she could dispense with seeing her till the end of the term even. It would only be a sacrifice of *gratification*, and such she had long been

inured to. But no; that would not do. If Mr. Henry thought *proper* to bring her sister over on these occasions of meeting with the Misses Swifts, it would be *improper* in her most certainly to make the request of him not to do so. This however she *could* do. She could send for Susan to come and see herself and Mary in their own room. Yes, that was the course she should now adopt; and she blamed herself for not having done so from the beginning; as also thought she saw so clearly the propriety of it, that her conduct—in not having before pursued it—seemed to her absolutely indecorous. And again she blushed at her folly, and scanned her sayings and doings to see if it had not appeared thus to others.

The succeeding Monday was the appointed period for the Swifts grand essay. The weather was fine, and everything almost to the last moment had proceeded fortuitously—as yet few results—when Mr. Swift, returning from without, announced to his lady and daughters, the unpleasant information that Mr. Henry Phillips had gone to Albany—imperative business requiring of him a personal interview with his father, who was there at that time attending the Legislature.

More was felt, than expressed, at this sudden and unexpected blow to their sweetly bright hopes, both of things near by, and of things in the distance. But then he was called away from the city on business of his father's. There was encouragement in that thought certainly; neither would the sound be so mortifying as though the cause of his absence were *disinclination*.

With these consoling reflections, "Mrs. Swift and daughters were enabled to surmount the disappointment, and assume the *without* of plaidicity, if not the *within* of satisfaction.

Although Mr. Henry Phillips, to answer his ends, had on his meeting with the Swifts at Hillsborough, treated them with complacency, yet feeling a disposition ever to be their guest, took care when invited, to have in readiness some plausible excuse. So it was on this occasion; and that he might have a fair one, thought he would take a trip up to Albany to see his father.

The grand *déjeuner* came on, and went off, with all the splendor, glitter, lavish, and éclat of its appointments and promise.

The following half holiday at Hillsborough, brought the accustomed visitors to the Adamses and young Swifts. Juliet remained firm in her resolution to see Susan privately, and accordingly sent for the child to her own room.

Mr. Henry, always cautious in his conduct, especially with regard to his visits at Hillsborough, whatever he thought, and however he

felt upon it, allowed the matter to pass unremarked, and was no less sociable and agreeable than ordinary. Mr. Sommers, equally cautious, and playing well his part, inquired with a nonchalance suiting his purpose, for it would have been unfriendly, unkind in him not to speak of her at all, if Miss Adams was indisposed?

No sooner did Mr. Henry after his departure, find himself *tete-a-tete* with little Susan, than he began interrogating her thus—"is sister Juliet ill, Susie?"

"No, sir, she is not ill. She is very well."

"Tell me, Susie, why did not sister Juliet come into the drawing-room to-day?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Yes, you do know, you little rogue. Tell me the reason at once."

"Sister Juliet told me, sir, that if any one asked the reason why she did not come into the drawing-room, to say I did not know."

"Then sister Juliet is well, is she, Susie?"

"Yes, sir."

And this was all the satisfaction that gentleman obtained now upon the matter.

As for Mr. Sommers, he dropped not one remark on his way home with regard to his disappointment in not having seen Miss Adams, but was fully as merry and sociable as wont; though he was all the time thinking it should be no longer than till the light of another day ere he would see her. Accordingly, that night before retiring, he ordered his horse to be at the door on the following morning half an hour sooner than usual, his ordinary ride being no more than a moiety of the distance to Hillsborough.

As early as eight o'clock, this gentleman was seen galloping up the broad avenue conducting to that beautiful place. He alighted but for a moment, just sufficiently long to inquire the health of the Misses Adamses, and present Juliet with a very beautiful bouquet, and Mary with a package of bon-bons; and away again, without having even spoken of the little Swifts, much less desired to see them.

Did not this attention and manifest kindness make Juliet feel happy—joyous! Indeed it did so! For then there was evidently, at least one being in the world other than her sister, who had wished to see her.

Then again as for the Swifts, when finding themselves on their return home in the privacy of their own rooms, they chatted thus—

"Did you observe, mamma, that Mr. Henry Phillips did not inquire for Juliet Adams to-day?" asked Miss Almira.

"Certainly I did. As though it were of any consequence to him whether she came into the drawing-room or not," returned her mother;

and continued—"nevertheless, that, as well as his gaiety and sociability, rendered it very apparent that his visits to Hillsborough were not on her account."

"No," rejoined Miss Rosetta, "I'm sure that was very manifest in his conduct; and I think too he sat a considerable time longer than usual before making a move for departure."

"As for Sommers' inquiry for her health," said Miss Almira, "it was quite amusing; it came out as if he felt that he *must* say something about her."

"I wonder though," said Rosetta, "why she did not come into the drawing-room to-day as usual."

To which her mamma answered, "oh, Mrs. Hill, aware of the impropriety of her always being there, had probably told her that the thing did not become her, and advised her to see her sister in private."

"Undoubtedly that was it," rejoined Miss Almira—"and I think Mrs. Hill perfectly right in doing so."

"Perfectly right," ejaculated Miss Rosetta.

"Then," said Mrs. Swift, "I think Mrs. Hill a very sensible woman, and understands the *comme il faut* as well as any person I ever saw."

The above conversation, and more of the delusive kind passed round and round among these ladies, till they had arrived at that beatific pitch of self-complacency which gives sweetness to sleep, and which, not long time after it had ended, they were all in peaceful enjoyment of.

The following Saturday Hillsborough greeted again its regular holiday visitors.

As Susan Adams was turning away on the piazza from Mr. Henry Phillips to go to her sister's room, that gentleman slipped a note into her apron pocket, and at the same time a word into her ear, telling her to hand it to sister Juliet.

The words were brief, merely a request, that if agreeable, she would descend to the drawing-room.

Juliet did not comply with Mr. Henry's wish; but returned a note handsomely excusing herself.

This repeated absence of Juliet from the drawing room at Hillsborough, was another triumph of the Swifts over her; and served also to confirm them in their estimation, both of Mrs. Hill's sensible advice and just ideas of the *comme il faut* of things.

As for Mr. Henry, the disappointment of not seeing Juliet this time, made him feel absolutely sullen. However, we must do him the justice to say that his actions were by no means in character with that mood. And the same thing with regard to Mr. Sommers. But this gentleman sought to indemnify himself for his disapp-

pointment by again giving Juliet a call on the following morning, with the presentation of the same compliment as before, both to herself and sister Mary.

CHAPTER X.

We have now to record an incident which led to a change, not only of the apparent but real state of things connected with our Hillsborough friends.

A week from the holiday noted in the foregoing chapter, (on the intervening one Mr. Henry had been obliged in reality to go to his father at Albany, consequently his little protege lost on that day her usual visit) Susan Adams was suddenly seized with convulsions, produced by an affection very common to children of her age. She was for a time much distressed, and doubtless in some danger. Her fits, however, passed off, and with them the alarm. But the little creature in her disappointment of going to Hillsborough, moaned to such a degree for her sisters, that Mrs. Phillips thought best to send for Juliet.

Accordingly, a servant was despatched with a note from Mrs. Phillips to Mrs. Hill making the request; and Juliet was ere long at Phillipston caressing her little sister.

The medicine which had been administered to Susan afforded her great relief, so that she passed a quiet night, and in the morning was nearly as well as usual.

It being Sunday, the whole household, save Juliet, little Susan, and two or three of the servants, attended public service, as was their custom, at a small village church about two miles distant. Mr. Phillips, the elder, taking an early start, walked; and Mr. Henry drove his mother and Mrs. Wells in the phæton.

Scarcely had Juliet seen them clear of the porch, when, her sister being asleep, she stepped out for a stroll. It was one of those enchanting, warm, sunny days of the Indian summer, the atmosphere bland as that of a morning in June, the landscape glowing with every hue of the rainbow, over and around which the birds were carolling as 'twere their last lay. This glory and peacefulness of nature so harmonious with the sanctity of the period, was tranquilizing and pleasant to Juliet's feelings, and invited her further than was at first her design to walk—to a revisit of her favorite retreat—the alcove on the Hudson.

Had it the appearance of being much frequented, was a thought which, had she been aware of its passage through her mind, would have been dismissed ere half formed. But that thought did pass through her mind, and received its response.

Yes, it was frequently, and had been that very morning, too, for there lay the open book, cover side up to keep the place. There was no harm in taking it up and reading while she should sit there. She could preserve the page and replace it just as she had found it.

The book was one which her brother had taught her to admire; and during whose lifetime she had been a great peruser of the author's writings. Intently fixed was her eye upon the page, and her mind as much so upon its theme, when, lo! a rustle among the sticks and leaves. She raised her lids and cast a glance around—was it a squirrel? It must have been. The reading was resumed. Again a sound falls upon her ear—it was a footstep. She again raised her eye, and Mr. Henry Phillips was before her.

Did Juliet swoon at this unexpected and somewhat mortifying detection? No, nothing like it. She instantly rose to her feet, with the exclamation—"oh, Mr. Phillips! I thought you were at church. I am sure I saw you driving your mother and Mrs. Wells thither."

"So you did, Miss Adams. That is, I set out for church, but overtaking my father on the road, I resigned the reins to him for reasons which you are now going to learn. I returned for the express purpose of seeking an interview with you: therefore, allow me to reseat you. It may as well take place here as at the house. I first sought you there, but learning you were not within, surmised your whereabouts."

"Oh, Mr. Phillips! permit me, if you please, to retire to the house. It is so very embarrassing for me to be found by you in this place."

"You will oblige me, Miss Adams, if you will allow me a few moments with you in *this spot*. It is a much loved one of mine, and apparently is one appreciated by yourself. Am I mistaken in this?"

"No, Mr. Phillips, I loved it much too, when I did not, as I now do, feel myself an intruder herein."

"That is enough, Miss Adams. You begin to make me happy. For as to intrusiveness, I shall soon put you to ease, when I tell you that from the first moment I beheld you, I have loved you with all the soul with which God inspired me. I tell you, Miss Adams, you have become the soul of my existence—you are the *star* of heaven which once appeared to me in vision, beaming upon me a soft, rosy light, and the one alone which can be the light of my life. There needs now, but a word from you, Miss Adams, to make either my happiness or misery."

Juliet, with her usual firmness of character, said—"I am a *dependent*, Mr. Phillips. But not only that, *owe* myself to my little sisters, at least until they shall arrive to years of womanhood,

therefore am precluded from questioning my heart with regard to its emotions."

"You are young, Miss Adams, and those are words suited to your youthful years, otherwise I should feel their sinister import to be no less unkind than unmerited."

"I meant no unkindness, Mr. Phillips."

"I know you did not, Miss Adams, and I take you as you meant. Otherwise, as I have said, I should esteem you unkind. For I am not sensible of having in any one instance conducted toward either yourself, or your sister, in such a manner as to cause you to *feel* that you were dependents."

"No, Mr. Phillips, certainly you have not. Nevertheless, that in no way alters the case, for such we undeniably are; and in this our condition of abject poverty, I feel that I should not be less wanting in respect for myself, than consideration for my sisters, were I so to outrage the generosity of which we have been the recipients both from the hands and hearts of your revered parents, as to obtrude myself upon them as a member of their family."

"Again I must tell you, Miss Adams, that your language is childish, cold and unkind. If this were a matter between any beings other than *yourself* and *myself*, I would ask you where was the evidence that either of my parents had ever given, whereon to found the idea that you would be looked upon by them as an intruder in their family. But leaving out all the world, and regarding the question as one of *heart to heart*, between you and me alone, I will, in reference to your allusion of 'abject poverty,' as you are pleased to term it, say, and this I may do, too, without incurring the imputation of vanity, that if it were *riches* I was seeking in the being I would have repose in my bosom, I need not be long at a loss. But of the two alternatives I would prefer seeking my gold in the mines of California. Thanks to heaven, I am driven to no such expedient. They have already yielded me sufficient to enable me to cherish and protect her whose image is infused into my vitality; nor only that, but what will suffice for the gratification of my most extravagant desires; and I repeat, Miss Adams, what I have already said—there remains now but one word from you, to make me either miserable or happy—your signification of a reciprocity of the sentiments I have declared for you."

"Mr. Phillips, you know not what it is to be poor. I do not stand on equal grounds with *you*. I must shut up within my own breast, and bury within the recesses of my own heart an ardor which may consume, but which should never be cherished. A condition of independence gives one the freedom of *feeling* and *loving*, whereas

one of dependence calls for a *sacrifice* of *feeling* and a *stifling* of *affection*, though heaven-born be the sentiment and flame."

"And this condition of independence I offer to share with you, Miss Adams, and not only with yourself, but also your sisters. Then, if your heart can *feel* and *love*—as I know it can—all I ask in return is that you will give me those affections."

Juliet turned her face a little aside to conceal a tear that was gently trickling down her cheek, then—suppressing the emotion which for a moment had prevented utterance—turned again and said, "let me pray you, Mr. Phillips, to permit me now to retire to the house, and also to forget the subject of this morning's interview, until the recess for the Christmas holidays takes place, which will come round, you are aware, ere the elapse of many weeks."

"Your wish, Miss Adams, shall be respected; and now one word more. Give me your reason—if there are no objections—for absenting yourself, as you have done of late, from the drawing-room at Hillsborough?"

"It is, sir, from having understood that I was regarded by some of the coterie frequenting it, as *de trop* there.

"Can I no more hope, Miss Adams, for your presence there, on future holiday visits?"

"No, Mr. Phillips, I shall no more enter the drawing-room on the holidays."

"Then are my visits there ended."

Mr. Henry now drew Juliet's arm within his own and escorted her to the house.

CHAPTER XI.

ALL began now to be excitement at Hillsborough in a preparation for the half-term soires. Invitations were sent out, and acceptances received. And from the latter, when all were gathered in, it appeared that the patrons of the school were pretty generally disposed to be in attendance.

Mr. Sommers was never more gratified at the solicitation of being escort to the Swifts than on the present occasion; for as the whole house was going to be thrown open for dancing, music, and other amusements, it would afford him an opportunity he had never yet enjoyed—that of a *tele-a-tete*, unlistened to—with Juliet Adams.

Large, gay, and mirthful was the assemblage. The waltzing was graceful—the music charming, and the plays amusing—in all which, the Adamses, of course, bore no active part. Not so by any means, the Swifts. Butterflies were never more lively and coquettish in a garden of flowers, neither flitted in more gorgeous or attractive array. And the only drawback to the mother's

excess of enjoyment, and gratification on this occasion, was the fact, that none of the Phillips' family were present.

Mr. Charles Sommers never danced. It was nothing marvelous, then, in either Mrs. Hill's or Mrs. Swift's mind that he was seen promenading and talking a great deal with Juliet Adams. However, others there were, who not only observed it with wonder, but listened. And this was heard—"Mr. Sommers, I do not belong to myself—I am not mistress of my own will—I am not my own to dispose of"—this, we repeat, was heard in answer to something which that gentleman had been long, and earnestly urging upon her. There was heard on Mr. Sommers' part, "such sisters as your's, Miss Adams, where means are not wanting, could only be a desirable acquisition." And, further, Juliet's face was observed to be frequently alternating between blushes and pallor, as also Mr. Sommers' lips to remain for some moments compressed—his eye fixed and thoughtful—and on passing the compliments at the breaking up of the evening, to take both Juliet and her sister tenderly by the hand. All these things were not only observed, but gossiped about, by certain ones of the company, till finally they came to Mr. Henry Phillips' ears, who immediately sought Mr. Sommers, though not on "deadly purpose bent," for he said, "Sommers was a noble-souled fellow, and that sooner than break his heart, he would break his own head—but know the depth of the matter he must, and that, too, instanter."

However, in the interview between these gentlemen all that Mr. Sommers could say, of course, was, that it was his business at present to find out to whom the Adamses belonged, all right of self-disposal being by themselves utterly disclaimed.

The announcement of this intention caused Mr. Henry Phillips' eyes to open, for he thought that he, likewise, had been a listener to much the same language, and it therefore behooved him to be looking about for the same thing. And so he did. He went to his father, and in a brevity amounting almost to abruptness, asked him—"who the Adamses belonged to?"

"Why, Mr. Henry, I do not know, as I can say, exactly, to whom they *do belong*, unless it is to myself—they seeming to have fallen upon me, or rather I to have fallen upon them. For it was I who first sought them, and not they me."

"Then, you, sir, consider that you have the right of the disposal of them."

"I do, my son, with their own consent. Now, Mr. Henry, may your father in his turn, interrogate his son a little? May he ask, what is his son's purpose in making these inquiries?"

"My purpose in this, father, is, to ask Juliet

Adams—if she is not already otherwise interested—to become my wife."

"This, Henry, is a very agreeable announcement to your father, for he regards that young lady as a pearl of great price. But you remarked, my son, if 'not otherwise interested.' Explain your meaning, if you please."

"An old California acquaintance of mine, and a person whom I highly esteem, is soliciting her hand, and for aught I know, possesses her heart. This, with your permission, sir, I will make it my business to understand immediately."

"You have my permission, my son, as also my blessing."

CHAPTER XII.

Just at the dusk of an evening, was seen Mr. Charles Sommers issuing from the drawing-room at Hillsborough, where by especial favor, as an old family acquaintance, he had been for some time *tete-a-tete* with Juliet Adams. It was remarked that his countenance was stern, and that he passed out of the house without giving a word to any one, a very unusual thing with him, for he was generally full of both smiles and chat; and scarcely had this gentleman's buggy cleared the great gate at the end of the avenue, than Mr. Henry Phillips was descried entering therein.

"What could it mean! On horseback and alone. What was the matter! Was little Susan ill again! But if so, Mr. Henry would not come with the tidings, a servant would have been sent as before. What could the matter be!"

However, Mr. Henry had soon cantered up to the house, dismounted, and sent a request to Mrs. Hill, to be permitted an interview with Miss Adams a short time in the drawing-room.

The permission was given, and Juliet entered with almost a deathly pallor overspreading her countenance, both from indefinite apprehensions of something to come, either of pleasure or of pain, and from agitation in her sympathy for the wounded feelings of Mr. Sommers; that gentleman being a person whom she esteemed in truth and sincerity.

Mr. Henry, deeply earnest, was pacing the room, and scarcely had she taken a step within the door, ere he had seized her hand, with the exclamation, "Ju—Miss Adams! you look very pale. Do not be agitated. Susie is well. I have nothing alarming to communicate. At least, I hope I have not. Permit me to seat you by my side."

"Although, Miss Adams, you have my word for silence on the one subject of interest to my heart, yet there has *that* recently come to my hearing which renders it necessary that I should annul the promise, and learn from your own lips the truth of what is to make either my weal or

woe. My language will be plain, Miss Adams, and I should like your answer to be as much so. For although a man of *independence* is free to *feel* and to *love*, that man's feelings and affections are not to be trifled with. Of these, my first thing to know is, whether Mr. Charles Sommers possesses your own."

"No, Mr. Phillips, he does not. I esteem Mr. Sommers very highly. But I cannot give him my heart."

"Well, Miss Adams, there is nothing childish in that reply. Its promptitude is both obliging and gratifying. And now, another proposition, which I hope will be met with equal frankness. You know that you are already in possession of my heart, can you in return give me your own?"

"Mr. Phillips, I cannot dispose of that which I do not possess. My heart—my only claim—is already your own, and was from the first moment that heaven directed you to my view."

"Answered, Miss Adams, with the whole and true soul of a woman; and now I may call you Juliet—*my Juliet*; and your sisters, my sisters; and as such, I shall love, cherish and protect them."

"Oh, Mr. Phillips, your father! How can I ever meet his face!"

"Meet him, dear Juliet, with your usual truth-beaming eye, and loveliness of manner; for my father receives you into his family with all the soul of a *Phillips*."

"Does he know, Mr. Henry?"

"Yes, dear Juliet, he knows all—and now one loved embrace."

CHAPTER XIII.

ALTHOUGH it was Mr. Henry Phillips' self-gratulation at parting with Juliet on the momentous evening referred to in the preceding chapter, that the recess was at hand, yet the rounding up of that period finally seemed to him interminable. But when the day did at last arrive, as early in the morning as propriety would sanction, that gentleman was in attendance at Hillsborough.

Never was a lover happier than was now Mr. Henry Phillips. And things began to look different to Juliet. When she was being handed into the carriage she was struck with its strangeness. It appeared to be just from the hands of the maker. Neither was the driver old Simpson. The horses, likewise, were strange—a splendid span of grey bloods. Not long had Juliet been seated before she learned that the equipage was her own—one of her bridal gifts—and that she was on the road to her own mansion in the city.

It was in that beautiful place, the — avenue, where Juliet first crossed the threshold of her own door. All was there fitly and magnificently

appointed, and preparations going on for a great entertainment—a breakfast. Bridal robes were in readiness, and maids in waiting. Quickly was she attired, and as quickly at Grace Church.

All the Phillips' family, even to distant connections, were assembled to witness the happy nuptials, and quite a congregation they formed, too.

As Juliet was being led up to the altar by Mr. Henry, there was a rattle—a movement—perceptible, accompanied by the half audible exclamations—"was there ever so beautiful a creature? Did heaven ever form so perfect a being?" And so thought the Rev. Mr. —, as in his snowy white robes he stepped forward to join their hands, in order to consummate their union of hearts.

The ceremony over, greetings and gratulations went round. Mr. Henry looked happy and proud, Mr. Phillips, the elder, looked happy and proud; and Mr. Henry's mother looked happy and proud. Mrs. Wells was pleased, and Juliet was cheerful. Mary and Susan were the only ones whose expression was indefinite, looking partly happy and partly unhappy. They could hardly be induced to believe but that they had lost their sister Juliet, although Mr. Henry strove by repeated assurances to convince them that sister Juliet was not only still theirs, but that they had now *brother Henry*.

By the kind thoughtfulness of the elder Mr. Phillips, Dame Tapister and the weaver were not absent on this joyous occasion; and it was observed that the habiliments in which they appeared, were evidently such as were beyond their own means of attainment, therefore doubtless owing to the munificence of that gentleman.

Let it not be supposed that Juliet's wedding came upon her by surprise, for it did not. She knew the *day* it was to take place, but no more. She, with her usual discretion, feeling the impotency of her condition for such things, left all arrangements to Mr. Henry. She surmised, however, that she was to be taken to the Phillips' town house, where the family were now residing, and that there the momentous affair was to come off. But Mr. Henry's abundant means enabled him to do all things both handsomely and agreeably.

When the wedding company had repaired from the church to the house, and Juliet on the arm of her husband, was introduced into her magnificent drawing-rooms—for as yet she had seen only her *boudoir* while her maids were attiring her for her bridal—by one of those inexplicable transitions of vision, she saw at one and the same moment *her other side of the picture*. She was seized with an irrepressible emotion, and sank to the ground.

(Poor Juliet! The circumstances have passed away—the loved spirits are gone—and their mortal is at rest! But there hangs the picture in the recess of your heart, and neither therefrom will it ever be effaced.)

Mr. Henry was kind and considerate, and did not upbraid her for this burst of grief, even though on her wedding day and clad yet in her bridal robes.

Many were the presents which came showering in upon Juliet from Mr. Henry's friends on this gladsome moment. But one there was from his mother of great value, a casket of jewels, brilliants of the first water. And his father handed her a scrip, as he called it, which placed her in possession of stock to the amount of ten thousand dollars; for, as the father said, he would not that any protege of his should be dependent on Mr. Henry Phillips for her nicknacks, facetiously intimating that such would be but a meagre dependence.

Juliet, yielding to Mr. Henry's wishes, did not again resume her mourning garb. And she now sometimes glitters with gold and jewels, while the tear-drop is standing in her eye, and the sore is yet bleeding at her heart; for the circumstances of this tale are of too recent occurrence to have yet dried up so deep a fountain.

Mary is now at Hillsborough, and will probably remain there till her education is completed; little Susan is still with Mr. Henry's parents, and seems to be fast taking the place in their af-

tions of a little daughter they once buried when about her age. And it would not be strange if ere long they were to adopt her altogether as their own.

Mr. Sommers has returned to California. And the Swifts, who treated with heartlessness and scorn, Juliet Adams the poor seamstress, obsequiously sought her society as the rich Mrs. Henry Phillips, by repeatedly leaving their cards at her house, but notice of which was never once deigned by her. The family are now, however, gone abroad as contemplated.

No one now, in the great city of New York, is more courted by the elite of fashion, nor rolls about in a more splendid equipage, than does Juliet Adams, the *ci devante* poor seamstress, who, and that too but a short time since, used to be seen trudging in the dusk of the evening—that hour when daylight would not serve and candle light could be saved—lugging to her patrons the bundles of garments her fingers had formed; and, when often after having been kept standing till ready to sink, the pittance of a remuneration was dealt out to her in such manner as to make her feel that it was more an alimony than a compensation for services rendered. Neither at the same time is there now any one in that city who is more zealous and indefatigable in searching out and solacing the needy and distressed. For none can feel for the woes of others like those who have seen BOTH SIDES OF THE PICTURE.

G U L G E H A N .

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

THE rose that all are praising,
Is the rose that blooms for me,
Whom the angels now are raising
Over every other tree—
This is the rose that blooms for me.

In the middle of God's garden
Grows this white celestial tree,
And an angel is the warden
Of the flowers that bloom for me
In this Eden on this tree.

There she grows beside the river
Of immortal life for me,
Where she towers aloft forever
Over every other tree—
This is the rose that blooms for me.

While the breezes blow evangels
From her harp-like boughs for me,
She is tended by the angels
Over every other tree—
This is the rose that blooms for me.

Fairer than the Holy City
Which Messiah wept to see—
Watered with the dews of pity—
Blooms this white celestial tree
Bearing Eden flowers for me.

Like the moon, star-crowned at even,
Coronated with flowers for me—
Circled by the swans of Heaven—
Blooms this white celestial tree
In the bower of bliss for me.

For the white rose in its whiteness
Was not half so white as she;
Nor the full moon in her brightness
Half so bright in Heaven to me,
This is the rose that blooms for me.

Thus the rose that all are praising,
Is the rose that blooms for me,
Whom the angels now are raising
Over every other tree—
This is the rose that blooms for me.

THE HEROINE OF THE BORDER.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It was a lovely night in August, seventy years ago. The sky had not a cloud; the air was soft and balmy; and the moon, sailing silently over high, flooded wood and field and river with her calm, pure light. Never, since the last evening in Eden, had mother earth worn an aspect so like

Paradise.

At the gate of a mansion, in the then newly settled town of Wheeling, stood two lovers about to part. The solemn spell of the hour, combined with the farewell they were about to take, had cast a sweet sadness over both.

"It is a long ride to Shepherd's Fort, and I almost fear for you," said a low and now timid voice, as the fair speaker looked up into the face of her companion. "Cannot you put off this departure, Francis?"

The bold Virginian gazed tenderly down at his beautiful companion, and then, as if instinctively drew her to him, imprinting a kiss on her forehead, as he answered,

"You were not always thus timid, Lizzy. I remember, before you went to Philadelphia, that you were the boldest girl of all the border: but, to-night, you are as fearful as a young doe. You have come back accomplished as a queen, but as nervous too. A fine lady," he continued, laughingly, "is not fit for a bride on the frontier."

"I am not naturally timid, as you know," earnestly replied his companion, blushing at this raillery, "but these terrible Indians appal me. You tell me that they have held a great council at Chillicothe and resolved to take up the hatchet again. What if a band of them should waylay you to-night?"

"Never fear it, dearest: they are far enough as yet. My information is in advance of them, and we shall probably not see them for weeks, even if at all. I thought it my duty to ride over and tell your father however: though," he added, archly, "perhaps there were other reasons which made me only too ready to find an excuse for visiting Colonel Zane."

"I suppose my fears are foolish," answered his companion, "but with woman, instinct, they say, sometimes takes the place of reason; and I feel as if some great danger surrounded us."

"It is the moonlight, Lizzy, nothing else," gaily replied the lover. "I always feel a touch of sadness myself, on an evening like this. Cheer up, dearest: these are idle fancies. I must,

however, make the most of this moonlight, or it will be dark before I reach the fort. God bless you," he added, as he kissed her again, adding bravely, "if peril should assail you, not ten thousand times ten thousand of those red-devils shall prevent Francis Duke flying to your aid."

In another moment he had leaped upon his horse, which stood hard by, and, with a parting waive of the hand, dashed off at a swinging trot. His betrothed watched him till he disappeared in the gloom of the forest: then, with a sigh, she re-entered her father's house.

The family was about retiring, and, reverently kissing her parents, the beautiful girl ascended to her chamber. But she could not sleep. An indefinable sense of danger pressed upon her spirits, and, throwing aside the curtain of her window, she sat down and gazed without. As she looked, a vision rose before her of her lover hurrying along the forest depths, while a savage ambuscade waited to receive him, and so vivid was the picture that she rose, with a start of terror, and could scarcely repress a cry. But, the next instant, the illusion faded, the serene moonlight calmed her soul, and she resumed her seat, ashamed of her idle terrors.

Thus hour after hour passed, her fancy continually conjuring up new perils for her lover, and her sober reason as constantly overcoming these visionary fears. Her sleeplessness still continued. At last the moon began to sink below the western forest. Slowly she watched the lengthening shadows as it disappeared, until the landscape was almost entirely shrouded in gloom; and then, with a last prayer for her lover's safety, she was about to retire from the window, when her attention was suddenly attracted toward what seemed a dark, moving mass on the edge of the neighboring woods.

What could it be? The cattle of the settlement were all carefully housed, she knew, and it was an hour at which no human being would be likely to be abroad. Her indefinable fears again returned. Her heart fluttered with a nameless dread. She concealed herself instinctively behind the window curtain, and watched this dark, moving object for several moments, until finally it emerged from the shadow of the forest, when its uncertain outlines resolved themselves into those of two Indians in their war-paint.

The curtain fell from her hands and she sank

into her chair, completely unnerved. All her late tremors were now explained. The hostile savages, instead of being far distant, were close at hand. The very warriors she had just seen might have intercepted her lover; and his scalp might be even now at the girdle of one of them. At this horrible idea she clasped her hands shudderingly over her eyes, and, for an instant, forgot her misery in oblivion.

But this lasted only for a moment. Lizzy Zane was no weak, timid girl, whom danger rendered a burden to her friends: on the contrary hers was a soul cast in the heroic mould of Joan of Arc, and others of the brave and dauntless of her sex. Hastily springing to her feet, she cried. "This tremor is childish. What if Francis is dead, since peril surrounds my parents, and not only them, but the whole settlement. The Indians have waited till the moon was down to commence their attack, hoping to surprise us; and the two I have seen are doubtless outlying scouts, who, fortunately for us, have shown themselves too soon. I will rouse father at once. It will be time to weep for the dead, when my duty to the living has been fulfilled."

With these words she hurried from the chamber, though not till she had taken another guarded look from the casement. This time not a living soul was in sight. She rightly judged that the scouts had gone to bring up their companions, and lost no time consequently in arousing the household.

At that period in the history of the West, every frontier-man slept, as it were, on his arms. But the present summons was so unexpected, and the assault of the savages might be looked for so soon, that preparations for defence could not be made with the usual care. Col. Zane, on being aroused, despatched servants to summon his neighbors to the contiguous fort, which stood about forty rods from his own dwelling. About twenty men answered the call, bringing with them their families, but necessarily abandoning their stock and everything else to the chances of war. He determined himself to hold his mansion, it being favorably situated as an outpost and containing large stores of ammunition: accordingly retaining three men to assist him, he ordered the remainder of his people to repair to the fort. In vain did his daughter entreat to remain with him: he bade her remember that while duty made him stay, it would be criminal temerity for her to remain; and, deluged with tears, she obeyed his commands.

Scarcely had the gates of the fort been closed, less than half an hour had elapsed since the first alarm, when the army of savages appeared emerging from the forest. It was not long before they saw that their approach had been discovered

and that the fort was in readiness to receive them: so, with a yell of rage and hate, they rushed to the assault.

"Keep cool, my men," said the commandant of the fort, an uncle of our heroine, "and fire only when you can clearly make out an Indian. It is easy to confound the dusky devils with the shadows; and this they know; so take care and waste no ammunition. The women will load for you, when the hell-hounds come to close quarters and quick firing is necessary; fortunately we have plenty of muskets, so that fresh ones can be handed to you as fast as you require them. I will set you an example, and my niece, God bless her, will load for me, and show how an American woman can assist in the hour of peril."

His words were cut short by the necessity for instant exertion. The Indians had, by this time, crossed the field in front of the fort, and were approaching, partly under cover of trees, toward the entrance, hoping to force their way in. Instantly, from the house of Col. Zane, as well as from the fort, a heavy discharge of musketry was opened on the savage assailants. Every man, in each edifice, knew that he was fighting, not only for his own life, but for those dearer than life. Their wives, daughters and other female relatives, conscious of the same truth, heroically assisted them, loading the muskets as rapidly as they were discharged and praying silently for aid from heaven.

"Ha! they recoil," shouted the commandant, "the red-skins can't stand the fire of desperate men. The colonel is giving it to them gallantly from his house. Hark! that is his hurrah. Let us give him back a cheer. That was a true Virginian shout. God be praised, the devils run. Huzza for victory."

With exclamations like these the old soldier sustained the spirits of his men during that short, but terrible conflict, until, as his last words betokened, the assailants were in full flight: and then another shout went up from the fort, which was answered back as sturdily from the outpost, where, with his three assistants, Col. Zane kept his dwelling against the savages. It was worth peril unto death to hear and participate in that huzza.

But if the defenders of Wheeling flattered themselves that they had achieved a permanent triumph, they were soon destined to discover their mistake. The Indians, though repulsed, were not defeated, and, after a slight interval, were seen again rushing to the assault. Again, at the commandant's injunction, the men withheld their fire till the savages were close to the walls: again the muskets blazed in an almost continuous stream; again the women moulded bullets and loaded the still smoking guns; and

again the lion-like voice of the commandant rose fatal to the Indians. For this purpose a savage crept up to it, with a lighted brand; but watchful eyes were on the foe in the outpost as well as in the fort; and, just as the Indian was about to apply the torch, a shot sent him limping and howling away.

Meantime, on the side of the assailants, the utmost fury prevailed. The loss of so many of their number had excited them to apparently demoniac madness, and their yells, always hideous, now sounded like those of fiends let loose on earth. Their dusky, painted forms, dimly seen by the red glare of the muskets, flitting hither and thither as they dodged from shelter to shelter in their approaches, added to this horrible illusion.

"Blaze away, my lads," shouted the commandant, "for they begin to waver, and another volley or two will send them to the right about. Ha! that red-devil had his death-shot from my brother's rifle: I know the crack of the old piece. That's a brave girl, Lizzy: you load to perfection. Now for this cursed Wyandot that is climbing over the paling: I have my bead on him: there the rascal tumbles. And see, appalled by his fall, the rest are making off. Huzza, huzza, huzza."

It was as he said. Headed by a young chief, the Indians had suddenly broke from their coverts in front, and dashed, like a pack of hounds, fierce for blood, at the palisades. Their leader had reached this destination first, and leaping, as would a deer, had gained the top at a single bound, when the rifle of the commandant covering him, in an instant after he fell dead within the fence. His death was the sequel for his followers to retreat terror-struck, in all directions, an event which was again hailed by a shout from the fort, and an answering huzza from the outpost.

"There, we are safe for this night at least," said the commandant, bringing the breech of his rifle to the floor. "I never knew the red-skins to make two assaults before, in darkness; and the devil is in them, if they risk a third. But, at daybreak, look out. We shall have them on us again, at that hour, in all their force, and howling like ten thousand fiends incarnate. Such of you as would like to sleep can do so: it will be easy to awake you, if necessary."

But all were too anxious to sleep. From the loop-holes of the fort, eager eyes continually watched the distant wood, in which the savages had sheltered themselves, in order to detect the first movements of the foe. The prediction of the commandant, however, proved correct. No further assault was ventured that night. But an attempt was made to destroy, by stratagem, the house of Col. Zane, the fire of whose defenders had been, from its proximity, particularly

During this cessation of the strife the thoughts of our heroine recurred again to her lover. But her uncle, who perhaps suspected her fears, cheered her by the assurance that he had escaped: "nay, look not so dull, Lizzy," he said, "now that the battle is over. Frank is safe, before this, at Shepherd's fort. His route lay in the opposite direction to that by which these devils clearly came. The peril for him will be to-morrow, when he attempts to join us, for, I know nothing of him, if he don't gallop to our aid, even if he does it alone."

The dawn was now approaching. With the first gleam of light, the savages were seen to be in motion; but they did not risk a close assault, as they had done in the night: they sheltered themselves at a distance, and opened a desultory fire on the fort and outpost, seeking to pick off the garrison one by one. The men, however, kept themselves carefully concealed, so that none were hurt; but, on several occasions, a savage, who had momentarily exposed himself, met his death.

An hour passed in this desultory warfare, when the commandant, looking forth, said,

"What can the red-skins be at now? Here, Lizzy, your young eyes are sharper than my old ones. Have they a wagon there?"

"It looks rather like a cannon, only that Indians never have such things. They are wrapping something around it: ah! now I see: it is a hollow log, and they have taken some chains from the shop, with which they are binding it. And there, too, are cannon balls."

"Now I understand it," said the commandant, laughing. "Jim Stokes, who found his way into the fort just before daybreak, had a load of cannon balls in his flat-boat, when the savages surprised him last night. The fools, I suppose, are about to fire them at us from their hollow log! Batter us down with wooden cannon! Ha, ha, ha. I fancy we shall first see some of the redskins blown to kingdom-come."

The Indians had, by this time, finished their preparations, and, almost immediately after, the crowd opening from around their impromptu gun, a match was applied to it. As the commandant had foretold, the crazy weapon exploded, scattering death among the throng. The first effect was to paralyze the savages: the second was to rouse them to phrenzy. Breaking into yells of rage they burst from the spot, taking the direction of the fort, evidently determined to avenge the

death of their slain, even if they perished themselves.

"Now, my boys, comes the final struggle," said the commandant. "If we beat them back, this time, the victory will be complete: but if a single trigger fails, our scalps will be drying, before a month, in the Wyandot lodges. Think of your wives and children!"

He was already taking his station, when his niece silently touched his arm. Her face was full of perplexity and even terror; and, for the first time, since the siege began.

"What is it, my child?" quickly asked the commandant, his countenance assuming something of the look of hers, for he was aware that no common incident could have worked such a change in his niece. And he drew her to one side, saying, "speak in a whisper."

"The ammunition is out," was the reply, "unless there is more hid away than you gave into my charge."

A blank dismay settled on the commandant's countenance.

"Good God," he exclaimed, "it is all over with us, for we have no more in the fort. I brought what I thought enough, from your father's house, but these repeated assaults have consumed it."

"Cannot some one," said his niece, "go to our house, and bring back a supply?"

"But who? It would be almost certain death."

There was a moment's pause. Then, with no change in her countenance, except that it grew a shade paler, she answered,

"I will go."

"You!" said the veteran, starting back.

"And why not? I am young, active, and fleet of foot. I can go quicker than any one else. Besides, the savages, seeing it is only a woman, may not fire till they detect my purpose; and in that case only the return will be perilous. If I do not go, we are all sure to die. Even if mortally wounded, I think I can succeed in gaining the fort again, and if this can be done, and your lives saved, I am content to fall."

"But Frank—"

For a moment her lip quivered. She grasped her uncle's arm convulsively, gave him an appealing look, and said huskily,

"Don't—don't. But let me go before it is too late."

The tears came into the old man's eyes. He pressed his niece to his bosom, and said, "go, then, and God be with you, heroic girl! And yet," he added, glancing around, "if it were not for these poor women and children, neither I, nor any man here would suffer it."

When the intention of our heroine was made known, several of the men insisted on taking her place; but her reply was "not one of you can be

spared—a woman will be less missed." Sadly the little garrison beheld her depart on her terrible venture. Her uncle himself, notwithstanding the danger, attended her to the gate of the fort, which he himself threw open: and, with the fleetness of a young fawn, away she bounded.

The defenders of the outpost saw her departure, and though ignorant of its cause, stood ready to receive her, Col. Zane in person hurrying to the door. The savages, too, beheld her exit. At first a dozen guns were leveled at her, but when it was seen that the fugitive, as they thought her, was a woman, a contemptuous cry of "a squaw, a squaw," passed from one gutteral throat to another, and she was suffered to gain the dwelling unharmed.

"What is the matter, my child?" cried her father, as she dashed into the doorway. "Why do you thus madly risk your life?"

"We are out of powder," breathlessly gasped our heroine. "All is lost unless I can carry back a supply. Give me some quick, or the Indians will have made their last rush." And, as she spoke, she sank, almost exhausted, on a chair by the door.

For an instant her father regarded her in silence. Wonder, tenderness and admiration succeeded each other in his heart, and were depicted in his face. The whole peril of her proceeding rose before him. Her return, he well knew, would be through a gauntlet of balls, which the savages, on detecting her purpose, would pour upon her. Escape with life would be almost impossible. She was his only daughter too; it would break his heart to lose her. But, though human weakness whispered all this, tempting him to keep her from returning, his sense of duty triumphed; and, with but a single moment's delay, he snatched a table cloth, which he himself fastened around her waist, while, in answer to his eager calls, one of his companions brought a keg of powder and poured it in. Then, snatching a hasty kiss, he threw open the door, and with a voice heroically calm, and a look like that of Abraham when about to sacrifice his only son, he cried: "run for your life and God help us both!"

Away she bounded again, this time fleetest than before, if that were possible. Her appearance was hailed by the savages with a storm of yells, for, with the craft of their race, they instantly divined her purpose. A score of rifles simultaneously were brought to shoulder. Some of the Indians, fearful she might escape, fired at once. The balls whistled close by, but she was unharmed. Others took time to aim, and the shots from these now began to sing past her: but still, as if protected by a miracle, she bounded on apparently unhurt. Her father stood watching her,

too absorbed to speak, but his heart beating like a forge-hammer. Nor was her uncle less dumb with emotion. Others, however, were not so breathlessly silent.

"See," cried one of the garrison, "that ball went through her apron: the powder pours out of the hole. She darts forward like an arrow. The shots rattle around her like hail, but she is still unhurt. Only a few rods remain. Heavens, she is struck. No, she only tripped a little: she is up again: the stumble has, perhaps, saved her life, for the rifle-balls went over her like wild pigeons on the wing. Huzza, she gains the gate, she is safe. Thank God, thank God." And the weather-beaten borderer burst into tears of mingled joy and excitement, in which the women loudly shared, as they rushed to welcome our heroine back.

Her uncle, who had hurried to the gate to meet her, now brought her forward. "Yes," he cried, "hang around her, embrace her, thank her, for she has saved all of our lives. There, that is enough: to your posts, all of you; for the yell I hear announces that the savages are renewing their assault. But ha! What is this?" he cried, as he taking up his post at his loop hole, he looked out. "A horseman dashing toward the gate, and Frank Duke as I live. He cries to open to him. A shower of balls are falling around him. Run, Lizzy, and let him in."

He turned his head to address his niece, but she had already darted to the gate. Well was it that she had been so quick, for just as she flung open the portal a shot struck her lover, and he fell headlong from his steed. The savages were close behind, and, mad with so many failures, seemed bent on securing his scalp at every hazard; a dozen, indeed, were already within as many yards of the gate. The hesitation of a moment would have lost all. But, in that crisis, our heroine's presence of mind did not desert her: she rushed forward outside the gate, seized

Frank by the arm, and, with superhuman energy, dragged him staggering within the gate; then, letting him fall, hastily closed and barred the portals. As she placed the huge piece of wood across the solid doors she felt them quivering with the tomahawks hurled at her and Frank, in the last effort of baffled rage, but the thick planks were between her and the deadly weapons, and she knew the peril was past. She fell on her knees, at this conviction, beside the body of her lover, and audibly thanked God.

The fire from the fort and outpost, meantime, had been most deadly: the last rush of the savages had exposed them to great losses; and, almost simultaneously with the rescue of Frank, the assailants fell back. The siege, in fact, was now over, as the commandant had predicted it would be. But it was not till the third day that the savages finally broke up from before the fort, and returned across the Ohio.

Before that time Frank was out of danger. At first, his wound had been considered mortal; but assiduous care and a strong constitution saved his life. His return he explained as soon as speech was restored to him. He had fallen on the trail of the enemy, just before daybreak, and finding that it ran in the direction of Wheeling, had put spurs to his horse and galloped to the aid of the scanty garrison.

The sequel to our tale may be imagined. The heroine and her lover were, in due time, united. Never did the Old Dominion behold a nobler couple, though many have been her beauteous brides and numerous her gallant bridegrooms. And history, we may add, may be searched in vain for a deed of female heroism to surpass that which the siege of Wheeling witnessed.

NOTE.—The preceding story is true in its main particulars. The author has taken liberties with a few of the details, so as to mould them better to his purpose; but the heroic act of Elizabeth Zane, her character, and the general events of the siege are depicted without the slightest deviation from truth.

'Tis true, the world stretched lonely out before thee:

The path looks thorny where thy feet have trod,
Yet should'st thou not have quailed before the darkness,

Where was thy firm, high heart, thy trust in God?

Did'st thou not know that if the way were grievous,
So much the more great reason thou must be
Armed with a panoply of healthful labor,
To meet and vanquish thy stern enemy?

How hast thou passed these weary years of wailing?
Canst thou endure their gaze as they sit by,

Or read, unmoved, on their effaceless tablets

The wasted life that gives their hours the lie?

Are youth's aspirations wholly dead within thee?
Come they no more to thee with beaming eyes?
Has Hope's fair form forever left thy pathway?
Does Effort's sturdy hand reveal no prize?

Awake, awake, how canst thou bear this torpor,
Thou that wast made for noble things and great?
Gird thee anew, faint heart, unto the battle,
And strike at least one blow at iron fate!

MY WIFE'S NEW FRIEND.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

Mrs. Jones has quite a habit of cultivating sudden friendships, which have every appearance of blooming eternally, but which soon wither in the world's cold blasts. I used to think this characteristic was confined to school-girls, who swear immortal fidelity in letters crossed and re-crossed, but forgot each other as soon as they have caught a lover.

My wife's last acquisition, in the way of a bosom friend, is Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray, with whom she became acquainted last summer, while we were boarding out of town. Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray had her carriage with her, and created quite a sensation: in fact, every lady in the house was eager to become her confidant; but the amiable deportment of Mrs. Jones, combined, I doubt not, with her intellectual accomplishments, rendered her the favorite; and she it was who daily occupied the spare seat in the coach, and had the honor of advising Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray in those thousand grave perplexities under which women suffer.

We returned to the city after the Mowbrays, but my wife, though usually very firm on questions of etiquette, waived her privileges on this occasion, and made the first call. She was graciously received, and came home in high spirits. All that evening she could do nothing but talk of Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray. "Such an elegant establishment," she said. "A footman, with manners like a prince, waited at the door. The drawing-room was the perfection of luxury and taste. Mrs. Mowbray had on such a sweet cap, and altogether looked so lady-like. Her manners were, indeed, most aristocratic, just what one would suppose those of a countess to be."

In a few days, Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray returned my wife's call, coming in a shining new carriage, and with a new span of horses. Her equipage created quite a sensation in our street.

Mrs. Jones, soon after this, began to act as if brooding over some vast design, which not being yet quite matured, she deemed it wisest to be silent respecting. At last, however, the mighty secret was broached.

"I was thinking, Jones," she said, one night, just as I was composing myself to sleep on my pillow, "that we ought to give a party. Not a regular ball, indeed, but a select entertainment, where a few congenial minds may be brought

together. I should like to introduce my dear Mrs. Mowbray to some of the choicest of our set."

Now I detest parties, small or large, but as the delicacy of my wife's nerves does not allow of her being thwarted, I made no objection to this proposal, though I sighed to myself.

"Of course, my dear," I said. "You know best."

"We'll ask about thirty," continued my wife, warming with the subject. "There's Mrs. Wharton, and Mrs. Horace Shinn, and Mrs. Price, and the three Misses Trelawneys," and thus the dear creature ran on, until she had mentioned about forty names, and I saw that her "select party of congenial souls" was going to be, after all, a crowded rout.

"You have forgotten the two Misses Howell," I said, at last, when my wife stopped for want of breath.

The two Misses Howell were amiable, intelligent and pretty girls, in whom I took a particular interest, because their father had once been an extensive shipping merchant, but having become reduced and died bankrupt, the sisters were compelled to earn a livelihood by standing in a store. They had numerous rich relations on whom they might have billeted themselves, but, with a spirit of proper independence, they preferred to work for their maintenance, instead of eating the bread of charity. I had long nourished a romantic idea of seeing them married well, and had consequently made it a point always to invite them to our parties; to praise them highly to the young gentlemen there; and, in every other indirect way, to assist in realizing my pet scheme.

My wife, heretofore had seconded me in my benevolent plan; but on the present occasion, she hesitated to reply; and I knew, at once, that there was something the matter.

"Ahem!" she said, at last, clearing her throat. "Ahem! The Misses Howell are very nice girls to be sure—that is, in their place—but as it is to be a select party, and as I have already mentioned rather too many, and as Mrs. Mowbray may not want to meet all sorts of people, and as—"

"Stop, my dear," said I, with a sigh, for I saw that my favorites were not to be invited, "you have given reasons enough. It is a great pity,

though." And I sighed again—a sigh eloquent of passive resignation.

My wife heard my sighs, and her tender heart was touched. She paused a moment in embarrassment, and perhaps even revolved the idea of yielding to my wishes, but, in the end, she raised herself on her elbow, and said:

"Mr. Jones, do listen to reason. You don't know how foolish you make yourself about those Howell girls. They've been unfortunate to be sure; and they're very passable, indeed; but there's a prejudice, you are aware, against girls who stand in stores; and who knows but what Mrs. Mowbray would take offence at my inviting such persons to meet her. I shouldn't like to do it, indeed, without first asking her; and I can't do that this time. She's very particular, and so excessively high-bred."

"Then I don't think she'd regard you the less, my dear," I ventured to say, "for being acquainted with two such excellent girls as Petty and Lizzy Howell."

"Mr. Jones, don't be a child," replied my wife, flinging herself to the other side of the bed. "At your age you should know something of the world. Exclusive people, like Mrs. Mowbray, don't care to meet nobodies. She was very choice, as you saw, whom she admitted to her acquaintance this summer: I may say, indeed, that I am the only one, of all she met, whom she recognizes now."

To have protracted the conversation would have excited my wife's nerves, and deprived her of sleep, so I said no more, but closed my eyes and courted slumber anew. I have no recollection of anything after that, till I woke the next morning, and leaving Mrs. Jones a bed, as usual, went down to see that the fires were right, and to do the marketing while breakfast was being prepared.

The invitations to the party were issued that week, Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray graciously promising to attend.

When the important evening arrived, my wife was all nerves. At every ring of the bell, the color rose to her face with expectation, but guest after guest entered without Mrs. Mowbray appearing. Her nervousness soon began to change to anxiety, and this, as the hours wore on, to disappointment and dismay. She delayed the supper for a full hour, thinking that her new friend might yet arrive; but in vain.

"What can be the matter, I wonder," she said to me, as soon as we were alone. "I hope the dear babe is well. Perhaps, however, Mrs. Mowbray is herself sick. Dear me, I am afraid I shall not sleep for anxiety. The first thing I'll do tomorrow will be to call on Mrs. Mowbray and see what is the matter."

"Wouldn't that be against etiquette?" I ventured to ask. "It seems to me that Mrs. Mowbray should send you a note, or message, or something of that sort, at least, to apologize for her absence."

Mrs. Jones did not reply in words, but she gave me a look. And such a look! It expressed all the indignation, which her outraged bosom felt, at having the slightest suspicion cast upon her friend.

When I came home to dinner that day, I saw, at a glance, that something had occurred to ruffle my wife's nerves. She had nothing whatever to say to me, but she scolded the servants and children incessantly. I was too wise to inquire what was wrong. I knew that Mrs. Jones, if she thought proper, would tell me; and, if not, that idle questions would only aggravate her secret troubles.

But, the next day, having heard something that cast light on Mrs. Mowbray's absence from our party, I could not contain myself when I came home.

"Did you ever hear, my love," I said, as I began to carve the turkey, at dinner, "that the Misses Howell had a married sister?"

Mrs. Jones looked sharply up, as if she suspected I meant more than I said: and then answered laconically:

"I heard it casually, but never asked further."

"It seems," I continued, "that Mrs. Mortimer Mowbray is that sister."

"I've heard so since," said Mrs. Jones, sharply; and turning to our second child, who was asking for the wing-bone, she rapped him over the head, exclaiming, tartly, "haven't I told you to wait till you're helped? Take that, now, and learn manners."

I allowed a minute and more to elapse, in order that my wife's ebullition might subside, when I remarked:

"Mrs. Mowbray, it seems, expected to meet her sisters here."

"I shouldn't wonder if she did," snappishly said Mrs. Jones, looking down in her plate, and apparently absorbed in parting a wing-joint.

"When she found," I continued, "that her sisters were not asked, she grew indignant. She heard the reason, it seems. Your friend, Mrs. Wharton, whom you had made a confidant, told some lady, who told her; and hence her anger."

"I am sure I don't care if I ever see the proud thing again," said my wife, reddening very much; but still without looking up. "One could not have supposed that *she* was a sister to the Misses Howell."

After another pause, I said:

"Did you call on Mrs. Mowbray, as you intended?"

Mrs. Jones was silent for a full minute, and seemed half disposed to decline answering altogether: but finally she blurted out her reply, as follows.

"Yes, I did, since you must know. And she wasn't in. So, at least, the footman said; but if I didn't see her at the drawing-room window," and here she burst into tears of mortification and rage, "may I never eat another mouthful."

I saw that it would not do to continue the conversation: so I quietly ate my dinner, kissed the children, and, like Christian in the Pilgrim's Progress, "went my way."

Of course the intimacy of my wife with Mrs. Mowbray ceased from the date of that fatal party; and, I am sorry to say, that the Misses Howell also have, as the phrase goes, "cut our acquaintance."

SONG OF THE PEN.

BY HORACE B. DURANT.

But a pany thing from the eagle's wing,
I dopt from his course on high;
Or as weakened the might of his onward flight,
In the tread of the deep blue sky.
With a fearless sweep, I have skimmed the deep,
While Ocean was 'tuned below,
And bathed in the blaze of the sun's hot rays,
Thence plunged to the Alpine snow.

I have wheeled me away where the wild winds play,
On the brow of the mountain lone;
And in evening hour, on some ruined tower,
Have listened the wind-harp's moan;
Then with sweeping rush, in the morn's first gush,
O'er hills and the plains away,
I have speeded me on at the breaking dawn,
To welome the god of day!

My light form is shaken, when the breezes waken
The sleep of the gentle flower;
And the howling storm bears my fragile form,
Away in its wrathful power;
Yet, stronger am I than the zephyr's sigh,
Or the tempest that skims the plain;
And I scorn its strength, as it dies, at length,
In the waves of the sounding main!

What is like to me—so misty and free,
On the face of this lower sphere?
Lo, my servants are all, on this earthly ball,
And bow to my sway in fear!
With a tireless pinion, o'er Time's dominion,
I'm borne at my iron will;
As a giant I'm strong, as I pass along,
And the spires of earth are still!

Ha, what do I care for the lightning's glare,
When its gleam on the cloud appears?
By its glitt'ring flash at a single dash,
I number the countless years!
For I wander each spot where the wing of thought
Mounts up in its flight sublime;
And my glance is shed to the changes fie
O'er the trackless waste of time!

VOL. XXI.—5

The nations awake, at the sound I make,
As I haste on my journey forth,
And start from slumber, in their thronging number,
From South to the distant North.
I utter my word, and the clanging sword
Leaps forth from its brazen sheath;
The strife grows black in my onward track,
And the world is strewn with death!

I breath again, on the hearts of men,
And they sink to the calm of peace;
The storm-cloud of war looms off afar,
And its echoing thunders cease.
From the battle-plain springs the bending grain,
Where the foot of the foeman prest;
And the isles grow bright in my joyous light,
That sleeps on the pillow's crest.

I speed to the birth of the changeful earth,
And wander its mystic lands—
With the kindreds hid in the Pyramid,
Far away in the desert sands.
Ah, I know them well how they rave and fell,
While the circling ages went;
For my lips unfold the deeds of old,
In Oblivion's shadows blent!

On the lofty walls of Eternity's halls,
I tell of the child of fame,
Who at lone midnight, by the taper's light,
Toils on far a deathless name!
Him praiseth I trace, which no hand shall efface,
Or wither his glorious wreath;
A victim I wave o'er his silent grave,
While he mingles with dust beneath!

What is like to me, so mighty and free,
On the face of this lower sphere?
Lo, my servants are all on this earthly ball,
And bow to my sway in fear!
On a tireless pinion, o'er Time's dominion,
I'm borne at my iron will;
As a giant I'm strong, as I pass along,
And the spirits of earth are still!

COSTUMES OF THE PAST CENTURY.

BY CATHARINE H. FORD.

THOUGH female fashions are continually changing, they have passed through more mutations, during the last century, than, perhaps, ever before. This is made evident, when engravings of the costumes in vogue at different periods are placed side by side, as we propose to do in the present article.



COSTUME OF 1752.

Beginning with 1752 we find the fashion of that day as represented in the above cut. The peculiarity of this dress is the hooped petticoat. The hoop was a fabric of whalebone and silk, and was of such enormous circumference that ladies, in entering a coach, were forced to turn the hoop sideways. This ridiculous fashion first made its appearance at the court of Charles V., Emperor of Germany, three hundred years ago. From thence it spread to England, where it was worn among the higher classes through the

reigns of Elizabeth and James I. The unfortunate Charles I. had too much taste, however, to allow the hoop to be fashionable in his day; his queen ceased to wear it: and it consequently went out of vogue. It still, however, kept its foothold in Germany, and in 1688 was brought back into England, by the Princess Mary, wife of William, Prince of Orange. From that time it continued to be the rage till toward the close of the last century.

Passing onward five and twenty years, we find enormous head-dresses fashionable. These artificial fabrics were made up of pins, paste and pomatum, and were kept sometimes for a month. Often the hair was dressed with a projecting frontage, pointed like a steeple, with long crape



COSTUME OF 1777.

streamers, the feathers piled up with flowers in stages: and even figures of four-wheeled carriages were frequently worn as head-dresses.

This absurd way of torturing the hair into uncouth shapes, was coeval with the fashion of clipping box-trees in gardens into dragons, and other fantastic forms, and shows the grotesque taste of the day even worse than the preposterous



COSTUME OF 1808.

hoop. It was a common practice for ladies, on occasion of a public ball, when the services of hair-dressers were in great demand, to have their hair dressed the day before, and afterward to sit up all night in a chair lest it should become disarranged.

At the end of thirty years more, the whole style of female costume was changed. Hoops were out of fashion, and powder was no longer used for the hair: the style was now as free as the preceding one had been stiff. About the year 1808 this costume was in its glory. It began, however, more than ten years before, in Paris, during the very height of the French Revolution, when Madame Tallien and other republican beauties adopted it from the ancient Greek female costume, as exhibited in surviving statues. Its characteristics were a flowing robe; a high waist; arms almost entirely bare; and a corsage exceedingly low. At parties, given in Paris, about the year 1795, it was no uncommon

thing to see the loveliest women attired like Diana, Venus and other classic divinities: and Pauline, the beautiful sister of Napoleon, frequently appeared, even at a later day, in similar costumes. The style thus introduced, was afterward rendered more modest; and, in this modified shape it continued to be popular down almost to our own generation. The famous picture of the divorce of Josephine will preserve this fashion to the latest times.

The change in the material of dress, meantime, had kept pace with its other alterations. While hoops and powder were in vogue the heaviest damask silks were worn. A lady's best gown would then cost an extravagant price, but would last half a life-time. With the introduction of the classic style, as it was called, light fabrics were substituted. Dresses of gossamer texture were now used; and the figure, instead of being overloaded, was so scantily covered as frequently to verge on indelicacy. The waist grew shorter and shorter, until it was placed just under the arm-pits; but when the fashion became thus absurd a reaction began.



COSTUME OF 1817.

All this time the female bonnet had been undergoing continual changes. Originally made of silk, cloth or velvet, it began a hundred years



COSTUME OF 1827.

ago, to be almost universally fabricated out of straw. It was worn flat, of small size, and trimmed with ribbons: and was placed coquettishly on the crown of the head. Or it assumed the shape of a gipsy hats, fastened by ribbons under the chin. The English straw hats, plaited at Dunstable, were generally used at first; but afterward the Leghorn supplanted them: and these, in turn, have been driven out of the market, by English or American straw for summer, and by velvet and silk for winter bonnets.

The Grecian style of wearing the hair came into fashion between 1790 and 1800. Like the classic robe, it was imitated from the ancient statues. The hair was parted, and put behind the ear in waves, then gathered in a loose knot: or it was dressed in the same way behind, with short, loose curls in front.

The train, which had been used for ball-dresses during the reign of the hoop, went out of vogue about 1790, though it was still used at the English court, and afterward at Napoleon's. It did not make its appearance again until within the last few years, when it began to be worn by American ladies in the street. This is the height of absurdity. A train, in a ball-room, is not inelegant; but in a crowded or dirty street it is a positive nuisance. In Europe trains are never worn for walking costume.

TO ONE DEPARTED.

BY BESSIE LEE.

ARE we remembered in the world above us?
Do fond eyes watch us from the distant sky?
Or fades our image from the soul that loved us?
Answer me! answer to my bitter cry!

Come to me, loved one! I am sad and lonely,
Tho' friends to cheer me gather round the while,
'Twas in thy heart that mine was mirrored only,
And I am pining for thy voice and smile.

I know that I am earthly—thou immortal—
Still in the flesh am I—thou glorified—
Yet—is there no return thro' Heaven's bright portal?
Cannot my love recall thee to my side?

Only one hour! I would not seek to stay thee,
Nor ask that thou shouldst linger here below;
I would but see the charms that now array thee,
And hear once more thy accents soft and low.
I will not shrink—I wait thee—none are near me—
Think not I fear the glory that is thine—
An unknown spirit I might dread—but, fear thee?—
Stronger than terror is a love like mine.

My friend! my friend! oh! is there no returning
For those who gain as victors Life's best goal?

Or is it that my spirit's passionate yearning
Can now awake no echo in thy soul?

Alas! alas! the human heart that loved me,
Lies stilled and pulseless in death's dreamless rest,
And the soul, far, far, o'er on earth above me,
Will stoop no more my lowly path to bless.

Yet—yet—oh! must I deem myself forsaken?—
Nay, but I will believe thee near me yet—
Oh! all the brightness from my life were taken,
Were I indeed to think thou couldst forget.

I will believe that though unseen and voiceless,
Thy blessed presence is about me still,
That thou o'er every step of mine rejoicest,
Which brings me nearer to the Heavenly hill.

My seraph Love! my Spirit Guardian! ever
Hover around my dark and lonely way,
Tho' the thick veil of flesh and sense may sever
My soul from thine for many a weary day.

If thou mayst never bend in brightness o'er me,
While in its house of clay my spirit dwells,
Help me to tread the path that lies before me,
And reach the world where there are no farewells.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. I.

THE HORSE AND HIS EQUIPMENTS.

The equestrian art is the most healthful accomplishment which a lady can possess. There is no exercise that affords such rational and innocent delight, nor is there any attitude in which beauty appears so graceful as on a side saddle. The art, when pursued in the open air, presents a rapid and exhilarating succession of scenic changes, that gratify the love of nature and elevate the spirits, without inducing excessive fatigue subsequently. To know how to ride well is fortunately becoming almost a necessary part of a lady's education. We propose, therefore, in a series of illustrated articles, to lay down rules, by following which every fair reader may become, with a little practice, an accomplished equestrian.

It is proper, however, to correct at the outset an impression, prevailing among timid, nervous and indolent ladies, that riding on horseback is attended with peril. Accidents in the side-saddle, on the contrary, are of extremely rare occurrence. Horses, in general, are much more docile with riders of the fair sex, than when mounted by men. This may be attributed, in part, to the comparatively more backward position of the former in the saddle; but its principal cause is unquestionably in the superior delicacy of a woman in managing the reins.

The first thing, when a lady wishes to acquire the equestrian art, is to inform herself of the meaning of certain technical terms applied to the horse and equipments. Nothing, for instance, would be more mortifying for the fair rider than to hear phrases used, respecting steed, bridle or saddle, of which she did not understand the pur-

when they were told that his withers were galled. We shall begin our instructions, therefore, by a full explanation of all technicalities.

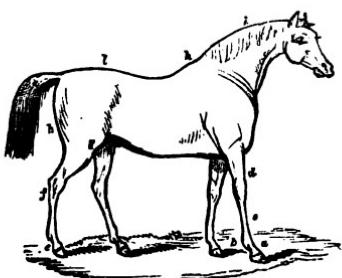
In the above engraving the principal parts of a horse are lettered. To begin with the anterior limb:—*a* is the fore pastern; *b*, the fetlock; *c*, the leg; and *d*, the arm. In the hind limb, *e* is the hind pastern; *f*, the hock; *g*, the stifle; and *h*, the haunch. The upper surface of the neck, *i*, is denominated the crest; *k*, the withers; and *l*, the croup.

We come next to the bridle. This should always be double-reined for ladies, and we give an engraving of one of this description. Here, *a* is the double head-stall; *b*, the front; *c*, the



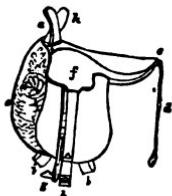
nose-band; *d*, the throat-lash; *e*, *e*, the snaffle-rein; *f*, *f*, the curb-rein; and *g*, *g*, the martingale. We annex also engravings of the curb-bit and snaffle-bit, to which the curb-reins and snaffle-reins are respectively attached. The difference in the action of these two bits, strange to say, is not always understood, even by equestrians: they only know that one is more powerful than the other, but why it is so they are ignorant. We shall, therefore, explain this point.

The snaffle-bit has the reins *m*, *m*, attached, as will be seen in the cut, to rings *h*, *h*, at either end of the bit; and when the rein is pulled by the rider, the result is a direct strain, and no more. The curb-bit, on the contrary, has arms *i*, *i*, at either end, and it is to the ends of these, *k*, *k*, that the reins are fastened. A chain, *l*, passes under the horse's lower jaw, forming a fulcrum at the points, *o*, *o*. When the curb-rein is pulled, it acts on the principle of a lever, and the result is to give the rider vast power over the horse. A curb-bit can be made with arms so long as to enable even a lady to break the horse's jaw, if necessary. The best riders use the curb-bit almost constantly, it enabling them to manage the horse more easily. Equestrians, however, should be careful, in their earlier practice, how



port. We have, on more than one occasion, seen equestrians put to the blush, because they did not know what part of the animal was meant,

they employ the curb-bit; for their handling being generally rough, they always worry, and often enrage the horse, making him fractious, and frequently producing accidents.



The saddle comes next. In this, *a* is the near crutch; *b*, the off crutch; *c*, the cantle; *d*, the crupper; *e*, the safe; *f*, the skirt; *g*, the stirrup; *h*, the near side half of the surcingle; and *i, i*, the

girths. Much of the comfort of the rider depends on the make of the saddle. We are sorry to say that few good side-saddles are manufactured. They are made generally too cheaply, and on weak trees, as their frame-work is technically called. Their shape also is mostly bad. Much, too, depends on the padding. It is impossible to describe, in print, a good side-saddle; and we know of but one competent maker in Philadelphia.

A few more technical terms, and we shall have concluded this preliminary part of our subject. A lady's right hand is termed the *whip-hand*, and her left, the *bridle-hand*. The *near side* of a horse is that which is on the left of the rider; and the *off side* is that which is on the right. The height of a horse is always estimated in *hands*, of four inches each: it is measured at the tip of the shoulder. A horse is never spoken of as being so many hands *tall*, but so many hands *high*.

THE GOLDEN CURL.

BY EMMA LOUISE CHANDLER.

It is faded and dimmed, I dare no more
To gaze on that curl, as in days of yore—
For many a year has it been my prize,
And guarded with care from another's eyes;
But the spell is past, and the head laid low,
That once it unwreathed with its golden bower.

For the dark brown eyes, so kindly and meek,
And the lashes that swept the rose-hued cheek,
And the light, and shade, that rose and fell
As her soul gazed out from its crystal cell;
And the smile, like the sun-ray breaking forth,
Have passed away from the darkened earth.

And the voice, with its music tones of love,
Is blending the chaunt with the blest above;
It has passed away with its murmur low,
And the heart that was mine, in weal or woe,
In the kirk-yard sleeps "as the dead may sleep,"
And the world frowns on that I still should weep.

But it's no light thing, in this world of care,
To sing the dirge of the young and the fair,
And the friends that brighten our lot below,
They are all too precious thus soon to go.
And with smiles or frowns on its mocking face,
Ah! the world's but a dreary resting-place.

And the dearest things in this weary life
Are the voices that call from human strife;
And e'er while the loved on the earth are few,
And the friends are rare that are always true;
Our hearts must be sad when the tie is riven,
And the loved and the lost go home to Heaven.

And I cannot gaze on the tress of hair,
Now the form lies low that was once so fair,
For voices speak from too many a scene
In the wild storm hours, or the sun-ray's sheen;
And my heart in its weariness ever weeps
When I think of the grave where Kathleen sleeps.

In the Summer of sun, or Winter of snow,
With the sky above and the dust below,
Whether storms fall down on the lonely sod,
Or the sunlight gleams on the hazel rod;
She is all alone in her dreamless sleep,
And the cold world frowns that I still should weep.

Though many an hour with its light and shade,
When the moon gleamed down on the forest glade,
Or the Grecian lamp, with its changing light,
Shone out on the darkness of drear midnight;
Have I gazed into Kathleen's dreamy eyes,
'Till the darkened earth seemed a Paradise.

But the wind from the chill North-east blew cold;
And we wrapped her close in many a fold—
And the leaves fell down on the frosty ground,
As we piled the turf o'er the sleeper's mound;
And the last love glance from her eyes was given,
She closed them on earth to open in Heaven.

But my heart is filled with its blinding tears;
And the weary earth, with its cares and fears
Seems all by the hues of the grave o'er cast,
A monument raised to the shad'wy past:
And my eyes cannot see the golden hair,
They are dimmed by the waves of earthly care.

OUR WORK TABLE.

A BABY'S CROCHET HOOD.

BY MME. DEFOUR.

Materials required.—Two ounces of white German wool, and three skeins of white floss silk.



FOR THE CAP.—Make a chain of eighty stitches.

1st row.—Double crochet.

2nd row.—Long stitch: repeat these two rows, alternately, until you have worked twelve rows.

13th row.—Double crochet.

14th row.—Double long stitch. This row is intended for a ribbon to draw in the cap.

15th row.—Double crochet.

16th row.—Long stitch: repeat these two rows.

19th row.—Double long stitch; for ribbon.

20th row.—Double crochet; repeat this row twice, for the foundation of the three borders round the face; then crochet the back of the cap together rather more than an inch; draw the remaining piece together, and finish it with a white satin button: this forms the crown.

FOR THE CURTAIN.—Work one row of double crochet along the neck part of the cap.

2nd row.—Treble long stitch. For a ribbon to draw in at the neck.

3rd row.—Double crochet.

4th row.—Work a chain of five stitches in every second stitch.

5th row.—Work a chain of five stitches in every

fifth centre stitch of the last row: repeat this row four times.

10th row.—Double crochet in every stitch.

11th row.—Work a chain of five stitches in every other stitch.

FOR THE BORDERS.—1st row.—Work a chain of five stitches in every stitch at the edge of the cap.

2nd row.—Work a chain of five stitches in every fifth centre stitch: repeat this row.

4th row.—With floss silk, double crochet in every stitch. This finishes the first border. Work the other two in the same way.

FOR THE LAPPETS.—Double the cap across from the centre of the front to the centre of the neck.

1st row.—Work a chain of five stitches in every other stitch.

2nd row.—Work a chain of five stitches in every fifth centre stitch: repeat this row five times, leaving a loop at the beginning and ending of every row. To narrow it at each end, edge it with floss silk to match the borders. Repeat this on the opposite side of the cap.

These lappets can be omitted; the hood is pretty and quite finished without them.

FOR THE ROSETTE.—Make a chain of rather more than half a yard, work it the same as the border, with the addition of one more row. Run a piece of wool through the foundation, and draw it up according to taste.

Run two pieces of narrow white satin ribbon across the front of the cap, also a piece of sarsenet ribbon, rather wider, to draw the cap at the neck; tie it in the centre. Line the cap with white sarsenet ribbon.

DEATH OF AN INFANT.

BY WILLIAM EDWARD KNOWLE

From its parent stem a bud unfolded,
And promise gave of blossoms rare;
And in beauty was its fair form moulded,
With tints as bright as gold placed there.
It opened when came the morning light;
But droop'd ere fell the shades of night.

The frail infant—now a child of Heaven,
Was type of this frail flower fair;
Breathed at morn; but ere the hour of even
The lamp of life was shaded there.
Both came, and died, within a day,
But one will live, and one decay.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR PRESENT NUMBER.—We made few promises comparatively, last month, respecting the present issue, for we wished to take you by surprise, reader, with a *double number*. We have spared no expense; and the result is before you. Eighty-eight pages of original reading, four embellishments of the costliest description, and an almost countless number of less expensive illustrations. All this, too, for but two dollars a-year! To clubs of eight or more—and what village is so small that it has not eight ladies of refinement?—the price is only one dollar and twenty-five cents! The thing is really unprecedented. In return for such lavish expenditure, we rely on an immense subscription list: and, if we know the ladies of America, we shall have it.

We wish you particularly, reader, to compare this Magazine with others, in three respects. The first is in its fashion plates. No other periodical, in 1851, gave near so many colored steel plates as this; no one approached it in the novelty or reliability of the patterns; no one gave so much useful information, in the letter-press, respecting the latest styles. The second point relates to the character of the reading matter generally. In this no Magazine equals it. Scores of private letters in our possession, as well as public notices attest the fact. The third, and last point, is that this is emphatically "a Magazine of pure morals." It does not, like many others, have to be carefully examined, by the parents, before being placed in the hands of a daughter. *It is always on the side of virtue.*

What periodical equals this as a Magazine for ladies? Compare the present number with the January issue of any contemporary, and you will answer "none." The illustrated articles on Equestrianism, Crochet-Work and Female Costume, which will be continued monthly, decide this point, without referring at all to the tone of the entire contents. Honestly, we do not see how any lady of refinement or intelligence can do without the "National." It will be impossible, in 1852, to keep up with the times with out.

And now, ere we bid you farewell, reader, a single parting word. Do not be content with subscribing yourself, but persuade your friends to subscribe also. Our mark for 1852 is a circulation of *one hundred thousand*. If you say, once and all, that we shall have it, the thing is done. A Happy New Year to you: and to us—that hundred thousand!

THE SATURDAY GAZETTE.—We call particular attention to the Prospectus of this weekly newspaper. It will be seen that superior inducements are offered to subscribers, by the proprietors; a dollar's worth of books to every new two dollar sub-

84

scriber, or ten copies for ten dollars besides an extra copy to the person getting up the club. The size of the "Gazette" is that of the largest of the mammoth papers. It is, therefore, altogether the cheapest of the various Philadelphia weeklies. For three dollars one copy of it, and one of this Magazine will be sent, for one year.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Moby-Dick; or, The Whale. By Herman Melville. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Those who have read "Typee," and "Mardi," and can imagine a book compounded of the two, will have as correct an idea of this work as it is possible for a critic to give. Regarded in one light it is a skilfully told narrative of sea-adventures: viewed in another it is a philosophical romance. We confess that we like it best in its former aspect. Had the story been compressed one-half, and all the transcendental chapters omitted, it would have been decidedly the best sea-novel in the English language. No man can serve two masters, even in fiction; and Mr. Melville, by attempting it, has spoilt his book. Still the demerit of "Moby-Dick" is only comparative. It is not an indifferent work, but a very superior one, after all. In describing the chase and capture of a whale, or any other stirring incident of Ocean life, the author displays even more than his usual powers. The concluding chapters of the volume, representing the attempt to destroy the great white whale, from whom the book is named, are really beyond rivalry. It is somewhat remarkable that the catastrophe of the novel, a ship run down by a whale, has been verified, within a few months, in the Pacific, and that the intelligence of so extraordinary a feat reached the United States the very week the work went to press. In conclusion, we would add, that nowhere can so authentic an account of the habits of the whale be found, as in this volume.

The Female Prose-Writers of America. With Portraits. 1 vol. Philada: E. H. Butler & Co.—When a publisher undertakes to issue a work like this, professing to be adorned by accurate portraits, he is unpardonable if he gives caricatures instead. Now with the solitary exception of Mrs. Neal's portrait, which really resembles the fair original, not one of the engravings is a correct likeness, while several of them are atrocious libels. We hear that Mr. Butler spared no expense to obtain accurate paintings or reliable daguerreotypes from which to have the engravings made, and in this he showed a proper sense of his duty. But unfortunately he stopped here. He should not have published the portraits, after they were engraved, until he had been assured, by those personally acquainted with the living originals

that they were good likenesses. At present, the volume is worthless, at least so far as the portraits are concerned. The head of Margaret Fuller resembles that of a dropical child; the picture of Mrs. Kirkland is scarcely more accurate; and the portrait of our coadjutor, Mrs. Stephens, looks no more like her than like Queen Victoria. In type, paper and binding, however, the volume is unexceptionable.

A Method of Horsemanship, founded upon New Principles: including the Breaking and Training of Horses: With instructions for obtaining a seat. Illustrated with engravings. By F. Baucher. 1 vol. Philada: A. Hart.—The publication of this work has created no little excitement among equestrians. Mr. Baucher is a French gentleman, who has invented a new method of horsemanship, the chief feature of which is that a rider is to manage his steed by kindness and skill, not by force. We have seen several animals trained after Mr. Baucher's system, and must confess their superiority to horses generally. Every person, who desires to be a finished equestrian, should have this volume. The translation is from the ninth Paris edition.

Woman in Her Various Relations. Containing Practical Rules for American Females. By Mrs. L. C. Abell. 1 vol. New York: W. Holdredge. Philada: J. & J. L. Gihon.—This is no mere theoretical affair, full of declamation about the sphere of woman and the cruelty of man, but a practical work on health, manners, social intercourse, domestic economy, and other matters interesting to the sex. We recommend it as a book that may safely be placed in the hands of daughters. It is quite elegantly got up.

The Natural History of the Human Species. By Lieut.-Col. Charles Hamilton Smith. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Philada: W. F. Martien.—The author of this volume is an advocate of the diversity of the human race. As the work is a reprint, Dr. Keeneland, of Boston, furnishes an introduction, in which the arguments, on both sides, as derived from the most competent writers, are set before the reader. Messrs. Gould & Lincoln have issued the book in a very neat style.

Poems. By Richard Henry Stoddard. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields.—Mr. Stoddard, though one of the youngest of our poets, is already fast attaining the reputation of one of our best. The longest poem in this volume, "The Castle in the Air," is a gorgeous dream-picture, full of a Keats-like voluptuousness. Many of the smaller poems are exquisitely beautiful.

Memoirs of Dr. Chalmers. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The volume before us embraces the residence of Dr. Chalmers at Aberdeen and a portion of his career as Professor at Edinburgh. The more we read about this great and good man, the loftier becomes our veneration for his character.

Ten Thousand a-Year. By Dr. Warren. 2 vols. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a beautiful illustrated edition, sold at the low price of fifty cents a volume.

Chambers' Papers for the People. Vol. I and II. Philada: J. W. Moore.—In this useful miscellany, which is to be completed in twelve volumes, we have an agreeable variety of history, fiction, travels and miscellaneous articles. Altogether a most useful, as well as entertaining serial. It is issued in quite a handsome style.

Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. No. 18. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The pen and pencil of the author are occupied, in this number, with the Revolutionary localities about Philadelphia. The book increases in interest as it progresses.

The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World. By E. S. Creasy. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A well written work, in which the influence of Marathon, Tours, Hastings, Waterloo, and other battles, on the destinies of mankind, is forcibly depicted.

A Wonder-Book for Girls and Boys. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor, Read & Fields.—In this charming little volume, Hawthorne has skilfully reproduced some of the leading classical myths. It is just the book for the holidays.

Hand-Book of Biography. By Parke Godwin. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam.—This volume is all that it pretends to be, and is really the most perfect portable biographical dictionary extant. Every person should have it.

London Labor and London Poor. No. 15. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Mr. Mayhew is occupied, in the present issue, with the Jews, the Tea-Venders and the Dustmen of London. An intensely interesting number.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY

FIG. I.—*BLOOMER EVENING DRESS,* of dove colored silk, skirt trimmed with two flounces, scalloped and embroidered in colors. Corsage of white cambric, the front formed of richly worked insertion; sleeves demi-long, finished with worked ruffles. Full white cambric trousers, with a frill around the bottom, and dove colored gaiters. The hair is combed back from the face in waves, and gathered in a knot behind.

FIG. II.—*AN EVENING DRESS OF STRAW COLORED SATIN,* with a double skirt. The lower skirt is trimmed with three flounces of white lace. The upper skirt reaches below the top of the upper founce, and is looped up with two bows of rich satin ribbon. The corsage is trimmed with lace in the shawl-berthe style, with the space in front filled with a bouquet of rich flowers. The style in which the hair in this figure is arranged is new, and to almost every face remarkably becoming. It is tied behind and plaited, then fastened by a comb and passed around the front of the head. An equally beautiful and more simple way of arranging the hair, is to give it a French twist, fasten it with a comb, and instead of

plaiting it, roll it loosely and pass the roll around the head as in our plate.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The various shades of brown and drab still continue to be the fashionable colors. Some few dresses have been made in the waistcoat style, of which we have before spoken and given cuts.

We have seen a dress of grey coutil have the corsage with double fronts. The outer fronts, like the rest of the dress, are of grey coutil, and they are intended to be worn open. The inner fronts, forming the gilet or waistcoat, are of dark blue silk, and fastened up the front, from the waist to the throat, by a row of fancy buttons. The corsage of this dress has basques, edged with a quilling of grey and blue ribbon. The sleeves, which are turned up at the ends, reach to a little below the middle of the arm. Under these loose sleeves are worn muslin undersleeves, confined at the wrists. The skirt has tucks of graduated width. Another dress, which is of steel color coutil, has the gilet made of white pique. It is fastened up the front by a row of buttons formed of onyx set in a narrow rim of gold. A double frill of Valenciennes lace is worn round the throat instead of a collar. The front of the jupe, the basques, and ends of the sleeves are ornamented with rows of narrow black velvet.

Except the waistcoat body there is nothing new in the style of making the corsage. Sleeves are made à la Louis Quatorz. That is nearly straight, with a curve at the elbow, and not nearly so wide as they have been worn. They have a deep cuff turned up, about a finger in depth. In heavy materials, as merinoes and cashmeres, this cuff as well as the cap of the sleeve is made of velvet. The continued favor with which tight bodies are regarded, has made buttons an expensive as well as an elegant and useful article of dress. They can be had at any price from twelve cents to two dollars a dozen. The onyx, agate, and enameled buttons set with pearls, &c., as well as some *papier mache* exquisitely inlaid, are among the most beautiful.

Some of the new dress patterns of silks, cashmeres, and de laines come with the front breadths stamped with wreaths of flowers of the richest colors, whilst the rest of the dress is covered with flowers which produce the same effect, but in smaller figures.

MOURNING COSTUME.—The recent revival of the old fashion of employing jet trimming adds greatly to the elegance of mourning. A black crape dress has been trimmed with seven flounces, which, as well as the corsage and sleeves, are ornamented with jet. Another dress, composed of black brocade, has the bottom of the skirt ornamented with three rows of deep fringe, formed of jet. Dresses, consisting of a skirt of black silk, and a jacket or vest of the same to match, have also been made to be worn in slight mourning. The skirts of these dresses are flounced, and the flounces, as well as the edge of the pardessus, are ornamented with embroidery. Black cashmere is a material often employed for morning or walking costume. Dresses of this material are embroidered with silk, or ornamented with braid. In deep mourning, crape is usually employed as a trimming for cashmere dresses. A pardessus of the same trim-

med with frills of crape, scalloped, and a bonnet of black crape may be added for out-door costume. Mourning bonnets, consisting of bias folds of crape, have wide strings of ribbon crepe, and are trimmed under the brim with scabions and jet foliage, or with velvet flowers, violet and black intermingled. Collars, habit-shirts, and under-sleeves, are ornamented with needlework in black. Among the head-dresses adapted for mourning may be mentioned crape flowers, relieved by aiguillettes of jet, and a petit-bord of black crape, ornamented with a marabout feather, intermingled with jet: under trimming, a small bouquet of violets, each having a jet bead in the centre. An elegant evening dress for slight mourning is composed of lilac silk, the skirt trimmed with two deep flounces, edged with embroidery in black silk. The pattern of the embroidery is a beautiful wreath, and it is intermingled with small jet beads. Over each flounce hangs a row of black lace, sufficiently deep to reach to the top of the embroidery. The lace flounces are looped up, the one on the right and the other on the left side, by a small bouquet of flowers composed of black and lilac velvet intermingled with jet beads. The corsage has a shawl berthe of black lace. The short sleeves are trimmed with frills of lace, and looped up by agrafes of black velvet foliage and jet. A stomacher of jet is worn in the centre of the corsage. In the hair, bouquets of heartsease, one on each side, fixed by a small bow with long ends of black velvet ribbon; the latter reaching nearly to the waist.

The BONNETS are principally casings of velvet or silk, or both combined; and in the darker ones black lace is very much employed. Some of the velvet mantillalets are of the shawl form, that is pointed behind and in front, and are trimmed with deep fringe, or two rows of black lace. Nearly all the new cloaks are made of cloth. Many of them are circular, like the circular capes worn some years since, others have full circles behind with the fronts cut in the pelrini shape. All have hoods. Velvet ribbon, silk gimp and galon are the articles employed for trimming. Furs are also used.

With respect to head-dresses, it is certain that they will be worn very backward on the head: caps just cover the hair at the back of the head, and the head-dress of ribbon or lace is worn so as to droop behind the ears. The extreme fulness of the front bandeaux of hair renders it almost obligatory to fit the head-dress very much toward the back of the head.

The few head-dresses we have yet seen are rich and elegant. They consist for the most part of blonde, lace, open work velvet, and dentelle d'or or gold lace; and for trimming, flowers, feathers, ribbon, gold and silver blonde, and gold and jet ornaments are employed.

One of the prettiest caps we have yet seen is composed of a fanchon of black lace, trimmed with black ribbon, figured with gold, and two small light bouquets of gold flowers. Another cap consists of a fanchon of white silk tulle, spotted with gold, and trimmed on each side with a tuft of small marabout feathers, strewed with gold.

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ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.



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No. 2.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY MARY V. SPENCER.

"PATRICK—have they the lettchers?—don't you perswe I can't see?"

It was St. Valentine's morning, and the impatient speaker was one of two young Irish peasants, who were peeping into the Widow O'Neill's cottage: the Widow O'Neill, whose handsome daughters were the admiration of all Galway.

"Yes, and Mary is reading hers, rose of my heart," replied the other, who happened to have the best position for observation. "The saints bless her darlin' face!"

"And Kate?" asked the other.

"Shure, and now it's Kate's turn," was the reply. "There—you can see her now, can't you—little do the swate girls think we are looking at them this blessed minute, as little as the mother that sits over the fire there, warming her ould hands."

"We'll be the happy lads, Patrick," said the other, "the day we take them to the priest."

"Amen to that," answered Patrick, "and may it be before another year comes around. Shure, and if we can't support the dear craythurs here, as the ould folks say we can't, we'll marry them and go to America, blessed be God!"

"That's the thrue word, if ever one was spoken," replied his companion. "But see—they have done reading—and if we don't be off, they'll see us—which would make them angry to be shure."

Such was one humble scene, on St. Valentine's morning; and hundreds of others, not essentially different from it, were doubtless to be witnessed elsewhere. On that day long-bashful lovers make bold to speak, and modest maidens do not disdain to give favorable answers: it is indeed high holi-day in the court of love. Many a marriage dates from its auspicious dawn.

The festival of St. Valentine is of great antiquity. The Lupercalia, feasts of ancient Rome in honor of Pan and Juno, were held about this

VOL. XXI.—6

period of the year; and among the ceremonies was a game in which young persons of the opposite sex chose each other jocularly by lot. The festival continued as a popular custom, even after the introduction of Christianity, only the patronage of Pan and Juno was laid aside, and in their place was substituted Saint Valentine. Throughout the middle ages, it was a prevalent notion that the first unmarried person of the other sex, whom one met on St. Valentine's morning walking abroad, was a destined husband or wife. A gentleman, indeed, was privileged to make such a one his Valentine for the ensuing year, and even to kiss his sweetheart: a custom commemorated in Sir Walter Scott's novel, "The Fair Maid of Perth."

Subsequently, the popular observance of St. Valentine's Day consisted in the drawing of a kind of lottery, followed by ceremonies not unlike an ordinary game of forfeits. A traveller, who visited England about 1700, thus describes the festival. "On the eve of St. Valentine's Day the young folk, by a very ancient custom, celebrate a little festival. An equal number of maidens and bachelors get together; each writes his or her true or feigned name upon separate billets, which they roll up, and draw by way of lots, the maids taking the men's billets, and the men the maids; so that each of the young men lights upon a girl that he calls his Valentine, and each of the girls upon a young man whom she calls hers. By this means each has two Valentines; but the man sticks faster to the Valentine that is fallen to him, than to the Valentine to whom he has fallen. Fortune having thus divided the company into so many couples, the Valentines give balls and treats to their mistresses, wear their billets several days upon their bosoms or sleeves, and this little sport often ends in love."

In our day the festival of St. Valentine has ceased to be observed, in its true spirit, except

among some of the rural districts of England, Scotland or Ireland. But in remote spots, like that in which lived the Widow O'Neill, it is even yet kept up, or was, a few years ago, when the two lovers watched secretly, as we have described, at the window of their fair mistresses.

The hopeful prognostications of the young men were not at fault; the blushes of Kate and Mary had not deceived them; and, before a twelvemonth had expired, they were on their way to America, with their young brides, as they had wished to be.

YOU AND I.

BY RICHARD COE.

WHEN the sun is shining bright,
And no cloud is in the sky;
And sweet flow'rets in the light,
Seem to vie
Which shall give the most delight
To the passer by!
Who is happy? I.

When the clouds obscure the sun—
Dim the beauty of the sky;
And the flow'rets one by one
Fade and die;
And the wind with mournful tone
Sadly waileth by!
Who unhappy? I.

When I've done a kindly deed,
To a fellow being nigh,
Leaning on me like a reed
When mine eye
At his tale of pity bleed,
And my bosom sigh!
Who is happy? I.

When I've spoken unkind word;
Gave my brother angry lie;
And within his bosom stirred
Bitter sigh;
Though I be not overheard,
No one standing by;
Who unhappy? I.

Let the sun be dim or bright,
Shining on me from the sky;
All the same shall be its light
To mine eye;
For I have a calm delight,
In my purpose high—
Happy, happy I?

This the lesson I would teach
To my fellow passing by,
Happiness is in our reach,
If we try;
Kindly deed and gentle speech
Ever bring it nigh!
Happy you and I!

SWEET SISTER, PRAY FOR ME.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

OH, lov'd one, when thou kneelest
In sweet and silent pray'r,
And off rest up thy homage,
So free from worldly care;
When in thy secret chamber
Is heard no voice of glee,
But when each thought is holy—
Sweet sister, pray for me!

For oh! my heart is wayward—
I cannot, cannot pray
With half that pure devotion
I knew in childhood's day.
The world's alluring voices—
Its mocking vanity,
Has chang'd my young affections—
Then, sister, pray for me!

Thy heart is pure and guileless—
Free as the morning's air
That wafts those sunny ringlets
From off thy brow, so fair.
But mine, ah! mine, sweet sister,
Is no more light and free;
Then often in thy prayers,
Oh, think and plead for me!

Yes, plead for me, dear sister,
When midnight's holy hour
Reigns o'er the world in silent
Yet strange and wondrous pow'r.
And tho' I now am sever'd
Far, far, lov'd one, from thee,
The pray'r may still be answer'd
That thou hast breath'd for me!

THE LOVE LETTER;
OR, TREASON IN FLOWERS.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 19.

"ARE no lessons ever taught in the Villa Reale?" retorted Maria, in a tone that betrayed no ordinary degree of annoyance.

She could not have put herself on the offensive more effectually. The blood rushed crimson over Ella's neck and bosom, and, without another word, she left the room, humming a tune as she went, and striving with all her might to appear unembarrassed.

Sunset came on, a glorious sunset, such as we have described the previous evening, followed by a full, clear moon. Ella went to the window of her room, and seating herself on the broad stone sill, looked down upon the busy throng that filled the promenade. English lords, Italian princes, Americans, flower-girls, music boys, street danders, beggars, every phase and condition of life passed beneath her, as a river flows to the ocean. All this she looked upon as in a dream, one object alone filled her mind. If she gazed on the throng, it was from no interest, but to make herself sure that he should not pass when her eyes were turned another way.

Just as the sun went down, a cavalcade came sweeping around the Posilippo, and dashed into the Chiaja. It needed not the beat of drums, or the uplifted hats of the populace to inform Ella that it was the king coming from his hunt. She had no eyes for the royal carriage, with its common-place and stout burden of royalty; she saw nothing of the mounted body-guard that rode in close phalanx behind, and among all the gentlemen that formed a portion of the royal escort, she saw only one horseman. His eyes were uplifted to the window, flashing a look that made her breath come quick. His hand was raised, and, unseen by all but herself, waived a graceful adieu as the cavalcade swept around an abrupt curve in that portion of the drive, sending behind the clatter of hoofs, and the sharp rattle of the sentinels drums, caught and re-echoed from station to station as the king approached his palace. Maria had been stooping over her cousin, watching the cavalcade with feelings of which Ella had no conception. She too had caught a glance from one of the king's escort, a cautious glance, coupled with a smile that made the very

heart tremble in her bosom. He looked so confident—that strange, handsome Rossi—so assured of her love, yet so very cautious, his glance was withdrawn the moment it was given, but the smile continued. He neither looked back or waived his hand, still they understood each other; and after the first instant Maria grew pale, and an inward shudder crept through her bosom, like the movement of a viper. She grew faint and leaned against the window-frame, sick of her very life.

Ella sprang up, wild with the happiness that one look had sent to her heart, throwing her arms about the drooping neck of her cousin, she began to whirl around the room in a waltz.

"It is hard work without music," said Maria, with a forced smile, but yielding to the graceful impetus.

Music indeed. What need had Ella White of that? Had she not enough in her own heart, swelling there in blissful waves as we fancy the air of heaven, to palpitate when the angels pour their full melody upon it?

You should have seen the golden gleam of her curls as they swept over that white neck—the child-like sparkle of her eyes as she floated through the room, throwing off the sweet exuberance of her feelings in a thousand graceful deviations from the regular step.

She danced herself out of breath, and then releasing her cousin, looked playfully in her face.

"Why, how pale you are—how terribly forlorn. Was he absent? I did not look. Were you disappointed? Oh, that was too bad."

"Who absent? What are you talking about?" answered Maria, pettishly, for everything annoyed her just then.

"My pretty marchioness, who should it be, pray, but Rossi."

"What is Rossi to me?"

"Oh, nothing—nothing in the world, I dare say—when people are nothing to us we write them love-letters, and all that sort of thing?"

As she spoke, her hand stole down, and Ella snatched a letter from the pocket of Maria's apron. The rapid motion of the waltz had exposed the address to her quick eye. She held it up, laughing with gleeful mischief.

For a moment the young girl stood before her laughing cousin mute, motionless, and shivering as if chilled to the soul. Then with a burst of passion that left her white as death, and shook her whole frame, she darted toward the letter.

"Give it me—give it me at once. It is mine. You have no business with my letters!"

"Not till you tell me all about it. When did he propose? Is this the answer? In a word, am I, poor, humble I, to have a marchioness for my cousin? Speak, cousin, speak, or I shall faint."

She looked like fainting, that wild, beautiful creature, with her bright eyes so full of fun, her dimples, her floating hair, and one arm holding up the letter, white as snow, and with the profuse lace on her muslin sleeve floating around it like a gossamer.

"No, no, cousin, mine, you *cannot* have the love-letter till I am taken into confidence."

"What do you wish to know?" said Maria, now frozen, as it were, into pale composure, and speaking with bitterness.

"Oh! only one thing—one little tiny fact, cousin. Is he accepted?"

"If I tell, will you give me back the letter?"

"Certainly! but what a thick, heavy sort of a love-letter it is, six sheets of note paper, I dare say. Well, now, is he accepted?"

"Yes, he is accepted conditionally: will that do?"

"Do! why you dear, enchanting, beautiful cousin, it will be the ruin of me; poor mamma will be beside herself; a marchioness in the family, a wedding—court-dresses. What will poor, insignificant me pass for then?"

The wild young thing had talked herself out of breath. She paused, looked earnestly at her cousin, and the sparkling violet of her eyes grew dim with tears.

"You know, Maria, how glad I am—how much, how very much I love you. Here is the letter, but tell me, why is it so heavy? How could you find so much to write?"

Again Maria's face blanched, and her eyes fell beneath the pure loving gaze that was fixed upon them.

"I had much to explain," she faltered out; "my position, my poverty—he knew nothing of circumstances so painful to write, and which may change his wishes."

"No, cousin, this must not be," said Ella, now speaking with serious dignity, "say nothing of all this; you are not poor, no one ever expected that you would be. While with us—one of the family—it was of no importance; but now, let us understand each other. Our fathers were brothers, one died rich, the other insolvent; the poor man left a daughter, the rich brother left

one also, with money enough for both. I always expected to share this property with you, Maria. How should you have doubted it?"

Maria stood listening, her eyes still bent on the floor, and tears raining down her pale cheeks; her figure appeared to grow shorter; she seemed crushed to the earth by the noble conduct of her cousin.

"Oh, heavens! I never expected this," she cried, locking her hands together.

"Go break the seal, and strike out all that you have said on this subject in your letter," said Ella, passing an arm around her cousin's neck, and kissing her; "fill up the space with all sorts of delightful nonsense, or else it will be no genuine love-letter after all."

Maria gave no answer, but went out still weeping, and with the letter grasped tight in her hand.

She went to her chamber, and stole through into that of her cousin. As she entered, that thief-like air came upon her again; she crept to the toilet and attempted to open the tortoise-shell casket. It was locked. Maria drew back with a faint groan, she remembered that the key was suspended to Ella's watch. How could she obey the repentant impulse?—how redeem the fraud she had perpetrated on that noble girl? Maria thrust the letter into her apron pocket again, and sat down the most miserable creature that you ever saw. How could she proceed?—how redeem her pledge to Rossi, without wrong to that sweet generous cousin who had just divided all she had on earth with her? Reflection gave her no help, and she wrung her hands in agony of spirit. The good and the evil in her nature had a severe struggle that night, and the good prevailed. But the first step in evil sometimes counts terribly upon the future; God does not always yield the power to redem a wrong even to the pleadings of our penitence.

While Maria sat wrapped in the bitterness of her thoughts, the door opened and Ella looked in. All her beautiful, wild spirits had returned; consciousness that she was loved, the sweet feelings sure to follow a generous action, the impulsive gaiety of her nature, all were kindling innocent and joyous mirth in her bosom; and an angel looking in upon some troubled spirit of darkness, could not have been in more beautiful contrast than she appeared that moment with the gloomy inmate of the chamber.

"What, sitting here in the dark, sweet marchioness," she cried. "Have you any idea how late it is? Why, the moon is up, and pouring floods of silver on the bay."

"I will come presently, but leave me just now," said Maria, sadly, and the kind girl went away, leaving the gloomy thinker to her self-reproach.

Again the door was opened, and with the gush of light that broke over the Guido-like beauty of that young head, came a strain of exhilarating music. Maria sprang to her feet, exclaiming breathlessly, "what, so late! Can it be so late?"

"I thought that would bring you out," cried Ella, with a blithe laugh. "Come—come! he is under the window, I saw his face in the moonlight. Now is the time, throw him the letter, with a handful of flowers; here is a basket full, which John has just brought in."

Again that unaccountable tremor seized upon Maria, her face flushed red, and she moved forward as a bird moves when the serpent is charming it, wildly, and like one impelled by a stronger will than its own. As if fascinated by the sweet sounds that came up through the window, she seated herself on a corner of the broad sill.

A voice was now added to the guitar, deep and rich, but it seemed only to increase the agitation which had seized upon the poor girl.

Ella saw nothing of this in the wild glee of her spirits; she ran from the casement to a table loaded with flowers that stood near, sorting out from the fragrant mass the choice blossoms that had a love language mingled with their fragrance. Moss rose-buds, heliotrope, violets, pansies, crimson tea roses, mignonette, forget-me-nots were huddled into a little basket, which she carried to the window.

"Now, cousin, now, here they are bright as a rainbow, and trembling all over with dew. Throw him down a whole handful for that one song."

Maria shrank back, rejecting the flowers with her hand.

"What nonsense—how coquettish, capricious, nay, cruel you are," cried Ella, seating herself in the window; "hear, he pauses, he is waiting for a recognition. What are you thinking of, cousin?"

"Is he going?—is he gone?" asked Maria, anxiously, as the music was hushed for a moment.

"Gone; no, he is looking up so piteously, waiting for the answer to his letter. Do, Maria, throw it down with a whole torrent of flowers."

"I cannot; you are mad to ask it, Ella White."

"Nonsense, this is all coquetry; give it to me then, he will never know which of us threw it."

Darting her little hand into Maria's apron pocket as she spoke, the reckless girl seized upon the letter, and snatching a handful of flowers from the basket, held them out of the window, laughing till her slight frame shook as she performed the mischievous act.

"No—no, Ella White, I beg, I entreat, I command you give back that letter," cried Maria, seizing her about the waist with both arms, and speaking in a husky, rapid voice.

It was too late. The moment Ella felt herself seized, and before the words were spoken, her fingers had loosed their light hold on her prize, both paper and flowers had fluttered down to the Italian's feet. But the merry laugh, mellowed with an effort to suppress it that accompanied the action, died upon her lip as she felt the force and husky terror in Maria's words. That instant too the music ceased from below, surrounding her with chill silence.

"What have I done?—oh! Maria, tell me what have I done?"

She received no answer. The arms that held her so firmly a moment before gave way, and her cousin fell prone and helpless on the carpet.

In the royal palace at Naples are a series of rooms, constructed and ornamented after the most sumptuous apartments excavated in Pompeii. The same rich stucco forms the walls, the same designs in fresco are upon the walls and ceiling, and with scarcely brighter tint than may still be seen on the broken walls of the dead city—tints upon which time seems to have no power; birds, flowers, subjects from a mythology, rich in all that excites the imagination, glow upon the walls of that royal palace as they did centuries ago in the ill-fated dwellings of the buried city. Rich mosaics gem the floors, and with few exceptions the furniture and adornments of these rooms bare the same shadow of antiquity.

One of these rooms, an apartment of moderate size, serves the present king of Naples as a cabinet, and thus surrounded by the pomp and strange luxury known to departed ages, when tyranny seemed a portion of the times, does that monarch, praised by the few, and execrated by the many, forge chains that grind his nation to the dust.

On the night, and within the very hour when Ella White bent pale with dismay over her fainting cousin in the Hotel Victoria, the Marquis Rossi penetrated the guards that swarm the royal palaces of Naples, and entered this singular cabinet.

A man was sitting there alone, short, exceedingly stout, and with a dull, stolid expression of countenance, that would have repulsed you but for the smile that now and then broke its heaviness. It was to guard this man from his own subjects, for he had no other enemy to fear, that the corridors and courts without were thronged with armed men, the click of their guns, the tramp of their iron-shod heels, the sharp roll of the drum, these were the home music which greeted the king of Naples wherever he turned in that noble palace.

It was a fine commentary upon his life and character. Not even to worship God before the high altars his power had erected, dare the

sovereign of that beautiful country go forth with out a triple guard of his hireling soldiers.

A door opened, there came the sound of stealthy footsteps gliding along the mosaic floors of a distant room, and then, with a gentle, cringing bow, Rossi entered the cabinet.

The king smiled; that smile was the redeeming point of his features, there was something bland, nay, almost cordial in it, that, while it lasted, awoke some interest in the man. His manner too was gentle, and without a single touch of arrogance—Nero had pleasant manners.

The king reached forth his plump white hand, and Rossi bowed over it with cringing reverence.

"You have brought me farther proofs, I trust, something distinct and positive, Rossi. I am weary of these constant whispers; one would think the very children that climb my knee wore poinards in their little bosoms wherewith to stab their king!"

The king spoke moodily, and Rossi felt that his favor depended on the letter that lay in his bosom. He drew forth the paper which Ella White had so recklessly placed in his possession that night, and, bending one knee, placed it in the king's hand.

"It has scarcely been in my possession an hour," he said; "and even now I am but imperfectly acquainted with the contents, but it is the handwriting of Mazzini."

The brow of the king lowered at the name, and a look of fierce, almost brutal ferocity darkened his whole face.

He tore open the package, scented as it was by the flowers that had been crushed with it in Rossi's haste, and read eagerly. His leaden eyes began to fill with that dim, ferocious glow which renders an eye habitually dull so repulsive; his figure began to swell, as it were, with the venom of his thought, and motioning for Rossi to stoop, he addressed him in a hoarse whisper, "where is he now?"

"At this moment I cannot tell, but he will not go to rest without passing the Victoria; he is fascinated by this little American, and haunts her with serenades. I was compelled to go early on my own little expedition from fear of encountering him!"

The monarch listened, and his heavy lip stirred with a smile that had no power to light up the rest of his face.

"Call a guard," he said, taking a pen from the Malachite standish before him, and writing furiously—"call a guard."

Rossi went out and returned, followed by a soldier.

"There are your orders," said the king, folding the paper, on which he had written, with a

degree of eagerness that blotted it over with the moist ink, "obey them at once!"

The man bowed low, and went out silently as he had entered.

That night a gush of music aroused Ella, white as she lay half asleep beneath the lace drapery of her little French bed. She arose upon her elbow and listened. Once more the rich sound swelled to its most melodious volume—broke, as it were, into a shriek, and all was still. The broken music was followed by a faint exclamation from Ella's bed, and starting up she stole to her cousin's room.

"Are you awake, cousin?"

"What is the matter?—what troubles you?" said Maria, shrinking back into the bed, as Ella knelt down, resting her cheek against the pillow. "What brings you here, Ella White?"

"I don't know," answered Ella, with child-like mournfulness; "oh, have patience with me, for it seems as if my heart were breaking!"

Poor Ella White! she little dreamed how long a woman's heart may be in the breaking.

It would have touched you to the soul—the change that fell upon those two young girls after these events. They still lingered in Naples, for Ella was obstinate, and would not be removed from the spot where she had last seen Marini. His disappearance was mysteriously connected, she felt, with the loss of her papers from the little casket, but how connected she could not fathom. Generous, honorable herself, how could she suspect the treachery of her bosom friend.

At last excitement and strength died together in the bosom of poor Ella. The bloom faded from her cheeks, a strange, mournful lassitude followed. Her beautiful person became the grave of a dead hope, which chilled the very life within her veins with its dull, leaden weight.

An English physician was called. He looked in her face with a kindly, but searching glance, murmured to himself that medicine would do no good there, and went away.

Two months after this, Mrs. White left Naples. Ella now had a restless wish to depart. "The walls of San Elmo," she said, "chilled her to death with their grim shadows." Her soul had exhausted itself in striving to penetrate the mysteries buried so deeply beneath them. Sometimes in the night it seemed to her as if she could hear cries and the clank of fetters, always from that direction. This she knew well enough was all fancy, but it was killing her nevertheless.

Maria was also anxious to depart. She did not pine like Ella, but a keen feeling of mortification and anger sharpened her temper, and kindled up a host of bitter memories that made Naples hateful. She could not endure the calm, soft smile with which Rossi passed her in the promenade or

drive. She read triumph, sarcasm in it. His deferential bow and bared forehead smote her with its cool mockery. The traitor had attained his object, his treason was accomplished. Maria writhed under the certainty that she had been sought and used as the tool of a Neapolitan spy—used to the ruin of her best friend, and then cast off without a word—was it strange that she was anxious for new scenes?

They went to Rome, Florence and then home, to dear, glorious America, how doubly dear—how more than glorious to those who have trod on foreign soil. But the spirit Ella had evoked followed her even there. To the weary-hearted there is no home but that beyond the grave. Ella grew no better. The chill—the fever—the night of wild unrest followed her, now more fiercely, like a wild animal that had grown hungry with waiting.

Two years passed, and a deep, earnest longing seized upon the poor girl to see Naples again. All that she had of life centred in that one wish.

She did see Naples, in the early spring time, when the Campania was one vast bower of vines, when every thicket was vivid with blossoms, and the scent of orange groves swept even through the dark, narrow streets, and cave-like houses where the poor live. In this beautiful season Ella came back to her old haunts—not, not to her old haunts! It was not in the Chiaja or through the royal grounds that she rode now; and, if she had sought those places, no one of her old admirers would have recognized the bright sparkling beauty of two years since in the pale, languid, large-eyed young creature, that lay so shadow-like among the cushions of her mother's carriage.

No, strange as it may seem, and unfit for a delicate creature like her, Ella would always drive somewhere into the drear, poverty-stricken thoroughfares of the ancient city.

Houses, dark as dungeons, and so damp that a wild animal would have crept from them with loathing—streets to which the sun never penetrated even at the hottest noon. These were the places sought after by that fair girl. No wonder the inhabitants looked after her with admiration and awe, as if an angel had in some sweet errands of mercy lost itself in that dreary neighborhood.

One day she was driving along a dim, narrow street, almost shut out from daylight by tall houses, piled six and seven stories above their foundations—houses that left nothing but a narrow strip of the sky visible from the wet pavements—there was a slight obstruction that checked the horses just at the mouth of a still narrower and more squalid alley. Ella had been a good deal excited, she always was when penetrating these drear haunts. Now she started up

from her cushions with a wild, eager look, and leaning forward, bent her great, earnest eyes down the alley. Her pale lips were parted, and a faint color crept suddenly over them. In health it would have been crimson, now, poor child, it was a faint purplish blue. The clank of iron, unheeded by all except herself, for who else listened for it as she did—had sent all that wild animation to her face.

A gang of galley slaves were coming up the dark passage, tramping heavily through the mud, which muffled the horrid rattle of their fetters against the stones, Ella's wild eyes roved from one face to another. Some stooped downward, for they dragged huge burdens that bent them double. Others walked painfully on, jerked now and then almost to the earth by the stagger of some companion, who formed a cruel link in this human chain. One slender figure, stooping like the rest, but not from any burden save the terrible weight of his own misery, came staggering forward as if too feeble for the endurance of his chains.

I do not know what it was that smote upon Ella's heart as she saw this man. Certain it is she did not recognize him at first—how could she, so pale, so haggard, and in that squalid felon's dress? But all at once the strength of her body came back, the vigor of twenty lives seemed waking up that delicate frame. She opened the carriage door and stepped out unaided, the first time in months.

With a rapid step she entered the mouth of that dark alley, holding out her arms, and with a look—I cannot describe that look! All the great beauty of a woman's soul was in it, and you felt that death was rendering it holy.

The convict lifted his haggard eyes, and his frame began to shake till the chain that linked him to that mass of human suffering quivered from link to link. The convict's dress swelled to the heaving of his chest, and with a cry he made an effort to spring forward.

A sharp check of the fetters held him back, but she was in his arms, her pure white robes floated around his squalid dress—her soft clasp—her holy tears—her sweet, solemn words of love. No prison garments, nay, chains, could keep them from his heart.

He began to weep. Great tears rushed, one after another, down his thin cheek. He bent down his head and spoke to her; it seemed to him that she smiled. He felt a tremor in her pale arms, and their soft clasp grew more clinging.

Even the leader of the gang was touched. He forebore to give any orders that should break up the affecting interview.

Marini looked up, his face had changed. There

was life, energy in it. The king of Naples had not quite crushed out all manhood from his nature with those infamous shackles.

"Look on," said the convict, and he smiled for the first time in two years—"look on, and tell your master, the king, that his galley slaves can taste joy spite of his irons!"

"Joy—joy!"

Did she speak, or was it an angel uttered the words? He looked down. Her arms had relaxed a little in their soft clasp, she was smiling—the pale lids were dropping like white rose-leaves over her eyes—surely it was a strange place for slumber, yet how still she lay on the convict's bosom!

Three nights after, the earth was torn up from a beautiful little hollow in the Compo Sante at Naples. A thicket of white roses was shaken at the root, and many a gentle flower lay crushed beneath the rude plunge of that workman's spade; but in that climate the path to heaven is often broken through a portal of flowers, and crush them as you will, there is no lack of God's sweetest language to those who sleep in Italian graves. A fair young girl from America was laid to sleep in this beautiful hollow, and no one could

see that a blossom was wanting. True, the white roses shed their leaves suddenly and fast, sheeting the new grave as if with a fall of snow-flakes, but no one cared that the workman's spade had bruised the roots; one sweet deluge of the fragrant leaves, and the thicket blossomed on as if nothing had disturbed it.

It was not long after, perhaps a week, perhaps more, no person took heed about it. But one night a convict was cast into one of the three hundred and sixty-five pits that yawn—a single one each day—for the vicious, the unfortunate, and the poor of Naples. Who it was no one asked, and possibly no one cared; others were plunged into the pit before morning, but that pale, beautiful face as it lay upward on the stone flags, with the moonbeams touching it so softly, that face even the sexton remembered full an hour after.

At daylight quick lime was poured into the vault, bushel after bushel, then the great granite slab was sealed up, to be opened again that day year; and the moon poured its light softly upon it as if another soul had not gone through that horrid gate, to demand justice before high heaven upon the King of Naples.

MINISTERING ANGELS AND THEIR LORD.

BY MRS. E. H. EVANS.

Ye are full of love to our wayward race,
And gentle pity—and tender care;
And well we know that a loftier grace
Than earthly beauty can boast, ye wear.
Hath the sunlight a brighter gleam than those
Fresh from the land that no twilight knows?

We gaze on the clouds in thine snowy light,
And we say they are like your glancing wings;
And the rosiest dawn we deem less bright
Than ye as ye stand by the Living Springs.
And the starry glory of midnight skies
Is dim to the glance of your earnest eyes.

In our midst, though we see you not, ye stand,
And oh, methinks, could an angel grieve,
Our sins would make ye a sorrowing band,
As madly our truest bliss we leave.
Crown ye uphold of a fadless light—
But we turn away from their glories bright.

Yet many a murmur of love we hear—
And many a fragrant breath comes nigh—
And visions of wondrous bloom appear,
As the veil floats back from the upper sky!
Watchers ye are by the dreamer's bed—
And a guard by the graves of the sainted dead.

Yes—ye are lonely, and good, and pure—
And we joy that ye walk beside our path—
But oh, we thrill with a bliss more sure,
And a rapture divine the spirit hath
When for a moment the Prince of Life
Whispers sweet peace to our mortal strife.

One draught of the cup that our Lord doth hold,
Gives transport a seraph can ne'er bestow—
Turns midnight gloom to a moon like gold,
Gives songs of Heaven for earthly woe.
He speaks, and the air melodious thrills—
He smiles, and the shade with glory fills.

He, ere the songs of your praise arose,
Was Glory, and Love, and Power supreme.
And all the splendors your forms disclose
Compared with His, are a faded beam.
Aye! veil your faces with shadowing wings
To the Lord of lords, and the King of kings.

And yet with the pale sad child of want,
This King of Angels descends to dwell;
Listen, well-pleased to his humble plaint,
Victor, for him, over death and hell.
Whispers, "Fear not—for thy God is nigh,"
And the waves are still—and the storm rolls by!

THE PAWNED WATCH.

BY IRA B. NORTHCROFT.

"LET us hope for the best, Annette. A reformation may yet take place. You know what Charles promised us last evening."

"Oh, indeed, I know what he promised, and it is upon such promises that I have lived for the past three years. Hope alone has sustained me through many a severe trial; through many a sleepless night and painful day. Hope, oh, blissful hope, thou art my only solace. But I fear I shall die hoping for that which I have long and ardently sought to produce, a thorough reformation in the character of my lost, though idolized husband."

"But you know what he promised us last evening, you know his firm resolve."

"Oh, I know it well, dear sister, but it was not his first promise; time and time again he has said that he would forsake his ruinous haunts, and abandon his evil associates; but they have as frequently been broken. The influence which I once possessed over him was often exercised, and with a beneficial result, but now, alas! dear sister, that influence is nearly gone, and with it my hope is fast waxing."

"As I sit here in my lonely room, how can I keep my thoughts from wandering back to those days, when you and I sat looking out of our chamber window, watching the merry laborers, and listening to the sweet warbling notes of our pet robins; to those months and years which passed away and left us basking amid the pleasures of our own youthful home; to those days when you and I, with hearts buoyant with hope, talked over and over again our future prospects; to those days—happy days—when we sat at the old north window watching for Charles. I can imagine the old rocking-chair there now waiting to receive me—and how my heart throbbed when I saw him approaching over the old north hill. Oh! those castles in the air, they were quickly constructed, and they have too, too quickly been destroyed. Days dark, dark and dreary seem to await me. It was joy that caused my heart to throb then, now it is fear; kind words greeted my ear then, now it is the inebriate's curses; we lived for each other then, and in each other's society our happiest hours were spent. Oh, the old parlor, the very thoughts of which have often caused a tear to fall, silent tears they are, for no kind and affectionate Charles is by my side.

The bar-room has now become his parlor, and amid a clan of evil associates his hours are being spent."

"Be of good cheer, dear sister, you know the object of my mission. We should always nerve ourselves to meet the many adversities which lie in our devious ways in life; we should ever prove true in every situation which Providence may call us to fill. The clouds which now veil from your sight those happy days, upon which we were wont to comment, may ere long pass away, and you may soon behold that reformation for which you have so long and so faithfully toiled."

"Oh," replied the wife, "could I, by some Herculean effort, banish from his sight his evil associates, I know that I could then have an influence over him; but now, alas! my influence is nearly gone, and with it my hope is fast waning; but my love and my prayers for him never shall abate."

"He will return sober to-night, dear sister, for he promised us he would; and then with a wife's tender love, and a sister's pure affection, we will endeavor to win him from his evil associates. But hark! he is coming."

Charles Camdon's father was one of the most noted men in the town, and his family the most influential. Yet better would it have been for Annette Feno had her lover occupied a different sphere in life, for like most rich men's sons, he relied more upon his father's reputation and wealth to sustain him in life, than upon any real merit that he possessed himself.

As may be imagined, many an anxious daughter, in hopes to win Charles Camdon, had assumed those winning airs, and bestowed those bewitching smiles which seldom fail. But none proved successful. The retiring modesty of Annette Feno at last won the prize for which so many had tried, but tried in vain.

Annette Feno was indeed a beautiful girl, possessing all those many accomplishments which adorn and dignify the true woman. She mingled but little in society, or with the world, preferring rather the sweet society of her sister, together with that of a choice collection of books. She felt proud of the dazzling reputation of Charles Camdon, and when he deigned to pay his attention to her, she endeavored to please him with

her mind instead of by coquettish airs, preferring rather to captivate him with inward thought than outward dress, and in this she was successful; for Charles Camdon had seen enough of society to know that true worth does not consist in outward show, but in inward feeling, not in that which clothes the body, but in that which clothes the soul, not in those charms which are contained in a well-filled purse, but in those charms which are contained in a well-stored mind.

The first three years of Charles Camdon's married life were spent amid the scenes of his childhood, surrounded by his fond and affectionate wife and his indulgent father. But changes—such as we are all subject to in this life—soon became his lot. His father had engaged in speculations which proved to be of the most unsuccessful character, and for the first time Charles Camdon began to look around for business, and to call to his aid the little useful talent which he possessed. His father was no longer able to support him, and he was at last obliged to leave the parental roof, under which he had enjoyed so many happy days, and so many earthly blessings.

Oh! cold, dreary misfortune, how many bright hearts have been darkened by thy presence, and how many hopes—bright and cheerful—have vanished at thy approach. Care and sorrow are thy only followers, and tears thy only companion. A touch from thy hand—no matter how gentle—is keenly felt, and our loftiest aims are often humbled by thy subduing power.

Being entirely unfit for any kind of business which required constant attention or mental ability, Charles Camdon wandered from one place to another, in quest of something by which he could maintain himself and her to whom he had vowed to "support, protect and defend;" but at last, finding his efforts fruitless, he returned to his native home, to share the genial smiles of his kind and affectionate wife.

A situation was at last offered him, which, though menial in its tendency, he accepted in hopes that something of a different nature could soon be procured. With sad and gloomy feelings did he see his old associates one by one desert him in consequence, and in order to revive his wounded feelings the intoxicating cup was weakly sought.

It was a long time before his constant wife would believe that her husband, with whom she had enjoyed so many happy hours—had begun to resort to the bar-room for his companions; but soon the woeful truth became too apparent for her to longer doubt its truth; and it was then that she called to her aid those true and heroic principles by which she had always been governed. The more degraded her husband

became, the more constant her love, and the stronger her affections for him. The tones of the midnight bell often filled her mind with feelings dark and dreary, as she sat alone waiting for her husband's return. It was at such times that her thoughts wandered back to those days when she sat at the old north window, anxiously watching for some demonstration which would tell her that Charles was again coming to tell her of his constant love, of his undying affection; it was at such times that her feeble voice was raised in prayer to God for her husband's reformation. She had talked with him, she had plead with him, she had pointed out to him what he must soon, soon become if he continued in his present course, but as yet her entreaties had been of no avail.

The sister of Annette Fenno, though young and inexperienced, was not unmindful of the great change which had taken place in her brother-in-law, for the marks of that demon, whose power is sufficient to destroy the character, the reputation, the life, and the soul of all those over whom it obtains a mastery, are sufficiently audible for the most inexperienced youth to detect.

Having so often sat upon his knee and listened to the loud tickings of his watch in those courtship days—pleasant days—when he paid his regular visits to her sister, and having imbibed some of those tender feelings which in those days are so manifest, it is not to be wondered at that she should still retain a strong love for him, not only for the relationship which he now bore to her, but for the friendship which existed between them in former days.

Possessing a strong belief that her influence would greatly assist toward bringing about that reformation, for which her sister had so long and so ardently sought, she resolved to spend a few days with her, in hopes that their united efforts would bring about the desired change.

It was some time before an opportunity was offered. Three days had passed away since the sister's arrival, during which time Charles had been in that state which totally unfitness him for any reflection, or to receive any admonition, however gentle.

The third night, however, he returned at an earlier hour than he had done for a long time; and it was with delight, almost beyond endurance, that his wife heard his regular tread, and for the first time in almost two years, received from his lips the gentle word "Annette." The old family rocking-chair was immediately tendered him, and a cheering supper was soon in waiting; everything was done which would tend to make home attractive, the past was forgotten, and both wife and sister endeavored to banish from his mind all thoughts regarding his real

condition, knowing too well that an allusion to the past, or a true picture of the present, would bring about those sad and gloomy feelings which nothing but the glass would banish.

While seated at the table, Charles' Camdon began to think that he was indeed a man, that he was not a lost and despised being, the tender voice of his wife told him so, and the cheering words of his little Susy (as he was wont to call her) strengthened him in that belief.

Long and ardently did they labor with the inebriate husband, and kindly and affectionately did they administer to him every comfort which was in their power to bestow. At last, unable longer to withstand those feelings which every word seemed to arouse, Charles Camdon arose and taking the hand of his affectionate wife, declared "that henceforward he would be the man which they had represented him to be, but which he was far from being." And continued he, "the same watch, the tickings of which in former days so delighted little Susy, shall again delight her with its ceaseless throbbing. The watch was pawned, some months ago, for money to buy liquor with, but never again shall a drop enter my throat. To-morrow the time expires for which it was pawned, and it must, it shall be redeemed. I have not forgotten those happy days, when I longed for the hand to point to the hour when I knew you would expect me, and the thoughts of its being sold was the cause of my early arrival home this evening. To-morrow I must obtain the watch."

It was a late hour before the trio separated. The wife and sister were over delighted with what they had heard, the noble resolutions which had been formed, and the prospect of their being adhered to.

At an early hour Charles Camdon arose, but not in as good humor as when he retired. Having refrained from partaking of his usual beverage before retiring, his nerves were all unstrung, his hand trembled.

Buoyed up with an ardent desire to obtain the watch, Charles Camdon wandered from one friend to another, seeking from each a small amount, which in the aggregate would enable him to

obtain the desired treasure. Had the friend to whom he made the first application turned him away, with that insulting language which the inebriate too often receives when appealing for money, his noble resolution would no doubt have been weakened; but instead of receiving from that friend words implying no confidence—no money, he received words of congratulation, which told plainly that an inebriate when sober always has friends.

Although Charles Camdon met with more friends than he supposed he had, yet it was a long time before the required amount was raised, for as Burns says—

"A man may take a neebor's part,
Yet haes na cash to spare him."

And so he found it! Kind words were indeed lavished upon him, and it was those kind words that sustained him—it was kind words that strengthened him—it was the kind words which he had received during the previous evening that kept him from his morning dram. Oh! what will not kind words do.

It was late before the watch was obtained, but as soon as obtained, a quick step could have been heard hastening toward the residence of Charles Camdon. The hopes of his faithful wife had begun to weaken, but little Susy remained firm in the belief that he would return sober, and with the treasure, to obtain which he had taken his sudden departure.

No sooner was his steps heard than the door was thrown open, and as he entered the tears of his constant wife began to flow, not with anguish, not with sorrow, but with joy, fervent tears of joy.

Only two years have passed away, dear reader, but what a change has been wrought in that family during those two years. The happy wife and husband can now be seen seated around their own quiet fireside. There is no inebriate there now to darken, by his hideous person, the future prospect of his loving wife—there are no words, rendered half audible by liquor, spoken now. All is quiet, save the busy needle of the faithful wife, or the constant ticking of the once PAWNED watch.

SONNET TO AUTUMN.

BY H. J. BOWLES.

Oh, melancholy Autumn! what delight
Was mine of old, to see thy red leaves falling,
To hear thy hoarse winds to their brethren calling!
How thy peculiar majesty of might
Quicken'd my heart with joy—for then, the sight
Of the old earth fading told of coming pleasure.
But now, oh, melancholy time, I measure

Thy days by vain regrets. My visions bright
Are in their graves. In vain for the glad blaze
Of hearth set round with warmer hearts I yearn;
I see a tomb with faded flowers bestrown;
I hear on cruel shores the wild amaze
Of midnight wrecks, and start, a mourner lone!—
Oh, true and gallant friends, will ye no more return?

T A C T vs. B E A U T Y.

BY SYDNEY C. POYNTZ.

ONE bleak, cold evening in October, I found myself the only passenger in the stage-coach which was rapidly approaching the little village of Stelton. Some weeks before, I had received a letter from Mrs. Somers, an early friend of mine, urging me to visit her. It was just after my brother Robert's death. I felt unsettled and nervous, and not having decided what course with regard to my future residence to adopt, resolved to accept for the present the invitation so kindly given. Although we had not met for many years, I remembered well the warm, affectionate heart of my friend, and felt certain of sincere and cordial welcome from her. Knowing, however, the prejudice with which old maids are regarded by gay, fashionable young ladies, such as I knew her daughters to be, I could not help feeling a little uneasy as we passed through the streets of the village, and I twitched my collar and arranged my veil rather nervously. Of the pecuniary circumstances of my friend I knew nothing, except that her husband had been considered, when living, to be a successful business man. I felt, therefore, a little surprise when the horses, slackening their pace, turned into a long and imposing avenue of forest trees, at the end of which a large and stately mansion loomed up dimly in the darkening twilight. I gazed out eagerly at the brilliantly lighted hall, at the door of which several figures were standing awaiting my arrival. Every one, I believe, feels anxious at drawing near the end of a journey. Never had I experienced this more than now. What had I, a desolate mourner, a plain, homely old maid, to do in the abode of wealth and gayety? How I wished myself back in my little chamber at home, and regretted that I had been so hasty in accepting the invitation!

But it was too late now. The coach drew up at the steps, the guard flung open the door, and confused by the sudden flashing of lights in my eyes, I alighted and was caught in my friend's arms, while a kind, earnest voice poured forth such a flood of heartfelt welcomes, that all my fears were dispelled in a moment. A few minutes more, and we were seated by a cheerful, blazing fire, which threw a red light over the dark furniture, rich carpet, and crimson curtains. Beside me was a small table, upon which a hot supper awaited my attention. Questions and exclama-

tions followed each other unceasingly as I laid aside my numerous cloaks and wrappers, and it was not until I was seated, warming my feet, while Mrs. Somers drew from the glittering urn a cup of steaming coffee, that I was able to mark the change which had been wrought in her. Time, which had hardened me into the stiff, demure figure that I was, had metamorphosed the laughing, blue-eyed Agnes Somers into a frail, delicate matron, from whose thin, pale face the flush which excitement had called up was fast passing away. "I am sorry the girls have not returned yet," she said, glancing to the door. "They have extended their walk in the hope of meeting you. But here they are," she exclaimed, as merry voices were heard in the hall. The door opened hastily, and a tall, beautiful girl entered, her eyes sparkling, and her cheeks flushed with the cold. I rose, my cup in my hand, while she came forward, and without waiting for an introduction, welcomed me most gracefully and cordially, and then, throwing her arm around my neck, kissed me on the cheek. I was touched—gratified. But alas! for my unfortunate awkwardness! The cup which I still held fell to the ground, and the young lady burst into a fit of clear, musical laughter, in which I in vain endeavored to join. I make no pretensions to being a woman of strong mind, on the contrary, trifles always excite and distress me more than really serious evils. On the present occasion I was exceedingly mortified, and I could willingly have borne with a less musical laugh, if it had not been quite so much prolonged. "I must introduce myself, I see," said a very quiet, sweet voice beside me, and turning I saw for the first time a small, fair, and rather plain-looking girl, who, from her unconscious manner, I instantly concluded had not seen my mishap. "This is Caroline, I presume," I said, as she reseated me, and arranged my footstool more comfortably. "Caroline! oh, no," she replied, "I am Annie." I was silent, and with astonishment recalled the description which Mr. Stephens, the old bachelor brother of Mrs. Somers, had given me of his nieces. "Caroline," he said, "was well enough, *he* thought her rather plain; but Annie! Annie was really the most beautiful and piquant little thing he ever saw, yes, indeed! Annie was really charming!" "Well, old bachelors have strange fancies," thought I, as I looked at the common

place, and, to tell the truth, rather insignificant little figure beside me, and then glanced at the dark-eyed, smiling beauty, Caroline.

The evening passed swiftly on, and seldom had I passed a more happy one. Both of the sisters seemed intelligent and well-informed; Caroline, I thought, rather the most so. She amused us by her playful sallies, and then, at her mother's request, opened the piano and sang, with very good effect, a thrilling war-song. At any other time I should have admired it extremely, but weary and suffering with the headache, I confess that I felt relieved when the last brilliant crescendo was finished; and she returned to her seat. My heart sank within me when Mrs. Somers insisted upon Annie's singing. I bent my eyes to the floor with a desperate resolve to look pleased, and started with surprise and pleasure when with very soft, yet exquisitely modulated tones, she began the Evening Hymn. There was no effort—no labored display. Clear, pure, and simple, the music-prayer broke from the heart of the singer and ascended to heaven, and when the last notes died away I felt the tears of mingled pleasure and sadness stealing down my cheeks. "Certainly," thought I, as I retired for the night, "I have never listened to as sweet a voice as that of Annie Somers."

On entering the parlor on the next morning, I perceived that an addition had been made to the family group in the person of a young boy, or rather man, I should say, for he was just at that age when the name of "boy" is resented as an insult. (What a happy thought was that of Madame de Staél, when she proposed that as a public benefit, all men should sleep from the age of thirteen to that of twenty-four!) "My son George," said Mrs. Somers, presenting him to me. George bowed awkwardly, and took his seat at the table with a look of the most ferocious independence. He did the honors of the table with a desperate attempt at ease in his manner, but was thrown into a state of gloomy despondency by his sister Caroline's casual inquiry, "if he had been out to look at his rabbits this morning?" Rabbits, when he was striving to appear the finished gentleman! Caroline, however, seemed determined that he should impress me favorably by speaking, and speaking well upon every subject which was broached. So apparent was her anxiety to conceal his deficiencies and draw forth all that he *did* know, that poor George's embarrassment became more striking at every attempt which she made. At last, while we were speaking of the peculiar style of some popular preacher, she turned to him and exclaimed, "you have heard him, George; pray give Miss Poyntz some idea of his manner." Her unfortunate brother replied by a look of calm desperation. "Can you not

remember even the subject of his discourse?" she whispered, anxiously. Another furious glance—but profound silence. Poor Caroline colored painfully, while I, in pity, made some remark upon the fine flavor of the fish upon the table. Annie replied, and very adroitly turned the conversation upon fishing, hunting, and the different kinds of game to be found in that part of the country. "George met with a singular adventure this summer, while hunting," she said, and at my request began to relate it. She must have possessed a wretched memory, for she made so many blunders that her brother was obliged to correct her, several times. At last he exclaimed, "there, Annie, stop, you are all wrong. I will tell you, Miss Poyntz, how it was," and utterly forgetful of the fact that he was speaking to a stranger, he talked and laughed unconstrainedly until we rose from the table, really proving to be a most entertaining companion.

It was a wet, cold day, and we were in consequence confined to the house. I watched the sisters with increasing interest. I had seldom seen a more striking contrast. Caroline was very beautiful, and her tall, graceful figure, and bright, yet earnest countenance, threw sadly into the shade her sister's simple and rather inexpressive face. Both seemed to be warm-hearted and amiable. Yet Annie was evidently the favorite with all the family. Annie, I had heard, was very much admired and loved in society, while her sister was extremely unpopular. What was the charm? I felt its influence, although I could not describe its nature. "There is Mrs. Southward's carriage, mamma," said Caroline, as we sat that afternoon in the library. "I wonder that she can visit so soon after Henry's—" "You forget, Carrie," said Annie, hastily, "no one here has heard it excepting ourselves, and she does not know that. Of course she will not give up her intercourse with her friends in order to keep it secret." "Poor woman! how terribly she must have suffered," said Caroline, her eyes filling with tears; and turning to me, she continued, "she is a widow with an only son, whom she has almost idolized. He has been for some years at a college in the North, and we heard from a friend who resides in the same place, that he was convicted, a few weeks ago, of theft, and then of forgery, and sentenced to imprisonment for a year in the State Penitentiary." She had scarcely concluded when a servant opened the door, and Mrs. Southward entered. She was a pale, sickly-looking woman, with an expression of pain on her face which she endeavored to hide by a forced smile. She conversed for some time upon indifferent subjects, when Caroline exclaimed suddenly, "how is poor Henry, Mrs. Southward?" The poor mother was silent—she cast a terrified look of

inquiry around, her cheek flushed crimson, and then paled again, while Caroline looked at her with earnest sympathy. In vain she tried to speak, the last bitterest sorrow of all had overtaken her. The shame of her son was known. I saw Annie's cheek color as she darted a reproachful look at her sister, but she said quietly, "do you think he will go to Europe without returning home? You mentioned to us that he had some idea of trying a sea voyage for his health when we saw you last." A look of indescribable relief passed over the mother's face. Her secret was safe, or Annie could not speak so composedly. After a few moments she took her leave, to proceed upon the weary round of visits, while her heart was throbbing with shame and misery. And poor Caroline! She was beautiful, affectionate, and talented, yet now I saw that one thing she did not possess—the key which every woman should own if she would unlock the human heart—the sceptre with which she may rule the world:—TACT.

We were still sitting around the library fire, when a servant entered and handed a letter to Caroline. She colored slightly as she opened it, and in a moment exclaimed in evident agitation, "oh, mamma! Mrs. Martyn will be in town tomorrow. Henry is coming this evening." Mrs. Somers started up, all the cares of a housekeeper depicted on her face, and summoning her prime minister, old Mrs. Sordon, entered upon a long and earnest discussion upon the state of the larder, the airing of the chambers, &c. &c. The two girls in the meanwhile left the room. After the important colloquy was over, Mrs. Somers drew her chair close to mine, and began to explain why the announcement of an unexpected visitor had excited so much sensation. She briefly told me that both Caroline and Annie were to be married the ensuing spring. Of Caroline's lover, she spoke in the warmest terms. He was a talented, generous, and prosperous young lawyer. His mother and sisters, whom Caroline had never seen, were expected to pay a visit to some of their relatives who resided in Stelton, and it was their arrival which had been so unexpectedly announced. "Of course," said Mrs. Somers, "Carrie feels anxious to please Mrs. Martyn, knowing how much of her future happiness will depend upon her, for Henry is devotedly attached to his mother." "And have you reason to be equally pleased with Annie's choice?" I asked. A cloud came over her face—"so far as pecuniary affairs are concerned, Annie's prospects are better than her sister's. Mr. Winters is wealthy, and of high standing in his profession, but—there is no positive objection to him," she continued, musingly, "but it is only natural to feel anxious." A violent headache confined me to

my room during the next morning, but I learned that Mrs. Somers had invited quite a large party to meet Mrs. Martyn and her daughters. I was glad to hear it for Caroline's sake, knowing that the presence of strangers would destroy much of the awkwardness attendant upon meeting, for the first time, the critical gaze of those who were soon to be her near relations. In the afternoon I descended to the library. At the door I met a young gentleman, who turned back and was presented to me as Mr. Martyn. There was a cordial frankness in his handsome, intelligent face, to which my heart warmed instinctively. They were all in high spirits, and as he again started to the door, he turned again and said, laughingly, "help me, Miss Poyntz, to persuade this obstinate young lady that perfect simplicity in dress is the perfection of taste." "Not always," I replied. "Eh bien!" he said, shrugging his shoulders, "I may be wrong, but for this evening, Carrie, pray submit to my orders, and wear white. Adieu! pure white, remember." "I never heard him speak of a lady's dress before," said Caroline. "Then he has some reason for it now," said Annie, "and you ought to oblige him." "Nonsense," laughed her sister, "I shall certainly dress to please myself." "But it is such a little thing," pleaded Annie. "And precisely because it is a trifle it is not worth while to gratify him. You know," she said, turning suddenly round, "if Henry Martyn asked me to cut off my right hand, I would do it." "It is a great deal easier to dress in white," rejoined Annie. But Caroline only laughed.

Supper was over, the girls retired to dress, and Mrs. Somers and myself were seated in the drawing-room, awaiting the arrival of the guests. At last a carriage was heard to stop at the door, and in a few moments Mr. Martyn entered, leading a tall and stately old lady, while several other persons followed. Mrs. Martyn went through the ceremony of introduction with the stiff and formal gravity of a lady of the old school, and then begged leave to present her daughters, two demure and prim-looking damsels, who were fast verging on old maidism. After the party were seated, and all due inquiries made concerning health, the weather, and other similar topics, Henry glanced around the room, and Mrs. Martyn inquired "if Miss Somers—Miss Caroline Somers was at home?" At this moment the door opened and the sisters entered. I saw a shade of annoyance pass over Henry Martyn's face as he looked at Caroline's dress. I too was vexed, although she looked most exquisitely lovely. The many colored folds of a Tartan silk set off her dark style of beauty admirably, and bands of brilliant rubies sparkled in her black hair, and on her snowy neck and arms. Her lover started forward

to meet her, and leading her to his mother, presented her in a low tone as her future daughter. If Caroline had met her with the warm embrace which her heart prompted, all would have been well, but a little appalled by the old lady's stately manner, she merely curtsied low and murmured a few inaudible words. Henry then turned to his sisters, who, chilled by her haughty manner, and mortified by the contrast of her splendid dress with their own, received her with a frigid embrace. Yet they had all come, their hearts filled with affection ready to overflow upon one whom Henry had taught them to love. The arrival of more guests relieved the embarrassing pause that ensued, and Caroline, to hide the sudden tears which had started in her eyes, turned away to receive them, leaving Mrs. Martyn a little more stately than before, and her daughters enveloped in another coat of icy frigidity.

The large rooms rapidly filled. The musicians struck up an inspiring waltz, and the dancers were soon gliding joyously around. Now more than ever I was charmed with Annie; and began to understand why Mr. Stephens had pronounced her piquant and fascinating. Too plain to be disliked by the women, too gentle to be anything but a favorite with the men, she passed through the crowded rooms, pausing to speak to one, bowing and smiling to another, and shaking hands with a third, yet everywhere followed by pleased and admiring glances. I have once or twice met with persons, who, without extraordinary talent, and entirely without beauty, have possessed a kind of fascination that no one could describe or resist. Now this was exactly what Annie Somers possessed, and Caroline wanted. It was not entirely her earnest simplicity, nor her entire forgetfulness of self, though these had their influence; it was her intuitive perception of the characters of others, and the perfect adaptation of everything she said to time and circumstances, and, above all, it was the art she possessed of making every one to whom she spoke feel better pleased with themselves. Not flattery! Oh, no, dear young lady reader, do not curl your lip so contemptuously—not flattery, only the magic art that enabled her to know and touch the pleasant chord, and draw from it cheerful music. She paused by an old man who stood looking gravely at the dancers; the shadows of olden times flitting sadly over his dreamy face. He started at the sound of the laughing voice, calling him to join in some pleasant jest, and as she left him muttered, "not so *very* old after all," and turned to select a partner for the next quadrille. She talked to Mr. Sands of his bride, inquired for the baby of Mrs. Woods, that perpetually anxious young mother; quietly procured agreeable partners for the Misses Martyn; and

finally presented her bashful brother George to a still more bashful young lady, by whose side he speedily became so bold as to quite distinguish himself in the dance, and at its close asked her to take an ice with the patronizing air of a veteran beau. Even when she only bowed and said "good evening" to Miss A—— and Mr. P——, there was such a pleased and animated smile upon her face, that both Miss A—— and Mr. P—— were certain that Miss Annie Somers was more pleased to see them than any one else in the room, and in consequence felt quite an increase of affection and admiration for her.

I turned to look for Caroline, and found her dancing near me with Henry Martyn. She looked distressed and mortified, and I did not wonder at it. So incessant had been her lover's praises of his mother, that she had unconsciously striven to mould her character into that form which she thought would be most acceptable to her—and now their first meeting was over, and how woeful was the result! She felt, too, that all had been the effect of her dress; for she had seen the startled and disappointed glance which Mrs. Martyn had cast upon her as she entered the room, and that glance had caused her own haughty and reserved manners. "I am sorry," she said, to Mr. Martyn, as they stood beside me, "that my dress did not please you, or your mother." Henry looked quickly at her flushed and vexed countenance, and replied laughingly, "it is nothing worth a moment's thought, Carrie; my mother, I think I have told you, was raised among the Quakers, and still retains a somewhat unreasonable prejudice in favor of simplicity in dress. She was a little frightened, I suspect, by finding her future daughter was so very stylish a young lady. But when she sees you in your robes of snowy white or azure blue' all will be well again." But Caroline, still a little piqued, was not quite satisfied, and said rather dryly, "if I had been aware that your mother's preference for new acquaintances was regulated by the color of their dress, I should have been more careful." Henry turned suddenly, an angry flush lightening his eye, but compressing his lips firmly, he was silent. "If you were the husband and not the lover, would you be quite so forbearing, Mr. Martyn?" thought I, as they passed away. Alas! these *ifs!*

I looked across the room, and saw Annie standing by a gentleman who had just arrived. In a few moments she brought him to me, and with a bright, conscious smile presented me to Mr. Winters; and then, after a blushing pause, glided away and left us together. Mr. Winters was a very intelligent—a very gentlemanly man—and, upon the whole, listened to my chit chat, and behaved with more attention and deference than

most gentlemen extend toward old maids; still there was a kind of formality—or of indecision in his manners that annoyed me. He seemed afraid to utter a sentiment lest it might not be quite what was approved and sanctioned by the world. He dreaded to move, to speak, to act, lest he might do something which was not perfectly "*comme il faut.*" He looked upon all new inventions with nervous horror. He never admired unless the world admired—he never disliked unless the world disliked. "*Qu'en dit on?*" was his motto—the guiding principle of his life. "Oh! Annie Somers!" thought I, as I watched the half apologizing manner in which he glanced at me as he proffered her some simple attentions, "if you had not been the wealthy heiress—" Again the *je!*—what haunting spectres they are in the ill-boding mind of an old maid! But my forebodings and observations were soon to end, for on the next morning I received a letter summoning me to my sister, who was about to start for Europe, and who compelled me to go also.

And thus it was that I left Stelton, and for many years never visited it. What more I heard of my young friends I will tell in a few words as possible, for it was never my intention to write a story, but simply to give a sketch of my visit, hoping that some bright-witted young lady reader might gather a little aid in her toilsome task of rendering herself admired.

Caroline and Annie Somers left their mother's roof at the same time. Caroline for her quiet home in a Western village; Annie to enter into the gay and fashionable society of one of the largest cities in the Union. It was a cold, bleak day when Mr. Winters and his bride stopped at the Astor House, in New York, and were ushered to their rooms. "We will remain here, to-day, Annie," he said, as the waiter disappeared from the parlors. "And when—when," said Annie, hesitatingly, "are we to see your mother and sisters? I am so anxious to know them." "Not until this evening," he replied, "my mother wrote to me, saying that she had given invitations for a large ball to-night, and I think it would be better if we would not go to the house until then, as it is given in honor of our arrival." Annie quietly assented, although she had hoped for a warmer reception. But she was becoming used to disappointments. The three weeks of her married life had done much toward unveiling the true character of her husband. Terrible and bitter had been the agony of the moment when she discovered that it was because she was an heiress that she had been wooed and won. In the first wild confusion of her mind, as the truth rushed upon her, she was tempted to upbraid her husband with his deceit, and then leave him forever. But when this almost frenzied resolve

was banished, she sat down to quietly determine upon some course by which she might win that love which she now plainly saw never had been hers.

How magical is the effect of matrimony in discovering the real character, especially if there is love but on one side! Now that the knot was irrevocably tied which bound them together, Mr. Winters ceased to play the part of the lover, and settled into the selfish and lethargic husband. Annie saw, for the first time, how completely he was guided by the opinion of the world. To the world, then, she turned to gain the influence which was to win his love. If she could but gain the admiration of *the world* she felt that his would soon follow. It was with a beating heart that she looked forward to this evening, for knowing how great would be the effect which the impression she might produce at first would have upon him, she felt as if it were to be the crisis of her fate. Her husband's anxiety was almost as great as her own. Without sufficient penetration to discover the really striking points of Annie's character, he looked forward with terror to the sarcastic criticisms which his old friends would pass on "Winters' homely wife." Yet Mr. Winters was not an ill-disposed man, he was only a weak one.

The evening came; and never did debutante array herself with greater care than did poor Annie. At times she felt inclined to give up the effort, and remain content to be an unloved, neglected wife. But her loving heart whispered, "persevere," and she continued her task. It was with a fluttering heart that she heard her husband's voice in their private parlor as she left her dressing-room. "Come, Annie," he said, "here is my brother Frank, come to escort us home." She raised her eyes and met the admiring gaze of a stranger, who welcomed her most cordially as his new sister. "Pon honor, George," he exclaimed, "you are a lucky fellow," and then, recollecting himself, colored, and was silent.

Poor Annie need not have trembled so violently as her husband led her through the brilliant throng assembled in his mother's drawing-room, could she have "seen herself as others saw her." A bride, and particularly a wealthy one, is always admired if she possesses the least claim to either beauty or intelligence; and Annie had seldom appeared to so much advantage as on this evening. The delicate folds of her lace robe floated airy around her petite and exquisitely graceful figure; her fair curling hair was confined by a bandeau of diamonds, the only ornament she wore; and her shoulders and arms, white and dimpled as a child's, were left bare. There was a sudden pause in the dancing as the young couple entered,

but as she passed up the room, Annie's cheek flushing, and her eyes downcast, an involuntary murmur of admiration ran through the room, and when she had been received by Mr. and Mrs. Winters, every one pressed forward to be presented. There was something so touching in the appealing glance of the stranger, as she received the welcomes which were showered upon her, that every heart warmed toward her with a feeling of hospitality and kindness.

Mrs. Winters, ere many weeks passed, became the belle and leader of fashion. She was pronounced charming, fascinating, irresistible. Her *bon-mots* were repeated, her dress was copied, her wit, her dancing, her peculiar style became the rage. Mr. Winters was lost in astonishment, when the quiet, plain little Annie, whom he had looked down upon so patronizingly, suddenly ascended, and became a star of the first magnitude in the world which he had so long worshipped and followed. Nothing could be more amusing than the eagerness with which he brought his friends to the spot where Annie stood, surrounded by a crowd, to present them "to his wife." And all this was owing to her one quality of Tact! The impression first made by her was never suffered to grow dim; once the object of general attention as an heiress and a bride, it was an easy thing to continue so. Her husband regarded her with a kind of deferential awe, as he saw her fascinate all who approached her, and when she still turned to him so gently and lovingly for support and protection, the feeling of gratified pride insensibly assumed a warmer nature. *He loved her.*

I must bring my hasty sketch to a conclusion. Years passed on. The influence which Annie gained over her husband imperceptibly deepened. She led him gradually from the vortex of fashionable life, by rendering his home ever pleasant by the charm of novelty until he learned to love it. She infused into his mind new principles of action. All this she said so quietly that he fancied *he* was the guiding spirit, and she the passive follower.

Some ten years after my first visit to Stelton, I saw the sisters. Both resided in a small town in New York. Mr. Winters and Mr. Martyn were alike in reduced circumstances. I was passing through the town, and concluded to spend a day with them. I found Caroline much altered. The bright, beautiful girl had become a haggard, care-worn woman, and her dress was not only plain, but very untidy and soiled. Caroline would have thought it a waste of time to dress for the gratification of her husband and children. Yet she had suffered much for them. She had toiled unceasingly to serve them; her property had been resigned cheerfully to meet Henry's debts;

yet, by a uniform disregard of trifles in their intercourse, she had failed to win their gratitude. Utterly incapable of understanding the characters and peculiar disposition of her children, she was unable to sympathize with them, and with strong love that would have braved a world to serve them, she remained an unloved mother.

She received me with a warm welcome, uttering at the same time many condolences upon my wretched looks, which certainly did not tend to make me feel comfortable. I spent an unhappy day. I had never been in a family where there seemed to be so little love. It was like some machine where a connecting link was wanting. Every part grated harshly against the rest. Mr. Martyn met me cordially. He too was broken. The once frank, handsome face was clouded by a shadow that reminded me of other causes than care. He was fast regaining part of his old cheerful manner, when the eldest boy suddenly burst into the room, exclaiming, "oh, mamma! Aunt Annie is going to let the boys have a dance to-night—may we go?" "Certainly not," said the mother, severely. "Your Aunt Annie may do as she pleases with her children, but I will indulge mine in no such folly. Go to your lessons, Frank." Frank left the room muttering, and with a scowl upon his face. "You might let them go," said Mr. Martyn, "children need some amusement, Caroline." Conscious that she was not perfectly right, Caroline's cheek flushed angrily, as she said, "pray do not interfere with me in my management of the children. *I can govern myself*, and, therefore, am more capable of governing them." "And why cannot I govern myself?" he asked, in a tone of suppressed passion. "No one who sees you pass the restaurants would ask that question," she replied. Springing up with a muttered curse, he left the room, while I sat in astonished silence. "It is the truth," she exclaimed, bursting into tears. "He drinks—I have known it long, and only waited till a stranger was present to tell him of it. This mortification may save him." Seeing how useless was remonstrance, I proposed that we should walk over to Mrs. Winters. She acceded, and we went.

We found Annie in the midst of a group of happy children, playing while they danced. Her greeting was as warm and heartfelt as ever. Mr. Winters met us with a smiling face and outstretched hand. He called the children to us, and presented them proudly. "Our little ones are just having a dance, Miss Poyntz," he said, after we were seated. "I have always thought, and told Annie, that the best way to keep our sons from temptation abroad is to make home pleasant to them." There was a quiet smile on

Annie's placid face that made me doubt if the suggestion came from him. We passed a delightful evening until near the close, when a servant arrived to summon Caroline home, as Frank was seriously injured in a fight in which he had been engaged on the street.

The next morning I went on my way, and saw the sisters no more. But a lesson was imprinted

on my mind that I would willingly teach to my female readers: it is, that there is a quality more to be desired in woman than beauty or genius—TACT. In other words a knowledge of human nature, joined to a loving heart; a simple practice in trifles of the Saviour's rule, “Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you.”

SUMMER AND SUNSHINE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

God of this bounteous earth, my heart rejoices
To feel Thee ever near,
In the wide Heaven where golden clouds are sleeping
Thy presence doth appear;
On the bright vernal grass where flowers are springing
Thy radiant footsteps shine,
Spring's morning hope, and Summer's blest perfection,
Are gifts, dear Lord, of thine.

The glowing tints upon the waters resting
Gleam from a light above,
But shadowy depth half veils their pure reflection
As faults obscure our love—
With Thee, all perfect Author of Creation,
Yet be our sins forgiven,
If we but wear as doth the lake's still waters
Some semblance unto Heaven.

The song of birds, the leaves that idly flutter
With mellow harmony,
The balmy gales that breathe of scented flowers
Disporting carelessly,
The tinkling rills, the tall grain lightly waving
As waves the tranquil sea;
From every gloomy thought of pain or sorrow
Has set my bosom free.

Tho' oft my soul be wrung by grief and sadness
At mine unworthiness,
Tho' tears of anguish flow full oft in hearing
Of suffering and distress;
It cannot be a crime 'mid glorious Summer
To cast all care away,
And revel in the soft enrapturing pleasure
Of this delicious day.

Spring's parting smile is spreading all around me
Love, beauty, health, and light,
And happiness to which earth's lowliest children
May claim an equal right;
And many a joy that fate, alas! debars him
In Winter's dreary hour,
Music and flowers, and Nature's perfumed breathing,
Lies in the poor man's power.

An angel voice with soft rejoicing murmurs
Of promised bliss to come,
While fainter grows the shadows intervening
Between us and our home;
Nor let the cold ascetic sternly chiding,
Such child-like trust reprove,
God gives us life, and sunshine, hope and Summer,
And whispers faith is love.

MOONLIGHT.

BY J. WARNER.

LEAVE me alone—oh, leave me alone,
Or else be softly still,
I'd listen and hear the lilies drink
The moisture of the rill,
For 'tis moonlight, bright moonlight,
O'er valley and hill,
Yes, moonlight, bright moonlight,
So calm and so still.

Leave me alone—oh, leave me alone,
Or do not dare to stir,
I'd hear the flowers ere they're full-blown
Ope to the soft night air,

For 'tis moonlight, bright moonlight,
O'er valley and hill,
Yes, moonlight, bright moonlight,
So calm and so still.

Oh, stay by me now, sit by my side,
And hold—oh, hold thy breath,
I'd listen and hear old time's onward tread,
Giving to life and death,
For 'tis moonlight, bright moonlight,
O'er valley and hill,
Yes, moonlight, bright moonlight,
So calm and so still.

CAROLINE BRADSHAW. A STORY OF NEW ENGLAND LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L——'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 38.

The Village, Tuesday, 31st.

Our grand-parents and Laura came with me. Henry was already here; he rode over, as is his daily practice, in the morning.

Before we were settled down to our sewing, while yet grandmother was going from one thing to another, overlooking the plants; and, from the windows, the garden, to see how all things had been coming on, the doctor came into our midst, as if by right and title, he were one of us. Again the glow and smile on Laura's face; again, as one could see by the ribbons that fastened her collar, the soft flutter and commotion in her heart. The doctor held her hand a little longer than he did ours; his eyes lingered longer on her face. If she spoke, he caught all the words as if they were so many pearls; and when, at Jemmy's call, she went out into the garden to see his lettuce-bed, he followed her, singing, "I'm going out where Laura is."

I looked out, after some time, and the pair stood in the shade. The doctor leaned against a tree looking down on Laura, who, meanwhile, busied herself picking leaves from a shrub at her side and tearing them to pieces. I could not see that either of them attended to Jemmy's lettuce-bed.

While they were there, the Misses Boynton came in. They saw me come and could not wait, they said. They *must* come in and see me, early as it was! Would I not be a good girl, and go over with them to their house? for they had a cactus in bloom, which they had been dying to show me. They had been *so* afraid the flowers would fall before I came over, if *ever* I came! They had told Henry about it, three—yes, *four* days ago. He did his errand, like a good boy, of course. No. No? why, then he was a bad one, and must be tapped with Adaline's fan. *Wouldn't* I go over then with them?

I asked to be excused until to-morrow.

No; for the flowers *certainly* would not stay on until another day. I must go then; and they fluttered around me. Adaline fluttered around Henry, begging him to help them tease. Or, would not he go too? Ah, yes; that was just the thing! he would go, surely? *Wouldn't* he go? Come! like a good boy!

If Caroline wanted to see the flowers, he had no objections, Henry said; and added, turning to me, "I think we had better go, Caroline. Let us go now."

"Now you've no excuse!" said they, delighted, and again besiegling me.

I could not see why I had not the same excuse as before. In truth, I do not want to be with them. If they had nothing to do with the unlawful bankruptcy of their father and brother, they are coarse and ill-natured, as I have had many a chance to see. To-day I saw malicious sneers pass over their faces, when they caught glimpses of the doctor and Laura in the garden. But they overcame me, as they almost always do when they attempt it, by their ill-bred pertinacity. "Why, there is no reason why you should not just go over for a few minutes!" said they. "What can be the reason that you don't want to go?"

I could not muster impudence equal to their own, and so tell them the true reason. I therefore said nothing; but with a sigh of vexation went to bring my bonnet, comforting myself a little with the thought that, in this way, we would be rid of them. Henry accompanied us. And, lo! when we came into Mr. Boynton's parlor, we met not only the cactus flowers, but Mr. Andrew Boynton also. I was heartily vexed at the sly, foolish stratagem of the girls; and then by no means soothed to see by the dimples setting back at the corners of Henry's mouth, and by his narrow eyes, that he was not vexed, only amused; in part, no doubt, by the stratagem, and in part, perhaps, by my vexation. The girls bit their lips and tried various other devices to conceal their satisfaction. As for the young man himself, how I hated him; how sick I was of all his looks, and ways, and speech, before I had been ten minutes in his company! He minded his words, he screwed himself into all sorts of conceivable attitudes and shapes. He would let me have no peace with the flowers—which were truly splendid—but soon it was so that I hated the flowers too; for he touched the tip of one long, white finger; to another long, white finger; to one petal to another petal; "and did I not think so and so?" he asked, "*was I not charmed?*" "How is your mother to-day, Miss Boynton?"

I asked, abruptly turning away from the flower, after according a most ungracious "yes!" to his last question.

Mrs. Boynton came instantly, looking as if she thought the world were just made; and in a few minutes more came her husband, with an expression as if he were abundantly equal to distinguish between the moon and a green cheese; and as if he knew he were equal to it. But, "suffice it to say," as the story-writers have it, between them all I was nearly dragged to death with flatteries, innuendoes, inquiries, entreaties to prolong my call to the utmost possible length, to run in often, and not consider myself a stranger *there!* not by any means! no indeed! no *indeed!*

Ah, I am vexed! But this makes me the crossest of anything. Henry knew whom we would meet there, and helped me to go, although he knew how I have been troubled by the girls on his account. He even found a pleasure in that which was such a provocation to me. I read it in the dimples, and in the look of humor about his eyes. I will not easily forgive this in Henry. Another might have done it; but not he.

He looked aslant at me as we came along home in silence, as if he would read my thoughts in my face. I had been thinking—"well! I am heartily provoked! and not only with all the Boyntons, but with Henry more than with them. I shan't be in the least gracious to him until he sue for pardon—at least, by his looks, certainly not while those saucy dimples remain there in sight!" This had passed. I was thinking then—"well! he has plagued me, and now I will plague him. He has had his full share of amusement out of it, and soon I will have mine."

"Were they not beautiful flowers?" said I, quietly meeting his looks.

"Yes, quite; and how—what can be your opinion of Mr. Andrew Boynton?"

He expected me to say "tell the contemptuous things of him that I felt; but, on the contrary, I looked demurely on the ground, and said, "oh, one can't tell at once. One must be better acquainted to appreciate him fairly. He has a beautiful hand; did you notice it?"

"Yes; yes, his hand is well enough; but—" He paused, but I did not help him on; and thus in silence we reached the parlor, where, by this time, they were all assembled; the doctor's children, for whom Aunt Agnes had sent, with them. Others, who had been invited to meet us, soon came; Dr. Sprague and his wife, who had been the friend of our grand-parents for forty years; the Carters, the Burnhams, our good clergyman, his wife and daughters—all of them most intelligent, most agreeable people. We went here and there through parlors, hall, yard and garden; not once coming together, all of us, except at supper.

I several times saw Henry making his way toward me; when, without showing him that I noticed his approach, I betook myself to new quarters. We did not once, therefore, come fairly together. When he left it was with our grand-parents and Laura. I was busy with the bonnets and gloves of the others who were leaving at the same time, and just called out, "good-bye, Cousin Henry."

He looked back and said, simply, "good-bye, Caroline;" but giving the little phrase a cadence that went through my heart—that does now—like the tolling of a bell. I am sorry I began the foolish game; or rather, that I carried it on a moment. Henry began it, he whose part it is to be so sincere, so friendly to me! Heigh-ho—I will see to-morrow whether the dimples are gone; whether his eyes are graver. If they are.

August 1st.

He did not come over to-day. An old classmate is visiting him, the doctor says. One would think that he might bring his classmate to the village to see it and us.

Aunt Agnes and I have made many calls to-day. I have taken a long walk this evening with Tiger; and, on my way back, I met Mr. Andrew Boynton and sisters, who thereupon turned and accompanied me home.

Cards have been sent out to-day for their party, which is to be on Friday.

The doctor took his little girls to the west part of the town with him to day; and, on his way back, stopped to take his tea at grandfather's. What with doctors and classmates, and so on, I can easily conceive that I shall not be missed by Henry and Laura. Grandmother sent me a bunch of mignonette, my favorite among the summer flowers. Heigh-ho.

The 2nd.

Henry called to-day on his way to the office. But the everlasting Boynton girls were here, so that he looked neither one way nor the other; and there was nothing left for me to do but to say, "good morning" when he came, and again when we went; interposing a remark or two upon the disagreeableness of the day; and a question or two about the grand-parents and Laura. He answered with Adaline fluttering between us. I did not once get a fair look into his eyes.

He ran in again on his way home; but Mr. Andrew Boynton and Uncle Harrison came at the same time. Again things went miserably. Uncle must show Henry a long paragraph in the "Union;" Boynton must show me himself; and I had no comfort. This time I detected the aslant glance in Henry, and the dimples, and the lively twinkle. I did not look at him once more; but was all eyes, ears, and voice to Boynton; who thereupon became—*ineffable*. What else can one suppose he became?

Again the careless "good-bye, Henry," when he left; I listened sharply; but this time the tones of his reply were as careless as my own.

Boynton sat some time longer; but uncle entertained him with politics to my great relief.

The 4th.

In their attempts to outdo all precedents in the line of parties here at New London, the Boyntons went beyond their depth, and made heavy, laborious work of it. The day was sultry and heavy; everything was as heavy as lead. The doctor, Uncle Harrison and Henry are generally the life of people on all social occasions. But the doctor was not there; he was not invited. Uncle Harrison accompanied us; but his head is full of politics lately, and legislative enactments. He kept mostly, during the first part of the evening, with Mr. Lane, Dr. Sprague's son-in-law, who is one of the members from this town. Laura did not come; and Henry came only at a late hour. I had been a long time watching the door for him, every moment expecting to see him appear there. I longed to have him come; and still dreaded meeting him there in the crowd, since things had been going so badly with us of late. If I could just see him first in the hall, or at the door; and hold his hand a moment in mine, meanwhile speaking honest, hearty words, and hearing the same from him, then all would be right; then the burden would go from my heart. But I was surrounded by the Boyntons. Would I go to the piano? Andrew was so fond of a well-executed piano! Would I sing? My voice was some way to sweet! Andrew doated on the voice; and they were such bunglers compared with me, much as pa had spent on them! Was I too warm? Were the rooms uncomfortable for me, any way?

"Oh, yes!" sighed I, putting out my arms in genuine discomfort. "The rooms are hot!"

Andrew flew to let down windows, to put up windows. I fancy some of the guests got sore-throats. But Toots-like (in more than one sense) the Boyntons would have said, in chorus, "no consequence—no consequence," if such a result had been hinted at.

There! Andrew had got through! he had made things comfortable for me! and he was back there, dodging my thanks with his self-complaisant eyes and smile. But I was heavy of heart. I had not life wherewithal to speak; I only wished sluggishly that he and all the Boyntons were in France; and that Henry and I were somewhere where it was quiet and cool, where there were not so many people going about like shadows.

At length Andrew disappeared; and I breathed more freely. I could look about me, seeing that the people were not all shadows, feeling that life was not all a dream. I was unspeakably relieved, inasmuch that I fancy he has all the baneful

qualities of the torpedo about him. Ah, dear! I have a real dread of him, even now. I think now that if I may never see him again, while I live, I will not mind any other calamity that may befall me. And the whole family—I would not have believed, one month ago, that any people who do not go lunging in the dark places, with cold steel in their hands, could be so frightful. But I suppose I am nervous to-day; for I have not slept of late. I suppose I had better forget the Boyntons, since their remembrance troubles me, and think and write of him who is so different, whose presence is so good, so refreshing to me. This can be none other than my Cousin Henry.

"Let us go out into the piazza, aunt, where it is cooler," whispered I, while the Boynton girls were taking their places at the piano. "It is so uncomfortable here!—and perhaps we shall see Henry coming."

We were near the open doors, and went out without being noticed or followed.

No Henry was in sight; but the air was cool and good; and we sat down there, saying that we would stay and make Uncle Harrison hunt for us; thus giving him a chance to learn, in his want of us, that we are much better and more interesting than his darling politics.

"I kind o' thought it was you two when I seed ye comin' out here, speaking softly and stepping softly," said Mrs. Cheever, coming up to us. "I've been out here by the window hearin' the piany. There was such a buzzin' goin' on between the kitchen an' parlor, that I couldn't hear nothin' clear. Ye didn't 'pect ter see me here ter the party, I reckon?"

"You came over to help them, I suppose," said aunt. I was straining my eyes looking through the darkness after Henry.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Cheever. "An' bein' as they want me ter help clear up to-morrow, they thought I'd better stay. Carline," drawing closer to me, and looking very sly, "they think Andrew's got you fast. I heerd 'em a talkin' an' bringgin' about it terday. They think you're awful smit with 'im. Are ye?"

"Me? no, I despise him."

"I thought so. Look 'ere!" drawing still closer and laughing; "he's out there in the summer-house, a smokin'. He smokes a sight; arter he eats, an' afore he eats, he smokes and smokes. But he's mazin' sly about it; goes out there inter the summer-ouse allers ter do it, so't I needn't see 'im an' tell you on 't. You! I wish you an' your aunt would jist go 'long, kind o' walkin' out, ye know, an' happen ter go along inter the summer-ouse. I guess that'd cure him o' breakin' yer heart so, fer your great love of him. He'd lose all o' his big feelin's ter once, an' sneak off ter Lowell termorrow or next day."

"Mrs. Cheever," Mrs. Boynton called from a back door, "where are you? Won't you come down and help a little about supper?"

Mrs. Cheever left us immediately.

"Come," said aunt, rising and taking my hand. "It is time that you were rid of this; and he will go off, as Mrs. Cheever says, if you can find him there smoking."

How we laughed! how we exulted in what we were doing! but noiselessly, as with quick, light steps we went through the open gate, and down the walk to the arbor. It is densely covered with grape-vines, and this occasioned that he did not see us until we stood side by side at the entrance.

"The devil!" said he, starting to his feet, throwing down his cigar, and stamping on it as if it were the fiend he had just evoked.

"Ah! you don't smoke, I hope, Mr. Boynton?" I said, suppressing my merriment, and blowing the smoke away from me.

"Ah! I hope not!" said aunt, also blowing the smoke. "Shall we go, Caroline?—cigar smoke is so offensive to you!"

"Yes, we will go. Pray don't let this interrupt you, Mr. Boynton."

By the time we turned to go, he had rallied considerably. We could not see his face distinctly, but his voice was tolerably composed when he said, joining us, "then you are no friend to the cigar, Miss Bradshaw?"

"Ah, no!" replied I, shuddering with the real nausea it always occasions me.

"Well, it is a foolish practice. I contracted it at the clubs while I was in Boston. I have been thinking lately that I must break off."

Thus was I foiled in my stratagem; and I felt it at the moment, that thus I deserved to be foiled in the practice of that which I so heartily disapprove and habitually avoid. I was twice foiled; for just as we three came up to the door together, Henry appeared at the gate. Boynton hustled forward to meet him, and took him immediately into the house, giving aunt and me hardly a chance to speak to him. But now I was indifferent. I was not worthy, I felt, at that moment of awakening contrition, to speak to him, to hear him speak to me, as he had done until within those late days of my folly. I so love truth, truth in the heart, on the lips and in one's action, that I half-envy the martyrs who have died for its sake; yet I had been deliberately planning falsehood, and deliberately carrying it out in my words and in my ways. I despised myself. Aunt was saying something to me, but I did not attend to her. I could scarcely avoid falling into passionate weeping; and oh, how I longed to be in my still chamber, and alone with my God, that I might bring all my trouble and folly to Him, and

beg his forgiveness, his protecting care for the future!

"Come, come!" said aunt, drawing me along. "I have been seeing through the window that your uncle is looking after us. Let's go in."

"You go in, dear aunt; but let me stay here. There is nothing in there that I want."

Aunt let her arm slide lovingly about my waist, and said, "don't be troubled, my dear, about what Mrs. Cheever said. We have all seen it before, you know, what their plan is. I hoped he would be mortified at our finding him there, that you would have no more trouble on his account. But I don't know—at any rate you can—"

"I can speak the truth to him, aunt, and act it. In this way I can easily show him what my sentiments are, and that it will be useless for him to press his. The sober, sincere truth is best, after all, in such cases."

"Yes, so it is. Yes, be sincere with him; that is the best way—let what will come. But now—ah, there is my good man! Harrison, here! we come now."

Uncle came along the piazza to us with quick steps. What! where had we been? he asked. Were we tired of his and Mr. Lane's politics? He begged our forgiveness for this one time. He would let politics alone the rest of the evening; and keep himself in readiness to pick up fan or bouquet; to talk with us about—he did not finish his lively jests; for aunt knew that some saucy thing was coming next, and playfully laid her hand on his lips.

Henry was standing with the Lanes, when we returned to the parlor. He looked up a moment, but immediately resumed his conversation with them. We crossed over directly to them. He looked in my face, coolly at first, then inquiringly; and then in the kind old way, asked if I were quite well that evening.

"Yes," I replied. "I am well, but all out of tune."

He laughed, looked cordially in my face, and taking my hand, drew it through his arm.

"Out of tune, are you? Come out here to this window-seat, and tell me all about it. What is the matter?" he asked, finding that I hesitated to speak, although now we were standing quite by ourselves. "Come! tell me; for I have something that I want to say to you. How happens it that you are out of tune?"

"Why, I know, that, in these last few disagreeable days, you don't like me at all; and, what is more trying still, that I don't deserve that you like me." I looked down with eyes full of tears.

"Now this is like my Cousin Caroline! It is just the sincere thing I longed to have you do;

because, Caroline, we can neither of us be happy, unless there is peace and a perfect openness between us."

We said no more then; for the call to the supper-tables came. Henry led me to the table, he helped me, he filled his own plate; but we neither of us ate much. It was meat and drink to me, standing again by Henry, and having his smile rest on me.

I hardly noticed it then; but I remember now that Boynton came toward me, as if for the purpose of leading me to the table; but stopped on seeing me with Henry. I know that he stood near us during supper; but I hardly saw it at the time. His presence, his idea no longer troubled me. With Henry for my friend, I could not feel that anything on earth had power to annoy me. He accompanied me home. We loitered, so that we had time for the little explanations there were to be made, and for seeing it become clear before us.

I see that I have uselessly and causelessly tormented myself. Henry advised our going to see the cactus flowers, because he saw no other way of our being left to ourselves. When there, he was amused, not at my annoyances, but at the palpable exertions to secure me for young Boynton.

Evening.

Henry is sick to-day. He took cold last night, the doctor thinks; and to-day is feverish and restless. He sent me a fresh little bouquet made up of the fragrant blossoms I love best. Now I believe that the time of trial comes. I believe that he will die before another year.

The doctor brought me a note from Laura, full of affection, full of "the deep quietude of joy," concluding with—"I am sorry poor Henry is so unwell to-day. I wish you were here to stay by him; I am so distraught with all the things that are happening and going to happen, I fear I don't attend to him as I ought. He sits and rocks, and holds your little pocket Bible in his hands. He is a dear, a *dear* Henry.

"But the doctor, you can't begin to think how I like him. He is exactly the kind of man I have always thought I could love best. If I can only make him as happy as he deserves to be!"

"Isn't papa kind? he bids me use his gift in the way of a *trousseau*; and offers to remit another sum equal to this. But, Caroline, dear, I have determined that I will be as simple as any little Quaker body in the land. My mother's wedding-dress shall be my wedding-dress. The material is very rich, you know. It was made with an open skirt, and mamma had a petticoat like it, so that there is enough silk for any form. Beyond this one dress I shall adhere to my simple ginghams and muslins for summer, and my de-

laines for winter; for I shall find a great many little wants in the children's clothes and all through the house; some of which the doctor does not see, probably; others are beyond his means with the still remaining debts. But! come over and hear all about it; and tell me if you will, one day this week, ride over to Concord with me to buy webs of cloth. Alas! for the landscape painting! What will be done with those half-finished 'Pilgrims at the Shrine'? It is such a grand thing, the subject is so noble and good, I would like to finish just that one, and have it framed for our parlor. Beyond this adieu to painting. And I say it without regret, with joy, even; for better to me than all the landscape painting in the world, will be my work of taking care of the doctor and the motherless children. Now you shall see that I can be done with this writing. Thine—thine,

Laura.

"P. S.—The doctor wants to be married early in September. I am quite out of breath thinking of it. Do come over!

"P. S. 2nd.—We have a beautiful plan. You have heard of the doctor's nephew, Augustus Cummings, the clergyman. He has not been here since he was a boy; he has been at his studies constantly; and, besides, his very odd uncle has seemed to wish to monopolize him. The doctor saw him, however, when he was at Cambridge, last season. He liked him exceedingly; they have corresponded since; and the nephew has promised that he will visit the uncle this season. Don't you see? The doctor says that he must be here at the wedding. I say that he and you, or poor, dear Henry and you, must stand with us at the altar. I shall listen to no other plan. See this postscript!"

I shall go over to-morrow to see the child, that is, if Henry remains at home. But Augustus Cummings! What can one think of this?

The 27th.

Three weeks I have been away from my diary. I went over to grandfather's, intending to stay a few hours only. But Henry was so sick; and every hour growing worse; shaking with cold, at the same minute that his lips were parched with the burning breath. He rose out of his easy-chair and tried to meet us when we came; but he staggered and almost fainted. Uncle Harrison and grandfather led him immediately to bed, where he has lain ever since in severe lung fever, until this week he begins to sit up and look about him a little.

There never was so gentle a sufferer. We were all distressed by the patience, the tearful gratitude for our little attentions, the solicitude for our case, when he saw that we scarcely ate, or slept in our care and anxiety for him. He was so little earthly, it seemed to us that he was

becoming like unto the angels, so that this earth would no longer be the place for him, and he would pass to the more genial home in heaven. But God had mercy on us. He listened to our prayer and left him for us. I am thankful; and yet I weep for Henry. He wished to go, although now that he finds he is to live on, he looks on us, and out on the green earth with eyes full of gladness.

He is still very weak. His appetite does not return; and I sometimes think the doctor feels much less hopeful than ourselves, about him.

Henry drove me away, that I might be rested, he said, and ready to serve him when he is able to ride over. He hopes that this will be next week.

The 80th.

One does not feel like writing in a diary in these days. So much goes on; there is enough to do, enough to see to, which way soever one turns. Tuesday, I went to Concord with grandfather and Laura, to buy "webs and webs of cloth," as Mrs. Cheever says. They stopped here to leave me, on the way back. I dexterously abstracted two of said webs; and yesterday and to-day, by staying close in aunt's chamber, only running down to our meals, we have nearly covered the grass in the clothes-yard with the newly-made sheets, pillow-cases, table-cloths and towels; and, all the while, we rejoice like two children over what we are doing.

Henry remains nearly the same, the doctor says; although he can see that he gains. He thinks he gains as fast as we have reason to expect him to, after illness so severe.

Tuesday, September 4th.

A great thing has happened. Mr. Alfred Cummings, the miserly uncle, is dead; and has left, by his last will, (by the way, they say he has made many wills) but by his last will, he has left two thousand dollars to his brother, the doctor; and the rest of all his large possessions to his nephew, Mr. Augustus Cummings. This places the doctor firmly on his feet once more. It will enable him to pay off all his little debts, uncle says, and to purchase a field of a half dozen acres that stretches out back of his buildings, and for the ownership of which he has long been sighing. He wishes that the fruit trees and the grape-vines be coming on in that field, that he may have pleasant and profitable employment, when the time comes that he no longer can ride with ease over these high, rough hills.

The 28th.

The doctor is already in possession of the long coveted field. There came to-day letters from his brother's executor and from his nephew. The latter gentleman will be here in a few days, to remain until after the wedding.

Laura has been over to the shops to-day, to make little purchases of articles not thought of by us, when we were in Concord. The girl has let the flowers go out of the inside of her bonnet. She wore no collar; and, with her modest drab shawl pinned snugly to her form, and the careful looks and ways she has been acquiring so rapidly of late, she looked like a busy little matron, quite old and staid enough for the vigorous Dr. Cummings.

Henry is better. He will come over to-morrow. He hopes to be able to attend church half of the day; then he will come here for the rest of the day, for several days. Uncle, aunt and I rode over this morning, carrying the piles of made-up cottons and linens. Laura was surprised. Her eyes were blinded a moment by the great tears; but she had no time for them. She brushed them off hastily, and took us out to see what she and grandmother had been doing. Yes, that is always the way; if we do the best we can, thinking, as we work, that this time we are really doing great things, that even grandmother cannot beat that, it turns out, as it did to-day, that, without ado about it, without self-gratulations or vanity, grandmother has been accomplishing twice as much as we. We said as much to her as we looked over the articles bleaching on the grass, the articles not in need of bleaching, made ready for "the wash," and on those already washed, ironed, and in the drawers.

"Oh, well," said she, in consoling tones, and shutting a drawer, "you will find when you have worked as many years as I have, that it will go off quick and easy with you too. We must creep a while before we can walk, in housekeeping, as in everything else. Agnes, you must know this. You get along twice as easy as you did five years ago."

"Yes, ten times as easy, mother. But I shall never be *your* equal, never."

"Then it will be no fault of yours. You try hard enough. But your young days, the days when things come easiest, were spent among the books; mine, in the kitchen and dairy—chiefly; I went to school a few months every year. See! there is Henry! the poor child! how tall he looks! I shall be glad when he gets that gown off; for whenever I see him now he makes me think of his mother. For three or four months she walked through the house as Henry does, looking so tall, wasted as she was, and in her long, loose dress—and so pale! We have been gone a long time; let's go back; I don't like to have him walking through the hall, there is such a current."

We had caught a glimpse of him crossing the hall, from the back bed-room where we were. Grandmother looked sick at heart as we turned away from the drawers. Laura was pale; I—I

don't know how I looked ; but I felt as if death, himself, instead of Cousin Henry, had just crossed the way before us, chilling, almost freezing me with his icy presence.

Henry strove to smile when we returned to him ; but, oh, the weary, languid look !

Grandfather and Uncle Harrison came in directly. They had been going over the fields ; and their accounts of all the promise they found in the corn and the potatoes, revived us somewhat. Henry especially hung upon their words, and watched their animated faces. We must all go out into the garden, they said, to see how the rich acorn-squashes had been growing there entirely hidden by the broad leaves. Grandpapa did not even know that he had any acorn-squashes growing ; they had been so sly ! Uncle Harrison found them ; and, therefore, he should have the best one on the vines, to carry home for dinner to-morrow. I was checked in the midst of my rejoicings over the dinner, by seeing that Henry's eyes were full of large, shining tears. The poor fellow has no appetite yet.

"Go out, girls, and look at the acorn-squashes," said he, finding that Laura and I did not stir, although the rest were already on the way, and had twice called us. "And bring me a flower, Caroline. I will not tell you what one I want ; let me see if you will bring me the right one."

Now I had a short notice for going. While the rest went to the farther side of the garden to look at the hidden squashes, I remained near the gate, looking after a sprig of mignonette. Henry had broken nearly all of it off to bring over to me.

When hunting, I heard Henry singing in low tones, which were often interrupted by the hacking cough that remains of the fever. I went nearer the gate and listened. He was singing—
"I am Weary."

"I am weary of straying ! oh ! fain would I rest, In the far distant land of the pure and the blest, Where sin can no longer her blandishments spread, And tears and temptations forever are fled."

I cannot tell how this affected me. The tones were so sad and low, so different from those I had been accustomed to hear from Henry ! And the hacking cough, so often stopping him !

I broke a sprig of mignonette and returned to the house. When I went in he was singing—
"I am weary, but ah ! never let me repine, While thy word, and thy love, and thy promise are mine."

"That is a dear Caroline !" said he, as soon as he caught a glimpse of me through the open door. His eyes brightened still more at sight of the mignonette. "That is it !" said he, in joyful tones, taking the flower and the hand that offered it together to his lips. Still holding my hand,

he drew a taboret a little nearer to him, that I might sit down close before him. "I am glad you came back, Caroline," said he, after a little pause. "It was so lonely here after you went !" I answered his faint smile with another. I could not venture to speak ; my heart was too full. I think he saw what I suffered ; for he added, laying his hand on my head, which now I bent to conceal the tears—"my poor child !—you and I are learning early what it is to suffer and to need a heavenly support. But we love each other, and this is a dear thing ; not as those who marry and are given in marriage do we love ; but as two who, after going a little farther side by side, must be parted for a while, but only to meet again, dearest." He bent his head to mine, and was silent a moment ; for now I was sobbing like a child. "I shall be with you often," resumed he ; "and you will love to feel this, and to give yourself to communion with me, at night, at all times, when you would be lonely without the memory of me, and of the good hours we have had together. Go now, dearest, to your chamber until you are calm. They are coming from the garden ; and your grandfather and grandmother must have no shock ; must see no tears—yet."

I caught his hand to my lips a moment, and hurried out just as I heard the busy voices approaching the house. Going to Laura's chamber, I drove back the tears to my heart ; bathed my eyes in cold water ; and breathing a prayer to heaven for support for myself, for Henry, for all who love him, I felt strengthened, and returned to the sitting-room with composed features. They were showing the acorn-squash to Henry, while he was praising its fair surface, its noble and beautiful proportions.

"And you will see, Henry," said Aunt Agnes, putting on her gloves for our return home, "you will see that, in cooking it, I shall infuse some invisible charm that shall make it delicious, even to your taste."

"That would be so good !" said he. "Caroline, your glove plagues you ; let me fasten it. I so long to find something that will taste as my victuals used to !"

I only dread that he may not have strength to get here ; or, that, if he comes, he will have no appetite for the boiled squash. Aunt Agnes will be as much disappointed as myself if he has not ; for she has set her heart on his loving it, and many other dishes that she has planned, and which she will bring forward, one of them at each meal, until she shall find that appetite and strength are restored to him. She sat silent and thoughtful a few moments after telling her plans, and then looked up with a long sigh.

"I wonder what those sick people can do," said she, "who have no friend on earth to attend

to them, and prepare the tempting, nourishing little bite for them! I am sure I have seen the time when I should have sank away and died, if I had had no friends to exert themselves for me—just as Henry would do now."

"God takes care of all his children," said Uncle Harrison. "If one of them suffers, and has no parent, or wife, or other friend near, He has made provisions for the emergency. He has put that into the hearts of all his children, which can never look on *helpless* suffering unmoved. If it is encrusted with ever so much selfishness and hardness and frivolity, it rises and makes its way through, and does its heavenly work."

"Yes, thank God it does!" replied aunt, with filling eyes. "I have seen this many a time; and it is so beautiful to see it where one only looks for folly or sin! It makes one believe that there is good somewhere, and in some degree in the heart of the worst being that lives; and that it would come into activity and redeem the whole man, if only the right circumstances might come along to bring it out."

The 10th.

It is quiet through the whole house; all are still at their rest; and I will write. It will be of Henry, of course. People hear nothing from me lately, that does not concern him.

He was stronger yesterday. He remained through the morning service; was greatly fatigued by it; but the exercise in the air gave him an appetite for the boiled squash and the boiled mutton. It was good! he said, looking over to the dish for more. We were all so glad, so grateful, we could easily have let some tears fall in our laps. The doctor came in to see about the dinner: he had heard of it Saturday evening at grandfather's. The good man looked as happy as the rest when he saw how Henry ate, and how his eyes brightened. But he couldn't stop to dine with us, as we all entreated—except Laura—for his own dinner waited by that time, he said; and his nephew was there to eat it with him. He must taste the squash and mutton though, that Henry found so good; but he would not sit; Uncle Harrison, therefore, took some into a pie-plate for him, and he ate it standing, praising it and laughing about "those ridiculous Boyntons." He says the elder Boynton called on him Saturday, to say that he has a long time been intending to make up his loss by his failure, all the same as if he had made no use whatever of the bankrupt act. This had been his plan from the beginning. He felt bad about the trouble the business had caused him, and so did Mrs. Boynton and the girls. He hoped he wouldn't mind it, now he was going to make it right; he hoped the families would be as sociable as ever after this; and his women hoped the same. He wasn't

"flush," he said, just now; but he would pay half of the sum, with interest down to this time, in cash; and he would like to pay the rest off by his field lying back of the doctor's. The doctor closed with the offer; and had the papers drawn up that evening, as he said, laughing, "lest the crows should happen to fly away with his legacy, his bride, his nephew, and all his present eclat, in which case he foresees that the new-born favor of the Boyntons would fly away without any help at all from the crows, or any other evil bird. But he must go!" and he hurried away, saying, "good day! good day, all!" as he went through the hall.

Laura and I have remarked a coldness and occasional sarcasm in the Misses Boyntons treatment of Laura, since her engagement to the doctor came out. The tide of prosperity setting in his favor, has affected them, as well as the father. They were near carrying Laura off her feet yesterday, as we met in coming out of church. And the doctor's little girls, trying so hard to keep hold of Laura's reticule or gown, if her right hand must be retained in Adaline's all the way out—how charming they found the little girls! and what tempting offers of music, pictures, dogs and birds in porcelain, they held out to them, to induce them to promise that they would go and see them to-morrow, and stay all the afternoon! But—"oh! take your hair out of my face, Adaline!" said Jane, impatiently pushing back the long curls that fell about her face, as Adaline bent down for a good-bye kiss. Adaline blushed; I saw that she was angry with the child; but she forced a laugh, and patted Jane on the shoulder; which caresses the girl parried by wheeling her shoulder away; and then, to be rid of all farther torment, she crossed over to Laura's other side, and clung to her gown as Clara already had possession of her left hand.

But no more of this on this beautiful morning. I shall sit here and hem the wedding cravat that we purchased at Concord for Henry. It is rich, and delicate as pearl; but too light for him, now that he will be so pale. His face will need the reflection of stronger colors.

Evening.

A letter from young Boynton to-day, containing an offer of "his hand, his heart, his fortune." He flatters himself that he will be accepted. He thinks he saw that my feelings were quite favorable to him when he left, no longer than our acquaintance had been. It should have been protracted; he wished to remain longer at New London; but urgent business took him suddenly to Lowell on the day after the party. Had he been deceiving himself? Do not I feel that he is the one for me, even as he feels that I am the one for him? He hopes so. He will hope so until he hears from me.

He gave a postscript, in which, with a most bungling attempt at facetiousness, he informs me that he has made a great sacrifice to me of a whole box of Havannas. He hopes I will think as he does, that he deserves something for this.

If my answer proves favorable, he shall be with me on the very next day after its reception, &c.

Henry and I were sitting alone when it was brought in. I was quite stupefied by it at first, and sat holding it open in my hand, without speaking, or moving. But, at length, in answer to Henry's inquiring looks, I put the thing into his hands.

"Oh! this is too bad!" he exclaimed, with a look of pity, as soon as he found what it was.

I, on the contrary, although I regretted it unspeakably, thought it a just punishment of my folly.

I have answered in a few lines; respectfully, but decisively showing him that his hope is groundless, and must ever be. I hope that this will be an end of the matter between us, although I am willing that its remembrance abide with my conscience forever.

The doctor called to see Henry this evening, accompanied by his nephew, Augustus Cummings. He is a fine-looking man, with a noble form and gait, a broad, high forehead, and a kind voice and manner. He did not speak often; still when he left, it was with us as if he were the brother of us all.

"How good he is!" said Henry, breaking the silence that followed their departure. "I am glad that he has come; I am glad he will stay so long!"

There came a sad, yearning look to his eyes. I know he was thinking that he may stay to comfort and strengthen him in his last hours. He has not recurred to the subject of his death; but from some things he said to-day of the coming autumn, I know that he expects to fall with the leaf. I cannot think of this with any degree of resignation. I feel that if he were no longer here, I would no longer wish to be. But God knows what is best. If He takes him soon to the heavenly rest, we ought not to complain; for I know that the little song he hums so often when left alone, express the feeling of his heart. The dear one is "weary."

The 18th.

Augustus Cummings came this morning with a low, easy-going carriage to take Henry out to ride. They did not ride very far; but went slowly and were out some time. They were both very serious, but very cheerful also when they returned; and I thought I saw indications of recent emotion in them both. Henry loves the dishes that Aunt Agnes prepares for him; he walks about the house, and evinces a cheerful

interest in whatever is going on. This gives them all courage, in spite of the languor which so often betrays itself, and the cough that so often interrupts him in speaking; which will not let him laugh at all, or sing much above a whisper.

The 14th.

I have been with Laura since Monday. There were such a multitude of little things and great to be seen to, now that the time draws near when all must be ready!

Uncle George will be here at the wedding. Augusta is not well. She cannot come; but she earnestly begs that we will go to her, starting directly the ceremony is over; and we have promised, hoping at the time the invitation was accepted, that Henry would be well enough to accompany us. This is over now; he does not gain at all. On the contrary, I can see that he has failed in the few days that I have been away from him. He still rides every day with his friend; but not far; sometimes not more than a mile. Our grand-parents begin to feel alarmed; and to talk of his going home—"while he can," they added, after hesitating as if it were too painful to be spoken. The doctor, however, thinks it best for him to remain here for the present; and so do we all. The roads are more level, smoother here; and, on that account, he can ride longer in the air; besides, here he has Augustus Cummings with him almost constantly, reading to him now and then; talking in a strong, cheerful way with him of a great variety of things, among the rest of the Saviour, his sufferings, his glorious work here, and of "the excellent greatness" of his character. Henry seemed entranced with this theme. His eyes fill with tears; they did this evening as they talked; and after a little pause, in which his eyes beamed like an angels, he said, in loving tones, "the dear, dear Saviour."

He turns from me now to Augustus. He loves him better than any other human being. In one way this relieves me. If I must give him up, it will not be so intolerable a grief as if he were to cling to me, and look to me to the last.

The 15th.

I am disappointed. Another letter came to-day from Andrew Boynton, in which he presses his suit. The general character of the epistle is abjectly humble, although one detects, here and there, a kindling indignation. He seems to think that there can be nothing but cigar-smoke in the way of his acceptance; and accordingly assures me, in solemn phrase, that it has vanished from his atmosphere to return no more. See then how I am plagued by the very cigar-smoke which I hoped would help me so essentially. I fear I shall lose my patience, and let indignation work itself into my reply; but I hope not.

Henry has been spending the day at the doctor's; and, now that he has returned, his friend remains with him. We leave them a great deal together; for we can see that Henry desires it. He talks freely with him, I am convinced, of the great change he believes to be near. This none of us could bear with the calmness necessary to promote his own.

Monday, the 17th.

Next Sabbath morning will be the marriage, the baptism, and the sacrament. Henry wishes to say to the world that he loves the Lord Jesus Christ; and that he will strive to serve him; and is not willing that it be deferred until the next communion. It is the rule for candidates to apply earlier; but Mr. Webster and the church are glad to receive him as he asks. They are glad to take one so good, so young, so influential to their fold; and a great deal affected by the circumstances under which he resorts to it.

The 20th.

Henry's heart is not at all on the marriage. No; he cannot go to the altar with Laura; his friend must attend me. His friend must also stand with him at the baptismal font.

Uncle has come. He seemed greatly shocked at the sight of his son. In writing to him, the doctor and Laura have reported faithfully their impressions of his case; but these have been characterized more by hope than fear, until within the last week, in which time they have not written.

Uncle is a lofty, arbitrary man. He has always borne himself far above Henry; so that, as Henry acknowledged to me soon after I came, he has always stood in infinite fear of him. He has trembled before him, and felt himself less than nothing in comparison with him. On this account he has had no pleasure in the prospect of his visits; or only such as lay in the hope that, next time, he would be more manly and win upon his father's respect and love. Now this has passed. The love of a higher than any earthly parent fills his heart. With the new love for Him, there seems to have arisen an intenser love for us all. He is infinitely tender and affectionate toward us, and especially toward uncle, since he has let it be seen how much he suffers.

Sabbath Evening, Sept. 23rd.

The day is over; and I am worn out by it. I know not how Henry was sustained.

Not often are so many tears shed at a marriage, or a baptism. The pale, glorified look awed and overpowered us all; gave new solemnity to the rites, new significance to the consecrated symbols.

He does not appear fatigued. He speaks with perfect cheerfulness of the journey we will undertake to-morrow; seems to have not the slightest wish to detain or accompany us. Uncle will

remain with him. Henry tried to dissuade him from it; but I saw that he was grateful for his want of success.

Only the doctor and Laura, Augustus and myself will go on to Boston; although Uncle Harrison and aunt, Mr. Lane and his wife, the Websters, and others will accompany us in private carriages to Concord. We shall drive there all together. Our friends will return home at the same time that we take the cars for Boston. Augustus and I are to go with the married couple in Uncle Harrison's barouche; while uncle and aunt will follow in the doctor's chaise. Tom will drive over and take the barouche back.

I am glad at the thought of meeting Augusta and her husband and boy so soon. I am glad that uncle will remain with Henry, and that Henry is so strong and animated to-night.

Between all these things, I have the feeling that a dark cloud has gone; and that the morrow's sun will shine as it never shone before.

Saturday, October 6th.

That September morning came on bland and balmy as a day of June. How blue were the hills and mountains around! How dark and rich the woods! The birds sang; the air went through the trees, as, already habited for our journey, I stood at the door and listened, and looked abroad with Henry. How happy was Henry in all he saw and heard! With what quiet animation he pointed out one beauty after another to me. Gradually an expression of great sadness stole over his features.

"I sometimes think it hard to go so soon," said he, after a brief pause, in which tears filled his eyes. "The earth is so beautiful! there are so many dear ones here! But heaven is better! Heaven is better!" he added, with a brightening, a beaming glance upward. "It's the inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away! You don't know, dear Caroline, how my mind lingers over these words, 'that fadeth not away!' I repeat it myself, as I lie awake through the night—the inheritance that fadeth not away—that fadeth not away!"

"I wish I were going as soon! for I, too, am longing for a home where things do not fade. I am sick of the earth!" I spoke passionately; for I thought of my parents, of Henry, of all the desolations of death, and of the approaching frosts and snows; and it really seemed to me that I could not live.

I shall never forget the look of mingled pity and upbraiding that Henry fixed on my face. "Oh, Caroline, don't say so! It is a glorious thing to live. I know of but one thing better than to live and do Christ's work on the earth, to suffer and to have faith in suffering. I see it so clearly what importance there is in the work

that Christ laid out for His followers, that I often long, long inexpressibly to stay and labor among men. There is so much suffering, Caroline! so much error and sin! There are so many to be benefited, to be saved! I think of what Channing said, 'one great thought breathed into a man may regenerate him'; and long to live, that, as I go here and there, in all the social, all the business concerns of my life, I may breathe into men the great thoughts that shall regenerate them."

"But *I*—I live such a poor life! and I shall suffer so much!"

"You, above almost every other one that I know, have the means of a good life—wealth, a benevolent, earnest temper, and a persuasive manner. And if you must suffer, Christ, also, suffered. Do as he has instructed you, my Caroline. Sit not down discouraged by the way, because directly before you a heavy cross lies in your path. Strive not to go round it; for this will take you out of the straight, narrow way; but go bravely on, thinking of Him who bore so much heavier burdens. Lift the cross, go on with it, and soon you will see lying a little beyond the bright crown of Christian triumph. The cross and the crown," added he, after looking out a moment at the carriages that were approaching the house, "remember, Caroline, the cross and the crown were united in Christ; they can never be sundered in us his followers."

It was the time appointed for the wedding party to meet here. It was only a few minutes after the first appeared, before we were all ready to enter the carriages.

Uncle George was courtly and attentive. Henry, cheerful and affectionate, accompanied us to the gate, shook hands with us all, kissed Laura, who had tears in her eyes, and seemed loth to let his hand go; but Uncle George said some lively thing and hurried us to the carriage.

"Good-bye, my friend," said Henry, again to Augustus Cummings, as we were taking the last look at him before starting. "Good-bye, girls; good-bye all." He waived his hand; those in the carriages waived theirs; Laura and I sent back kisses; and then we rode on, leaving him and uncle standing arm-in-arm looking after us.

We heard laughter and merry voices in the other carriages, long before the sadness occasioned by the parting was lifted from our hearts, so that we felt inclination to talk and look around us.

We had dined, and were in the midst of our leave-takings; and, already the long line of carriages belonging to the return-party, together with the coach which was to convey us to the cars, was drawn up before the American House, when a light, open buggy, and a horse reeking with sweat and foam, dashed up on the outside

of the line. Some of our party were already in the piazza; and a half dozen voices, full of terror, exclaimed, "James Bradley!"

We looked from the window just as he threw his reins, without speaking, to the ostler, and made his way through carriages and men to the piazza. His look was full of fear as he glanced from one to another, evidently dreading to speak. One moment it drove the blood back to our hearts and we were ready to faint; and then we hurried forward to catch the first word. This was what we all expected—"Henry Bradshaw—Henry is dead——"

What a shriek was that from Laura! what subdued cries and sobs were heard through all that marriage party! Strong men were pale; many of them bowed their heads and wept.

As soon as the doctor could leave Laura, he went to the messenger and talked with him in low tones that we could not understand.

"Hemorrhage," said he, in reply to the looks that appealed to him, when he came back to us.

"I think from what James says that I couldn't have saved him if I had been there," said the doctor to Laura, as he again took her to him. "Dr. Sprague was with him in less than five minutes after he was attacked; and in a case like this he would do all that any one could."

This was good to hear. It seemed to relieve the doctor of a heavy burden.

"Now let us go back," said Laura, drawing herself up, and still speaking in sobbing breaths.

The large crowd attracted about the hotel by the melancholy circumstances, fell back in silence, and lifted their hats as if it were a funeral train filing away before them.

Oh, the long, long way back! the changed face of the sky and the earth! the mocking brightness of the sun, and song of the birds! for we could only think of the closed eyes, the deaf ears that so often had looked and listened with us, but could look and listen no more. I longed for the sky to be darkened, and for the cold tempest beating on my burning head.

In the midst of these gloomy feelings, Augustus said mildly and without looking at me, "it is a great comfort that he was so good, so willing to go." I did not reply; but I felt the truth of what he said. I went on thinking of his goodness, of his willingness, of his happy entrance upon the inheritance that fadeth not away, and a calmness came over me, a coolness; the distressing tension was gone from brain and limb; and I settled back among the cushions in peace.

Not one tear, not one sob from Uncle George and our grand-parents, as they stood and looked with us on the beautiful face of the dead; but their paleness, their weak voices and faltering steps, their compressed lips and heavy breathing

evinced the struggles they were making for each other's sake, and for ours.

Poor Laura seemed as if it were more than she could bear. She flung her arms around the corpse, kissed the wax-like forehead; and immediately, shocked by the cold rigidity, flung herself into my arms with renewed sobbing.

"Oh, Caroline! Caroline!" said she, fixing agonized, beseeching looks on my face.

Strength from heaven went through me as I met that look, and felt her clinging to me, as if for comfort in her overwhelming despair. I put her hair back from her face, kissed her, and said, looking gently into her upturned face, "do you know, Laura, dear, did he tell you what beautiful words kept passing through his mind, in the day and in the night, giving him comfort?"

"What were they?" she asked, with interest.

"The inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away—that fadeth not away, Laura!"

"That is it! they are the words!" exclaimed grandmother, with glad tones; but now with tears streaming down her cheeks. "I couldn't recollect just what passage it was," added she, looking around on us all. "I only knew that they were Paul's words; and longed to remember them. He was looking so happy! it was just before the breath left him; and he kept murmuring something in a beautiful voice; it sounded so glad and happy! I put my ear down, and he was saying the words that you repeated. Caroline—and at last he kept repeating, 'that fadeth not away—that fadeth not away,' until he was gone."

Laura listened, looking from grandmother to me; she repeated the words after us, and the bitter agony passed.

The doctor put out his hand to lead her away. She went, calmly reflecting on what she had just heard; and, as the rest of us turned to follow them, I met in Augustus a look as if he too were grateful to me for the words of comfort.

The funeral services were held in the church, in consideration of the large multitude who would wish to be present. The pulpit was draped with black cloth, the heavy folds of which fell until they reached the pall, throwing into exquisite relief a small vase of the delicate white flowers and beautiful leaves of the low garden spiraea, which stood on the coffin.

Dear Henry's last, well-beloved words mingled in the anthem. There were faltering voices in the choir, at first, but, strengthened by the noble strains they sung, full of feeling for the living and for the dead, the notes rose clear and triumphant; and it was as if angelic voices, and Henry's among them, were assuring us anew of the inheritance that fadeth not away; so that we wept for him no longer.

Mr. Webster chose the same words as the starting-point of his remarks. He did not say much. He said, when he began that he *could* not; for he felt "as if a son, an own son lay there," pointing down to the coffin.

The house was filled; and they all wept, old and young; they all followed him to the grave, as if each one of that vast crowd had lost in him a brother, or a son.

WINTER HOURS.

BY H. W. PAYSON.

'Tis twilight—and another day
Of Winter's reign has pass'd away;
The sun has sunk in calmness down,
'Mid clouds that darkly on him frown.

The hollow wind without we hear;
The skies presaging storms are near;
Masses of snow the ground conceal,
Which yield beneath the shining steel.

But eve comes on—replenish quick—
The ample stove with many a stick,
And gather round the lights again,
With book or work or ready pen.

Or we will chat rehearsing o'er
Some extracts drawn from memory's store;
And many a merry laugh shall sound,
As each one takes his turn around,

Or we will read, and silence all
To calm attention, great and small;
And many a new idea we'll get
Of what has been and may be yet.

Much has been sung in every age,
By simple bard and even sage,
Of Winter's drear and hoary mien,
A hungry fellow rough and lean;

But though he takes some joys away,
And comes with aspect stern and grey,
He yields us many a pleasure too,
And many a gem to friendship true.

And hope lights up as hours pass on,
That soon his errand will be done,
And he reluctant go once more,
Cancer and Capricornus o'er.

THE FIRST BABY.

BY MRS. JANE WEAVER.

My old schoolmate, Mary Thornley, had been married nearly two years, when I made my first call on her in her capacity of a mother.

"Did you ever see such a darling?" she cried, tossing the infant up and down in her arms. "There, baby, that's ma's old friend, Jane. She knows you already, I declare," cried the delighted parent, as it smiled at a bright ring, which I held up to it. "You never saw such a quick child. She follows me with her eyes all about the room. Notice what pretty little feet she has: the darling footsy-tootsies," and taking both feet in one hand, the mother fondly kissed them.

"It certainly is very pretty," said I, trying to be polite, though I could not see that the infant was more beautiful than a dozen others I had seen. "It has your eyes exactly, Mary."

"Yes, and da-da's mouth and chin," said my friend, apostrophizing the child, "hasn't it, precious?" And she almost smothered it with kisses.

As I walked slowly homeward, I said to myself. "I wonder if, when I marry, I shall ever be so foolish. Mary used to be a sensible girl."

In a fortnight I called on my friend again.

"How baby grows," she said. "Don't you see it? I never knew a child to grow so fast. Grandma says its the healthiest infant she ever knew."

To me it seemed that the babe had not grown an inch; and, to avoid a contradiction, I changed the theme. But, in a moment, the doting mother was back to her infant again.

"I do believe its beginning to cut its teeth," she said, putting her finger into the little one's mouth. "Just feel how hard the gum is there. Surely that's a tooth coming through. Grandmother will be here to-day, and I'll ask her if it isn't so."

I laughed, as I replied,

"I am entirely ignorant," I said, "of such matters; but your child really seems a very fine one."

"Oh! yes, everybody says that. Pretty, pretty dear." And she tossed it up and down, till I thought the child would be shaken to pieces: but the little creature seemed to like the process mightily. "Is it crowing at its mother? It's laughing, is it? Tiny, tiny little dear: what a sweet precious it is." And, as at the last inter-

view, she finished by almost devouring it with kisses.

When I next called, baby was still further advanced.

"Only think," said my friend, when I had made my way to the nursery, where she now kept herself from morning till night, "baby begins to eat. I gave it a piece of meat to-day: a bit of real broiled beefsteak."

"What," said I, in my ignorance, for this did look wonderful, "the child eating beefsteak already?"

"Oh!" laughed my friend, seeing my mistake, "what a sad dunce you are, Jane! But wait till you have babies of your own. She says you eat beefsteak, darling," added the proud mother, addressing the infant, "when you only suck the juice. You don't want to choke yourself, do you, baby? Eat a beefsteak! It's funny, baby, isn't it?" And again she laughed, laughing all the more because the child, sympathetically, crowed in return.

It was not many weeks before the long-expected teeth really made their appearance.

"Jane, Jane, baby has three teeth," triumphantly cried the mother, as I entered the nursery. "Three teeth, and he's only three months old: did you ever hear of the like?"

I confessed that I had not. The whole thing, in fact, was out of my range of knowledge. I knew all about Dante in the original, and a dozen other fine lady accomplishments; but nothing about babies teething.

"Just look at the little pearls," exclaimed my friend, as she opened the child's mouth, "ain't they beautiful? You never saw anything so pretty, confess that you didn't. Precious darling," continued the mother, rapturously, hugging and kissing the child, "it is worth its weight in gold."

But the crowning miracle of all was when "baby" began to walk. Its learning to creep had been duly heralded to me. So also had its being able to stand alone, though this meant, I found, standing with the support of a chair. But when it really walked alone, the important fact was announced to me, in a note, for my friend could not wait till I called. Of course I lost no time in hastening to Mary.

"Stand there," she said to me, in an exulting

voice. "No, stoop, I mean: how can you be so stupid?" And, as I obeyed, she took her station about a yard off, holding the little fellow by either arm. "Now, see him," she cried, as he toddled toward me, and finally succeeded in gaining my arms, though, once or twice, I fancied he would fall, a contingency from which he was protected, however, by his mother holding her hands on either side of him, an inch or two off. "There, did you ever see anything so extraordinary? He's not a year old, either."

By this time I began to be considerably interested in "baby" myself. He had learned to know me, and would begin to crow whenever I entered the nursery; and I was, therefore, almost

as delighted as my friend, when, for the first time, he pronounced my name.

"Djane," he said, "Djane!"

His mother almost devoured him with kisses, in return for this wonderful triumph of the vocal organs; and when she had finished, I, in turn, smothered him with caresses.

I never, after that, smiled, even to myself, at the extravagance of my friend's affection for her baby. The little love had twined himself around my own heart-strings. How could I?

And now that I am a mother myself I feel less inclination still to laugh, as others may do, over that mystery of mysteries, a mother's love for her infant.

BY A GRAVE.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

Rest thee—the world was cold
And chilling to thy heart,
And thou hast never told
Even the smallest part
Of all thy suffering. Meek,
And sensitive, thy spirit shrunk
The cruel wrongs to speak—
The bitterness thy pure soul drunk.

Fate was not kind to thee—
She wove no flowery wreath
Of brilliant dyes, to be
Along thy Life's brief path,
Wafting their odors sweet,
And breathing whispers soft and low,
Tempting thy weary feet
Where streams of song and beauty flow!

There were no tones of love
Thrilling the heart's deep cell,
Like music from above,
Cherished and prized so well!
There were no tender eyes,
Telling what tongue might never speak,
Gleaming, as in the skies,
Glimmer the gold stars, pure and meek!

There were no arms to fold
Fondly the drooping form,
That shivering and cold,
Longed for heaven warm;
No yearning breast to bow
Thy throbbing, aching head upon,
Nor voice to whisper low,
Breathing of peace when hope had gone?

Lonely thy brief days past—
Clouds o'er the rising sun
Their shadows darkly cast,
Shutting out, one by one,
The cheering rays, till all
Had faded: and the fair young flowers
That should have bloomed to fill
With golden light thy morning hours,
Lay withered, cold and chill!

But thou hast found a home
Where sunbeams ever play,
And frowning clouds ne'er come
To quench the light of day;
Where fadeless wreaths shall wind
About thy fair, transparent brow,
And from this ransomed soul
The song of praise shall sweetly flow!

TO

BY EDITH VERE.

If God ordain it best that shadows ever
Shroud thee through life, in solitude and night,

I pray thee, win, by toil and bold endeavor,
The glorious privilege to die in light.

THE SUGAR PARTY.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

SUGAR parties, in the town of C——, have from time immemorial been accounted famous affairs, no quilttings, merry-makings, or "bees" of any description being able to approach them in popularity.

The reason of this may be, that the season in which the genuine sugar party flourishes, is that particular season when the country is apt to be afflicted with a scarcity of all other kinds of entertainment.

In summer, there are soft twilight hours, verdant fields, and silent groves, which invite young hearts to sweet communion, or to solitary meditation, no less sweet, by the light of the "silver moon." In autumn, fruits abound, and when "paring-bees" are not instituted, the adventurous youths take strange delight in tracking through corn-fields, through swamps and groves, the wild racoon, keeping up the arduous sport till deep into the autumn night. Even in the winter, country life is crowned with pleasures rare and rich; when in the garrets of great farm-houses, the lads and lasses assemble to "chase the flowing hours with plying feet," or "get up" old-fashioned games, in the quaint parlors and homely sitting-rooms; and when on the clear, sparkling night air, rings the silver chime of bells, which make music for the light hearts of merry sleigh-riders.

But in the spring time of the year—not in the balmy mouth of May, but when the sun, soaring northward, looks with returning heat on the barren hills, snow-loaded valleys, and frozen streams, and calls the thaw spirits out of the oozing ground; when the warmth of noon tide, like the first smiles of summer, tempts silly fowls abroad from the farm-yards; but before the naked woods have thought to commence their gorgeous spring time toilet; when the snow is too scarce for sleighs, and the ground too soft for wheels; when spring smiles a little by day, while at night,

"When bleak winds of March
Make her tremble and shiver"—

then—then the sugar party is deservedly held in high esteem, in all regions where the soil is blessed with the beautiful maple tree!

In the town of C—— especially. Everybody there could tell you, from sweet experience, that the sugar party is a delicious invention, which old and young are free to enjoy, without the most

VOL. XXI.—8

distant apprehension of trouble from infringement of society's patent rights!

But, as is usually the case, the elderly people have their sugar parties by themselves; and the youths and maidens enjoy their own, uninterrupted by "married folks." Thus, for example, the Nelbies, senior, gave a party to all the fathers and mothers of families in the town of C——, at the time of the earliest "run" of sap, last season; and a couple of weeks later, when another grand thaw sent the transparent blood of the maple circulating through torpid trunks and limbs, the Nelbies, junior, with the permission of the "old people," made preparations, and sent out invitations, for their sugar party, which everybody anticipated would be a grand affair.

Certainly, Eliva Nelby and her brothers Samuel and Nicholas, spared no "pains or expense" to meet the anticipations of the public. Sam had personally attended to the boiling of the sap, in its later stages, and used his utmost skill and care in keeping it free from impurities, and in reducing it to syrup of the proper consistency, without scorching. Then Eliva herself had scoured the bright copper kettle in which this delectable preparation was to be placed over the sugar-making slow fire in the kitchen, in time to have it "feathered," as soon as the guests should be ready for the grand sweetening.

Meanwhile, Nicholas had busied himself in filling a large tub with the purest snow which could be found in the woods, and in hollow places, protected from the sun; and he had deposited the cooling treasure in the shed, covering it with cakes of ice, brought from a dismal ravine on the northerly side of Kellogg's Mount.

Moreover, the plotting Eliva, anxious to have the old folks out of the way, had planned an engagement for them at a married people's sugar party, over the river; and now everything was arranged exactly as she desired.

And Eliva was very happy, until about three o'clock on the important day. About that time an incident occurred which threw her into the utmost confusion. Eliva wished the sugar party had never been thought of!

To explain the reason of this: Eliva Nelby was a young lady of lofty pride. Not only did she account herself the belle of the town of C——, but, having twice or thrice visited relatives residing in Philadelphia, she had become

ambitions of fashionable manners, and prided herself on her knowledge of the *beau monde*. Her proper sphere, she felt convinced, was accomplished society; but believing in the necessity of imitating the Romans in their own domains, she tolerated country people, and condescended to patronize the simplicity of their manners when in their midst.

And Eliva could enjoy herself with her rural friends exceedingly well too; and she anticipated as much pleasure as anybody from the proposed sugar party. But at just three o'clock—how inexpressibly provoking!—the arrival of an unexpected visitor produced the effect at which I have already hinted.

That visitor was her Cousin Lawrence, from the city—her rich, handsome, accomplished, desirable cousin, who had come to spend a week with his country relatives in sugar time!

At any other time Eliva would have been delighted with the high honor which she had so long desired in vain. At no other time could she have been so utterly dismayed! Although, after she had hastily changed her dress to meet him, the young gentleman greeted her with easy familiarity, she thought it was only because he happened to be partial to her; and firmly believing him to be the slave to etiquette, that she so much admired, she shuddered at the thought of his disgust should he witness the "vulgarity" of the country people, with whom she would be obliged to associate that night!

After Lawrence had been introduced into the "best room," Eliva, all flushed and flurried with excitement, poured the turbulent fears into the stupid ear of the stoical Sam.

"What will he say—when the folks come?" she exclaimed.

"Say 'how d'y'e do,' of course," replied the unfeeling Samuel.

"But—everything will appear odd to him! He will think he is among barbarians! He will be disgusted with them, and us too, for associating with them."

"What'll he be disgusted for? Just as if our kind of folks ain't as good as his, any day!"

"But you don't understand!" whispered the perplexed young lady. "He is used to good society—and the young folks here are so rude and uncouth—"

"If you call *living* and *hearty* 'rude and uncouth,' he'll find us up and striving!" exclaimed Sam. "We'll have as good a time as he can read about, or my sheep are all goats."

"How can you talk so!" demanded Eliva, passionately. "Lawrence will think it insulting to introduce him into such rude company; and he will leave us in the morning in disgust."

"Let him! if he's a stuck-up chap like that!"

muttered the cruel Samuel. "It's my opinion this isn't any place for him. He'll spot his shiny boots. But if he wouldn't like to see the folks," Sam added, pitying Eliva's distress, "why he needn't, you know. Let him go to bed. I say, Cousin Lawrence," he cried, as the young man made his appearance—"we're going to have a little sort of a dig here to-night—"

"A sugar party," said Eliva, blushing at the "vulgarity" of her brother's phrase; "a sugar party, for the entertainment of some boys and girls that we have to be civil to—living in the same town—"

"Good-hearted, jolly fellows, and nice girls as you can find!" added Samuel. "But perhaps you wouldn't fancy visiting with them. 'Liva was saying, you ain't used to such, and it would be kind o' like letting yourself down to make one of our party."

"Oh! I am sure Cousin Lawrence would laugh at our country—friends," stammered Eliva, crimsoned with confusion. "Their manners are so odd—they are so rude—"

"I beg that you will make no apologies," interrupted the young man, who was too much of a gentleman in his feelings not to be pained by his fair cousin's embarrassment. "Nothing will please me better than to meet these people; and I assure you I shall be able to make all allowance for what may appear to me singular in their manners. A sugar party! I shall be delighted!"

This frank declaration should have reassured Eliva. On the contrary, it increased her perplexity. She feared that her city cousin would rank her with her country associates, and charitably overlook the simplicity of her manners. But she could think of no alternative but to get through with the odious party as soon as possible, assuming a patronizing air toward her old friends, in order not to lower herself in her cousin's estimation.

While Eliva's mind was in this confused state, Helen Snow, who had previously promised to come over in the afternoon and assist her in her preparations for the party, made her appearance, tripping along the door-yard path. Lawrence enjoyed a glimpse at the rustic beauty—for such she was—and felt considerably hurt that Eliva did not bring her at once into the setting-room and introduce her. But Eliva, who thought a formal introduction of her fine cousin to little Helen Snow would be absurd, did nothing of the sort. She kept Helen in the kitchen; and although the latter had occasion to pass through the sitting-room, her friend scarcely deigned to notice her in her cousin's presence.

I said Lawrence felt hurt. No wonder. Picture to yourself a plump little creature, with a charming figure, azure eyes of crystal clearness, fair

hair, falling in curls around her neck, cheeks rosy red, and lips of tempting ripeness; also imagine these charms adorned by the most simple and tasteful style of dress, without a single jewel, except a diminutive gold pin that fastened a pretty neck-ribbon—and you have a faint idea of the exhilarating freshness of Helen Snow. To a mind like that of Lawrence Gray, such simple beauty is like a volume of true poetry, drawn from the pure and cooling wells of nature.

But Lawrence was a man of infinite tact; and more than half suspecting Eliva's motives, he made his way into the kitchen, to her unutterable dismay. There sat Helen, paring apples for pies; not for the party, but for Lawrence Gray—Eliva being anxious that there should be something in the house "fit for him to eat."

The young man apologized; said he did not like being left alone; and wished to be considered one of the family. He desired to make himself useful too; and before Eliva could realize the extent of his unheard of audacity, he was helping Helen with the apples! Then he began to talk to the latter in the most polite and agreeable manner; and Eliva was shocked to hear her answer him plainly and unaffectedly as if he had been nobody but a mere country acquaintance. And afterward, when Lawrence was gone to see the sugar bush with Nicholas, his cousin took occasion to reprove her inexperienced friend for using such freedom with a city gentleman, assuring her that he would make fun of every thing she had said.

Helen opened her blue eyes. Then she shook her curls, smiling cheerfully.

"I don't believe *that*," she said. "If he is a gentleman, he wouldn't make fun of anybody, that way, I am sure. Perhaps he thinks me simple—but I suppose he will excuse it; for he knows people in the country are different from those in the city."

Eliva commiserated her unsuspecting friend, being thoroughly convinced that her cousin's only object in conversing with her was to amuse himself with her simplicity.

Well, the evening came; and so did the invited guests; and likewise the greatest trial of pride Eliva had ever experienced. Lawrence having previously requested her to introduce him to her friends, in order that he might be on familiar terms with them, she went through with the ceremony like a martyr. How awkwardly the young men bowed and shook hands! How the girls blushed, at meeting so unexpectedly, a fine young gentleman from the city! What a horrid calico figure Jane Fairfield wore; and what a graceless knot was that into which her brother's cravat was twisted! What clumsy boots Lizzie Wyman tramped about in—she was so fearful of

their soles! How small were the pretensions to fashion displayed by any of their guests! What must Lawrence Gray think of all these things? Eliva didn't know. She could only imagine. She shuddered to contemplate the scene. At one time she had no idea she would have the fortitude to go through with it. She was afraid she might die!

But Lawrence seemed to like it. He talked with the young farmers about agricultural affairs until they had gained confidence, finding that on certain subjects they could teach him. He chatted with the girls, and found out what books they had read and what they liked; then passing to gayer matters, jested about coming into the country to settle down among them.

Besides, Lawrence was deeply concerned in the fate of the sugar. Every few minutes he would escape into the kitchen to see how it was getting along. Perhaps it was because Helen Snow was watching the slowly boiling syrup, the golden froth of which filled the shining copper kettle; or it might have been the golden froth itself that called him thither. I do not know which. He certainly talked gaily with Helen; but at the same time he tasted the luxurious liquid, by dropping a little from a ladle upon a pan of snow.

Lawrence also was much interested in the experiment of ascertaining when the sugar was done sufficiently to grain. Helen taught it to him. It is this: Make a little hoop or bow of a splinter, or a straw which you may pluck from the broom, and plunge it into the boiling sugar in such a way as to have a heavy film adhere to it; then blow through the hoop, and if the dross of sugar flies away, white and light like a feather—why the syrup has been over the fire long enough, and all you have to do is to cool it, and stir it to make it grain. Helen also explained to her new acquaintance that, as soon as the maple trees begin to bud, the sap becomes useless for sugar. You may boil it and boil it till you burn it up; but it will not grain. This appears to be a provision of nature.

At length the sugar "feathered;" then the kettle was removed from the fire, and all things made ready for the feast. Nicholas' tub of snow was in demand. Basins and pans were filled; and the snow covered and deeply streaked with sugar which had been poured upon it, was passed around to the company. Boys and girls ate from the same dishes, delighted; drawing the hard wax out of the snow and quarreling for it playfully. Some, however, took their sugar in saucers, and cooled it by stirring to make it grain. The kitchen was the scene of this "sugaring-off;" and the most perfect happiness prevailed.

With one exception. Eliva did not like to see Lawrence drawing wax with Helen, in a corner

by themselves. Having tried in vain to separate them, she gave up in despair, and was only miserable. Yet she would not acknowledge, even to herself, that Helen was anything but a silly goose, and that Lawrence was not "making fun" of her.

Was it possible that her cousin enjoyed himself as well as he pretended to? Was it genuine good-nature which caused him to appear so highly amused, when Jane Fairfield and Lizzie Wyman became engaged in a sweet combat, and fought each other with ropes of wax? Eliva felt more like crying with vexation!

At length, after a few games had been played, and the company had danced a little to Edward Jones' playing the flute; after the guests had feasted on sugar, and exhausted all the inventions of mirth; the party broke up and the young people began to take their leave.

Eliva was congratulating herself with the reflection that it was all over, and that Lawrence would never see one of the "vulgar, odious company" again, when, to her infinite astonishment and vexation, her cousin whispered in her ear that he had engaged to walk home with Helen!

How blind is pride! Eliva saw in this arrangement only the vanity of Helen and the mischievous nature of her cousin! She would not believe that he had any better motive than to amuse himself with the effect of his flattery! And although she was a little astonished that he did not "make fun" of her on his return, she would not change.

Even on the following day, when Lawrence called on Miss Snow, Eliva silently accused him of malice. How could she think of anything else as long as it was her settled conviction that, could he forget that she ever associated with such people, he would adore her; and her hope that she should some day become Mrs. Lawrence Gray, and occupy his house in the city?

But disenchantment came. It was during the following autumn. Lawrence, having visited C—— during the summer, was at his uncle's house again. Eliva was flattering herself that she was "certain of him."

"Coz," said he, sitting down by her side, "I've some thought of changing my way of living. I think I have lived the dreary life of a bachelor long enough."

Eliva cast down her eyes discreetly.

"I hope you will make a good choice," she murmured.

"I think I have."

Lawrence looked her full in the face. She turned away modestly.

"Ever since I have known anything of the world," he continued, "I have believed that the man is less liable to be deceived, who takes his wife from a country-home, than he who marries one city born and bred."

"Oh! Perhaps you are right!" sighed Eliva.

"And I have chosen accordingly. I have come here for a wife——"

"Here!" exclaimed Eliva, affecting to be surprised.

"Yes—here, to the town of C——; and I have chosen—HELEN SNOW!"

Had her cousin declared an intention to select a consort from a tribe of Esquimaux, Eliva could scarcely have been more surprised. So utterly unable was she to realize the startling truth, that it is generally thought she never believed her cousin to be in earnest, until his marriage with Helen actually took place, a few days ago; and even now, in her inability to understand how such things can be, she more than half believes that there was some sort of enchantment used on the night of her last—her fatal—but never-to-be-forgotten SUGAR PARTY!

A H ! I S I T S W E E T T O T E L L M E .

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

Ah! is it sweet to tell me,
Or worth my while to keep
A secret only whispered
In vagaries of sleep?
Yet tell to me the treasure,
I'll prize it for thy sake,
And love me still when dreaming,
But talk as one awake.

The love you fondly whisper
When waking to mine ear,
Though only felt when dreaming,
Is ever held most dear;

One may deceive when waking,
Be other than he seems,
But slumber knows no falsehood,
The heart is true in dreams.

But talk no more of dreaming,
Of hopes that falsely shine,
With all its deep devotion,
My heart responds to thine;
Then tell the blissful secret,
I'll keep it for thy sake,
And love me still when dreaming,
But talk as one awake.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

FROM THE DANISH OF HANS ANDERSEN.

"Each time that a good child dies, an angel of God comes down to earth, takes the dead child in his arms, spreads abroad his large snow-white wings, flies forth over all those places which the child had loved, and plucks a whole handful of flowers, which he bears upward with him to the throne of God, that they may bloom there in yet greater loveliness than they had ever blossomed on earth. The good God folds all these flowers to His bosom, but upon the flower which He loveth best, He breathes a kiss, and then a voice is given to it, and it can join in the song of universal blessedness."

Lo, all this did an angel of God relate, whilst he bore a little child to heaven; and the child heard as if in a dream, and the angel winged his flight over those spots in the child's home where the little one had been wont to play, and they passed through gardens which were filled with glorious flowers.

"Which of all these shall we take with us, and plant in heaven?" asked the angel.

Now there stood in the garden a slender and beautiful rose-tree, but a wicked hand had broken the stem, so that its boughs hung around it withered, though laden with large half unfolded buds.

"The poor rose-tree!" said the child; "let us take it with us, that it may bloom above there in the presence of God."

And the angel took the rose-tree, and kissed the child because of the words it had spoken; and the little one half opened his eyes. They then plucked some of the gorgeous flowers which grew in the garden, but they also gathered the despised buttercup, and the wild heart's-ease.

"Now then we have flowers!" exclaimed the child, and the angel bowed his head; but he winged not yet his flight toward the throne of God. It was night, all was still, they remained in the great city, they hovered over one of the narrow streets in which lay heaps of straw, ashes and rubbish, for it was fitting day.

Fragments of plates, broken mortar, rags, and old hats, lay scattered around, all which bore a uninviting aspect.

The angel pointed out in the midst of all this confused rubbish, some broken fragments of a flower-pot, and a clump of earth which had fallen out of it, and was only held together by the withered roots of a wild flower, which had

been thrown out into the street because it was considered utterly worthless.

"We will take this with us," said the angel; "and I will tell thee why, as we soar upward together to the throne of God."

So they resumed their flight, and the angel thus related his story:—

"Down in that narrow street, in the lowest cellar, there once dwelt a poor, sick boy; from his very infancy he was almost bed-ridden. On his best days he could take two or three turns on crutches across his little chamber, and that was all he could do. On a few days in summer, the beams of the sun used to penetrate for half an hour to the floor of the cellar; and when the poor boy sat there, and let the warm sun shine upon him, and looked at the bright red blood flowing through his delicate fingers, as he held them before his face, then it was said of him, 'he has been out to-day.' A neighbor's son used always to bring him one of the young boughs of the beech tree, when it was first budding into life, and this was all he knew of the woods in their beauteous clothing of spring verdure. Then would he place this bough above his head, and dream that he was under the beech trees, where the sun was shining, and the birds were singing. On one spring day, the neighbor's son also brought him some wild flowers, and among these there happened to be one which had retained its root, and for this reason it was placed in a flower-pot and laid upon the window-sill quite close to the bed. And the flower was planted by a fortunate hand, and it grew and sent forth new shoots, and bore flowers every year; it was the sick boy's most precious flower-garden—his little treasure here on earth—he watered it, and cherished it, and took care that the very last sunbeam which glided through the lowly window, should shine upon its blossoms. And these flowers were interwoven even in his dreams—for him they bloomed, for him they shed around their fragrance and rejoiced the eye with their beauty; and when the Lord called him hence, he turned, even in death, toward his cherished plant. He has now been a year with God, a year has the flower stood forgotten in the window, and now it is withered, therefore has it been thrown out with the rubbish into the street. And this is the flower, the poor withered flower which we have

added to our nosegay, for this flower has im-parted more joy than the rarest and brightest blossom which ever bloomed in the garden of a queen."

"But how comest thou to know all this?" asked the child whom the angel was bearing with him to heaven.

"I know it," replied the angel, "for I was myself the little sick boy who went upon crutches. I know my flower well."

And now the child altogether unclosed his eyes, and gazed into the bright glorious countenance of the angel, and at the same moment they found themselves in the Paradise of God, where joy and blessedness forever dwell.

And God folded the dead child to His heart,

and he received wings like the other angel, and flew hand-in-hand with him. And all the flowers also God folded to His heart, but upon the poor withered wild flower He breathed a kiss, and a voice was given to it, and it sang together with all the angels which encircled the throne of God; some very nigh unto His presence, others encompassing these in ever widening circles, until they reached into Infinity itself, but all alike were happy. And they all sang with one voice, little and great; the good, blessed child, and the poor wild flower, which had lain withered and cast out among the sweepings, and under the rubbish of the fitting day, in the midst of the dark, narrow street.

THE PRISONER'S DEATH-BED.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

FETTERED, in gloomy cell, he lies
A feeble man and old;
No friend is there to close his eyes,
Or wipe the death-dews cold.
Say, for what dark, revolting deed
Thus is he chained, in sorest need?
What theft of life or gold?
The vilest murd'rer sure might be
In such an hour from fetters free!

And yet for no dark deed of blood
In that damp cell he lies:
The Austrian tyrant he withstood,
And 'tis for this he dies!
When Hung'ry rose, with sword of fire,
She called on son, she called on sire,
With shout that shook the skies!
He drew his blade, that old man brave
And found—a dungeon and a grave!

"Alas!" he cries, "my hour is near,
Fainter my pulses grow:
And yet not e'en the priest is here
To shrive me ere I go."
He closed his eyes, and sore oppress,
His wan hands folded on his breast,
He moekly prayed and low,
"Great God, my country's foes forgive—
But grant my country yet may live!"

Sudden the dungeon door stood wide,
A form knelt by the bed.
"Father," it said. "My son," he cried,
Sobbing, "thou art not dead—

How cam'st thou hero? rash boy, though bold!"
"In priestly garb," the intruder told,
"By gate and guard I sped;
Feeling that death were lightly won
If shared with thee—oh! bless thy son!"

Uprose the grey-haired sire in bed,
And stoutly answered, "Nay!
But live, my son, to avenge the dead
And be thy country's stay.
Thy brothers in the dust are low,
Think of them, and of Hung'ry's woe,
And lead the foremost fray!
I give, great God, the last to thee—
Give thou that Hung'ry may be free!"

The words yet trembled on the air,
When back a corpse he fell.
Awhile the son knelt weeping there,
Held by the solemn spell;
Then rising, awfully he said,
"Here, in the presence of the dead,
—And hear me, Heaven and hell!—
I swear, the Austrian tyrant yet
Shall pay, in tears and blood, his debt."

And forth he went: and through the land
He tells his country's woes;
Nor he alone, a myriad band
Before and after goes!
And Hung'ry, stirring in her grave,
Feels her heart throb with life-blood brave,
With resurrection throes!
And at that trumpet of the free
Nations shall leap to liberty!

THE POETRY OF GEORGE H. BOKER.*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

We always welcome, with pleasure, a new volume by this writer. No American poet, except Longfellow, polishes his lines so carefully. No one, among our younger authors, exhibits more genius. No one, old or young, has displayed half such dramatic ability. And no one, in the composition of the sonnet, approaches the vigor, the stateliness, or the sonorous ring of his verse.

The principal poem, in the volume before us, is a dramatic sketch, entitled "The Podesta's Daughter." To do justice to this beautiful fragment would require us to copy it entire, for, like an exquisite statue, its merit consists in its perfect symmetry as a whole, rather than in the elegance of detached parts. The story is the reverse of that of the King of Hungary's daughter, who, as the old ballad tells, loved "a squire of low degree;" for here it is the duke's son and heir, who loves the humble child of the Podesta. But the father of the maiden is proud, and her brother is passionate. Between them, they bring about the separation of the lovers, and not only this, but fill the young count's mind with unfounded jealousies, so that he abandons his native village in despair, leaving Giulia to die prematurely, and of a broken-heart. The character of the heroine, thus sacrificed to her family's pride, is drawn, by Mr. Boker, with a delicacy that renders it one of the sweetest creations of American poetry: indeed, we cannot avoid going further, and saying that no other poet, now living, could, without imitation, have come so near to the ideal of womanhood, as found in Shakespeare and the older writers.

In addition to "The Podesta's Daughter," the volume contains the "Ivory Carver," "I Have A Cottage," "The River and the Maiden," "The Ballad of Sir John Franklin," "The Song of the Earth," and "The Vision of the Goblet," all poems of high merit: and, likewise, several songs and sonnets. In the "Ivory Carver" we recognize a lofty purpose which we would be glad to see more frequently. The story, in few words, is that of a humble artist, who sits down to carve a Crucifixion out of ivory, full of the inspiration of a mighty thought. Day and night he toils on, to the neglect of his worldly substance, until,

at last, his wife, worn out by privation, dies before his sight. And now sorrow begins to cloud the divine image he has had in his mind.

"Wearily worked the artist alone,
And his tears ran down the ivory-bone
And the presence lost its wonted glow,
For its trembling heart was beating low,
And the stealthy shadows came creeping in
With the silent tread of a flattered sin;
Till the spirit fled to the Christ's own face,
Like a hunted man to a place of grace;
On the crown, the death-wrung eye, the tear,
The placid triumph, faint yet clear,
That trembled around the mouth, and last
On the fatal wound its brightness passed,
Shrinking low down in the horrid scar,
And flickering there like a waning star
Slowly he labored with drooping head,
For the artist's heart from his work had fled."

But comfort dawned on him at last. An invisible presence, that of his lost wife, irradiated his soul: he felt a "dumb stir" in his heart; a glow ran through its currents, and, with renewed inspiration, he bent again to his task. Then came his children, with playful eloquence, seeking to lure him from his labor, telling him of bright flowers and sunny landscapes. But when he pointed proudly to his work, as to his excuse, they answered that they saw nothing lovely in it, but only pain and death stamped on every lineament. At this doubts dismayed him. Soon his children died. And now, in his mad despair, the artist dashed the ivory Christ to the ground. He cursed the thought he had striven so long to embody. He cursed earth and heaven. He cursed the womb that bare him. And he would have cursed the immaculate Name itself but that the angelic presences, which had inspired his soul with his idea, and which had sustained him through every temptation, palsied, unseen, his tongue. Then, high in heaven, shone out a star, and by it glimmered two fainter ones; and he felt that his lost wife and darlings were looking lovingly, yet reprovingly upon him. His soul melted at once. The mystery of mysteries was opened to him, as if by inspiration: he fell on his knees, sweet tears rising to his eyes.

"And the tears so magnified his gaze,
That the face of Heaven seemed all ablaze
With light and mercy. He knew the stars
That looked through his earthly dungeon bars.
'I see,' he shouted, 'ye live, ye live:
Death is a phantom! Oh! God forgive!'"

What immediately follows is very fine.

* The Podesta's Daughter, and other Miscellaneous Poems. By George H. Boker. 1 vol. Philadelphia: A. Hart.

"Steadily worked the artist alone,
Carving the Christ from the ivory-bone.
Again the bright presence shone around
With a light more dazzling, more profound.
Through day, through night, through fair, through foul,
The artist wrought with a single soul;
And when hand would tire, or eye grow dim,
He looked at the stars that looked at him,
Until power and vision both were given,
And he carved the Christ by light from Heaven.
Under each cruel thorn-point he hid
A world of grief, and each drooping lid
Was closed round its mortal tears of pain;
But the nostrils curved in proud disdain
Of death and his feeble tyranny;
And the mouth was calm with victory.
High over all, the majestic brow
Looked down on the storm which raged below,
Big with the power and god-like will
That said to the sinking heart—"Be still!"
And it was still. *For who once had looked*
On this mighty bane, saw not the crooked
And veined fingers that clutched the nails,
Nor the fitful spasm that comes and fails
In the dropping legs, nor the wide wound;
Oh, no! the thorn-wreath seemed twisted round
A victor's head, like a diadem,
And each thorn-point bore a royal gem."

The conclusion of the poem is in an equally lofty vein. The fame of the Ivory Christ, thus perfected out of sorrow, agony, and sin, spreads far and wide, so that, after the artist's death, the possession of the crucifix is coveted even by the successor of St. Peter. A cardinal's hat purchases the relic from the abbot of the monastery where it is sacredly kept: but, when the Pope's messengers arrive to receive the treasure, they fancy they behold only an ordinary piece of workmanship, until a saintly young friar directs his look to it, when, under his inspired gaze, the ivory seems to glow and move, and they shout, one and all, "a miracle." But Friar Anselm, reproofing their want of faith, points out wherein the miracle truly lies, till his hearers stand rebuked before his earnest eloquence.

"Here Anselm's speech made a sudden pause.
Lost in the grand passion at his heart,
With flashing eyes, and lips wide apart—
As one whose full subject overbore,
In torrents, the power to utter more—
He stood all trembling. *Like heavy clouds*
Moved by one wind, the friars in crowds,
Gloomily under the portal swarm,
In half voice chanting a vesper psalm;
And the priests were standing there alone
With night, the Christ, and four stars that shone—
Brighter and brighter as daylight fled—
Strangely together, just overhead."

Most of the sonnets, in this volume, are of rare excellence. There is one on "Andrew Jackson," in his character as a lion-hearted American, which has the ring of Wordsworth's finest poems of this description: we do not consider that even the famous one on Milton surpasses it. The following, evidently written in contemplating a war of allied Europe against us, recalls the grand days of old. The man, whose indignant soul can pen lines like these, is as much of a hero as a poet. As we read them, Leonidas and Tell, Bannockburn and Bunker Hill rise before us.

"What though the cities blaze, the ports be sealed,
The fields untilled, the hands of labor still,
Ay, every arm of commerce and of skill
Palsied and broken; shall we therefore yield—
Break up the sword, put by the dintless shield?
Have we no home upon the wooded hill,
That mocks a siege? No patriot ranks to drill?
No nobler labor in the battle-field?
Or grant us beaten. While we gather might,
Is there no comfort in the solemn wood?
No cataracts whose angry roar shall smite
Our hearts with courage? No eternal brood
Of thoughts begotten by the eagle's flight?
No God to strengthen us in solitude?"

The volume is very neatly printed, in the best style of works of its character, and does credit even to Mr. Hart, famous as he has become for elegant publications.

STANZAS.

BY CLARA MORETON.

STAINLESS lilies of the vale—
Fragile lilies, pure and pale,
Slowly toll your crystal bells!
Hear ye not a mournful tale
In the zephyr's dying wail,
As it lingers thro' the dell?

Wild wood violets, meek and low,
White as any flake of snow,
Closer bow your heads to earth!
Do ye feel no pang—no throe?
Is there no sign by which ye know
A mortal's Heavenly birth?

Song birds by that forest side,
Where the rippling waters glide,
Breathe a slower, sadder strain!
For our hearts send up a plaint
Through our voices low and faint,
But she answers not again.

Summer roses wet with dew—
Clouds that float o'er Heaven's blue—
All things pure, and frail, and fair,
Bring some offering to the grave
Where the dark pines nightly wave;
For our loveliest sleepeth there.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. II.

MOUNTING AND HOLDING THE REINS.

On approaching your horse, gather your skirt up gracefully in your left hand, or on your arm, and carry the whip in your right hand. Examine if the saddle be tight enough, the girth and surcingle strong, and the curb-chain short enough to give you proper command over the horse, yet not so short as to make him restive. If you are able to pass a finger easily between the chain and horse's chin, as a general rule, you have a proper leverage on the curb. For a very spirited horse this may be too tight, especially in the case of a new rider; but your judgment should determine this. Be sure to have your riding-cap, veil, handkerchief, &c., so secure that they will not fly off, and thus probably frighten your horse. Speak to your horse gently and soothingly, and pat him on the neck, in order that he may know your voice, and feel that he is to be managed with kindness. Confidence once established between your horse and yourself, the management of him on your part will be much easier.



Now gather up the reins smoothly and evenly in your right hand, still retaining the whip in it, however; and hold the curb-rein about as tight as the snaffle. Place your hand on the near crutch of the saddle, being careful to have the end of your whip pointing to the right or off shoulder of the horse; for if, through carelessness, your whip is unsteady and touches the croup of the horse, it may make him start. Let your reins be tight enough to have a *light* but steady bearing on the bit, that you may keep the horse in position whilst you mount; but not too tight, or he may back. If you are not sufficiently tall to reach the top of the crutch, take hold of it at the base, for all you need is something to steady you. If an assistant is to mount you, place your left foot firmly in his hands, which should be joined

by clasping the fingers; or if preferable, he may take hold of the heel and ball of your foot with his two hands. Then straighten your left knee, and let your weight be well balanced on the left foot, from which you should raise as perpendicularly as possible. Be very careful not to put your left foot forward, but keep it directly under you. The assistant should not begin to raise you until you have removed the right foot from the ground, and by strengthening the knee, thrown the weight completely in his hands. Some prefer, in mounting, to place the left hand on the assistant's shoulder, and thus steady themselves, but if too much weight is thrown there, it will be difficult to raise you.

Having reached the saddle, before your foot is taken from the hands of the assistant, he places it in the stirrup. Remove the right hand from the near to the off crutch of the saddle, still holding the reins as before directed, and throw the right knee between the crutches. Now raise yourself in the stirrup by the aid of the right hand bearing against the off crutch, and with your left hand arrange your habit in its place. Some ladies, on mounting, take the reins immediately in the left hand, but the skirt in this case cannot be arranged without an assistant, and it is well to accustom yourself to adjust your own habit. Should it get out of place during your ride, take the reins in your right hand for the moment, bear on the off crutch, and replace it with your left hand. After a little practice this can be done in a hard gallop.



In mounting from a stile, place your left foot in the stirrup, and your right hand with the reins and whip on the off crutch; then arrange your dress to your satisfaction, and slowly move the

right knee over the near crutch, before your seat is taken. Then after you are seated, pass the reins into your left hand, and as soon as they are arranged, you are prepared to start. All this appears very hard, we have no doubt, to our fair readers, but our copy-book used to tell us that "practice makes perfect," and a little of it, with judgment and decision, will soon render these things easy.

As to the proper side on which a gentleman is to ride, an author of a work on Equestrianism, addressing his remarks to gentlemen, says:— "The inconvenience of riding on the left of the lady, is, that if you ride near to give her any assistance, you are liable to rub, or incommodate the lady's legs, and alarm her; and the spur is liable to catch, or tear the lady's habit; if the roads are dirty, your horse likewise bespatters her dress. On the right hand of the lady these inconveniences do not occur if you ride ever so close." But by riding on the left of the lady the gentleman protects her from passing vehicles, &c.; though we prefer the right side as the face is turned in that way more naturally for conversation, and the most graceful part of a lady's habit is not hidden. The English ladies, who are the best equestrians in the world, always have the attendant on the right side.

As soon as you are properly seated, place the right side of the snaffle-rein between the third and fourth fingers, and the left side between the fourth and little fingers. Pass the two sides of the curb-rein up flat through your hand, near the middle joint of the fore-finger, and place your thumb firmly upon them, so that the ends

shall fall down in front of the knuckles. A lady's graceful appearance on horseback depends a good deal on the way in which she holds her arms. The elbow should not be squeezed too near the side, nor thrust out into an awkward or unnatural position, but carried easily and gracefully at a natural distance from the body. The thumb should be uppermost, and the hand so held, that the lower part should be nearer the waist than the upper. The wrist should be somewhat rounded, the little finger in a line with the elbow, and the nails turned toward the body.

To make the horse advance, bring the thumb toward you till the knuckles are uppermost; by this simple motion, the reins are slackened sufficiently to permit the horse to go forward. When once in motion, let the hand return to its first position gradually; or it may be advanced and the thumb turned upward immediately. To direct your horse to the left, let the thumb, which is uppermost in the first position, be turned to the right, the little finger to the left, and the back of the hand brought upward. This will cause the left rein to hang loose whilst the right is tightened so as to press against your horse's neck. To turn your horse to the right, the hand should quit the first position, the nails be turned upward, the little finger be brought in toward the right, and the thumb moved to the left; thus the left rein will press the neck, whilst the right one is slackened. To stop your horse or make him back, the nails should be turned from the first position, upward, the knuckles reversed, and the wrist rounded as much as possible.

DEATH AND SLUMBER.

FROM THE GERMAN OF KRUMMacher.

In brotherly embrace walked the Angel of Sleep and the Angel of Death upon the earth.

It was evening. They laid themselves down upon a hill not far from the dwelling of men. A melancholy silence prevailed around, and the chimes of the evening bell in the distant hamlet ceased.

Still and silent, as was their custom, sat these two benevolent Genii of the human race, their arms entwined with cordial familiarity, and soon the shades of night gathered around them.

Then arose the Angel of Sleep from his moss grown couch, and strewed with a gentle hand the invisible grains of slumber. The evening breeze wafted them to the quiet dwelling of the tired husbandman, enfolding in sweet sleep the inmates of the rural cottage—from the old man

upon the staff, down to the infant in the cradle. The sick forgot their pain; the mourners their grief; the poor their care. All eyes closed.

His task accomplished, the benevolent Angel of Sleep laid himself again by the side of his grave brother. "When Aurora awakes," exclaimed he, with innocent joy, "men praise me as their friend and benefactor. Oh! what happiness, unseen and secretly to confer such benefits! How blessed are we to be the invisible messengers of the Good Spirit! How beautiful is our silent calling!"

So spake the friendly Angel of Slumber.

The Angel of Death sat with still deeper melancholy on his brow, and a tear such as mortals shed, appeared in his large dark eyes. "Alas!" said he. "I may not, like thee, rejoice

in the cheerful thanks of mankind; they call me upon earth their enemy and joy-killer."

"Oh! my brother," replied the gentle Angel of Slumber, "and will not the good man, at his awaking, recognize in thee his friend and bene-

factor, and gratefully bless thee in his joy? Are we not brothers, and ministers of one Father?"

As he spake the eyes of the Death Angel beamed with pleasure, and again did the two friendly Genii cordially embrace each other.

OUR WORK TABLE.

WARM OVERSHOES IN CROCHET.

MATERIALS.—*Berlin wool, one ounce—pair of cork soles. Boulton's Crochet Hook, No. 12.—* Make a chain of 11; work back on it in sc; then in the next, and every alternate row, work three stitches in the centre one, inserting the hook in the back part of the chain, whilst in the reverse rows you put it in the side nearest you. This is termed Ribbed Crochet.

Work as much as will come high up on the instep; then work backward and forward on the

last twelve stitches only, until sufficient is done for the sides of the shoe; join in the other side of the front, and work two rows of sc all round the top. Sew on a cork sole on the wrong side; and trim round the ankle with a *ruche* of ribbon.

These slippers, done in white wool, are very nice to slip on over satin shoes in stepping into the carriage; and worn over ordinary house-slippers, protect the feet most effectually from the cold.

WINTER.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

SUNLESS Winter! it is coming,
Coming with its breath;
Coming with the tempest's singing,
Through the bare boughs, wild and ringing;
And the hail and sleet are drumming
Tones for Summer's death;
Sunless Winter! it is coming,
Coming with its breath.

Joyless Winter! it is stealing,
Stealing o'er the earth;
Stealing with its darksome hours
O'er the pathway of the flowers;
And each gay and happy feeling
Withers at its birth.
Joyless Winter! it is stealing,
Stealing o'er the earth.

GHOST-LIKE Winter! it is gliding,
Gliding o'er our way;
Gliding with its icy fingers
O'er each scene where beauty lingers,
And within its cheerless biding
Reigns no sunny day.
Ghost-like Winter! it is gliding,
Gliding o'er our way.

TYRANT Winter! it is marching,
Marching quiet on;
Marching with a conqueror's tread
O'er the wreck of beauty fled;
While the lingering rays are arching
O'er the Summer's throne.
Tyrant Winter! it is marching,
Marching quickly on.

STORMY Winter! it is sighing,
Sighing through the trees;
Sighing o'er the lake and river,
When the moonbeams dance and quiver,
And its mournful voice is dying
On the fitful breeze.
Stormy Winter! it is sighing,
Sighing through the trees.

HOARY Winter! it is treading,
Treading on the stream;
Treading with its foot of sadness
On each scene of mirth and gladness,
And its chilling touch is spreading
Coldness on our dreams.
Hoary Winter! it is treading,
Treading on the streams.

MOURNFUL Winter! it is moaning,
Moaning all around;
Moaning in each Wintry gale,
Like the tones of funeral wail,
When sad, broken hearts are groaning
O'er the church-yard mound.
Mournful Winter! it is moaning,
Moaning all around.

DEATH-LIKE Winter! it is closing,
Closing like a pall;
Closing with its voice of warning;
That the night that knows no morning
Soon will come with its reposing,
Gently over all.
Death-like Winter! it is closing,
Closing like a pall!

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A POEM FOR MOTHERS.—We publish the following letter and poem without apology, well knowing that every mother, who has a child she loves, and much more those mothers who have lost a "darling," will thank us, even with tears.

"DEAR SIR—I was much pleased with the January number of your popular Magazine; and indeed I have not seen any of this month's Magazines that would compare with it, in either the engravings or reading matter. That beautiful engraving, "Our Darling," is admirable; and the thought occurred to me, what if such a one was taken away from some fond family, how much consolation it would give the parents, to think of those blessed words of our Saviour, 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.'"

OUR DARLING.

BY F. J. CARROL.

Farewell, Darling! thou hast left us,
For the courts of Heaven above,
And thy loss, it has bereft us
Of thy young and child-like love.

Fare thee well, though much we miss thee,
We'd not ask thy longer stay—
From this world of sin and sorrow
Thy mild soul hast winged its way.

Where thy playthings lay, when sickness
First thy little head laid low,
There we leave them, precious tokens,
Of thy short, sweet stay below.

Fare thee well. Yet soon we'll meet thee,
Darling, more than ever dear!
Ah! we knew not till we lost thee
We had had an angel here.

Newburyport, January 1st, 1852.

ALWAYS AHEAD OF OTHERS.—Our friend "Godey" published, in his January number, a very handsome engraving called "The Happy Family," and which had, indeed, but one fault, which was that it was copied from the same picture as one of our December embellishments, "A Family Scene." Lately, too, Sartain published "The Tiff," "The Pony," and other engravings, long after they had appeared in our Magazine. We mention these things in no captious spirit, but to show that, in embellishments, as in all things else, the "National" is invariably ahead.

SEQUEL TO "CAROLINE BRADSHAW."—Our readers will be glad to hear that we have in MS., ready for the March number, a sequel to this naturally told, and deeply interesting story.

182

"NO SUCH WORD AS FAIL."—In the great fire of December 27th, 1851, which consumed the office of our plate-printer, J. M. Butler, three of our January plates were destroyed; viz: "Our Darling," "The Love Letter," and "The Paris and Bloomer Fashions." In half an hour after we heard of the disaster, we had set artists to work, to re-engage the plates, that the rapidly increasing demand for the "National" might be promptly supplied. The consequence is that we are now ready to meet any call for January numbers. We have already printed three editions, and had two sets of plates engraved; and, if another fire should come, we shall engrave a third time. "There's no such word as fail."

ORIGINAL STORIES: FAIR PLAY.—The original stories of this Magazine are continually copied, by our exchanges, without credit. To the copying we do not object, but to the omission of credit we do. Of the stories in the January number, we have noticed "The Californians," "Hagar and Ishmael," "The Heroine of the Border," and "My Wife's New Friend," in more than one newspaper, without credit. We know that the omission is unintentional, but we trust that, hereafter, our friends of the press will be more careful. All we ask is fair play.

SCOTT'S WEEKLY PAPER.—This always excellent family journal came to us, on New Year's Day, considerably enlarged in size, and otherwise much improved. Its terms to clubs are exceedingly low, being ten copies for ten dollars, or one copy more than its contemporaries generally give; yet, to our notion, it is as good as the best of them, and better than most. For three dollars, a copy of "Scott's Weekly," and one of "The National" will be sent for one year.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Dictionary of Sacred Quotations; or, Scripture Themes and Thoughts, as Paraphrased by the Poets. Selected and Arranged by Rev. H. Hastings Weld. 1 vol. Philada: Lindeay & Blakiston.—A compilation of this description has long been needed; and we are glad to see it executed at last, and so well. The publishers have displayed considerable enterprise in issuing the work in such a handsome style; but their great merit, we think, consists in the admirable selection they have made for editor. Mr. Weld, to a thorough knowledge of English poetry, adds the nicest taste and the most unaffected piety, so that no person equally qualified to prepare a dictionary of sacred quotations could, perhaps, have been found. The completeness of the work may be known from its containing no less than two thousand

quotations, from over three hundred English and American writers. Not only are the various subjects classified alphabetically, but a full index is prefixed to the volume, so that, for purposes of reference, the work is one of the very best extant. We predict for it a large and permanent sale.

The Star of Bethlehem; or, Stories for Christmas. With beautiful Illustrations. By Rev. H. Hastings Weld. 1 vol. Philada: Lindsey & Blakiston.—We regret that this beautiful little annual did not reach us in time for notice in our last number, because, we are sure, if it had, we should have induced many of our readers to purchase it for a gift-book at the late holidays. Fortunately, however, it is a volume fitted for all seasons, and never inappropriate as a present from parents to child. Mr. Weld has a special faculty, if we may so speak, as a writer for the young. As a proof of this, we may mention that though we have read many books of this description lately, we have perused none that so admirably combine, with unaffected Christian precepts, and a simple, yet correct style, the power of enlisting the interest of children. The volume is beautifully embellished with steel engravings, six in number, besides an illuminated title-page.

Mutterings and Musings of an Invalid. 1 vol. New York: John S. Taylor.—This book is something altogether unique in the literary world. One moment it reminds us of Charles Lamb, then of some other writer who has charmed us, but in the end we are compelled to fall back upon the conviction that it is decidedly original. It is full of the deepest and most wholesome thought, while a vein of the richest humor enthralls you. These Musings must be the thoughts of a sick chamber; the veritable siftings of no ordinary mind, breaking loose from disease now and then, as a fair struggle is given between the strong mind and a feeble body. The man who wrote this volume must be well worth knowing, if his identity could be once established. To chat with a mind like that, one hour each day, would be a treat indeed. We have quite set our heart on finding out who the author is. This bears evidence of being his first literary effort: may the rest only equal it.

Novelties of the New World. By Joseph Banvard. With Illustrations. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Philada: Daniels & Smith.—This is the second volume of a series of American Histories, of which the first, "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," enjoyed an enviable popularity. The present work is devoted to the discoveries of Columbus, Cartier, de Soto, Drake, and others of the earlier navigators: and is written in a perspicuous, and animated style, which renders the narrative doubly interesting.

The Evening Book. By Mrs. Kirkland. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—This beautiful volume, with its binding of green and gold, its fine paper, and perfect mechanical execution, would be a desirable gift-book, even were the literary matter less excellent than we find it. But with all its other excellencies, it contains some half dozen of Mrs. Kirkland's best essays; and in her writings you are always sure to find a great deal worth reading and thinking about.

The Ladies' Keep-Sake. Edited by Abbot. 1 vol. New York: John S. Taylor.—Mr. Taylor has been so long and so well known in the publishing world, that when he gets up a book, it is a warrant for something very elegant, as well as superior in a literary point of view. In this book—full of rich plates, where the women of Scripture appear to us shadowed forth by beautiful art—we have a combination of genius, literary, artistic, and mechanical, worthy of the highest praise. The plates are illustrated principally by the editor, assisted by our favorite clerical writer, the Rev. Mr. Burchard, who has earned an enviable reputation in the Christian annals. There is beside this a variety of choice reading, psalms, sketches, stories, all by the best authors, and all of high moral tone. "The Keep-Sake" is emphatically a lady's book, and we heartily recommend it to the sex.

Watching Spirits. By Mrs. Ellet. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—Another gift-book, beautifully printed, bound and illustrated. Mrs. Ellet has, as far as we can judge by a hasty perusal, done great justice to her subject, proving, principally from Holy Writ, the fact that the spirits of the just have held communion with us of earth, and that guardian angels have watched over us from the beginning. Collecting her arguments as she has, principally from the Bible, she can scarcely be said to throw any new light upon a subject always interesting, and at this time occupying a great deal of public attention; but she gathers into a compact and beautiful form, the best evidence on the subject which we can hope to obtain. Mrs. Ellet has a powerful and pleasant habit of composition, which would give beauty to a subject much less interesting than this.

Clovernook. By Alice Carey. 1 vol. New York: J. Redfield.—Miss Alice Carey has long been known to us as one of the best of American female poets; but this is the first intimation we have had of her great excellence as a prose-writer. The present is a volume of sketches, descriptive of rural life in Ohio. The pictures are truthfully, yet poetically drawn, and deserve to be placed in the same rank as "Swallow Barn," the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," and the foremost works of that class. Indeed, "Clovernook" may be said to excel its rivals in fidelity, without losing any, or but little, of their rich coloring. The volume is very elegantly printed. We cordially commend it to the ladies of the United States.

The Nile Boat. By W. H. Bartlett. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Now and then the Harpers get up a book, that quite startles one with its superb appearance, while it charms equally by its literary excellence. Here, for instance, is a most beautiful volume, full of illustrations and Oriental scenery, and so exquisitely descriptive that we venture to say no man can go through with its pages, and not feel the very atmosphere of Egypt all around him. Rich, varied, and interesting as the climate Mr. Bartlett so beautifully describes, is the whole narrative, from beginning to end. As a gift-book "The Nile Boat" is superb.

Naval Life. By Lieut. Lynch. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—Since Dana wrote his "Year Before the Mast," one of the most interesting things we ever read, we have seen few books of the sea which deserve higher praise than this unpretending volume. The realities are full of interest, and told in an unstudied, frank style, which wins upon the heart at once. The incident of the slave ship on the coast of Africa, and the descriptions of tropical scenery, all leave a vivid and pleasant memory behind. The stories and episodes interspersed we do not like quite so well. The author observes far better than he imagines, but every portion of the book rises far above mediocrity.

Dream-Land by Daylight, a Panorama of Romance. By Caroline Chesebro. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—In this elegant volume we have a collection of stories, written by one of our most favored contributors, who, after having long been known in the magazines, now first appears in a book of her own. If what we hear of the demand for the work is correct, we can congratulate her on the success of her undertaking, not less than on the merit of her volume. Should any fair lady wish a delightfully readable book, as well as a handsome centre-table ornament, let her purchase "Dream-Land by Daylight." Two very beautiful embellishments, in which we notice a designer new to us, adorn the work.

Rural Flowers. By Gervase Wheeler. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—Here is a most valuable and useful book, containing information that every man, able to build himself a pleasant home, should consult before he touches brick and mortar. Architectural elegance in the construction of our dwellings is getting to have its proper consideration in America, as elsewhere; and our people are learning fast that it costs no more to put up a building elegantly, than it does to heap uncouth materials into an ugly shape, in the flattering hope that rudeness is economy. If this book circulates freely in the country, our scenery will be all the better for it.

The Island Home; or, The Young Castaways. Edited by Christopher Romaunt. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This is a narrative of some lads, who being cast away on an island in the Pacific, lived there, Robinson Crusoe like, for many years. It is charmingly written. We recommend it as a treasure to the young.

Young Americans Abroad; or, Vacation in Europe. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—We have, in this neat volume, a series of letters, descriptive of England, France and Germany, written by three young lads travelling with their tutor. A most interesting book.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF MAZARINE BLUE SILK, with a satin stripe. A mantelet of the same material, made in the shawl pattern, finished with a heavy knotted fringe. Bonnet of straw colored silk, with a handkerchief crown.

FIG. II.—A HOUSE DRESS OF BUFF COLORED CASHMERE, with an embroidered figure through it. The front breadth embroidered in vines and trimmed with knots of satin ribbon. Corsage high, open in front, and finished with a ruche of satin ribbon; a basquine formed by two frills of the cashmere pinked. Pagoda sleeves demi-long. Cap of Brussels lace and maroon colored ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The gilet or vest corsage is very popular, but except this there is nothing new in the way of dresses. The bishop or shirt sleeve is coming more into favor; and collars which have been worn so very small, are very much increased in size. Lace berthes are very fashionable; but folds of tulle are equally so.

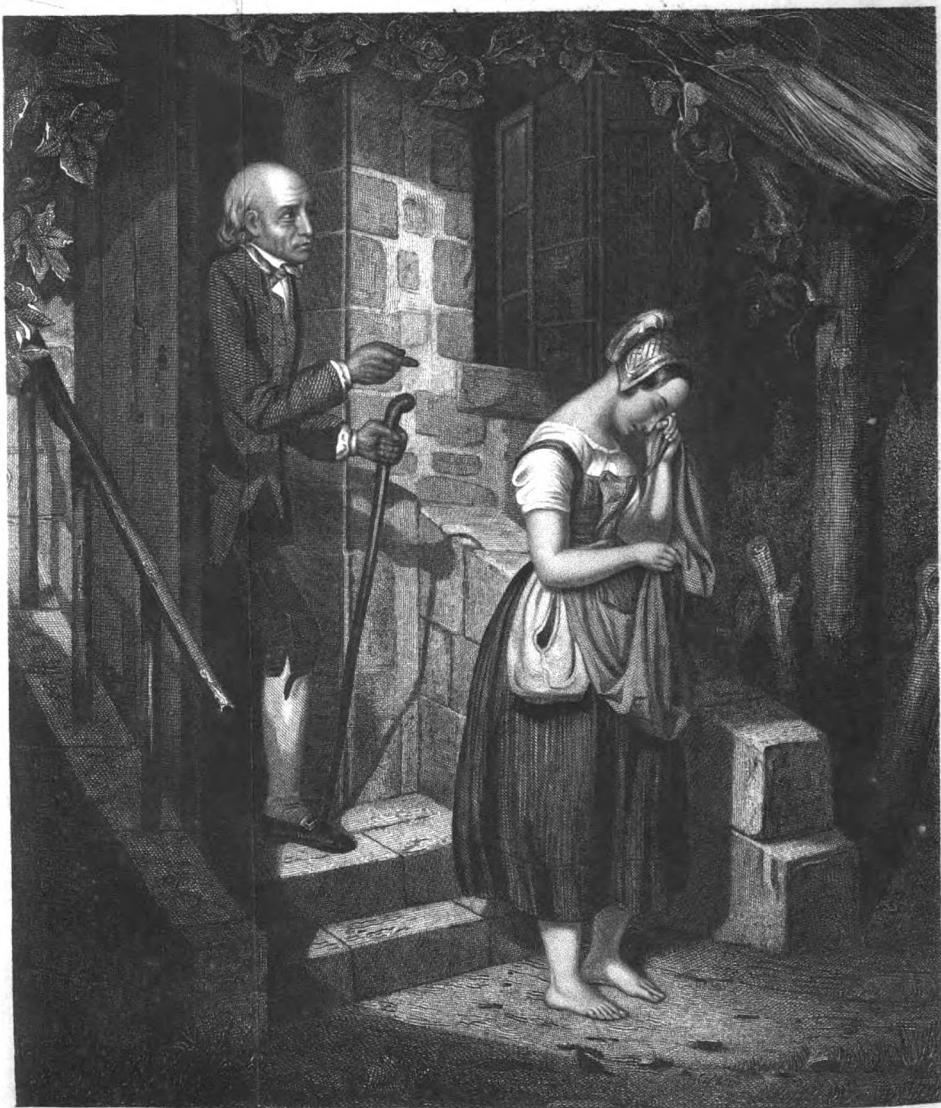
A new fabric has been introduced, consisting of satin interwoven with velvet. One dress of this material is exceedingly elegant; it consists of garnet colored satin, with a design in black velvet of flowers in a running pattern. The dress is made high, the corsage open in front, and the sleeves wide. A short basque edged with a trimming of jet, is attached to the corsage.

JET is exceedingly fashionable as a trimming. Blonde, so long laid aside, has lately been restored to favor as a trimming for corsages, &c. An evening dress has just been completed, the corsage of which is ornamented with blonde, embroidered with white bugles. The dress is composed of white watered silk, figured with white. The corsage has a silk berthe trimmed with two rows of blonde, sprigged with small white bugles. The berthe descends to the point in front of the corsage. The centre of the corsage is occupied by a piece de poitrine, consisting of a plain piece of the silk composing the dress, richly embroidered with white bugles. Another elegant dress is composed of blue silk, and flounced with three rows of black lace, each surmounted by a trimming of jet. The corsage is open in front, displaying a gilet or vest of white moire, fastened with a row of turquoise buttons.

The severely cold weather now prevailing prompts us to offer a few observations on furs. It is expected that fur will be very generally worn this winter, sable, ermine, and chinchilla being, as in previous years, the most fashionable.

Sable harmonizes well with every color of silk or velvet, and it is especially beautiful when worn with the latter material. Cloaks, when trimmed with fur, should not be either so large or so full as when ornamented with other kinds of trimming. Many are of the paletot form, and have sleeves. They are edged with a narrow fur border, the collar being entirely of fur. For trimming mantles Canada sable is much employed. This fur is neither so beautifully soft and glossy, nor so rich in color as the Russian sable; but the difference in price is very considerable. In tone of color minx comes next to Canada sable. Squirrel will not be among the favorite furs this winter; it will be chiefly used for lining cloaks and mantles.

Muvs are of the medium size adopted during previous winters. We may add that fur is not excluded from mourning costume.



THE PUPPY'S DAY - H. HAD W. H. M. W. A. F. W. M.

Prepared for Illus. & Done expressly for Peterboro Magazine.



WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALMLY RECLINE.



THE FORTUNE IN THE TEA-CUP.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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THE FORTUNE IN THE TEA-CUP.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

One evening, at tea, I saw my wife give her tea-cup a whirl, and then attentively regard the grounds in it.

"What's that, my dear?" I said. "Not telling your fortune in the tea-cup?"

Mrs. Jones looked confused for a moment. But when I began to laugh, she bridled up.

"You men think yourselves very wise," she said, "and laugh at such things. But, for all that, I have known many a fortune told in a tea-cup. In fact," here she hesitated, and blushed again; but then went on quickly, "in fact I first knew I was to marry you, by consulting a tea-cup."

"Indeed!" cried I, my skepticism quite staggered. "How was it, my dear?"

"Just like you men," she answered, triumphantly, "full of curiosity, though you say we women have it all." And, with these words, she composedly lifted the tea-pot, filled her cup, and went on tantalizingly with her meal, in silence.

"Now, my dear," I began, coaxingly.

"Now, Mr. Curiosity," she retorted, archly.

As the children had been put to bed at dusk, according to custom, and there was no one else by, I rose from my seat, crossed over to Mrs. Jones, put my arm around her neck, and kissed her.

"Well, well," she said, crimsoning like a young girl, and evidently gratified, "you are a tease, Smith: I suppose I must; so sit down and behave yourself!" And she rearranged her collar with considerable display.

"You remember when I lived with Uncle Joshua and Aunt Sarah," she began, at last, after this was finished.

"Of course, my love," I replied, "who could forget your uncle's venerable pig-tail? No offence, I hope. You must own that he was rather an odd-looking fish."

"He was a good uncle to me," said my wife, with a touch of sadness in her rebuking voice.

I made my peace again by a kiss. I am afraid my young lady readers will think me very rude for it; but nevertheless, truth must be told. And now my wife proceeded,

"Well, the very night after the great sleighing party, on which I was introduced to you, and when, if you remember, you *would* dance with me so often, even to the neglect of Patty Walker, your partner, Cousin Jane was joking me about it, as we washed up the tea-things. Uncle was sitting by the fire, and aunt beside him, so that we thought no one heard us; but, all at once, aunt, who had ears like a cat, rose and came toward us. 'What's that I hear?' she said, 'Sary Ann got a new beau? Well, I declare, never was such a girl, she has twenty sweethearts where I had one.' You know, Smith, how jealous you used to be!"

"Pshaw," said I, "how you women imagine things."

"Jane up and told her all about it," continued my wife, a little crest-fallen, "and when she had concluded, Aunt Sarah took one of the cups, and said, 'I'll tell your fortune, Sary Ann, in the good, old-fashioned way: there's nothing like tea-grounds, they're ~~up~~, my child.' With that she whirled the cup around, and when she had done, held it to the candle, all three of us looking in. 'See them leaves close together,' she said, 'that means that danger is near. It's the danger of your driving your lover away by flirting, my dear,' she continued. 'But here's a clear path, winding through a dark wood, with no stalks to cross it: that promises fair! And a ring, too, which means a marriage.' And with these words, she pushed her spectacles up from her nose, and, looking at me, said, 'it's as clear as daylight, Sary Ann, you're to marry this new beau, and be both happy and rich, unless you prove your own enemy, by flirting with other

sweethearts. That flirting's the danger that is threatened. If it is safely got over, all the rest's fortune.' She raised her voice at these words, which woke up uncle, who had been taking a nap. He growled out, 'now, wife, don't be making a fool of yourself and the girls by telling fortunes: I declare you women are dunces any how, or you wouldn't believe in such stuff.' So we had no more that night. But you know, Smith, I did marry you; and you know that, once or twice, what you called my flirting had nearly broken everything between us; and so I have good reason to believe in telling fortunes with tea-cups, haven't I?"

What could I say? Should I outrage the affectionate creature, by telling her that I doubted her conclusions, though I fully admitted her premises?

"And besides," she added, with a look that reminded me of our days of courtship, "I have been both rich and happy ever since. Richer than I ever expected to be, in my most romantic moments, for uncle and aunt were poor, as well as old-fashioned, and living away off in the country as they did, neither Jane nor I had always what others considered merely necessary comforts."

However, uncle and aunt did for us all they could," she added, a tear coming into her eye.

"They were excellent people," I said, drawing closer to my wife; and ashamed of myself for having ever laughed at the cue of the one or the cap of the other. "I love them for your sake."

A grateful look was my reply, and hiding her head on my breast, my wife proceeded,

"And then, as aunt prophesied, I have been so happy too. You bear with my faults so kindly, Smith; and besides, I am not strong and cost you a great deal of money; you might, perhaps, have been happier if you had married a healthier, better wife—"

Her tears were now flowing fast. But they were tears of joy more than of sorrow. I kissed her forehead fondly, resolving never again to find fault, even in my own heart, with her. I should be a sad dog, I thought, if I did.

I am not convinced, even to this day, that fortunes can be read in the dregs of a tea-cup. I should be very sorry, too, if my friends knew that Mrs. Jones thinks so; for they would consider it a weakness. But I, who know her better, can make allowances. She is an excellent creature, is Mrs. Jones, in spite of her tinge of fatalism!

TO AN INFANT BOY.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

Room for a new-born love!
Room in each parent breast,
Another snow-white dove
Seeks for an Ark of rest!
A welcome, darling boy,
Where love its light imparts,
Come nestle as a joy
Forever in our hearts.

Mysterious visitant
From your celestial sphere,
Oh! say why art thou sent—
For joy or woe?—here?
While now our spirits reel
With strange deliciousness,
We fear the joys we feel—
It is not earthly bliss!

Since to our raptured sight
This radiant one was given,
Our hearts have felt delight
All redolent of Heaven;
But oh! there comes a fear—
He is not ours alone!
Heaven is his native sphere,
And Heaven may claim its own!

Oh! let the gentle love
An earthly home impart,
Beguile thee, precious dove,
To nestle in our hearts;
Come to thy parent's breast,
And be a constant joy,
It is thy Ark of rest,
My bright-eyed, cherub boy.

TO LELIA.

DEAR Lelia, would that I could bind
A wreath from fancy round thy brow,
And petrify it in a Spring
Of everlasting love and joy.
That I could make thy future hours
Pass lightly as a Summer breeze;

Or like some bright and blissful bird
That gaily warbles in the trees.
But this I know can never be,
And every wish of mine is vain;
For had we all just what we wish
We should unceasingly complain. H. W. P.

W A S S H E R I G H T ?

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

MANY apologise for their errors and even for crimes by saying that they cannot resist temptation; that they have nothing left to live for; that they cannot recover themselves, or resume their old position. Therefore they persist in evil, and court debasement. They fall into a mood of "despair which is not quite despair;" for it is largely composed of indolence, and largely of love for the very degradation in which they are revelling. It is a contempt for the world, and a hugging of disgrace. The contempt is akin to that of Reynard, for as the fox despised the fruit he could not reach, the sunken rōue contemns the good fame which he thinks he cannot hope for. And the clinging to degraded associates is prompted by love for their low praise. The broken down scholar and former gentleman, partakes amid his companions in the kennel of the character of Milton's Satan. He seems not less than a gentleman ruined; and meeker convives, admiring his acquirements, pay a court to him which feeds his vanity, and secures his companionship.

There was hanging about New York, a few years ago, a person of this class and description. We shall not specify dates, or too closely narrate facts, lest the portrait should be recognized. He was an accomplished scholar, and thoroughly educated. Ambition had spurred him through his collegiate course, and a genuine love for erudition made him regard it not only as a means to obtain an end, but as a delightful pursuit in itself, independent of any future advantage it might confer; though of the latter he was not unmindful.

Wilson—we must give him a name and will borrow this—graduated with dangerous distinction. We have either heard or read the remark recently, that the highest honors to a young man prove oftentimes a perilous success. So was it in his case. He was doubly unfortunate from being not only distinguished with the faculty, but popular with the students in his University. To no one would they more cheerfully have awarded the palm than to him, had the decision been made by a popular vote. Common consent conceded it to him as "the best fellow." Universal congratulation greeted him in his success, and he left the college precincts with the impression

that this world was a very pleasant one, in which fortune and fame are readily to be mastered by a man who had graduated with such honor.

In this pleasant humor with himself and with the world, he was tossed without experience into the whirlpool of New York. He brought an abundant capital of self-complacency and confidence in his own capacity and acquirements. He was inordinately fond of praise, no matter from whom it came. Even his mother's faithful old servant woman, who had known him from a boy, and admired him before he was clad in trousers, could add to his complacency. Her prophecy that "he would make a spoon or spoil a home," rung in his ears through the first stage. He felt sure of his destiny; and did not admit the alternative clause of the good woman's oracular giving out. He was confident of success. He always had been first, and why not continue so?

Of course he left behind him a "young attachment." Here would be an excellent point to introduce one of our theories—but we spare the reader, only suggesting that the activity of the American people, and their early developed lives, arise in no small degree from their habit of early marrying. The great stake in life, a house and a home are always within reach. The student sees his modest establishment at the end of his professional course. The apprentice's "freedom suit" is a double one—for self and wife. But we must not digress.

Wilson was a little chagrined that the young woman who was his choice, and who had acknowledged as a modest maiden might, her preference for him, did not share in his rosy dreams of the future. He even doubted her affection sometimes because she would neither condescend to flatter him, nor exhibit that delight in his youthful successes which he thought their importance warranted. Nor had she that unbounded confidence in his future which he himself entertained. Ellen was not devoid of affection; but enthusiasm in her prudent character waited for feats accomplished. She could not, like Wilson, triumph in anticipated success, nor would she consent to share his wealth and his laurels, until he had procured the one, and earned the other. In the buoyancy of his spirits he would have married at once—or appointed a very early day for the

union. But Ellen calmly smiled down his eager haste. She puffed away his castles in the air with a very gentle breath—but that breath was laden with doubts. A Swiss cottage does not perish more suddenly under an avalanche, than a sanguine boy's air castles crumble under a prudent woman's hesitation. So Wilson vowed that a man's mother and his affianced are the very last ones to discover his true value, and determined to repair at once to New York—there to "achieve greatness," and return forthwith to thrust it upon all connected with him. His widowed mother entreated—but a son can always reason a fond mother down. Ellen cried—but Wilson did not know it.

So see him in New York. His first duty was "to make friends"—or, more correctly speaking, acquaintances. In this there was no difficulty. Companions can be found anywhere by one who has the disposition to seek them. But true and judicious friends are of slow acquisition. They are to be proved and chosen out of many circles, and a preference on each side is necessary to real friendship. Wilson fell into a common error among young men who aspire to a professional life. He esteemed mere popularity over professional industry. But his eyes were at length opened, when he discovered that those who drank his wine carried their business to men who offered no wine to their clients. He labored to shine in society, and succeeded—succeeded to a marvel. For his admirers elected him to grace their evening parties, and divert their guests with the sallies of a lively wit. And thus they did, while with a wonderful perversity of taste they were perhaps closeted in the library with some dry old mummified Coke and Blackstone, whom no lady would think of entertaining. Wilson's legal knowledge was certainly available for something. He could cheerfully impart it, in the way of a colloquial dissertation, or a mock argument after dinner—all unsuspicious that he was giving advice without a fee, in a bona fide case, while he fancied that he was only arguing a feigned issue, to show his knowledge.

A year or two passed. Wilson had not yet returned to claim his bride. Nor had he made that settlement upon his mother, which he had promised, and verily intended to perform. Nor had he established such a fame at the bar, as would compel him to refuse clients. Business he had certainly—for he was "a good fellow," and his friends could engage him without the formality of a retaining fee. To many that was a convenience of which they did not fail to avail themselves. Trifles should not part friends, and the aggregate of "trifles" which stood to Wilson's credit was no small sum. It might have become even larger, but his time was so much taken up

with the concoction of repartees, the invention of impromptus, and the reading up, necessary to the persiflage of the dinner-table and the soiree, that even his "friends" ceased to entrust him with the gratuitous management of their business.

Wilson was not blind to his danger. He found himself involved. He often shuddered, and felt almost in despair when "extra soda" would not remove the last night's headache. He became a man of evasions, and excuses. He grew very polite to his tailor and his shoemaker. Even his laundress was won by his politeness; and his civil attentions to his landlady and her daughters were most suspicious in the eyes of the experienced. He was in a predicament which he dared not look in the face; and he could only find momentary relief by postponing reflection until after the next display of his brilliant powers—for which he *must* prepare. But the next only introduced another. And the next, another. At first he was choice in his amusements. Now he had descended to less elite gatherings. His star declined.

"Capital fellow in conversation that Wilson," said a gentleman, at an evening party.

"Yes," said the man addressed. And then in a whisper—"bought his note to-day, fifty per cent off."

"Will it do?"

"For a while yet. He can hold on to his set a little longer. When he can't, I'm done disowning."

That time soon came. Wilson made an effort for a small political appointment, failed, was in debt and desperate. Invitations grew fewer. His coat was first two or three fashions old—then seedy. He discontinued his patronage of a Broadway hatter, and "cordonnier," and consented to be hatted and booted, and boarded on the "Canal street plan"—for alas! fine words could postpone his board bill no longer!

What could he do now? "It is always darkest just before day," he said. "Now I'll marry, and be settled, and grow rich. No more dissipation for me!"

And it was his honest purpose. He tried it—for a whole week. He absolutely attended to the little business that remained to him, and found it quite a refreshing excitement to do something—which he certainly could, if he tried. He renewed his home correspondence which he had lately neglected, and delighted his indulgent mother with his filial attention. He wrote to Ellen, and received cautious but not unkind replies—cautious, for she had her misgivings—kind, for her heart yearned to him. The week wore round to a month, and the month to two, and Wilson, who had in a measure ceased his high flights of expectation, was really beginning to make some progress, and felt the solid satisfaction which

work accomplished always confers. He thought he had bought wisdom at a high price, and determined to turn his investment to account. A few months more passed, and he felt now quite a made man. His ambition had found, he thought, its legitimate channel. He would labor and by success shame his false friends.

But he wanted sympathy. He had reasoned himself into a sort of Ishmaelitish position, and commenced suits with a fierce pleasure against sundry of his summer friends; for Wilson was not the only one whom the social wheel had overturned. He needed a true friend; and remembered that part of his plan of reformation was marriage. He wrote to Ellen a letter, which, did we dare to print, it would be admitted unparalleled among love-letters. He acknowledged his past wanderings in the superlative degree of humiliation, and promised for the future on the hyperbole of expectatance. He denounced the world in general, and New York in particular, in the most approved exaggeration of misanthropic out-givings, and magnanimously invited Ellen to demonstrate her affection and share a bower of thorns with him.

Having sealed and despatched his letter, he could not help looking for "houses to let" as he passed along the streets. Any street would do now; for he was determined to trust no more to the factitious aid of connexion and position, but rise to eminence on his own merits. He had grown bolder in his hopes since he first modestly began to amend; for a very little success served to intoxicate him. And he was confident that Ellen would at once accept his overtures. He was not sure that she would not even come to him in New York, if the colder prudence of friends objected to their union. He was all impatience when the return of the mail brought no reply, and when many mails came, and still no answer he grew furious.

The postman brought him a letter, after he had ceased, in his vexation his daily inquiries. He took it eagerly, and locked his door upon the re-treating functionary. He looked a moment or two at the direction before he dared to break the seal. It was in the same orderly neat hand in which all her letters were directed. There was no haste, no agitation. The i in the Wilson was carefully dotted, the "Esq." was faultless, and the "New York" was geometrically correct in its corner position.

He broke the seal.

And he read a calm and positive, but mild refusal, which, while it did not forbid hope in the future, did not encourage it. Wilson was petrified with amazement. "It is her guardian's work," he said, at length. "I don't doubt he dictated it." But he looked again and found

that gist of a lady's epistle—a postscript. And in that Ellen begged him, if he loved her, as he had often assured her, to keep his own secret. She had consulted no one—she had not made any third party a confidant. This she owed to his affection.

But this, he thought, and very naturally was the unkindest cut of all. He unlocked the door, admitted a client whose knock had startled him from his reverie, talked with forced composure, but advised most bellicose proceedings against the other party. He was ready for war with every thing human. Even the litigant was astonished, and deferred farther proceedings.

Wilson sallied out. The streets were full of life and light. Nobody seemed to him to have any grief or any vexation save himself. He was angry with all the world, and plunged—

Neither into the East River nor the North, but into the watch-house! That was the end of his night's adventures.

It so chanced that the examining magistrate knew our hero, and he was dismissed without public exposure. But it was, notwithstanding a disgrace, which was but the commencement of many. He had been familiarized with another degree of descent in the social scale. Thenceforward all days were dark with him. His pride of reformation from fashionable and respectable (?) dissipation sustained him no longer. He became the hale fellow well met of low companions. In a word, he was the man whom we had in view in the commencement of this sketch—the man who could do better if he would—but who would not. He was the admiration of low wits, the bright, particular star of tippling house caucuses; the small lawyer who defended small causes, and brought petty actions, and who received even less respect from the magistrates than the defendants whom he represented. There was at several times serious purpose of degrading him from the bar—but he was "such a good fellow!" He was despised and endured, and men far his inferiors in intellect and acquirements looked on him with pity.

Of course such a man could keep no secrets, and it soon came to be understood that Wilson was ruined by a "hopeless passion." His affianced had discarded him, and he was ruined by the disappointment. The reader knows how far this was true. And while those who saw the wreck of the once polite and accomplished man pitied him, and condemned her, we ask, "was she to blame?" Is the woman who refuses to share the fortunes of a man whose principles she distrusts, and whose character she deems unstable, to be held to answer for his follies and vices? And have we a right to condemn her for not rushing heedlessly into the misery which his subsequent conduct shows

him capable of producing? These are grave questions. More than one woman has had them to consider. More than one has listened to sentiment rather than sense; and most who have done so have bitterly rued it. The discovery is made too late that he who is so weak that one disappointment may ruin him, only postpones ruin by marriage, and involves wife and children in the same misery. Men must do well and avoid evil from higher motives than any mortal's favor or disapproval, or the ground of their virtue is but a moral quick-sand.

It is not our purpose to follow Wilson step by step on his downward path. Suffice it to say that he reached the lowest depth to which he could descend, short of technical guilt. His moral delinquencies did not take the form of theft or absolute breach of trust. He was guilty of no petty larceny, and if he had unpaid debts, he never saw the hour when he would not have paid all—if he could. But he could not, and the inability arose from his own misconduct. We leave casuists to decide how far such delinquency is above such offences as the law takes cognizance of.

Wilson one day received a letter, the first for many months, perhaps a year from his old residence, for even his mother had despaired of him. He knew the hand. It was a thick parcel. He thought of a remittance—but his stomach heaved at the possibility, and he was predetermined to return it, as some shadow of his former pride returned to him. He opened the parcel. It contained only his own curious and passionate letter of proposals to Ellen. He looked in vain upon margin and envelope for any communication. Nothing was there but his own letter. He read that, and, at first, accused Ellen, as he had done many times before, of his own misconduct. Presently his thoughts took a more considerate and profitable channel. He asked himself whether, had he married, he should not have fallen into the same evil courses. And he could not—though he strove to do so—answer this question to his own satisfaction. And he asked again, which was more to the purpose, why he should remain an outcast still.

Providence favored him. "Wilson!" he heard himself addressed, as he sauntered along. He turned almost in surprise, to hear the voice of a gentleman. The communication which the other desired was soon made. He had authorities to consult and cite, facts and evidence to arrange and collate—in short, a case to prepare of some importance. "Now I know," he continued, "that you could manage this thing better than I, and besides I am crowded with business. Will you do it for me?"

Two hours before he would have refused. Now

he undertook it—if not cheerfully, at any rate faithfully. One employment led to another, and a few weeks produced a new reformation—a change which we are glad to believe is permanent. The best evidence is in his renewed attention to his mother. He frequently corresponds, and occasionally visits her. Another sign of strength is that he never refers to his past irregularities, and never has taken up the too common course of recounting his former misdeeds, as an evidence of what depth a man may reach, and still recover; for he walks with fear and trembling. But the world is still before him. He is once more in the practice of his profession; and as many years have elapsed since his last fall, few with whom he now meets ever think of it. Few indeed remember it. And we think that he has discovered the value of the religious principle as the regulator of human conduct, and learned where lies that higher strength than is contained in human resolutions and human pledges.

Again we ask was Ellen right? For there is still another point in her conduct to consider. She is now a maiden lady, past the bloom and the romance of youth. She looks upon life with older and with sadder eyes than when Wilson's glowing language painted the joint future which they never have realized. Mothers are full of hope, and Wilson had little difficulty to persuade his to attempt to reopen an acquaintance for him. The mother's chief demur was against giving Ellen again an opportunity which she once refused—to the ruin, as the mother thinks, of her son. But she undertook the mission, prepared to blame Ellen gently for the past, when she had accepted him for the future. But she had not the opening for such a reproof. Ellen declined to open a wound anew which never could be wholly healed. She was past the hope and freshness of life, she said, and the danger she dared not tempt in her youth, she could not now.

"I hope," said the mother, "this will not prostrate my noble boy again!"

"And so do I, for his sake and for mine—for his for the regard I bear you both—for mine for the grief I should feel in his degradation. But I still think that if I can ruin him as I am—I certainly should as his wife. But I feel that by doing what I have done I have saved rather than injured him. It is easier to rise alone, than to lift up another with you. I dare not trust my life with a man whose resolution has proved so little able to cope with temptation."

There the question still stands—"was she right?" Mothers of daughters will say aye. Mothers of sons, and we suspect some daughters, full of the idea of their own influence, and of the power of their charms of person and of mind will

say nay. But it is a problem which none should be in haste to solve experimentally. There is a deal of false reasoning, and more false sentiment about this matter of love and matrimony abroad in the world; and common sense is the best guide after all. Of course duty is paramount, and we speak of common sense as the interpreter of duty. Poor Wilson!

But how, after all if he did marry her, could he look her in the face; and how could she respect him?

THE BELLES OF TONTINE.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

In this City, in the Palace
Called the Tontine, kept by Allis,
Standing Eastward of the Eden of the Green—
Dwells the Lady Ellen Mary,
Who is of her charms so charly,
That opinions never vary
Of her beauty in Tontine—
All agreeing she is belle of this Tontine—
Cynosure of all the lesser lights that twinkle in
Tontine.

But within this stately Palace,
Called the Tontine, kept by Allis,
Standing Eastward of the Eden of the Green—
Dwells another Lady Mary,
Of whose charms opinions vary—
Lovers talking quite contrary
Of her beauty in Tontine—
All agreeing she will "do" for this Tontine—
But that Lady Ellen Mary is the belle of this Tontine.

Thus within this stately Palace,
Called the Tontine, kept by Allis,
Standing Eastward of the Eden of the Green—
Dwell the two fair Virgin Maries,
Beautiful as two contraries
Can be, who are rival Faries
Of each other in Tontine—
All agreeing each will "do" for this Tontine—
But that Lady Ellen Mary is the belle of this Tontine.

So, within this stately Palace,
Called the Tontine, kept by Allis,
Standing Eastward of the Eden of the Green—
Dwells the one with eyes of azure,
Melting in her soul of pleasure—

Shedding love-light, without measure,
On her lovers in Tontine—
All agreeing she is belle of this Tontine—
Cynosure of all the lesser lights that twinkle in
Tontine.

But within this stately Palace,
Called the Tontine, kept by Allis,
Standing Eastward of the Eden of the Green—
Shine the other's eyes all darkling,
With the love-light in them sparkling—
Darker brows above them circling—
Making Heaven of this Tontine—
Though they say that she will "do" for this Tontine—
And that Lady Ellen Mary is the belle of this Tontine.

Thus, within this stately Palace,
Called the Tontine, kept by Allis,
Standing Eastward of the Eden of the Green—
Dwell the two reflowed in story,
And that neither may be sorry,
I will crown them both with glory,
As the belles of this Tontine—
Notwithstanding what was said in this Tontine—
Of the Lady Ellen Mary being belle of this Tontine.

Now, within this stately Palace,
Called the Tontine, kept by Allis,
Standing Eastward of the Eden of the Green—
These two golden belles are ringing
In the song that I am singing,
Which its way to Heaven goes winging
With these beauties of Tontine—
Fiery chariot rising Heavenward from Tontine—
Bearing up these belles to glory from the Chebar of
Tontine.

MARY MAGDALENE.

BY CHARLES H. STEWART.

MOURNFUL and calm, as rainbow glories prove
The parting storm while yet devotion lifts
The soul above. There is a tender grief,
Fraught with that air of earnestness and love,
Headless of every gaze with flowing hair,
She dried his tear besprinkled feet, whose love,
Powerful alike to pardon or reprove,

Took from her aching heart its load of care;
Thenceforth, nor time, nor pain, could e'er efface
Her Saviour's pity; through all worldly scorn,
To her he had a glory and a grace,
Which made her humbly bow and meekly mourn,
Till by his faithful care she reached the place
Where his redeemed above all grief are borne.

"I KNOW IT."

BY E. W. DEWEES.

At seventeen years of age I was more of a man than I have ever been since. I wore a long-tailed coat and boots, (to which the appertenance of spurs was generally added) a moustache was quite visible on my upper lip, and a consciousness of ripe maturity never left my mind. I was studying for the legal profession, but at the time of which I write, was spending my summer vacation at my father's house in the country.

Though so manly, (almost soldier-like, as I fancied,) in my appearance, my *inner* was by no means so stern as my *outer* man. I loved my mother with childish tenderness, and sooner than pain her pious heart, I un murmuringly accompanied her every Sunday to the village church, to listen to long sermons of which I could not hear a word, for the tremulous accents of the very aged minister, who conducted the services, were so faint as to be inaudible where we sat. Though incited by love and duty to subject myself to this weekly penance, (well deserved by my weekly sins) my conscience yet did not prevent me from whiling away the time by such amusement as lay at hand—that, namely, of observing and speculating on the countenances of my neighbors, an occupation of which I was fond.

The physiognomy which interested me more than all others, was that of a young girl who sat not far from us, and who was accompanied by an aged lady, probably her grandmother—the object of her ever-watchful care. This girl's face, from first eliciting my careless admiration, gradually absorbed my whole attention. It was very beautiful, but apart from that, it possessed the greatest possible interest for me. Never had I seen a countenance which denoted so much sensibility; each emotion of her mind was plainly written upon it, by its quick, delicate changes; nothing was wanting but the key of a corresponding degree of sensibility in the beholder, to read her tender, innocent soul like an open book. For hours I gazed, and speculated on that fair young face—I thought how sad would be the lot of so sensitive a being, should fate unite her to one who would not know how to read aright what was so delicately written—to whom the varying expression of that sweet countenance would be but a blank—who should be able to see in it only its coarser part—beauty of feature. There was no end to the reveries into which those swift coming blushes led me.

148

Sometimes, by chance, the fair object of my busy fancies would catch my eye, or, without looking at me, seem to know or feel that I was gazing at her, and I wickedly delighted in noting the blush which deepened on her cheek till I withdrew my eyes.

One Sunday I happened, in coming out of church, to be close to my lovely neighbor—immediately behind her—my hand actually touched her unconscious garments. I felt an irresistible desire to force her in some way to notice me—to speak to her—to occasion one of those charming blushes—anything—I knew not what. In short, like an impudent coxcomb as I was, I stooped forward, and with an insufferable insolence, which I blush now to remember, I whispered in her ear, “You are very pretty!”

Never was I more surprised, than when she calmly replied,

“I know it!”

I was absolutely startled. I had expected a silent, conscious blush—an indignant glance—anything rather than this cool, “I know it.”

I was puzzled, but I had plenty of time to turn the matter in my mind, for in a few days I returned to college. I can truly say it was the one problem, which, throughout the term, gave me most trouble to solve, and cost me most thought.

Another year elapsed ere I returned home, and again sat in the little village church. My personal appearance was, meanwhile, somewhat altered. I still wore my moustache, it is true, but my coat tails were not, or did not seem quite so long, and I had left off my spurs.

My mother and I were early seated in our pew, and I impatiently waited for the arrival of my lovely enigma. I tried to prepare myself for disappointment. “I have been thinking and dreaming about an ideal,” I said to myself—“doubtless when the young lady herself appears, all my fine imaginings will vanish—there can be no doubt my fancy has been playing tricks with me, investing a mere country maiden with transcendent graces and charms.” While I was reasoning thus with myself, the young lady appeared leading her old relative with tender care.

Worshipping an “ideal,” indeed! my most charming remembrance did not begin to do justice to the beautiful reality. A soul full of tenderness and sensibility seemed to have found

a fitting home in a person and face of perfect loveliness and grace.

She blushed when, looking round, she chanced to see me, and again the play of expression on her features which had so interested me formerly, charmed me.

The more I studied her face the more I seemed to see into the pure depths of her soul. I could have staked my life on her noble purity of thought and deed.

As we returned home, I described my fair neighbor, and asked my mother who she was.

"Her name," my mother said, "is Grace Denny; and she is the loveliest—the most *superior* young woman I have ever in my whole life met with. It is too soon to think of such things yet," she continued, smiling, "but some years hence it would make me happy to see my dear son married to just such a woman."

"Not quite so fast, mother," said I, laughing a good deal to hide a little boyish embarrassment which I was most anxious to conceal.

I found that Grace had become a constant visitor at my mother's; and I did not fail to improve the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with her.

She was indeed a gifted creature, endowed with all "nature's best." She sang, she danced, she conversed with an indescribable grace peculiar to herself. Though generally thoughtful and earnest in her demeanor, she had a vein of quiet humor, and her strokes of playful drollery charmed all the more from being unexpected. But more alluring to me than all her gifts and accomplishments, was the shrinking sensibility depicted on every feature of her sweet face. I soon found myself deeply—painfully interested in her. I say *painfully*, for Grace received my assiduous attentions with a perfect coolness and unconcern which gave me great uneasiness. Sometimes I thought she remembered my early impertinence, and was disposed to punish it. But there was a rival, a cousin of Grace's, who always stood in my way, and from whom Grace received, as a matter of course, numberless little attentions which I dared not even offer. I hated this man; I was insufferably jealous; but Grace seemed either perfectly unconscious, or perfectly indifferent to the by-play of animosity which was carried on between us.

Grace, sweet, noble Grace, with her child-like simplicity and sensitive woman's heart—who could resist her? I could not—my whole soul was hers. In vain had I struggled—in vain had I called upon my vanity, (of which I had plenty to invoke) to save me from the mortification of loving without return. I could not stem or control the passion which, strong as a mighty whirlwind, had seized me.

One evening I sat by the piano while Grace sang to me. The cousin was not there, and dear Grace's varying color and glistening eyes suggested sweet hopes to my vanity. I fancied I saw *love* in those bright dewey eyes, and on those soft music-breathing lips.

It was the last evening of my vacation, and surely I read a gentle, farewell thought in Grace's face. I was beside myself with joy at the idea—I was as if in a blissful dream—a sweet delirium—a rapture of love. As Grace rose to leave the piano I caught her hand, and, unable longer to repress the *one* thought that filled my heart, I exclaimed fervently,

"Grace—dear Grace, with all my soul I love you!"

She lifted her large, soft eyes, and said slowly, while a mischievous smile stole over her face,

"I know it."

She was gone before I had time to prevent it, or to recover from my surprise.

The next day I returned to college, expecting to complete my studies in another year. A year! how long a time to be absent from the beloved being who was to me, I felt, henceforth and forever, whether she returned my love or not, the nucleus round which all my thoughts would revolve. I need not say how often her strange and unsatisfactory answer tormented me. I perceived in her repetition of the same words, her remembrance of the time she had used them before; and this then was the just punishment for my insolence. I tortured myself by bringing the whole scene again and again to memory—my passionate declaration of love, and her provoking reply, "I know it." "The deuce you do!" thought I, sometimes, "I would I had possessed the wit to have left you a little more uncertain."

I often wonder that I was able to study at all at this time, for Grace, beautiful, *graceful* Grace, was never absent from my thoughts—she had become the dream of my life—the object of *all* the love sonnets, which had till now been scattered on various rival beauties. I *did* study, however, and study hard, and at the end of the term passed examination with high honor—much to my dear mother's pride and joy.

I determined to be wiser when I saw Grace again—to discover beyond a doubt if I were indeed beloved, before I committed myself as I *had* done by foolish speeches.

In order to satisfy myself on this point, and perhaps also to gratify a little pique, when I returned home I did not go immediately to see Grace as my feelings dictated, but waited till, at my mother's summons, she spent an evening with us. Even then, though my heart was full of tenderness for her, I affected coolness; I had made up my mind to play a part, and suffer all night

I would act it out. There was a young lady staying with my mother at this time who dearly loved to flirt, I was quite ready to contribute to her amusement. I devoted myself to her the whole evening, and felt the sweetest pain I ever experienced when I saw, by Grace's dear, changing, sensitive face, that she was deeply pained and wounded.

When this foolery had been carried to its height, I perceived Grace suddenly rise, and step through the open window out on the piazza. In

a few minutes I followed her; she had retired to a little distance from the window, and stood with her head leaning against the railing weeping. Stealing softly behind her, I passed my arm around her, and whispered,

"Ah, dearest Grace—do not deny it! You love me!"

There was a little pause—then laughing, yet still half crying, Grace turned aside her head, and said—

"Alas! I KNOW IT."

A WINTER MIDNIGHT REVERIE.

BY W. S. SHOEMAKER.

To-night, without, 'tis bitter cold:
The winds their eldritch revels hold
Wild demon winds from Norland climes,
That chaunt aloud their Runic rhymes,
And dash the snow with might and main,
Against the rattling window-pane.

I peer abroad into the night,
And far and near the roofs are white
The trees, like giants stark and grim,
Toss fierce aloft each ice-cased limb;
While yonder hills look frore and drear,
As if benumbed with some strange fear.

The earth and air as spectral seem
As the sad scenery of a dream
Of life-in-death. The cold, cold moon
Gleams pale and wan as in a swoon,
And dimly glides through vapors white
That shroud the sentinels of night.

From chimney-tops around I see
No more the light smoke whirling free;
For 'tis the ghostly noon of night,
And household hearths no more are bright:
Sleep reigns: day's fiery cares are dead,
Oblivion's ashes o'er them spread.

Now, musing by my flickering fire,
I little heed the Winter's ire;
But while his myrmidons loud roar,
I summon back the Past once more:
From Summer memories I distil
A joy that makes it Summer still.

Long vanished days I summon back,
And walk again a flowery track:
I stroll again 'neath shadowy groves,
Where birds discourse their happy loves,
With one whose beauty made to me
The scenes more blest than Araby.

Each little flower beneath our feet,
With her, methought, was doubly sweet;
such rare hues of Heaven they wore

As flowers had never worn before:
In them the music of the bees
Was ripe with Heavenly harmonies.

The breeze seemed doubly to rejoice,
The while I listened to her voice:
There was a love-light in the skies,
That seemed a reflex from her eyes—
Those deep dark eyes whose spirit-glance
Drew all my soul in love's sweet trance.

Those little flowers again I view,
More sweet in scent, more fair in hue;
And more melodious in my ear,
The humming of the bees I hear;
And still more soft and clear above,
I hear the birds relate their love.

And tinged with still more beauteous dyes,
Those scenes now come before mine eyes—
The groves, the flowery walks, the stream
That lulled my soul into a dream;
And still more fair, if that can be,
The maiden strays and speaks with me.

Ah, happy days of youth and hope,
When love ruled fancy's horoscope
Ah, happy Summers of the heart,
When tears, if tears would sometimes start,
Were tears of joy! Ye come again,
"With something of a pleasant pain."

No Summers ever were to me
So fully fraught with bliss as ye;
And though forever ye be gone,
Still love-sick fancy dreams upon
The raptures of your honied time,
Nor wilts in Winter's withering rime.

Howl on, ye wildly-wanton storms!
Your wildest fury ne'er deforms
The beauty of the dreams divine
Of days when youth and hope were mine:
Ye cannot blight the fudeless flowers
That deck the soul's immortal bower.

THE SECOND LOVE.
A SEQUEL TO "CAROLINE BRADSHAW."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—'S DIARY."

January 18.—

It is a long time since I have written in my diary. The abstracting grief of Henry's loss overpowered the grand-parents almost, and my time was devoted to them.

Augustus Cummings remained at New London, after the funeral, for some time; and has often since been here. For awhile Uncle George could not be without his company, even for an hour. He was like a good, thoughtful son to the grand-parents; to me, like a good, thoughtful brother.

When winter approached, Uncle George went to Washington, and Augustus departed for Billerica, a parish to which he had just been called. I have visited it, and have a very dear friend belonging to it.

April.

Laura finds much to do in her new home. I sometimes think that to this is owing a part of her cheerfulness; for, with so many new duties, she has no time to give to tears. She says, however, it seems to her, that Henry is with her all the time; and whenever she does a thing, she instinctively inquires whether Henry, all pure and holy as he is now, can look on the act approvingly.

The children love her as if she were their own mother. As for the doctor, he guards her, as if she were "the apple of his eye."

June the 28th.

It is a year, to-day, since I came to New London. Little did I imagine, when I first left Augusta, that so long a period would elapse before I should see her again. But I should not have thought it right to leave the dear grand-parents; and, indeed, I could nowhere have been happier than here.

Uncle George has come to the village on a visit. Augustus Cummings has accompanied him.

July the 6th.

Augustus, who was, in our affliction, so like a brother to me, has proposed being something more than a brother. I have a great respect, a warm friendship for him, which, I doubt not, will expand, and become all I could wish to feel for a husband, when I come to know him better. Upon the strength of this belief, I have promised to be his at any time when he may present his claims. I hesitated at first on account of my

grand-parents; but my grandmother has, for a cousin, a lady of forty-five or fifty, who is very amiable, who has little property and no desirable home; and who is, withal, a scrupulous monogamist; so that grandmother counts on being able to keep her with her; and this without any sacrifices, whatever, on the widow's part. They were all, as I saw, more ready to relinquish me to Augustus, than I was to yield my own consent.

September the 11th.

Augustus has left, and Uncle George with him. They will visit together the parish at Billerica; they will visit Augusta, likewise; and then Augustus will return to his parish to make arrangements for our establishment there.

We are to be married in this house, on the spot where my parents and Augusta were; as Augusta is now well, so that she can be with me. She protests against this, however. She can't conceive how I can make up a suitable winter wardrobe here in the country. She entreats; she feels inclined to fall on her knees as she writes, begging me "to do the thing as becomes me, as becomes my station, both present and prospective." She adds—

"I prescribe white satin and little blond sleeves. I won't listen to anything else. I shall wear the same. We will be alike, only I will have no orange blossoms. Otway and I will stand with you—oh, dear! I wonder if you hear, if you attend to this, when you read it; if you think of heeding my prayer! I'll warrant you don't. I'll warrant you sit and look like a Madonna, thinking, that—no; instead of a white satin and blond trimmings, you will wear some of the rich dresses you have already, and give the price of the satin to the poor. I am ready to go into despair, just over this fancy. I tell you, Cad, my dear, give money to the poor, if you will; and I, when I have time, will do the same. We can do both; we can wear suitable dresses and give to the poor, too. Otway likes to see me splendidly dressed. He loses patience if I neglect myself even at home, and in the morning, when we are sure not to see anybody, you know. But you have had chances enough to see this. I only remind you of it; because you must see that I shall be very elegantly dressed; and then you *must* transcend me a

little, just by the orange flowers—everything else being equal—or I shall go into fits.

"Say! let me order the satin with mine. And do you come to Boston for the making, for bonnet, travelling dress, and the hundred and one things you must have, or be absolutely shabby. Say! won't you? I shall wait one week for your answer, hoping that you will bring it in person. And I can go with you to all the shops, you know! I know just who sells the best and cheapest articles; ah! you should just look into Jones' in these days. No! Tremont Row, you know; or, I think it as likely as not, that you don't know anything about it, you are so dull about shopping! I can't conceive how anybody can be so indifferent. I tell you, sister Cad, if I had your face, your figure, and your absolute sovereignty over a full pride, the people of Boston should see and know what beauty is! They call me beautiful, as it is; and I believe my nose and teeth and skin are faultless; while beyond this—*entre nous*—my skill in dressing does the greater part.

"Abby Rogers is with us in these days. She is as sweet as ever; sweeter; she improves. She dresses. She knows how to show her appreciation of the gift of personal charms, and of the silk worm. But 'neither is this to the point,' exactly; but this is—Nabby would like being invited with us to your wedding. She is very delicate about it; but I can see it would please her; as, of course, it must. And this that comes now is still more to the point; Nabby says that your dress should be white satin, by all means; for she says, while it is suitable for any bride who can afford it well, it is particularly suitable for one so tall and stately as yourself. This is what I think; it is what Otway thinks; we were talking about it this morning at breakfast.

"Only look what a letter this is already! I never wrote so long a one before. I suppose I must prolong it to tell you about Fred. The same old story—he is as mischievous as ever; plagues my life out almost, cutting things into pieces no longer than your thumb-nail, unless we keep him in constant supply of playthings. And he is so savage if he can find neither play, nor mischief! but if he can be busy, he is happier than any king; and every one says he is a very beautiful boy. He pines yet for 'Aunt Carry,' and after we have read your letters, holds them in his hands, turns them over, trying to make something out of them, always ending with a sigh, and an—"ah, I wish Aunt Carry would come home! don't you, mamma?"

"I guess I do wish she would come! *Don't* think, Cad, dear, that it is all because I am so anxious about the beautiful dress, and so on, as I feel this idle letter will incline you to. No. I

like beautiful dresses; I like beauty in any form under which it presents itself. I am proud of you, and love to see you looking like a queen; I love to make of myself something that people shall look on with pleasure; but, after all, it is your very self, and my husband, and my boy, that my heart truly delights in. I could be happy possessing you three, without the beautiful dresses; but not with all the beautiful dresses in the world, without you. So don't trouble yourself about the satin—only have it if it won't trouble you at all; for you will look well enough in any thing; still I do so want, on this one occasion, to see you in the dress I have set my heart on! But I suppose you can't feel as you would if poor Henry were alive, and all things were bright; and I won't tease you. Just love me as you always have done, and I will ask nothing more; only that you may be happy in your marriage, and in the years that shall be afterward. It would be enough to ask that you may be as happy as I am; but I have no doubt that you will be happier, because you are more reasonable and sensible, and always have been, although you were the younger.

"Freddy has kissed the page here where I write; he says you must take it off with another kiss. Otway is at the store; if he were here, there would be some stirring messages. He thinks a great deal of you; and finds the greatest pleasure in your choice. He is gay himself; but he says he is always most strongly and agreeably attracted by people like Augustus Cummings. He loves them best; and so I confess do I. Only I am a little afraid of them, withal; and would rather have my Otway for a husband, than your Augustus. I can very well understand, however, that the latter is the right one for you.

"I am so glad you will be so near! Have you thought how we will gather up our children, and our sewing, and slip back and forth in the cars? If you have ripe currants, I can go up and help pick and eat them; (only *par parenthese*, our little girls will make bad work of their light frocks, won't they?) and if I have the headache, as so often I do, you can come in, and with your gentle ways, and your hand that is so good on the hot temples, cure me directly. Won't this be good?

"Abby has returned, and I will leave off this scribbling. Don't feel under obligations to invite her, my dear Cad. She shan't know that I have intimated her wish. But if you do conclude to ask her, I think her presence will give you a pleasure. She has an excellent disposition, I am sure; flighty as she appears. Otway don't fancy her; although he is very gracious to her, because I like so well having her here. She is so young, you know, and has no mother, only a very tyrannical mother-in-law, I feel a kind of benevolent

interest in the girl, and like to keep her near me, where she so well likes to be.

"Love to all. Assure them I look forward to meeting them with lively pleasure. Assure yourself that not even Augustus loves you better than does

Your sister,

AUGUSTA."

This is the way dear Augusta always lets us see how strenuous her wishes are in the little things and the great. And while she entreats in the passionate, impulsive way, we are thinking that she is very foolish; and we shall not trouble ourselves to gratify her. But, in its vehement force, the desire is soon spent; and then she, too, thinks she is foolish, and not worth being listened to. She apologizes in her sweet, sincere manner; she begs us to follow our own pleasure and not hers; and, at this stage, we begin to see that her request was reasonable, the taste that instigated it faultless, and to be inclined to gratify her above ourselves; so that she generally has her way.

The 15th.

"Them varmints!" said Mrs. Cheever, shaking her head wrathfully, as she came up to the yard where aunt and I were standing.

"What vermin?" asked Aunt Agnes, laughing.

"Ah, them Boyntons, ter be sure! I've been there a washin' terday, an' of all the splashin' an' splurgin' they made over your consarns, Car'line! I couldn't help wonderin' t' they don't see t' their swallerin' their own words, at' were; fer's long's they thought t' Arndrer wus goin' ter have ye, er! the mareg! there wus nawthin' on airth like ye. You'd been ter Charlestown seminary two years, they told everybody; you'd gradwated there and fetched away with ye a—a—I do' know—a—"

"A diploma!" I asked.

"Yes! that! with a blue ribbon in it, they said, an' I don't know what all. But now, now they've hearn' t' you're goin' ter have 'Gustus Cummins, they pooh it all away. 'Pooh!' says Angeline, terday, 'I wonder what it is ter be ter Charlestown seminary two years?' An' says she, 'I'll hate fawty dollar 'at she ha'n't got more education 'n we have, arter all. 'F she has, she don't show it.'

"Er, an' then she must go ter makin' a great finish of it, a tossin' her head an' a stickin' up 'er nose. An' the queerest on 't is, they're all so ter'ble glad t' Arndrer aint a goin' ter have ye!"

"But perhaps you ought not to tell me about it, Mrs. Cheever," said I, gently. "Perhaps they—"

"Oh, fer that matter, they said it afore me a purpose, so 't I might tell ye. I know 'em o' old. It's their way, or one o' their ways o' termintin' folks that they get a mif agin. But,

says I ter myself, you've lit on one now 't won't mind ye, ner care fer what ye say."

"Oh, but I do care, Mrs. Cheever. I am sorry to be disliked by any one."

"What! when ye're so rich, an' goin' ter be so much richer, an' when ye've so many ter like ye, an' speak well on ye?"

"Yes; I care just as much as if I were poor, and going soon to be poorer."

"That's sumthin' new ter me 't any rate," replied she, musing, and running a pin into the post of the gate where she was standing. "I've allers felt 's if them that's so rich an' kind o' high in the world, didn't care much, 'f any, what them that's below 'em say er think about 'em. I've thought I sh'd like ter be independent, so 't I needn't care for anybody."

"Well, if you were to be made independent, as you say, you would find that money is one thing, and the friendliness of the world another! and that they can't be made to supply each other's place. You would still want friends, and find your gold of little worth, if you hadn't them."

"Per'aps so; but I'm sure it's a new idee ter me. Then I'm sorry I told ye, 'f ye care what they say—only on your 'count, though. They're so putchiky so often, I don't care on their parts. But I must be joggin'. You'll forgive me fer tellin' on ye, Car'line?"

"Ah, yes, indeed! Good night, Miss Cheever. Love to the grand-parents if you see them as you pass."

"Yes, I will. I'll go in a purpose. Good night, Car'line, good night, Miss Bradshaw." And she went off with long, vigorous steps. But it is too bad that she must walk so far. Uncle Harrison always sends James with her.

The 16th.

A letter, a long one, came from Augustus today. Oh—and it is so good, so kind! The solicitude for my comfort, my well-being that breathes through it all is expressed to imply, so heartily, it is as if I had the words warm from his lips, and makes him seem near to me. He nowhere tells me that he loves me, neither by his pen nor by his tongue.

I trust, however, that he does love me a little; and has made sure of being able to love me a great deal more. For myself I have no misgivings. The thought of him in my solitude since he left, the new emotion over this letter, the warmth about my heart now that I think and write of him, all show me where I am; and that I am safe, if he will love me but half as well as I will love him.

The letter was written at Billerica, at the house of my friend, Mrs. Follen. He has purchased the house of the late pastor, which is a charming

place, midway between the village, where, on a broad green, the church stands, and the residence of the Follens. I have called at the place often with Mrs. Follen; and I have remembered it since, as if it were a sweet picture.

Augustus tells me all his plans minutely, and asks me to inform him if I like them; if I agree with him in this and that arrangement, which it is desirable to have effected before I go. This husband-like deference I believe pleases me even more than the plans; although these are so good, so pleasant, I must say yes to them all, and thus make him think, I fear, that I have no opinions of my own.

He asked me to let him name an early day for making me his. The thirtieth of this month, he wishes that it may be, if I can willingly bring myself to so sudden a measure.

It is necessary that he enter upon his duties immediately; and I shall raise no objections to his wishes. We shall both be best in a home of our own, and I would gladly be there in that grand time of autumn, when the sky is so deep, and the woods are in a glow.

But now something else must be done beside this journalizing; although I have little to do in the housekeeping line, the stores left by my poor mother were so ample.

The grand-parents, whom I have been this evening to consult, sigh; Aunt Agnes sighs, and tears fill her eyes, and Laura's; but they do not try to hold me back.

The 18th.

Oh, a great blow! especially to the doctor and Laura, for by Augustus' orders, his uncle's executor advanced the legacy of the doctor, although the estate was far from being settled; and, now that he has appropriated it all in one needful way and another, a later will has come to light, by which that large property is divided amongst the charitable institutions of Boston, the largest legacy falling to the House of Industry. This will was drawn up, it seems, by an attorney who is old and partially deaf, and who, as an invalid, has been passing a year with relatives at a retired sea-board town in Connecticut. No one knew that he had been doing business for Mr. Alfred Cummings, except the witnesses. One of these is in California, the other is in Boston; but knowing that the old gentleman was often making new wills, or annexing codicils, not being called upon for testimony, he did not halt in his busy life to ask a question, or make a revelation.

But, within a few days, the attorney himself has returned to Boston and produced the new instrument. I have the intelligence by a letter from Augustus. He regrets it for my sake and for the doctor's; but he writes calmly, and like a strong man, who can face the struggle and go

through with it, and stand all the while with feet firmly planted.

He will rent the parsonage, he says, instead of purchasing it. He hardly knows me, he says; he has not heard me say what estimate I place upon wealth; but he trusts me. He trusts that I will feel with him, that the doctor's share in this disappointment, is that which we have most to regret.

He *may* trust me. If he can be as happy, if he will not feel too much the need of toil and economy in carrying out his longed-for improvements in the parsonage, in short, if he will use my fortune, feeling that it is *ours*, as much his as mine, I shall not have a single regret for ourselves. And it is not *so* bad for the doctor as it might be. The sum he has received of the Boyntons is a help to him; and I shall propose it to Augustus, purchasing the field that is to be the fruit-garden, and allowing the doctor to manage it as he pleases, setting out his trees and vines, as if it were *now* his own. He can, no doubt, purchase it at no distant day; Laura is so diligent, so economical; the doctor so vigorous and with so extensive a practice, there is really nothing to fear, although now the doctor looks desponding enough.

Laura is younger; it falls lightly on her; for she is buoyed up with hopes—indefinite enough they are; but surely something favorable will turn up, she thinks; there are father, grandfather, so many friends who will feel for them, and be glad to help them awhile now, until they can help themselves. The doctor smiled before I left them; but more of comfort in Laura's earnest kindness than of hope.

Augustus finds so much to do we shall not be married until two weeks later than the time appointed.

The 19th.

Neither is Laura so hopeful as she seemed. She herself is at a loss to see in what way two thousand dollars can be abstracted from their possessions, without the doctor's relinquishing every one of the pretty plans he has been talking over with such zest since they were married. And she fears he will feel obliged to deny himself, to work and worry as he did after his losses by the Boyntons, so that he will be worn and sick again. She shed some tears over this part of the picture; but she smiled through them in a moment, and began to hope again in the good things that may come in to make it lighter, easier for him than now they anticipate.

I have written to Augustus out of the fulness of a heart that trusts him, even as he trusts me; and that feels assured of happiness with him, whether our earthly lot be one of toil or ease, poverty or wealth. I have let him see that he

is dearer to me now in his misfortunes, than he was as a rich man. I shrank occasionally from the warm thought my pen was inditing, and said to myself, "nay; I will not let this go to him. I will write again, a cooler letter; and keep back the tenderness, until I have seen his come forth more unreservedly." I tried another, in the beginning, calling Dame Prudery to my elbow, to dictate what I should write, and to jog me, if I went amiss. But I despised the cold thing when it was written, and give it a warming in the grate; carrying the other directly to the post-office, lest I should be troubled anew with my scruples.

Our postmaster, in want of good accommodations on his own premises, has lately established his office in Mr. Boynton's store. I met Angeline there, listlessly looking over the newspapers and other parcels.

"Good morning, Miss Caroline," said she, lifting her eye-brows, and speaking with ill-concealed bitterness.

"Good morning, Angeline; how do you do this morning?" dropping my letter into the box.

"I'm well enough; but how do you do? They say you've met with quite a repulse."

"A repulse?"

"Why, yes; they say Augustus Cummings has lost all his property; or, all the property that he thought was his, rather."

"Yes; he has."

"Don't you feel bad about it?"

"Not on my own account. I am sorry for the doctor."

"Pooh! he'll poke through. There's no danger of his thick head. I'm mad that father paid him that money. But pa thought he'd give him a list. He's sorry now; he says it's the same as thrown away."

"Where is your father? I would like to make a purchase, or two," said I, crossing over to the side where the English goods were kept.

"I don't know. He's always budging off somewhere or other, leaving me to tend. And now Mr. Harris is gone on a journey, and I have the post-office, too, on my hands, when pa's gone. What'll you have? I suppose you'll get all your fixings at Concord, as Miss Laura did, since there was nothing at New London good enough for her. Or, perhaps you'll send to Boston?"

"I won't send to Boston for sewing-cotton, at any rate, if you, or Jones & Co. can supply me."

"Well, I rather guess we can," again lifting her brows, and throwing a box of spools on the counter before me. She then stood humming and beating a tattoo on the counter with the yard-stick, as I overlooked the poor assortment of sewing-cotton.

"Did you know that Andrew came last night?"

she asked, at length; and, before I could answer, exclaimed, "there he is! there he comes! He's going to be married right away to a rich girl in Lowell, did you know it?" She concluded in a hurried whisper, for her brother was already in the shop door.

Pale, blue and red by turns, he stood a moment, at sight of me, as if paralyzed.

I felt no emotion whatever, only a yearning wish to be at peace with him, with his sister, and with all the world. I accordingly spoke to him and extended my hand. He did not advance one step to meet me; but stood stiffly in the doorway, with his angry eyes bent on the floor. Grieved, half afraid of the bitter frown, I turned to Angeline; but was far from being reassured, when I saw how stiff and indignant she stood there, bracing her short, wiry figure up with the yard-stick. In a moment, however, I was indignant. I reflected that I had not really wronged them. They had been disappointed. But it was of their own begetting—save, alas! that one, ever-to-be-deprecated hour of trifling.

The remembrance of that hour stole upon me to-day. The dear Henry—how his image softened me at once, and overcame the gathering scorn! I felt it then, as I often do, what volumes of beautiful wisdom and truth, lie in those little paragraphs that creep in with such unconscious simplicity, amongst all the odd things in Dickens' "Dombeey and Son." His Captain Cuttle could bear Carker's insolence peaceably, because he thought of one among the dead, as he supposed; and "all the knaves and liars in the world, were nothing to the truth and honesty of one dead friend."

With tears in my eyes and a trembling voice, I bargained with Angeline for a half dozen spools of cotton; and then, bidding her "good morning," I left the shop, without again looking at her brother, who was still in the door, and silently made way for me to pass out.

They must have seen that they grieved me; and I hope that this, together with my forbearance, will propitiate them, and that we may part in peace.

Later.

I ran in to see Laura this evening. She was busied about the supper-table, singing softly and cheerfully, as she went from table to closet, and from closet to table; while the doctor, although his head was bent over his paper a little, yet had his eyes upturned, watching her graceful household ways. I was fairly within the room, and standing holding my bonnet by the strings, when they looked round and saw me.

Yes; I was in the right time to sit down and drink tea with them, and listen to all they had to tell me of Uncle Harrison's goodness, of dear,

old grandfather's goodness. They had both been there, not in concert, but at different hours, each unaware of the intention of the other, but offering to do anything, everything, that was needful to put the doctor entirely at his ease. There is nothing to hinder them, they said; the doctor may take his own time for repaying them. There shall be no hurry, no anxiety about it; if it is never paid, no matter; the doctor deserved something at their hands, for all that he had been to them in times of sickness and trial, "to say nothing of the little Laura," grandfather said, "who deserves one thousand dollars, for all the comfort and help she has been to him and grandmamma."

"Yes," chimed in Laura, with an animated face, as the doctor concluded accounts of the last piece of good fortune. "Like them, isn't it, being so delicate about it? Ah, they are so good! What do you think I sing all the time, to-day, Caroline?"

"Father, whate'er of earthly good."

"No; I have sung that a great deal lately; but since they were here I sing, over again and again,

"And darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day."

She warbled the lines in her sweet, bird-like voice, with tearful eyes, and hands giving the finishing adjustments to the tea-things.

She went out to bring the girls and Charles Augustus from their sports. The last named came into the room like a man; but the girls were clinging with both hands to hers, Clara with womanly steps, like her young mother; Jane skipping, laughing, and describing a mischievous game she had just been playing upon the others.

The 23rd.

The hours moved so slowly to-day! because I kept thinking, that, when the mail came in, there would be a letter from Augustus for me, or he himself would come. The stage-coach went swinging and rumbling by at last, and then I could no longer attend at all to what Aunt Agnes was saying. How good he is! and he is mine, and I am his! I kept saying to myself; and every moment my heart beat louder and louder; and the warmth and the dream-like happiness went through my whole being.

When it was time for Uncle Harrison to come, aunt laughed, and I laughed; but it did not hinder me in going out to meet him.

"No," said he, shaking his head, and quickening his steps, as he approached me. "You have a letter from your sister; but none from him."

I received and opened it languidly; but, as I ran my eye listlessly down the page, I encountered his name, and my interest revived, although I was still disappointed, and the warmth was

gone from me. I begged uncle to go on with the rest of the packages and leave me to saunter homeward, and I read my own.

Augusta's letter was commenced the day before she heard of the new will, and was—but I may as well transcribe it. It will occupy me; and I am not in the mood to be below, where is considerable company; nor can I read; that is, anything but Augusta's letter. She says of Augustus—

"He is spending this week in town, and is in every day. He and Otway get on finely together. Otway is so sensible, you know; or, perhaps you don't know; for I never discovered before, that he knows so much, and can talk so nicely. He lets his humor come in, every now and then, and this does Augustus not a little good. I am glad that you can be lively, as well as serious; it will help him not a little, when he has tired his brain over the sermons.

"As for poor, stupid me, I am afraid of him yet; although I like him better and better. One must respect him infinitely. He has the manner I always like to see in a clergyman. I like the calm dignity, the serious eyes, showing that he knows what a great thing he has undertaken; and then the cheerfulness, as if he found pleasantness in the ways and peace in the paths. I can never bear the gloomy austerity so many clergymen wear. I never take it for a sign that they are better than anybody else, but that they are cross, and, therefore, not quite so good. But I suppose the cross looks are natural to some; yet, do you know what Hood says?

"No solemn, sanctimonious face I pull,
And think I'm pious, when I'm only bilious"—
or something of this sort.

"I fear I haven't a bit of piety in me; but if I had, I would like it to be like Augustus', like St. Evremonds'. You remember what he says—'my piety is composed more of justice and charity than of penitence. I rest my confidence in God, and hope everything from his benevolence. In the bosom of Providence I find my repose and my felicity.' Believe me, Cad, these beautiful words make me sigh to be a Christian, just as does your bridegroom's beautiful life. You are a happy child; and this is what Abby says continually. She, too, is afraid of Augustus; but she is always half crazed to be hold of that which is beyond her reach, whether it be in the shape of the friendship of a fashionable lady, cashmere shawl, or a good saint, like Augustus, who passes her by on the other side. Thus, as you must have seen, she is ambitious and restless; still the passion may sometimes work favorably. In this instance, it is leading her to try and shape herself into the gentle, quiet woman, that shall get the approbation of—in short, of your

man. But don't be jealous, Cad. She can't please him; and if she could, she would turn her back to him, on the instant he was gained, in pursuit of a something new, and afar off.

"She is constant only to me; and I dare say her worship in this quarter has fallen off not a little since—

"This is horrible! Otway interrupted me. He came from Augustus, and told me that every cent is gone to the charitable institutions. What do you think I said in the first surprise? But you would never guess; you will meet it so differently. It was—oh! I wish there were no charitable institutions in the country! Wasn't that Christian and reasonable?

"Otway was as insensible as an oyster over it; only he *does* pity Dr. Cummings and poor, little Laura! He says Augustus is rather anxious on your account. Oh, dear! and well he may be! You have enough for comfort, I suppose; and then there will be the thousand dollars salary; but after such splendid expectations, this seems meagre enough. So Abby says. She has some natural feeling about it, which those two men have not. She is grateful for your invitation. I almost wish now, that it had ~~not~~ been given; for I know you won't hear a word about anything costly; and she is such a stickler for *la mode* on bridal occasions, especially, and something of a gossip, withal, if it is not ungenerous to give her extreme sociability so harsh a name.

"I wish I could know this minute how you will bear the disappointment. You won't feel it near so deeply as I should, in your place; still I can't help believing that it will trouble you; and I find myself pitying you, and longing to steal away from them all, to come in here and write to you. I love patience with the interruptions. When I came thirty minutes ago, I bade Abby not to send for me if any one else came. I heard the bell soon after; she obeys me; but now the dinner hour approaches and I will go.

Evening.

"It was Augustus; and Abby had reached him, I fancy, from her animated look. He was waiting for Otway; but Otway was almost sure not to be here for another half hour, as the puss well knew; (by *puss* meaning Abby, of course,) although I think she kept Augustus upon the pretence, that he might be expected every moment. Again unjust to her! probably she was deceived in the hour; and thought it nearer the time for dinner.

"Augustus was graver than usual. He looked a little wearied; but, otherwise, well. He left immediately, when he found it must be so long; he has much to do; but hopes to be able to visit New London, going directly from Billerica, Monday morning. But of course he has written this to you. I need not sit up all night, troubling

you with 'twice-told tales.' Good night then, dearest; may the angels be with you while you sleep and when you wake; for one needs their comfort in this world, where there is so much trouble of one kind and another.

Later.

"What have you done, dearest Cad? What did you write to Augustus? He is as pale as if he were dead, but says he is well. When I asked him if he had heard from you since yesterday, he merely said, 'yes,' turning hastily away to a window, not, however, before I had a chance to see an expression of pain, and I don't know what; but as if he were greatly shocked, he looked. He stood a minute with his back to us, without speaking. When he turned and spoke to us, he was very calm and kind, but so pale! and not at all cheerful.

"I hope you haven't rejected him. And surely it can't be. Some giddy thing who likes wealth and parade as well as Abby does, might cast him off now that he is poor; but you would not; I wouldn't do it, by any means, vain as I am. I like him better than I did before. I love him now as if he were my own brother; and, oh, I pity him so since he was here to-day!

"But don't be frightened, child, at what I write. I am always excited and flustered, you know, over every new thing that gets hold of me. I have just been talking with Otway about it; and he held my hands and looked me in the face, and bade me be quiet and think about it rationally awhile, and then I should see as he saw, that my fancy was running away with me.

"Do you think it possible," said he, "for one like our sister Cad, to reject one like Augustus Cummings, because he is poor—and on the very point of marriage, too?"

"Why, no—I don't. But don't hold my fingers so tight; you make them ache."

"Do I? Be quiet then; sit still and I will let you go. If she wouldn't reject him, if this is impossible, what shocking thing can have happened? See if you can conceive any."

"Not when you are pinning me down to it in this way. But I have thought of fifty altogether possible things, that may have happened since yesterday, and every one of them shocking."

"He laughed outright now; he had been smiling triumphantly, all along.

"Nonsense!" said he, when his laugh was over. "The fact is, your imagination and Nabby Rogers' have been *tandem* since Augustus was here; and, together, they make a team, compared with which John Gilpin's and Tam O'Shanter's were docile and tractable."

"Ah, you man, you! you are abominably insulting! But what can it be? He was pale, and certainly, not at all cheerful, to say the tamest

thing that can be said. See if you can account for it.'

"Certainly not!" opening his eyes wide on me; and looking as if I were foolish in making such a demand of him. 'I can believe,' he added, 'that Caroline's letter didn't meet his wishes in every respect. He is in a delicate position; accepted as a man of great wealth, and not knowing her as we do, he is unavoidably sensitive, and some part of her letter may have disappointed him. Or, it may not have done it. Goodness? think how much he has to harass him just now! I wonder how he bears it as he does. Some men, and strong ones, too, would take their beds; others would go crazy; and here you and Nabby have been racking your brains with conjectures, because he is pale and serious; because he looked a little disturbed! Nonsense! nonsense! I tell you, my wife, he expected to do everything for Caroline; but suddenly he finds that he can do nothing. I can imagine better than you, that he must find it something of a stroke. Don't you see?"

"Yes; I sighed, in reply. 'I see that even you have failed to place the subject in a cheerful light.'

"Perhaps so; but if it is the true one, we are men and women and can bear to contemplate it thus. I am confident that Augustus and Caroline can bear it; and it is a pity, therefore, if you and I cannot."

"This made me feel better. Yes; thought I, we can all bear it. We can see that people can be happy, if they are not 'as rich as the Jews.'

You and Augustus will demonstrate this to us. God bless you both, pray

Your loving sister,
AUGUSTA."

I have racked my brain; I have recalled my last letter to mind, sentence by sentence, until I think I recollect every word of it; and I am at an utter loss to understand how it could disappoint him—unless it was too forward; unless I took too much pains to let him see that I do not miss his wealth, that I can love him under any and all circumstances of life. I know his tastes in character and conduct, as in everything else, are pure and delicately refined, beyond those of any other person that I have ever known. Yet he always seems to have consideration and wonderful forbearance for things that are amiss. He readily sees some reason for it, and does not condemn it, as others do. I could indeed wish that this charity might be extended to me and that letter of mine.

But perhaps I am on the wrong track; for I, too, like Augustus, am excited and unable to reason clearly. As Otway said, he must have have many things to harass him, poor man! I hope he will come up Monday; and then all must be clear; for, although not a talker, he speaks now and then; and his words, when he speaks, and his face, when he does not speak, are as open as the day.

Heaven keep him and me! Heaven help us to love each other; and it is little I shall heed the rest.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE LOST DARLING.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

Oh! she was very beautiful,
And very fair to see,
No wonder that we loved her,
With wild idolatry.
A light gleamed over round her,
That seemed so bright to me,
In fancy oft I liken'd it
To sunset on the sea.

Her eyes were like twin violets
All glistening with dew,
And meek and humble as that flow'r,
Our darling daily grew.
Her lips were like pure roses crush'd,
Like links of gold her hair,
No marvel that we loved her,
She was so very fair.

No sunshine falling on the earth,
Or as the gentle rain
That causeth buds and flow'r's that droop
To live, and bloom again;
So did the smile of our dear one
Bring to us light and love,
Until our Father called her
To a brighter home above.

It was when the leaves were falling,
Ere Wint'ry winds had come;
That white rob'd messengers of peace
Were sent to bear her home.
And though no rustling wings were heard;
No form seen in the air;
We knew that they had taken her
Who was to us so fair.

THE OAKLEYS.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

CHAPTER I.

"La me! Only to think of what I have seen this morning! Well, the meanness of some people is astonishing, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Williams, as she threw herself into a luxuriously cushioned arm-chair, and taking a handsome fan from a recess table near by, began to use it with the most commendable diligence: probably forgetting in her agitation that it was a cold January day, the extreme severity of which could scarcely be modified to a comfortable feeling by the glowing anthracite heaped within her friend's ample grate.

"My dear Mrs. Williams, what is the matter?" inquired the lady of the mansion; as she drew a tabouret beside her visitor, and seated herself in an attitude of profound curiosity and attention.

"Oh, nothing more than one might expect sometimes to meet with in this world, but it took me so by surprise—but, really, I don't believe I have yet asked after Mr. Lane and the dear children—but, you must excuse my absence of mind, indeed; I am so entirely overcome by my feelings," and she took herself again to the fan most zealously.

"They are all very well," replied Mrs. Lane; "but never mind them: only tell me what can have distressed you in this manner."

"Aye, distressed you may well say, Mrs. Lane; it is not often that I allow anything to affect me so much; but this was so astonishing—I was so completely amazed, that my nerves cannot recover from the shock."

"Well, if I ever learn the cause of your trouble, perhaps I may sympathize with you."

"Why, to be sure—here I am sitting all this time, and never yet told you of my wonderful discovery, after coming all this distance for no other purpose! Well, to begin. This morning, after breakfast, I said to sister Jane that as it was such a fine, clear day, we might as well take a walk out, and pay a few visits. But she only drew herself nearer to the fire, and declared it was too cold even to look into the street. Such folly! As if cold weather was not the most pleasant for a long walk. However, I could not persuade her to move, (she will be sorry enough when I go home and tell her what I saw) so I was obliged to come alone. 'Tis so disagreeable to be walking by one's self—but, you know, when once I think of doing anything, I am bound to accomplish it; and besides, I wanted to call on

Mrs. Dr. Oakley, (I have not seen her this some time) and see the new members of the family. Of course, you heard of the doctor bringing his two nieces here to be raised at his house, on account—"

"Oh, yes! I know all about that arrangement; a foolish one it is," interrupted Mrs. Lane.

"Foolish! Why, Mrs. Lane, 'tis the most ridiculous thing I ever heard of—perfectly absurd! I declare I felt quite sorry for Mrs. Oakley when I heard of it. To think of her being saddled with another person's children—spoiled ones, too, I dare say."

"But you have not told me the story, Mrs. Williams?"

"No, my dear, I'm coming to it presently. But as I said to Mr. Williams, I thought it was very odd for Dr. Oakley to throw the whole charge of his brother's children on his wife, merely because their mother chose to marry again—as if she was not still their mother. I would not consent to such a measure to please any man! But I don't pity Mrs. Oakley now—for I saw cause this morning to change my opinion of her: and I have no doubt that he had reasons of his own for wishing to have the children with him. Perhaps, poor man, he thought they might be some comfort. Don't you think so?"

"I'm sure, I can't tell," replied Mrs. Lane, rather coldly; for she began to think that her loquacious visitor would not soon satisfy the curiosity she had awakened. The latter observed this, and after a few more interlocutory remarks promised that she should now hear it all; and sitting upright and assuming quite a business-like air, she began:

"I decided, while dressing, that this would be as good a day as any to see the strangers; so I proceeded straight to Mrs. Oakley's. When I rang the bell, who should open the door but one of the very children I went to see! I knew her at once, she is so like her uncle—so I shook hands with her, and asked about her aunt. The little thing answered very sensibly for one of her age, (she cannot be more than five or six years old) but I suppose she was a little confused, for instead of showing me into one of the parlors, she ascended the stairs; and I was more than half way up, when she suddenly turned back, and said, 'oh, please walk into the parlor.' 'No, dear,' says I, 'tis not worth while—I will just

go with you to see your aunt for a few minutes.' You know such ceremony is needless between friends; for my part, I think it looks sociable to invite your particular acquaintances, sometimes, into your private sitting-room; (Mrs. Williams was one of those who like *sociability* everywhere, save in *their own houses*) but I soon discovered that in some cases it may be rather unpleasant. The child opened the door, and I entered. Good gracious—was ever any one so astonished. There was Mrs. Oakley, not as I expected to find her, nicely dressed, reading, or at some trifling work to pass away the time—but dressed in a common gingham wrapper, with linen collar and cuffs, her hair put up as plain as it was possible to; and there she sat on a low chair, the table opened to its full size, and covered with clothing just cut out, I suppose, for the children; for she had the sleeve of a little dress in her hand. The youngest child sat on a little stool beside her, learning her *abcs* from a primer laying on her aunt's lap. I declare I was so struck I could not move from the door. Mrs. Oakley looked rather surprised when she saw me, but she rose and spoke in a manner so unconcerned as to show that she was too much accustomed to work to blush at being detected in such an action. Then the little one who had opened the door went and took a seat near the window, and commenced running up the seams of a dress, or something of the kind. Only to think of it!"

"My dear Mrs. Williams, you shock me. To think that any of *our* associates should ever descend so low!"

"That was the thought that vexed me. But listen, there is worse coming. I had not been there long, when she begged to be excused a moment, and left the room. Directly she came back again. She done the same several times. The last time I asked little Fanny if they had company down stairs? She said no; but her aunt had just made some pies before I came, and they were now baking. I asked her what was the matter with the cook, but she did not seem to understand me, and just then the domestic lady returned, and I rose to come away. Now, don't you think I had cause to feel bad?" and the afflicted lady fell back in the arm-chair, almost sobbing with vexation. Her companion sat in a state of speechless horror, from which she at length recovered sufficiently to exclaim, in unmeasured terms, against such contemptible meanness.

"And then, too, condemning the poor child to work with her!"

"Yea," added Mrs. Williams, energetically. "A child, a mere babe, you may say, set to work like a woman; and the poor little one of two or three years poking her eyes out over her letters. A pretty way to bring up his brother's children

truly! They had better have remained with their mother—no step-father could treat them worse."

"Just to think—cook, seamstress, governess—for all we know chamber-maid into the bargain! So much taken from poor people who have no other way to earn a living—such conduct is shameful."

"Oh, it is infamous! And, oh, another thing. You remember the beautiful stove we all admired so much? Well, that has disappeared, and the sitting-room is now heated by a drum."

"One thing worse than another," replied Mrs. Lane. "But, you know," she continued, with the air of a mentor, "when the spirit of avarice takes possession of people, there is nothing too mean for them to stoop to. I hope you did not remain there long!"

"Not I, indeed! I felt like in a fiery furnace while I did stay. I felt so degraded—and I should have left sooner, only I saw that she was anxious to finish the dress she was working on. 'Twas for little Margaret, I suppose; for the frock she had on was rather shabby. Fanny's looked quite new: some of the handiwork of her industrious aunt, of course. I was going to ask her about the mantua-maker she always employed, but then I thought it was not worth while."

"Perhaps not; though I should, if I were in your place: but has she learned dress-making?"

"I should not wonder if she did when a girl; for they say her mother is a queer sort of woman, and has odd notions about things. Well, I must go. I shall expect to see a sign neatly painted, 'Fashionable dress-making done here,' hanging at the doctor's door before long."

"In that case, I think I must be her first patron—will you be her second?" asked Mrs. Lane, sneeringly.

"I, certainly! And I will try to procure Mrs. Dawson, for the third, I am just going there now. I think we may easily secure a liberal share of public patronage for the industrious lady;" and with many more equally good-natured remarks, and as many "good-byes" and "farewells," the friends at length parted: the one to return into the house, and impatiently await the dinner hour, that she might communicate the wonderful news (with as many embellishments as she thought proper) to her assembled family—the other to hasten from house to house, circulating this new and interesting piece of gossip.

While these worthy ladies were thus honorably employed, we will form a more intimate acquaintance with the family which they have so uncereemoniously intruded upon our notice.

CHAPTER II.

EDWARD OAKLEY, at the age of twenty-three, found himself a graduate of one of the first

Medical Universities in the United States—a good share of knowledge in his head—a fund of warm and kindly affections in his heart—a diploma in his pocket, and the magical M. D. appended to his name—but, unfortunately, very little money in his purse to support his new dignity. But the young doctor added to all his other advantages, one which was more than sufficient to counterbalance the only weight in the opposite scale—he had a will, firm, strong and undaunted, ready to meet and conquer every difficulty that lay in his way; and when he could not overcome, at least, breast the storm cheerfully, in the hope of brighter days. All his friends prophesied for him a bright and prosperous career, and there was a voice within which echoed a ready response to their prognostications. But our hero, though thus sanguine, did not allow his bright dreams and pleasant anticipations to divert him from the only path that could ensure their realization. With his brilliant intellectual gifts was united that indispensable requisite for one in his circumstances, which, unfortunately, is seldom possessed, and still more seldom valued by men of genius—a prudential foresight which calculated the means necessary to the desired end, with an unconquerable determination to adopt those means, however repugnant to his present feelings! In one week from the period of graduating he had formed a plan for his conduct, and taken the preliminary steps toward putting it in execution. His only brother had for several years resided in a young, but flourishing town at some distance. Thither Edward resolved to travel, and by raising there, if possible, a class of young men wishing to learn the classical languages, or other branches in which he was proficient, earn the requisite sum to "start" him in his career. His project succeeded even beyond his hopes. In two years he had acquired sufficient means not only to authorize him in returning to his native city, but also to enable him to gratify a long-cherished desire of assisting his brother in his business, which, owing to several heavy losses, had greatly declined. Edward also felt keenly for his brother in other respects, which it was not in the power of money to relieve. The latter had married several years previous, and his domestic life was far from being happy. Allured by uncommon personal charms, he had thoughtlessly married, ignorant of the disposition or mental acquirements of the girl he had chosen; and he had the pain and mortification of finding that she was both unqualified and unwilling to contribute to his comfort and welfare. Fond of home and its pleasures, he sought in vain to find in his wife one who would share his simple enjoyments, and soothe his hours of trial; and his regret was the deeper when he found that

even a mother's holy cares were powerless to win her from the scenes of frivolity and amusement to which she was wholly devoted. Edward soon perceived his brother's unhappiness; but fraternal affection was unavailing here, and he could but hope that the enlargement of his business would occupy his time more fully, and thus partly relieve the desolation of his home.

Returned home, our young doctor took a neat office, which he fitted up handsomely, and commenced his professional career under bright and cheering auspices. Nor was he less fortunate in another matter. While yet a student, accident had introduced him to a lovely girl of sweet and graceful manners; and when, on nearer acquaintance, he ascertained that her mind was in no way inferior to her outward charms, he determined that she should be the future partner of his heart and home. He had never in words told her his intentions; but it is probable that "love's own interpreter," the eye, had slowly betrayed him; for when on his return he sought to renew the acquaintance, the beautiful blush and smile with which he was welcomed, proved that two years of absence had not obliterated his remembrance from the mind of Ellen Atwood, nor caused her to regard him as a stranger. They were married. Mr. Atwood furnished the house for his daughter's future residence in elegant and fashionable style, and the young couple entered on their new sphere of life without a cloud on all its fair horizon.

Several years passed by—years of unalloyed happiness, and then came the first trouble their wedded life had known. This was the sudden death of Dr. Oakley's brother, to whom he had been so long and devotedly attached with more than a brother's love—a death hastened, as he believed, by the total want of comfort in his home; and the thought added to the pangs of bereavement. Anxious thoughts for his brother's orphans now presented themselves—orphans he could not but consider them, more truly so, perhaps, than if death had deprived them of both parents. In six months from her husband's death, the widow was again a bride; and Edward, who had accidentally learned the dissipated habits of the man she now married, became doubly apprehensive for the children's welfare. He knew how their mother's carelessness regarding their mental and moral improvement, as well as their physical well being, had harassed his brother's mind, and often did he imagine him calling to him from the spirit-land, to protect his little children from the danger that threatened them.

In all his perplexities on this subject his warm-hearted wife yielded a ready and sincere sympathy. She had seen her brother-in-law on the occasion of her marriage, and had then been struck by his resemblance to her husband, not

only in outward appearance, but, as far as she could judge, in disposition also. She was quite sure that she could act a mother's part to his children; and Edward had no doubt that their mother would be willing to resign the burden of their charge: but here arose an (apparently) insuperable difficulty.

All his anxiety on the subject could not blind him to the fact, that his slender income was inadequate to the additional expenses which the gratification of his noble plan would occasion. The practice of a young physician in a large city where there are numbers of older and more experienced ones is generally limited; and the remuneration seldom equal to the maintenance of a style which yet it is necessary for him to support. This was the case with Dr. Oakley. By a system of strict management and regularity, Mrs. Oakley had made her husband's limited income suffice, thus far; more than this he could not expect. It was not the expenses of his little nieces' adoption that made him hesitate; but there was another child, a boy of nine years, whom his mother's negligence had suffered to form acquaintance with ill-disposed children, until, fearful of his being led astray by their example, his father had been obliged to send him to a neighboring boarding-school, as the only means of securing for him that watchful care which was so necessary for one of his wild, reckless disposition, which led him to be easily influenced by the example of those with whom he associated. It was the necessity of keeping James at this school that the doctor feared; the high expenses of which, with the additional ones of clothing, &c., made him hesitate before undertaking what perhaps he might be unable to accomplish.

But what is impossible to the resources of a young enthusiastic woman? Mrs. Oakley was by no means deficient in the ready ingenuity of her sex; and when she found her husband reluctantly obliged to defer the prosecution of a plan he had so much at heart, she set herself earnestly to devise ways and means to further the desired end. She instituted a strict search into her household affairs; but here she could discover no means of retrenchment, save in the item of servants' wages. "A cook—a house-maid—a chamber-maid, surely I might dispense with one of them." Once convinced of the possibility of this project, she lost no time in executing it. She dismissed the chamber-maid, recommending her to a person by whom she was at once employed. A few days afterward an acquaintance, whose husband had of late become a millionaire, jestingly asked her if she had any thought of parting with her cook—she was really dying to obtain her. "I thought you were well pleased

with Jane, who has been with you so long," remarked Ellen.

"Oh, she does well enough in general, though I have to purchase all our pastry, and it is very inconvenient—you never can obtain just what you would like at a particular time. Besides, she is not a professed cook, and Mr. — often brings gentlemen to dine with us, who are accustomed to French dishes, and then our plain fare is so mortifying. But I do not expect you will part with your cook, Mrs. Oakley—there is no such luck for me as to get her."

But Mrs. Oakley was by no means so sure. Why would not Jane do as well as the cook whose French dishes were by no means indispensable to the doctor or herself? True, Jane was no pastry-cook; but Mrs. Oakley's mother being a "queer sort of woman," had instructed her in various domestic arts, not at present included in the list of female accomplishments, and she thought but little of this matter. The exchange was made to the satisfaction of all parties. Jane's wages were but half what had been paid to the cook; and now, thought our heroine, my system of retrenchment must end. She, however, the same day, sold her sister her beautiful sitting-room stove which had been so much admired, and was only a year old, and now awaited with a beaming countenance the return of the doctor, that she might surprise him with an account of her successful contrivances. Edward listened with a look of wonder and incredulity; but when she showed him her calculation of the saving in the sum appropriated, semi-annually, for household expenses, and playfully rattled in her purse the *stove money*, which she said would buy some pretty dresses for Fanny and Margaret, he clasped her to his heart, while tears of joy and affection gushed over his manly face. Ellen having previously arranged the necessary things for his departure, joyfully saw him go the next day; and before the close of the week he returned, bringing the little girls, whom, as he had expected, their mother was quite willing to resign to his care. Their brother, whose year at the boarding-school had nearly expired, begged to be allowed to remain till after a little festival, for which the children of the school had been several weeks preparing, and his uncle willingly assented.

Mrs. Oakley received the little orphans with open arms; and finding that their wardrobe was but scantily supplied, immediately purchased the requisite materials, and set about the task which, to one of her disposition, could not be otherwise than a pleasant one. She knew, indeed, nothing of dress-making; but she could not afford to employ a mantua-maker, and it required but little skill to cut dresses for children of four and six

years. On the morning of the day on which Mrs. Williams made the discovery that so nearly over-powered her sensitive nerves, Dr. Oakley had informed his wife that he would not return home till evening, as he had some distance to ride to meet a gentleman who had promised to take charge of James, and he expected to bring the latter with him to supper. Ellen then determined that on his return the children should appear in their new attire; and Fanny, overjoyed at the thought of seeing James after such a long separation, plied her needle right merrily; while little Margaret longed to say her letters "over and over again," that she might know them to repeat to her Uncle Edward.

At the usual supper hour the doctor appeared, bringing his other protegee; and his wife met him with a smile of eager exultation as she brought forward the little girls in their new black dresses and snowy pantelettes; Fanny, with her beautiful hair released from the stiff, ungraceful plaits, falling in glossy tresses over her fair shoulders—and Margaret's parted smoothly over her white forehead, and falling in a dear little ringlet on either cheek. Their uncle expressed his gratification at their improved appearance; and in his turn presented his nephew to his wife, as a new claimant for her affectionate care. James, who was a very handsome, intelligent-looking boy, returned his aunt's caresses with a warm frankness of manner that delighted her; and the happy family, now complete, took their places at the well-filled board. What a pretty picture they formed—Edward looking with proud satisfaction on his wife, whose beautiful features beamed with delight on thus beholding the complete success of her schemes; while the little children—orphans no longer—returned the love of their adoptive parents with the artless, sincere affection of their age, their eyes fairly dancing with the pleasurable emotions that filled their bosoms as they glanced at each other with bright, joyous smiles.

Mrs. Oakley amused her husband by an account of Mrs. Williams' visit, and the surprise and curiosity that she detected in that lady's looks and restless demeanor; and the doctor could not sufficiently admire his wife, who so cheerfully braved the storm of ridicule, which was sure to ensue from the sacrifices which she had made in behalf of the fatherless little ones.

CHAPTER III.

For many days had passed, the circle of Mrs. Oakley's acquaintance was busied in speculating on the causes which had induced such strange and unaccountable conduct. Various were the conjectures respecting it; the majority, however, with Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Lane, deciding

"that it was but sheer meanness and avarice." When after a long time they could discover no farther change—when they found that Mrs. Oakley dressed with her accustomed elegance and taste—that her guests were received and entertained hospitably and cordially as ever—that the children always appeared happy and comfortable—that James went regularly to the best seminary in the city—and what was yet more remarkable, that the doctor and his wife appeared cheerful and contented—why, then they began to think that they had mistaken the motive of her economical arrangements; and they fairly perplexed themselves in the effort to solve the mysterious problem. When at length, one of more wisdom and penetration than the others, ventured to suggest that the doctor might not be so well off as he was thought to be, some indignantly rebuked the idea; while others readily believing it, debated whether they should not "cut" the acquaintance of such "poor, mean sort of people." But, perceiving by indubitable signs, that the Oakleys were destined to "get along" in the world, and would, without doubt, in the end be persons of wealth and consequence, they wisely refrained from taking such a decided step, at least for the present. The discerning few, who had readily divined the motives which actuated Mrs. Oakley, gave her the meed of praise which was justly her due; and her parents, recognizing the happy fruits of their judicious teachings, applauded and encouraged her to persevere.

Unmoved by the cutting and oft-times impertinent remarks, of which good-natured persons took care she should be duly informed, Mrs. Oakley steadily pursued the plan which she had adopted. We do not mean to say that she was altogether indifferent to the ridicule which this excited; probably there is no one so constituted as not to be in some degree sensitive on this point; and hence the moral greatness of the mind which enables one, despite the world's dread laugh and mocking sneer, to enter courageously upon the path of duty; and seeking only "heaven's approval and its own," press firmly and unshrinkingly onward. Mrs. Oakley was such a character. The encouragement and sympathy of her relatives and valued friends were indeed most grateful to her nature; but she felt that even were these withheld, she should not falter nor turn backward.

And oh, how rich, how precious was her reward! When her little nieces, with the gushing affection and artless gratitude of their young hearts, lavished fond caresses on the "dear, sweet aunt," who had indeed proved a mother to them, her bosom thrilled with rapture; and the visible improvement of their brother was a source of deep and unmitigated pleasure. The affection and

gentleness of his aunt brought into action virtues of which, until then, James was not imagined the possessor—under her judicious and watchful care the evil habite he had acquired, more through thoughtlessness and bad example than design, gradually disappeared; while his naturally good principles took deep root and sprang into vigorous maturity. In his studies, also, his progress was rapid and satisfactory. Thus the boy, whose recklessness in childhood had caused his father many an anxious fear, grew up an example of virtue and diligence, respected and confided in on account of the ingenuousness and sincerity which were prominent traits in his character.

Dr. Oakley had, meanwhile, heard several times of his sister-in-law; and the accounts were always of such a nature as to make him rejoice still more that she had no longer the control of his brother's children. Unable to frequent the amusements which were formerly her delight, her time was mostly passed in gossiping visits to those who were willing to cultivate her acquaintance—being herself perfectly indifferent in the selection of her friends—while her husband spent the proceeds of his toil at the tavern, leaving the family to be supported by the store, in which, shortly before his decease, Mr. Oakley had taken his clerk as partner: a lucky arrangement as it proved for the widow, since otherwise the business would have passed into the hands of the worthless, improvident Moore. She had made no attempt to recover the children from their uncle, nor as far as he could learn expressed any uneasiness regarding them. Great, therefore, was his surprise when one day, long after he had ceased to dread her interference, she suddenly presented herself at his office. She seemed fairly overburdened with cheap, tawdry finery, presenting to the doctor a striking exemplification of the influence of low, vulgar associations. Not a lingering trace of refinement or respectability could he discover in the coarse-looking, loud-spoken woman who now imperiously announced her desire of seeing her children, and especially of knowing where she should find her son. Dr. Oakley, as may be supposed, was not over-anxious to satisfy her queries and demands; but he conducted her to his house, which was only a few paces distant, and having introduced her to his wife, awaited with what patience he could command an explanation of this most unexpected visit. He did not long remain in ignorance.

Mrs. Moore came, she told him, partly to see James, who, she supposed, was now quite a man, and remembered nothing of her—but more particularly to take one of his sisters home with her—she had now four children, and the eldest, whom she had calculated on now being of some use, was a bad, wicked boy, who gave her more

trouble than all the rest—so she could not afford to have the two girls, who could be of great help to her, away from home any longer. Fanny was the one she preferred, but if Mrs. Oakley could better spare little Maggie, why, she might, perhaps, do.

The doctor, who had with difficulty kept silent thus far, was now about to speak as his indignant feelings prompted; but his wife's quick tact perceived that this would entirely mar his wishes, and, giving him an expressive glance, she asked Mrs. Moore to come up stairs and lay off her things, and to consider their house her home—while she remained in the city. She was sorry that Fanny and Margaret were absent, being on a visit to a friend in the country; but James, she added, would be at supper-time with them, and she doubted not that his mother would be surprised and pleased with his appearance. On returning to the parlor, Mrs. Oakley kindly entered into conversation with her guest respecting her family, business, &c., beguiling the time very pleasantly, much to the astonishment of Mrs. Moore, who had evidently expected a far different reception. The entrance of James, who very much resembled his father, seemed to affect her deeply, and several times during the evening she observed him steadfastly with an expression of sorrow and regret.

The next morning, on descending to the breakfast-room, she surprised the worthy couple by the announcement that she was going home again immediately after breakfast. Mrs. Oakley, finding that such was really her intention, made her a present of a handsome dress pattern which she had purchased for herself a few days previous; and gave her also some money for each of the children, as her sudden departure allowed her no time to buy some little gifts for them as she would wish. Mrs. Moore, after expressing her due appreciation of this kindness, departed highly gratified; leaving her entertainers equally surprised and delighted at her sudden abandonment of her intention regarding "her girls." They never saw her afterward, nor did she make any farther attempt to remove the children from their uncle's home.

CHAPTER IV.

SEVERAL years have glided by, with all their joys and sorrows, their changes and vicissitudes; and now we look upon Mrs. Oakley at a beautiful cottage a few miles from the town, in which her husband is one of the most eminent and successful physicians. Fortune has been no niggard; his residence in town is as elegant and stately as his country-seat is pleasant and cheerful; and there is no wish of his heart ungratified—nothing wanting to render his happiness full and perfect.

With a heart alive as ever to the promptings of kindness and benevolence, he rejoices in the increased capability of doing good which his wealth affords; and many a grateful prayer from the poor and needy—the struggling and unfortunate goes up to the Mercy-seat in his behalf. His nephew, now a fine-looking young man of lofty principles and unblemished character, has already commenced the practice of his uncle's noble profession, with a skill which will soon place him in its foremost ranks. Fanny has married a young farmer in every way worthy of her, whose broad acres Mrs. Oakley can now discern from her cottage door: and Margaret, though many a proud heart has bowed before her fascinations, is still unwon—the light and blessing of her happy home. She is now absent on a visit to her sister, and her brother has gone to bring her back to the home which misses, even for a few days, her playful gayety.

Now, at the quiet evening hour, as Mrs. Oakley sits alone upon the little portico, looking toward the road by which she expects soon to see some loved one approaching, how naturally her mind reverts to scenes long past—how vividly memory recalls the night when the children, who are now her joy and pride, first sat around her fireside—how she smiles as she remembers the sacrifices she made to gather them there—sacrifices which have proved sources of such rich blessings. Aye, memory may dwell fondly on the picture, for no self-accusing thought mars its beauty; and she thinks of that period not with vanity or self-esteem, but with joy and thanksgiving. Lost in these reflections, she had not noticed the tall, noble-looking gentleman who had quietly approached, and now laughingly demanded the cause of her abstraction. When, recovering from the surprise her husband's sudden appearance caused, Mrs. Oakley told him how her mind had been employed, he answered that he, also, had been thinking on the subject. "But has not James yet returned?"

"Not yet," was the reply; and sitting down on the bench beside her, the doctor continued in a tone of much feeling,

"Yes, Ellen, I have been thinking of the generous self-denial by which you enabled me to bring my poor brother's children to our house. All day my thoughts have been recurring to them; for the first paragraph I noticed in this morning's paper showed me how necessary for them, especially for James, was their removal from —, and how much cause both they and we have to bless the hour which saw it effected. Look at this!" and he pointed out in the paper he held in his hand, an account of the arrest of a gang of young burglars who had long infested the town in which Mrs. Moore lived. Amongst

the number was her eldest son, Daniel, whom she had described as a "bad, wicked boy," and who, on account of his extreme youth, had been committed to the House of Refuge immediately after his arrest. Mrs. Oakley shuddered as she read, and drawing closer to her husband, whispered her gratitude for the preservation of their dear nephew from perhaps a similar fate.

"Truly have we cause to rejoice," rejoined the doctor, "for although I can scarcely believe that, under any circumstances, he would have committed this crime, still we know not what might have been the consequence of parental neglect and evil company during the most critical period of his life. But here comes our dear boy—God bless him!" added he, with all a father's affectionate pride. "I hear his voice in the distance." And sure enough, the next moment James approached with both his sisters, all chatting gaily and merrily. Margaret, as soon as she saw the dear, beloved forms on the porch, sprang forward to embrace them, inquiring if they had not sadly missed her, expecting, of course, as her brother said, that her vanity would be gratified by the answer. "And Fanny, too," exclaimed the doctor. "Why, how did you leave Charles so soon?"

"Charles left me," replied the young wife, with a pretty pout of well-feigned vexation; "and I had no intention of remaining in that lonesome house, so I have come to stay with you till he returns."

"Oh, he will return then! He has not left you for good," said the doctor, laughingly.

"But what is the matter, dear aunt?" asked Fanny, anxiously. "I know you have been weeping."

"I have been shedding a few tears, my love, but of joy, not of grief."

"Come, you shall hear the cause after tea," the doctor replied, to their inquiring looks. "You must not keep us old people waiting any longer. I thought to find you here on my return."

"James could not believe it was late, so long as he could look into Julia Lee's eyes; but when they vanished he discovered that it was quite dark," said Margaret, gaily, avoiding at the same time a threatened *pinch* from her brother, by lightly bounding to her proper seat at the table.

When tea was over, Dr. Oakley explained to the eager listeners the circumstances attending their introduction into his household; at which they were all surprised; for that they had ever had a different home was remembered but as a dream by the girls; and James, who well recollects it, knew nothing of the reasons that had induced his uncle to remove them—he knew only that the change was a happy one for them. But now, as he saw among the names of the culprits several

of those who had been his constant companions in childhood, he trembled as he imagined the probability of being implicated in their crime had he not been wisely parted from them. The tears that bedewed his eyes as he joined his sisters in their affectionate embrace of their uncle and aunt, spoke a gratitude deep and fervent without the aid of the words in which he endeavored to thank them. His uncle interrupted him. "It was not to receive your thanks that I thought proper to relate these circumstances to you, my dear children. To me you have been the source of heartfelt happiness; and your aunt will tell you that the efforts she made to have you with us, have been repaid a thousand-fold by your dutiful and affectionate

conduct. But the lesson you may all derive from your personal history I would wish you to remember through life. The path of duty is not often an easy one. Difficulties, discouragements, trials, may meet you on every side—yet if bravely battled with and overcome may open a future of rich, unalloyed enjoyment. Sacrifices painful, though perhaps in themselves trifling, you will be called upon to make—you will experience difficulty where you least expect it, and, above all, that cowardly fear of censure and ridicule which hinder the performance of many a noble deed—yet all these must disappear before a firm, heroic purpose; and remember also, that the path of duty, if it has its difficulties and sacrifices, has also pleasures and rewards."

THE OLD RED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY E. JUDSON.

It is standing there yet, in the midst of the green!
And hurrying thither bright faces are seen,
When the bell gives its summons aloud as of old,
Through the Summery days, and the chill Winter's cold.

How often we've mounted the old steps of stone!
If the latch would not yield, up the window was thrown,
When some merry young rogue jumping thro' to the floor,
For us gay, laughing girls would fling open the door.

Then how joyous our sport till the teacher came in,
And with voice of command stilled the echoing din,
When order and silence again were restored
A pin might be heard dropping down to the board.
Oh! the hum that rose up o'er the dusty old books;
Oh! the care-worn expression beheld in our looks;
For the rod, in that room, held a terrible sway
From the earliest morn till the close of the day.

But the recess at noon. Ah! it more than repaid
For the trouble and care that those long lessons made;
And the Spring search for strawberries, who can forget?
By the bright sparkling brook: its sound haunts me yet;
And the little blue violets, half hid in damp moss,

Though we took them by dozens, they scarce seemed a loss.

The heart-joys of childhood found vent in each voice,
And the shout we sent up made the old woods rejoice.

Then in Autumn, when rude chilling winds whistled high,
The chestnuts fell down from the old tree close by!
And we gathered them up, with our hearts full of glee,
By such treasures made happy as children could be.

When that tree was cut down, how sad was each face,
And the houses raised there to us ill-filled its place.
From its boughs we could hear the first bob o' link's song;

There its Autumn farewell lingered mournfully long.
Oh! my eyes sadly turn to the old school-house still,
When the ice crusts the brook, and the snow's on the hill.

From its walls we went forth to the gay, laughing slide
On the smooth glassy pond, by the icy hill-side.
They threaten, I'm told, the old place to tear down,
They call it a ruin, a blot on the town.
Grant it shattered and old, but if e'er 'tis removed
Twill seem like the death of some friend deeply loved.

CLEMATIS.

THOSE slender branches at the door,
By infant fingers trained,
Are bending, in the frosty light,
Of Summer moisture drained.

The hardened sleet, in brilliance set,
Along the leaning spray,

Now bears it, from the trellis, down
In the cold Winter day.

Soon Spring will come; will count the buds
And watch for opening flowers,
And listen, as we used to do,
For sounds no longer ours.

E. H.

LITTLE WALTER.

BY H. STEWART, M. D.

"Sophy dear," said I, to my wife, "this giddy child, Annie, insists on knowing how I fell in love. Shall I tell her?"

My wife looked up with a smile and blush; then a tear came into her eye.

"If Annie insists on it," she said.

"Oh, now you must," cried the wild girl, "tell us all about it, uncle."

"When I first came to Russelville," I said, looking kindly at my wife, "Sophy's father was the pastor of the Episcopal Church. If ever there was a true successor of the apostles, at least in holy living, Mr. Howell was one."

Sophy looked up, as I thus spoke, and fervently pressed my hand. I smiled lovingly on her, and proceeded.

"Sophy herself was not at home, being on a visit to New York; but I was often at the parsonage; for little Walter, her brother, was a great favorite with me. He used to be praising Sophy, in his lisping accents, all the time, till I half began to love her, from sympathy with him.

"One night, about twelve o'clock, I was roused from my sleep, by a messenger from the parsonage.

"'Little Walter,' said the servant, 'has the croup; and Mr. Howell is from home. Dr. Morgan, too, has been summoned into the country.'

"Dr. Morgan, the oldest practitioner of the place, was the family physician, as I knew. 'I will be there in five minutes,' I said, alarmed for my little favorite. 'There is no competent person with him, since his father is away—is there?'

"'Miss Sophy has come back,' was the reply, 'and told me to run for you, when I found Dr. Morgan was out.'

"I soon reached the parsonage. There was a light burning up stairs, in what I knew to be the nursery: the only light visible in the whole village street. The instant I knocked, the door was opened. The servant was crying sadly, and could hardly answer my inquiries as I went up stairs two steps at a time, to see my little favorite.

"The nursery was a great large room. At the farther end it was lighted by a common candle, which left the other end, where the door was, in shade, so I suppose the nurse did not see me come in, for she was speaking very crossly.

"'Miss Sophy!' said she, 'I told you over and over again it was not fit for him to go walking to-day, with the hoarseness that he had, and you'

would take him. It will break your papa's heart, I know; but it's none of my doing.'

"Whatever Sophy felt, she did not speak in answer to this. I could not see her face, for she was on her knees by the warm bath, in which the little fellow was struggling to get his breath, with a look of terror on his face that I have often noticed in young children when smitten by a sudden and violent illness." It seems as if they recognize something infinite and invisible, at whose bidding the pain and the anguish come, from which no love can shield them. It is a very heart-rending look to observe, because it comes on the faces of those who are too young to receive comfort from the words of faith, or the promises of religion. Walter had his arms round Sophy's neck, as if she, hitherto his Paradise-angel, could save him from the dread shadow of death. Yes! of death! I knelt down by him on the other side, and examined him. The very robustness of his little frame gave violence to the disease, which is always one of the most fearful by which children of his age can be attacked

"'Don't tremble, Watty,' said Sophy, in a soothing tone; 'it's the doctor, darling, who let you ride on his horse.' I could detect the quivering in the voice, which she tried to make so calm and soft to quiet the little fellow's fears. We took him out of the bath, and I went for leeches. While I was away, Dr. Morgan came. He loved the pastor's children as if he were their uncle; but he stood still and aghast at the sight of Walter—so lately bright and strong—and now hurrying alone to the awful change—to the silent mysterious land, where, tended and cared for as he had been on earth, he must go—alone. The little fellow! the darling!

"We applied the leeches to his throat. He resisted at first; but Sophy, God bless her, put the agony of her grief on one side, and thought only of him, and began to sing the little songs he loved. We were all still. The gardener had gone to fetch Mr. Howell; but he was twelve miles off, and we doubted if he would come in time. I don't know if they had any hope; but the first moment Dr. Morgan's eyes met mine, I saw that he, like me, had none. The ticking of the house-clock sounded through the dark, quiet house. Walter was sleeping now, with the black leeches yet hanging to his fair, white throat. Still Sophy went on singing little lullabies, which

she had sung under far different and happier circumstances. I remember one verse, because it struck me at the time as strangely applicable.

"Sleep, baby, sleep!
Thy rest shall angels keep;
While on the grass the lamb shall feed,
And never suffer want or need.
Sleep, baby, sleep."

The tears were in Dr. Morgan's eyes. I do not think either he or I could have spoken in our natural tones; but the brave girl went on, clear though low. She stopped at last, and looked up.

"He is better, is he not, Dr. Morgan?"

"No, my dear. He is—ahem—he could not speak all at once. Then he said—'my dear! he will be better soon. Think of your mamma, my dear Miss Sophy. She will be very thankful to have one of her darlings safe with her, where she is.'

"Still Sophy did not cry. But she bent her head down on the little face, and kissed it long, and tenderly.

"I will go for my sisters—for Helen and Lizzie. They will be sorry not to see him again.' She rose up and went for them. Poor girls, they entered in their dressing-gowns, with eyes dilated with sudden emotion, pale with terror, stealing softly along, as if sound could disturb him. Sophy comforted them by gentle caresses. It was over soon.

"Dr. Morgan was fairly crying like a child. But he thought it necessary to apologize to me, for what I honored him for. 'I am a little overdone by yesterday's work, sir. I have had one

or two bad nights, and they rather upset me. When I was your age I was as strong and manly as any one, and would have scorned to shed tears.'

"Sophy came up to where we stood.

"Dr. Morgan! I am sorry for papa. How shall I tell him?" She was struggling against her own grief for her father's sake. Dr. Morgan offered to await his coming home; and she seemed thankful for the proposal. I, new friend, almost stranger, might stay no longer. The street was as quiet as ever; not a shadow was changed; for it was not yet four o'clock. But during the night soul had departed.

"It was many days before I saw Sophy again, except once at the funeral. When we did meet, it was like old friends; for we had both loved little Walter, which seemed to make a holy tie between us.

"I had never thought, on that fatal night, whether she was beautiful, or not: at least in the ordinary sense of that term. She rose before my memory as a ministering angel, forgetting her own sorrow in anxiety for the little sufferer, and, when all was over, thinking only of her father. She seemed an angel still, and gifted with supernal beauty."

I paused awhile. Sophy was looking up again, her eyes now brimful of tears.

"And I think her an angel still, Annie," I said, as I stooped to kiss the tears from those eyes, "an angel sent to lead me up to heaven."

Annie was crying, too: and, for the rest of the evening, she was giddy no more.

THE WARRIOR'S ADIEU.

BY GEORGE H. BANISTER.

BENEATH the cool refreshing shade,
Beside a gentle river,
A youthful warrior had laid
His Indian bow and quiver.
His smile had vanished from his cheek,
The tears flowed fast and free,
As on her breast he laid his head,
And lisped, "Remember me.

"I bid thee now a fond adieu;
Adieu perhaps forever;
But though no more thy form I view,
There's naught our hearts can sever.
Though marked not by affection's tear,
My grave shall sacred be,
And proudly will I brave the blast,
If thou'll remember me.

"How often in our childhood's hours,
We've climbed the rugged mountain;
How often culled the sweet wild flowers,
Or sported by the fountain.
How often did our joyous song
Float o'er the distant lea,
How often now that I am gone
Wilt thou remember me.

"But, hark! the music greets mine ear;
The dreaded signal's given;
Farewell—all that to me is dear,
We meet again—in Heaven.
And when the moonlight hours fit by,
Like zephyrs o'er the sea,
Then breathe my name in friendship's tone,
Oh, then remember me."

A GOSSIP ABOUT GLOVES.

BY MRS. WHITE.

FAMILIAR things as gloves are, few persons when drawing them on, remember more than the necessity of wearing them. Their connection with the past—the pleasant anecdotes in which they figure—the religious, historical, and courtly interest appertaining to them, is only treasured by the Encyclopediast and the curious. The beaux of modern times, in making purchase of them, forget the period when casting down the glove became the gage of knightly battle—when chivalry wore it in its helm—at once a charm and token, the honorable badge of woman's love, invested with the potency of her virtues. As little does the lady, bending her delicate hand above the glover's counter, recollect the time when these essentials now were costly gifts (and rare as costly) from courtly dames and nobles to their queen!

If we follow the reading of the "Targum," or commentary of the Scriptures used by the Jews, the invention of gloves may be traced back more than thirteen hundred years before Christ, for the Chaldean paraphrase has *glove* where the common version renders the word *shoe*; a translation which shows that even in those remote times the glove was given in confirmation of redeeming or changing: "For to confirm all things, a man plucked off his shoe (*i. e. glove*) and gave it to his neighbor; and this was a testimony in Israel."* In Ireland at this day, when men are making bargains, one may often hear the expression, *my hand and word upon it*; and the glove with us, as the type of an engagement, may have been used in lieu of the hand itself. With Eastern nations, it was the custom, in all cases of sales and deliveries of lands or goods, to give the purchaser a glove by way of investiture. If we bear this antique signature in mind, it will throw much light upon the uses of these articles in comparatively modern times.

According to Xenophon, the Persians wore gloves. In the younger Pliny's time, gloves were worn in winter by the Romans; and Homer, speaking of Laertes engaged in agricultural pursuits, describes—

"On his hands mittens, lest they should grow red." It is possible that these gloves, like those of the Greek archers, were fingerless, and intended

solely for the protection of the hand, and not, as they afterward became, for ornament also.

With us, the etymology of the word, which is derived from the Anglo-Saxon phrase (*glof*) a cover for the hands, is a sufficient proof of the antiquity of their use in England, though Strutt supposes them to have found their way from the continent, and does not think they were known before the close of the tenth century; and in proof of their scarcity even then, refers to a law of Ethelred II., in which five pairs of gloves make a considerable portion of the duty, paid to that prince by a society of German merchants for the protection of their trade. But the gloves worn as part of the regal and pontifical dress were of a very different manufacture from those made use of simply as a defence from cold or in laborious occupations; and it is probable that "harvest gloves" were common, when embroidered ones were rare, even at court.

In the thirteenth century they were adopted by the nobility, who wore them richly worked, and reaching to the elbows; but as they hid the rings, they were not popular with ladies, whose long hanging sleeves, while they served for mittens, and concealed the hands, could also reveal them when desired. And in all likelihood, *hawking* first rendered the glove a necessary adjunct of female dress. In the reign of Charles V., of France, these articles were worn with high tops, or wristbands, and were ornamented with embroidered dots of gold and silver. We have no means of discovering the fashion of those, in which Mathew Paris tells us Henry II. kept cold state in his tomb at Fontevraud; perhaps they were white, like those which Chaucer describes in the Knight's tale—

"Upon his hondes were his gloves white," or made of linen, like those of the Saxon priests in the eleventh century. At any rate, the mention of them is interesting, as showing the antiquity of the custom which Mission alludes to in his description of funeral usages in England, of covering the hands of the corpse with gloves. From a very early period, the clergy appear to have made use of gloves, in order to the more reverend approach to the altar, and the handling of the sacred elements; those worn as part of the pontifical dress were richly decorated with precious stones. The Catholic prelates continue

* Ruth iv. 9.

to wear jeweled gloves, those of the Protestant church wear white ones; and English clergymen ordinarily officiate in lavender or black ones.

The practice of investiture by gloves, as we before observed, accounts for many usages in connection with them, and was perhaps the origin of presenting them to sovereigns and great men on the occasion of their coronations and entrances into certain towns and cities. On Elizabeth's visit to Cambridge, in 1564, the Secretary, Sir W. Cecil, presented her, in the name of the University, with four pairs of Cambridge gloves, edged and trimmed with two laces of fine gold. And at Oxford, in 1566, she received six very fine pairs. But the most magnificent of these presentation gloves on record were those which the Cambridge men offered her in 1578, through their high chancellor—perfumed gloves (she had learned to relish no others since Edward Vere, Earl of Oxford, on returning from his travels, had presented her with a pair of the odorous ones worn in Italy.)

"Gloves as sweet as damask roses," *

garnished with embroidery and goldsmith's work, and with some verses attached to them; they were valued, says the chronicler, at sixty shillings. On other occasions we find certain corporations offering gloves to this queen monarch in her progresses; and sometimes their contents added not a little to their value. Thus at Kingston-on-Thames, which she passed through on her way from Richmond, October 20, 1561, she received a pair of gloves, costing forty shillings, and a gift of four pounds six shillings. This custom of presenting the English sovereign with gloves, on the occasion of visiting the Universities, is still continued; and at Trinity College, Cambridge, the judges, who are lodged in the royal apartments, are likewise given them.

The nobility in Elizabeth's time, like my Lord Burleigh, had their arms emblazoned on their gloves; and the description of many of those presented by her attendants and courtiers to this royal lady, accounts for the value in which they were held, and the rarity of their use. In the catalogue of New Year's gifts to her majesty in 1577-8, we find—"item by the Lady Mary Gray, two pair of swete gloves, with fower dozen buttons of golde in every a sede pearle;" and again, "by the Lady Mary Sidney, one pair of perfumed gloves, with twenty-four small buttons of golde, in every of them a diamond!"

In 1600, perfumed gloves appear to have poured in from the gentlemen, no less than fifteen pairs being delivered to Mrs. Hide for the queen's use. But in spite of the gold and

sede pearle lavished on most of them, her majesty appears to have retained a preference for those presented to her by the Earl of Oxford, which were ornamented with tufts of rose colored silk, and generally sat for her portrait in them. In fact, these articles accumulated so fast, as to originate a new functionary at court; and the famous Dr. Dee was nominated Keeper of Gloves.

In Shakspeare's time they appear to have been greatly in request as love-gifts. Scented gloves were in request on these occasions. Katharine de Medici, of France, is said to have used, for fatal purposes, this pretty fashion, and with the same cruel subtlety that converted a nosegay of fresh flowers into a death-draught for her son, to have made these graceful gifts the medium of her vengeance, by poisoning those who wore them. In 1572, upon the occasion of the King of Navarre's marriage with the French king's sister, many of the principal Protestants were invited to Paris under a solemn oath of safety. The Queen Dowager of Navarre, a zealous Protestant, and one of this number, was poisoned by a pair of gloves before the marriage was solemnized.

Gloves were formerly presented to the clergymen at weddings. Gloves bore the symbolism before referred to, when given as tokens of betrothal, just as rings and pictures have done since. And it is supposed that the custom of presenting them at weddings originated from the old usage at bridals, when the *bride-boys*, who amongst moderns had displaced the *paranymphs* of the Jews, were given gloves by the bride, as a compliment for their attention on her.

It is singular that the same observance should obtain at funerals, in England, and even in some parts of the United States, where gloves are still given away to the friends and followers of the deceased. In Wales, in the towns and villages, at the Peak in Derbyshire, and formerly in Ireland, it was the custom to deck with white gloves, cut out of paper, the graves of young unmarried persons, or to hang them over the seat which they had occupied in church. Every visitor to the English minsters and abbey churches must have frequently noticed the gauntlets mouldering by the rusted helmet above the effigies of buried knighthood—those of Edward, the Black Prince, drop to dust beside his surcoat over his tomb in Canterbury Cathedral. This placing of gloves and gauntlets above the graves of those who wore them reminds us of the ceremony still used at military obsequies, when the empty gloves are laid upon the coffin; and this again of the Roman custom of bearing the casque and gauntlets in their ancient marches of ceremony.

Before the art of weaving them was known, gloves were sometimes made of velvet, tiffany,

* Shakespeare.

and satin, as well as of various kinds of leather; at present the skins generally made use of are chamois, kid, lamb, doe, dog, beaver, elk, and buff. There was formerly a proverb, that for a glove to be well made, it must be the joint production of three nations; the leather must have been dressed in Spain, the glove cut in France, and sewn in England: but France has of late years so perfected the art that at present they are as superior in point of dressing and sewing as in cutting. An instrument for glove-making has been invented, which enables the sewer to effect the utmost accuracy in this process. It was the production of an Englishman, and has realized a handsome fortune for its proprietor, being most extensively used in Paris.

Of all the gloves which we have been gossiping about, white ones are those to which most interest attaches; in the purity of these the priest approached the altar, and the bride exchanged her vows with her betrothed: they lay upon the graves of the youthful, and were the offerings of wrongly accused innocence, or forgiven guilt; and they were also evidences of affection, and the gentle gage of faith. White gloves were much worn by ladies in the time of Louis the Fourteenth, and long previously, for Shakspeare, in "Love's Labor's Lost," alludes to them—

"By this white glove—how white the hand God knows;"

an expression that reminds us that the luxury of wearing gloves soon induced a desire to make them subservient to the beauty of the hand; and they were medicated, and waxed, and made of various materials to insure whiteness to the delicate member they covered. Dogskin gloves were much worn for this purpose. Henri III. of France indulged in gloves at night for the pur-

pose of rendering his hands more fair, a practice which a modern poet (Lord Byron) is said to have been also addicted to; but Henri likewise had his face covered with a cloth dipped in essences to improve his complexion during the same period, though he painted over it in the day. According to Evelyn, who wrote a poem on the vanities of ladies' dress in the time of Charles the Second, it was customary to wear gloves of chicken-skin by night—'

"To keep their hands soft, plump, and white.

There is a mystery about these chicken-skin gloves which we cannot solve; we can scarcely understand the term literally, though it is set down that Limerick is famous for the manufacture of a kind of ladies' gloves called chicken gloves. A pair could be put in a walnut shell.

Though the fashion of gloves, from necessity, can never suffer from such eccentric caprices as other articles of dress, we found them in the thirteenth century reaching to the elbow, while at present they come no further than the wrist; in our mother's time it was thought graceful to let them wrinkle on the arm; in our own the three-quarter gloves have buttoned tight upon it. Sometimes an attempt has been made to introduce again embroidery on them, and silk mittens but a few years back were worn in dress elegantly ornamented with patterns wrought in gold. We have also seen gloves from Spain, with a garniture of silver flowers and fringe, rich in its effect; but, for the appearance of the hand, commend us to the exquisitely fitting French kid glove, which from the time of De Grammont to our own, has always retained its superiority in this respect, and been a coveted article of ladies' dress.

TO A SNOW-DROP.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

WELCOME! sweet little flower,
Who dares to lift thy head,
And bloom thy little hour,
When lofier flowers are dead.
Welcome, sweet flower, for thou dost bring
Glad tidings of approaching Spring.

Thy sweet white buds unfold,
Though March winds round thee blow,
Thou heedst not the cold
Of winds, and frost and snow.
Welcome, sweet flower, thou dost proclaim
Sweet Spring will soon be here again.

While Boreas round thee blows
Thou'rt dearer far to me,
Than Summer's choicest rose
Though gaudier it may be.
Welcome! pale little trembling thing,
Sweet harbinger of beauteous Spring,

And now farewell, pale flower,
Bloom on, while yet you may,
For soon by grove and bower
Shall lofier flowers display
Their varied hues, and wood and dell
Echo to songs of birds;—farewell.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. III.

THE SEAT AND BALANCE.

To obtain a good seat and consequently a proper balance, place yourself square in the centre of the saddle, throwing the chest back, so as to expand it as much as possible, in order that each part of the body may rest on that next below it, and letting the arms fall easily and gracefully from the shoulder. The left thigh and the legs must press the saddle and horse as closely as possible *without a strain*, and the stirrup foot must be turned in toward the horse in "parrot-toed" fashion, whilst the toes are slightly elevated and the heel depressed. The right foot should hang closely to the horse with the toes pointing downward. By proper attention to this, after a few trials the muscles will easily accommodate themselves to this position.



Nothing can be more inelegant than to see a lady hanging on by the left crutch, with the head inclined to the right and her body to the left, whilst the right shoulder is elevated and the left depressed. The right arm should fall naturally from the shoulder, not thrust out from the body, which gives a most timid, awkward appearance to the rider, nor drawn close in to the person, which appears stiff and ungraceful. The whip, if held downward, must not be inclined too much back, as it might irritate the horse's flank—some prefer pointing the lash upward toward the shoulder of the rider, as the gentlemen generally carry the whip; by many this is thought much the more graceful.

We would wish to impress on our readers the great necessity of a good seat, and correct balance. No one can manage a horse without it. A horse's motions also are more easy and graceful with it, for then the centre of gravity

falls in the proper place, and all his forces are equally distributed. This is so necessary that we will recapitulate our instructions. The weight of the body should rest on the centre of the saddle. Do not incline at all forward, but throw the chest out and the shoulders backward. The shoulders on a line, and one not more advanced than another. Do not hang by the left crutch, nor bear any weight in the stirrup, it is intended only to rest the foot upon. The arm should fall nearly perpendicularly from the shoulder. By attending to these directions, the rider's movements harmonize with those of the horse, and she has not only a safe seat, but proper control over the animal. A lady should always rise, descend, advance, and stop *with*, and not *after* the horse. The balance is governed by the direction and motion of the horse's legs, and consists in the ready adaptation of the whole frame to the proper position, before the animal has completed his change of attitude or action. If the horse be either standing still or walking straight forward, the body should remain in the position which we have described; but should it be necessary to check him suddenly, or to apply the whip to make him quicken his pace, the body should at once be prepared to accommodate itself to the animal's change of action. In turning a corner at a quick pace, the body should incline back slightly, and in the same proportion that the horse bends inward, the body should lean in that direction.

If a horse shies at an object, starts to one side, or turns suddenly around, the body should, if possible, keep time with his movements, and adapt itself to move with him, otherwise the balance will be lost, and the rider in danger of falling off on the side from which the animal starts. Owing to the faulty formation of some horses, the centre of gravity is not in the middle of the animal. If he kicks, the centre of gravity is in the shoulders, therefore, if possible, the saddle should be placed a little further back than otherwise, and the body inclined more in that direction. If he rears, the centre of gravity is in the croup, and consequently the person should bend forward slightly to throw the balance more in the shoulders; and it is too far forward when the horse runs away. The principle effort of the rider then should be to keep the centre of gravity in the middle of the horse's body, as he is thereby prevented defending himself.

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

It is my mother's story that I am about to write. The story of her young life, her wrongs, her sufferings, and the effects of those wrongs, those sharp sufferings as they flowed in fire and tears through my own existence. Her history ran like a destiny through my own. My life is but a prolongation of hers. I have but done what she would have accomplished, had she not been trampled down like a broken flower, in the civilized life with which none of her blood or race could hope to mingle and live.

She was a gipsy of Grenada: you may search for her birth-place among the caves that perforate the hill-side to the right, as you gaze down upon Grenada from the Alhamra. That hill, honey-combed with subterranean dwellings, and its bosom swarming with human beings, was my mother's home. Beggars—yes, call them so—a people born to delude and prey upon all other races, these were her companions. She was a gipsy of the pure blood, not a drop, not a taint had ever mingled with the fiery life that glowed in her veins.

Men call me beautiful, and so I am, but compared to my mother, as I remember her, that which I possess is but the light of a star as it pales into the morning, contrasted with the same bright jewel of the sky, when it burns pure and undimmed in the purple of the evening. I have, it is true, eyes like hers, long, black, almond shaped, but English blood has thrown a soft mistiness upon their lightning. My cheeks have a rich bloom; but hers were of a deeper and more peachy crimson, glowing out through the soft creamy tint of her complexion with a richness that shames comparison. See, I can shake down my hair, and it falls over me like a mantle rolling in heavy black waves far below my waist: but hers swept to the ground. I have seen her bury her tiny foot in the extremity of those raven curls, and press them to the earth while she stood upright, without straightening a single tress. As for her person, you could liken it to nothing of human beauty—an antelope—a young leopardsess, an Arab steed of the pure blood, these were the comparisons that flashed to the mind as you watched the movements of that lythe form, those delicate and slender limbs. Imagine if you can a being like this, wild as a bird

untamed, her veins burning with that lava fire that seems caught from another world, her every movement an inspiration. Imagine this creature at fourteen years of age roaming beneath the old trees that lie at the foot of the Alhamra, and earning a scant subsistence with her beauty, her castanets, and her native dance, from the few foreign travellers that brave the discomforts of Spanish travel to visit the Alhamra.

She was always among those beautiful old trees, haunting them like the birds for shelter and subsistence. Sometimes you might have found her crouching beneath a thicket half asleep, and dreamily listening to the silvery flow of a hundred concealed rivulets, introduced by the Moors into these shady walks. Sometimes she would lie for hours on the banks of the river that flows through the outskirts of these woods, and weave garlands from the wild blossoms so abundant there, crowning herself like a May Queen, and using the waters for a mirror, the only one she had yet seen. But in all this seeming idleness she was ever upon the alert, listening for the sound of wheels, peering through the trees for a view of any chance traveller that might ascend to the ruins on foot. In short, feverish with anxiety to earn bread for her old mother, who waited hungrily for it in the caves that yawned upon her from the opposite hill.

One day, when my mother was a little less than fourteen, but full-grown as most females of that age are in Spain, yet delicate and slender as I have described, she had come to the Alhamra woods with two or three gipsey girls of her tribe, but wandered away alone as was her habit, searching for the wild flowers that might compose a garland for her hair. Down in a little hollow that sinks abruptly from the broad avenue leading to the Alhamra, she found a profusion of these sweet stars of the wood, and began to gather them in handfuls, forming a drapery from her scant calico robe, and filling it with the fragrant moss in pleasant wantonness, for she had collected blossoms enough to crown half Grenada.

She sat down on the ground, and selecting the most dewy blossoms, began to weave them into a wreath, blending the tints with a degree of taste that would have been pronounced artistic in civilized life. Red, yellow, blue, green, delicate

and starry white blossoms, all flashed through her little hands, blending themselves, as it were, by magic into this rustic crown which she held up admiringly now and then with a smile upon her lips, and her graceful head turned on one side like a bird's, half shyly as if she were ashamed of admiring her own work.

Her castanets lay upon the grass, and stretchinging one little naked foot plump as an infant's down to the rivulet that flowed by her, she began to dip it up and down in the sparkling water, carelessly as a bird laves itself in the morning. As the waters rippled over that little foot, breaking up in diamond drops all around, she continued her sweet task, leaning on one side, or bending backward now and then to gather some green sprig or fresh bud that grew within reach.

My poor, poor mother—how little could she guess that the moment so full of sweet repose, where the waters sung and whispered to her as they passed, where the blossoms breathed balm all around her, gratifying her soft senses and her delicate taste at the same moment—how could she guess that the moment was a destiny to her, the single speck of time on which all her after life depended!

She kept on weaving her pretty garlands, blending with unconscious taste a little delicate green, and a few white bells with the rich clusters of crimson, yellow, and blue that predominated there.

When it was finished, she withdrew her foot from the water, that it might not disturb the pure surface, watched the bubbles with a smile as they floated downward, and then, bending over the rivulet, bound her garland among the rich folds of hair which I have mentioned as so glossy and abundant.

A knot of scarlet ribbon—I know not how obtained, but it was her only finery, poor thing—fastened this floral crown; and after arranging her dress of many colored chintz, she regarded herself in the water for an instant with smiling admiration. And well she might, for the image thrown back by that tranquil rivulet was full of picturesque beauty, unlike anything you ever dreamed of even in romance.

A slight noise, something rustling among the neighboring foliage, made her start from that graceful, half stooping position. She looked eagerly around—and there upon the upper swell of the bank stood a young man looking at her.

My poor mother had no other thought but of the coin she might earn; a cry of glad surprise broke from her lips, and seizing her castanets she sprang from the moss of wild flowers that had fallen around her feet, and with a single bound stood before the stranger, poisoning herself for the national dance.

I cannot tell what it was, what strange magnetic influence possessed my mother, but as her slender limbs were prepared for the first graceful bound, her spirited ankle strained back, and one little foot just ready to spurn the turf, a wonderful fascination came over her. She stood a moment immovable, frozen into that graceful attitude; her eyes fixed upon the stranger's; her red lips parted in a half smile, checked and still as her limbs. Then the eyelids with their long, thick lashes began to quiver and drooped heavily downward, veiling the fire of those magnificent eyes; the tension slowly left her muscles, and with the castanets hanging loose in her hands, drooped languidly toward the youth as a flower bends on its stalk when the sunshine is too warm. He spoke to her in English, but, though she did not understand his words, the very sound of his voice made her shiver from head to foot. He spoke again and smiled pleasantly, not as men smile with their lips alone, but with a glow, a sort of heart-bloom spreading all over the face. She looked up, and knew that he was asking her to dance; but she, whose muscles up to that moment had answered to her will, as harp-strings obey the master touch, found all her power gone. She could not even lift her eyes to meet the admiring glance bent upon her, but shrank timidly, awkwardly—if a creature so full of native grace could be awkward—away and burst into tears.

That instant there came leaping up from a neighboring hollow, the half dozen gipsey girls that my mother had forsaken in the woods. On they came like a troop of young antelopes, leaping, singing, rattling their castanets, and surrounding the stranger with looks, gestures and sounds of eager glee.

He looked around, surprised and smiling, the scene took him unawares. His heart was brim full of that sweet romance that hovers forever like a spirit about the place, and this picturesque exhibition startled him into enthusiasm. It was like enchantment, the wild poetry of the past acted before him. His dark grey eyes grew brilliant with excitement; he smiled, he even laughed gaily, scattering silver among the troop of dark-browed fairies that had beset his way. There was something eager and grasping in the manner of these girls as they scrambled for the money, pushing each other aside with lightning flashes of the eye, and searching avariciously among the grass when all had been gathered up.

You could see that the young man was very fastidious from the effect this had upon him. A look of disappointment, tinged with contempt, swept the happy expression from his face; and when they began a new dance, less modest than the preceding, he motioned them to desist. But they were not to be driven away; he had been

too liberal for that. They drew back a little, but continued to dance, some moving around him on the avenue, others choosing the turf bank. Still he beckoned them to desist, but misunderstanding his gestures they became subdued, threw a more voluptuous spirit into the dance, and the languor that tamed down each movement seemed a portion of the balmy atmosphere, so subtle and enervating was the effect.

But the stranger was no ordinary man, the very efforts that would have charmed others, created a singular feeling of repulsion in him. He turned from the dancing girls with a look of weariness, and would have moved on: but disappointed in the result of the last effort, they sprang into his path like so many bacchanals, making the soft air vibrate with the rapidity and force of their movements—half clothed, for the garments of these young creatures reached but little below the knees, their slender limbs and small, naked feet half exposed in the wild frenzy of their exertions. Eager as wild animals who have tasted blood, they beset his way with bolder and more desperate attempts to charm forth a new supply of coin.

In the midst of this wild scene, the young man chanced to turn his eyes upon my mother. She was standing apart, not drooping helplessly as at first, but upright, spirited, with a curve of invincible scorn upon those red lips, and a blush glowing like fire over every visible part of her person. For the first time in her life she seemed to be aroused to the character of her national dance: for the first time in her life the young gipsy had learned to blush.

The Englishman was struck by her appearance, and made an effort to draw near, but his wild tormentors followed close, and to free himself he adroitly flung a handful of small coin far up the avenue. Away sprang the whole group, shouting, leaping, and hustling each other about, each instant clearing the distance between themselves and the Englishman.

He approached my mother with a little reluctance, such as a man feels when he tries a new language, and uttered a few words in Spanish.

"Why do you remain behind? there is money up yonder," he said.

My mother looked up. The tears which she had suppressed still sparkled on her curling eyelashes.

"I do not want money," she said; "I have done nothing to earn it."

"And why did you not dance with the rest?"

"I don't know. It seems to me now that I never have danced like them, and yet—I tried to begin that very dance—tried and could not."

The blush again burned on her face: she made

a movement as if to cover it with her hands, and desisted ashamed of her new-born modesty.

"And why could you not dance for me as you have for others?"

"I do not know."

"You have already earned money enough!"

"I have a mother who has not tasted food to-day. She is waiting in patient hunger till I shall bring money to purchase it from the woods; my companions will carry food to their parents—mine must wait."

"See, I have driven these people away—they did not please me, but you shall give me a dance while they are busy; and here is a piece of good English gold, which will supply your mother with food during the next fortnight."

My mother took the gold and examined it with great curiosity: she had never seen so much money at once in her life.

"I—I am to dance before you, and this will be mine!" she said, at last.

"Yes, it will be yours!"

She handed him back the money, took up her castanets, and stepped forth with a sort of haughty grace. Giving her person a willow bend sideways, she began, the tears starting afresh to her eyes as she made the effort. But the elasticity seemed to have forsaken her limbs: she stopped abruptly and retreated.

"I will not go on," she said, "even for the piece of gold; I only know the dances that made you drive my companions away."

There was no acting in this, my poor mother literally could not perform her task, and it was this very failure that charmed the young Englishman. Had she earned the money it would have been given, and she possibly remembered no more; as it was—ah, would to heaven she had earned it—earned it and gone on her way true to her people—true to the blood that never minglest with that of another race without blending a curse with it.

But there was something in my mother's refusal that interested the Englishman. He was very young, only in his twenty-fourth year, but of mature intellect and strong of mind. Still the fresh and romantic delicacy of youth clung to his feelings. They were both fresh and powerful. The ideal blended with all things. He could never have been a slave to the mere senses, but sensation excited, his poetical nature made even that exquisite. He was not a man to indulge in light fancies, but his imagination and his feelings were both strong, and in these lay the danger.

Love is the religion of a woman educated as my mother had been. In her it seemed like apostacy from the true faith to allow her heart a moment's resting-place out of her own race. Indeed she deemed it an impossibility, and thus

secure was all unconscious of the true feelings that had transformed her very nature in a single morning.

Not half an hour had yet elapsed since my mother had met the stranger. The dew that trembled on her coronal of wild blossoms still glittered there: the first foot-print she had made upon the grass that morning still kept its place. But how much time it has required for me to give you an idea of the feelings that grew into strength in that brief time—feelings that vibrated through more than one generation, that made me what I am; for this man was my father.

Be patient, and I will tell you still more; for there lies a long history between that time and this, the history of many persons: for did I not say before my life was but a continuation of hers; and I have known much, felt much, suffered: but who that has known and felt can say that he has not suffered?

"Nay, you have fairly earned the gold," said the Englishman, bending his now bright and earnest eyes on my mother with an expression that made every nerve in her body thrill, as if it had been touched to music for the first time—"take it for your mother's sake, my poor child!"

What charm possessed my mother?—she who had been among the most eager when money was to be obtained—why did she shrink and blush at taking the gold from that generous palm? Why, when she happened to touch his hand in receiving it did the warm blood leap to each finger's end, till the delicately curved nails seemed red with some artificial dye? The gold gave her no pleasure at first: it seemed a sacrilege to receive it from him: but after a little it grew precious as her own life. Her mother went hungry to bed that night, for the gipsey girl would not part with this one piece of gold. She did not even acknowledge to any one that it had been given her, but hid it away close to her heart, and kept it there through many a sharp struggle that broke that poor heart at last. I have it now close against my own, it was necessary at times that I should feel it grating cold and hard against it, or something of tenderness would have crept in. I could not have gone through with all that I had to accomplish but for this gold—gold, gold, it is a fine thing to harden the heart with in many ways; men have found it so.

My mother took the money, and then with a faint blush and a smile that lighted up his face into absolute beauty, the young man said,

"I see you hesitate: you will not believe the money is fairly earned. Now to set you at rest I will take the wreath you wear as full compensation—it will remind me hereafter of my first day at the Alhamra."

My mother smiled, and her face kindled up

with the pleasure his request had given. She unbound the wreath and presented it to him, ribbon and all.

That ribbon was the only ornament that she had in the world, but she parted with it joyfully; though the diamonds that Queen Isabella sacrificed to Christopher Columbus, were not half so precious to their owner as this scarlet ribbon had been to the gipsey girl.

I have the ribbon too, that piece of gold is suspended to it about my neck, the first gift of my mother, the first gift of my father. He gave me the ribbon to play with: she gave me the gold to keep.

The Englishman lingered for weeks at the Alhamra. He lived at a little Fonda that lies close beneath the ruins within the grounds, sometimes spending whole days among the old Moorish remains, at others wandering thoughtfully beneath the stately trees.

My mother had spent her life in those woods, she could not change her habits now, for the love of those cool shadows had become a want of her whole being: but she danced the gipsey dances and sung the gipsey songs no more. Her companions wondered greatly at this, and triumphed over her with the wild glee that would have roused her indignation a few weeks before. Now she turned from them with a quiet curve of scorn upon her lip, and stole away by herself, weaving garlands and listening to the hidden waters that chimed their sweet voices in the solitude as the sad heart bows itself to music.

I know not how often she saw the Englishman during that period—not very frequently I am sure—for she had become timid as a fawn, and would sit crouching among the thickets for hours, only to see him pass distantly through the dim veil of the forest leaves.

Night after night she went home from the woods empty handed, and musing as if in a dream; her mother chided her sharply at times, for hunger made her stern. The gipsey girl bore this with surprising meekness, weeping gently, but never urging a word in her own defence, save that she did not know why, but it was impossible to dance as she had done: the strength left her limbs whenever she attempted it.

A week—more than one—went by, and the gipsey girl remained in this inactive, dreamy state: then a sudden change came over her, she grew animated, the wild passions of her nature kindled up again. You could see that her heart slept no longer, that the dove that had brooded there so sweetly had taken wing. She went to the Alhamra early, she left it sometimes after dark, often bringing a little money which she gave her parent with trembling hands and downcast eyes, that were frequently full of tears.

At this season you could not have looked upon her face without admiration. The bloom upon the sunniest peach suffered in comparison with the rich hue of her cheek; her eyes were starry in their brightness. You could not speak to her without bringing a smile to her mouth, that brightened it as the sunshine glows upon a ripe strawberry. If tears sometimes started beneath these thick lashes, they only served to light up the eyes they could not dim, for the very tears seemed to leap from a blissful source.

She was quiet though, and said little. You only knew how exquisite was her happiness by the glorious beauty of her face.

Then all this beautiful joy went gradually out as you see a lamp fade when the perfume oil burns low. She wept no more blissful tears, her smile grew constrained, and took a marble-like paleness. It was singular that no one observed this, that the keen-eyed people of her tribe never suspected what was going on in that young heart—but so it was.

One person of the tribe would not have been thus blind, for he loved the gipsy girl as only the wild, strong nature of the pure blood can love—but he was away attending the annual fair at Seville, and my mother was left to the tempter and her own heart. Much that passed during this time remains a mystery even to me, her child, for in the manuscript that she left—there is hesitation, embarrassment—many erasures and whole sentences blotted out, as if no language could satisfy her—or as if there existed much that she could not force herself to write. Still she seemed to linger about this period as if afraid to go on. It was her first love-dream, how could she describe it? Her first step in the crooked way which no human being can restrain or make straight. How could she describe that to her own child? Still much was written, much revealed that I shall put into form. For my mother was a child of the Alhambra, and there her destiny commenced shaping itself into a fate.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

N O R A H .

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

NORAH, mavourneen you're bright as an angel,
But dark as the midnight your eyes and your hair;
Your soul-thrilling glance gives the heart sudden
warning
That passionate feeling and kindness are there.
A gay mocking smile on your rosy lip playing,
May whisper your vows are as light as the wind,
For your love while it glows with the deep warmth
of Summer,
Still changes with every caprice of your mind.
Your voice is the breathing of music's low murmur,
And save the bright glances that dart from your eye,
And satire so playful it charms in the wounding,
A hope might be gleaned from your blush and
your sigh;
Perchance at such moments repentance assails you,
And feed from the mischief that binds you to earth,
You grieve o'er your conquests, eschew a now victim,
Till tempted again by the spirit of mirth.

Too often your slave since our first joyous meeting,
All changes of temper in you I have borne,
Enchained by your wit, and now melted by sadness
Oft hurt by reproaches and maddened by scorn;
But farewell, mavourneen, sweet visions attend you,
And fair be the hopes that float over your life;
You're just the gay girl I would laugh, joke, and flirt
with,
But scarcely the woman I'd choose for my wife!

Yet, Norah, I wrong you—last eve when we parted
Tears swelled in your dark eyes that pride would
not shed,
So closely I stood that I heard your heart throbbing—
One moment I wavered, then doubted and fled.
I knew as we severed we parted forever,
And left you with more than a feeling of pain,
For well do I know 'mid the world's weary roaming,
I'll ne'er meet a girl half so charming again.

"WHEN IN DEATH I SHALL CALMLY RECLINE."

MOORE'S MELODIES: ILLUSTRATED.

When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to the ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.

Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft note in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song.

FIRST VIEW OF THE ALHAMBRA.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

We had been riding all night, in a carriage so close and so small, that it was with the greatest difficulty room was found in the bottom for our feet, to say nothing of the possibility of moving them when they were once down. This cramped position, together with the incessant clatter of the Spanish driver, who coaxed, wheedled, scolded and swore at his mules all night long, was enough to frighten sleep from anything on earth. Now and then we had a glimpse of the rocky, and at times picturesque scenery which lies between Bylan and Grenada. I remember one gorge in the hills, through which we went full gallop, across a stream that must have been both deep and wide, for our mules made a terrible commotion in the water, and the post-boy sent up a cry half of fear half of defiance, as if they had been in danger of a fall from the saddle, during some of the many plunges which his leaders made.

I fancy few people, who have courage to travel night and day, in Spain, will find cause of fear in anything that might happen. After one or two nights in a diligence, you obtain a sort of desperate harum-scarum courage, which makes danger only exciting and privation picturesque. With any kinds of provisions you can command, packed away in the pockets of your conveyance, a bottle of wine, and plenty of blanket shawls, you bid defiance to circumstance, and plunge into adventures, if they arise, with a relish that nothing can allay. A sensible man or woman never trusts to the hopes of a decent hotel, except in the principal towns, but seeks the softest possible corner of a crowded carriage for his or her repose, and takes his or her meals as he or she can, thanking Providence that there is no method of introducing garlic into boiled eggs, without breaking the shells. If one is sensitive about eating rancid butter or oil, a great deal stronger than the Spanish constitution that Christina was forced to acknowledge, boiled eggs must be the chief dependance on the road—hard boiled, remember—for those which epicures call “done to a second,” would be very inconvenient after crashing together all night.

The day broke, finding us near a post-house of somewhat promising appearance, and while our panting mules were being exchanged for fresh ones, one of our party proposed that we should take the opportunity to refresh ourselves with breakfast. I had a misgiving, and my heart fell

when the subject was mentioned, for after a desperate plunge of the mules sometime in the night, I had felt a crash, and a yielding of the pocket on my side the carriage, followed by a deluge of wine down the side of my travelling dress, which promised badly for our meal in that particular.

On starting from the last stopping place, I had dropped a beautiful plump little fowl in a napkin, and placed it tenderly in the same pocket with the wine, with two or three rolls nicely stowed, to keep them from intruding upon each other. I am not a vain woman, at least it is my privilege to think so, but I confess it to you, confidentially, our travelling stores was a point upon which I was disposed to pique myself. It was so pleasant, after a hard night's drive, to have a snow white napkin ready to spread upon our laps, to lay a bit of white paper full of salt on one corner, a buttered roll on the other, to draw out one egg after another from its hiding-place, and then triumphantly place a roasted fowl in the centre, the result of a private conversation with Henry, that prince of couriers; I say it was pleasant, and thoroughly gratifying, to see all this, and know that it was the result of your own forethought, an effort of genius developing itself in something tangible and easily appreciated.

It was rather hard, just when we had a guest, as it were, for Mr. T——, a New York gentleman whom we all delighted to honor, had the fourth corner of the carriage, and we were particularly anxious to have everything in style; it was hard to open that carriage pocket, there in the broad daylight, with all those longing eyes striving to penetrate its depth, and to know in your heart what devastation was to be exposed.

I unbuttoned the pocket reluctantly enough, put my hand gently down with proper reference to the splintered glass, and drew up the neck of a wine bottle: another cautious plunge brought up a roll saturated with blood red fluid: then came the capon. On this our last hope rested, for the air was bracing and our appetites keen. It came forth, wrapped daintily in its napkin, without stain or blemish, plump, fresh and savory: not a touch of garlic, not a drop of oil had been allowed to contaminate its delicacy. The rolls were spoiled, the wine was gone, but there was consolation in the plump chicken, that cheered us still with hopes of breakfast. Besides there

was a hard boiled egg or two left, and all things considered, we might have managed admirably, but for a mournful deficiency of salt, our supply having been saturated and floated off with the wine.

There was a little shantie, back of the post-house, and some cooking utensils about the door gave indications that it was inhabited. One of our gentlemen sprang out, and was soon knocking vigorously at the door. A strangely picturesque head answered this appeal, thrusting itself through the partially opened door, with long grey hair streaming around it, the wild glittering eyes, black as night, and vivid with that fire which seems absolute lightning, proclaimed the gipsy of that unmixed blood which is seldom found out of Spain.

She answered the petition for a little salt, in a language neither Spanish, English, nor anything else known to civilized life, and after arousing two or three men, who were couched on the shantie floor, she brought forth a table spoonful of greyish salt, her entire supply, and magnanimously divided it with us, only taking in exchange enough to pay for at least half a peck of the same doubtful material.

But fastidious people have nothing to do with Spain. We were very grateful for the salt, such as it was, and made a breakfast that an epicure might have prayed for in vain. Talk of appetites! Wait till you have travelled all night, and feel yourself aroused by the bright morning air sweeping through your carriage windows, with the invigorating freshness of a shower bath!

It was almost mid-day when we came in sight of Grenada. Breathless with expectation, we leaned from the windows, to catch a first glimpse of the Alhamra. There was the quaint old city, sleeping—all these inland towns of Spain seem asleep compared to those of our own country—sleeping, as I say, in the repose of its own antiquity, crowded up to the semicircle of hills that curve round one extremity of the beautiful plain, that undulates away in the distance in wavy softness, green as emerald, and softened by the voluptuous atmosphere into something more

beautiful than verdure. There lay the quaint old city, half Moorish, half Christian, with its beautiful little river gliding around it, like a silver scarf, and the snow-capped mountains looking down upon it from the distance. The spire of the Cathedral rose up before us from its bosom. Still we saw no Alhamra. Here and there an old Moorish tower cheated us for a moment, but there was nothing yet to satisfy the eagerness with which we looked forth, for a first glimpse of the Moorish ruin. A sudden curve in the road, however, revealed a mountain crest feathered to the top with fine old trees, sheltered by the snow-capped mountains looming against the horizon, and divided from the city by that-little belt of a river, that had chimed softly among the old trees, even while the terrors of the Catholic army thundered in Grenada, and that still chimed on.

The Alhamra crested this hill. The towers, the arches, the half built and half ruined palace of the Christian monarch, mingled together in one grand and imposing object.

We had no words then. Each was busy with such thoughts as crowd to the heart, when the wish of a life-time is gratified!

There it was, the Alhamra! Grand in its ruin, softened but not concealed by the beautiful old woods, with the balmy atmosphere floating over it like a veil. There it was, and to me it seemed a dream, yet one of those beautiful visions that float through the fancy forever, an expectation or a memory.

I cannot go on, nor take you, reader, to the Moorish ruins just now. In the story which I have commenced in this number, we will wander in those gorgeous halls, and view the delicate tracery of the arches as they gleam in the soft moonlight. With the gipsy girl, whose home was in the caves opposite, we will loiter through those shadowy grounds, and haunt the rose thickets of those noble gardens. For your gratification, I must people those gorgeous old woods, throw life into those ruined halls. Have patience! and you shall have something better than my own impressions, overflowing and beautiful as those impressions were.

ON MRS. BROWNING.

There is a fancied shape that haunts my dreams
Large-eyed and pensive, wearing on the brow
A starry circlet, whose clear radiance seems
Serenely from the light within to flow.
Serious yet sweet the expression of the face
Answering the modulations of the lyre,
Which 'neath her hands gives out with mournful
grace

Songs brimming o'er with tenderness and fire.
These lyrics oft have moved my inmost heart;
Like minor music fall they on the ear,
With dying cadence lingering while they part,
As loath to leave me to the silence drear.
Still be that Unknown Friend about my way,
Her songs my dreams by night, my spirit-food by
day.

M. N.

THE REPRIMAND.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

LISETTE ARMAND was the pride of the village as well as the delight of her parents, for she was as beautiful as she was good. All the young men of the neighborhood aspired for her hand, but she cared for only one, who had been her playmate from childhood, and to whom she was plighted in marriage.

The first sorrow that Lisette experienced was when Louis, her betrothed, wishing to earn something for plenishing, set out for Paris, where he intended to stay a year. His father, though a wealthy farmer, was famed for his penuriousness, and though he gave his consent to the marriage of Louis, he refused to assist the young couple in the least. Lisette's parents promised to do all they could, but they had a large family, and Louis could not expect them to be at the entire charge of furnishing the new household: besides he had a high spirit, and would not have consented to it even if their means had been greater.

About six months after Louis had been gone, a fresh sorrow assailed Lisette, and one that made her forget, for awhile, even her lover's absence. Her father sickened and died, and, when his affairs came to be settled, it was found that he was insolvent, instead of being in the comfortable circumstances that common report had asserted and even his own family believed. To add to Lisette's distress, her mother, overcome by this double blow, sickened, and the young girl was left alone, to provide for the wants of her little brothers and sisters.

For several weeks she struggled on, nursing her mother half the night, and working assiduously the entire day. Often she denied herself more than half her meals, in order to satisfy the craving appetites of her little household. Little by little she parted with such articles of furniture as could be spared, that she might obtain means to purchase food or medicines; and, at last, actually sold her own personal trinkets. Yet she never complained. "My troubles come from heaven," she would say, "and for some beneficial purpose, though, as yet, I cannot recognise it. But God will make all manifest, by-and-bye: and in him I trust." Ah! would that in sorrow, every one might thus speak.

With all her economy and self-denial, however, she had been unable to provide for the rent of their dwelling, which she knew would soon be due. But this gave her comparatively little

uneasiness, for her landlord was the father of Louis, and parsimonious as he was, she did not suppose that he would harass her, under her present complication of miseries. How was she astonished, therefore, when, one morning a bailiff came into the house, and demanded the rent, which, he said gruffly, had been due two entire days.

In vain Lisette informed him of her present inability to liquidate the debt. In vain she asked for delay. The officer told her that his orders were peremptory, and that, unless the money was forthcoming, the whole family was to be turned into the street, and the household goods sold by the public crier.

In this terrible emergency, Lisette resolved to appeal personally to her future father-in-law. She shrank, indeed, from an act so mortifying to her maidenly pride, but one look at her bedridden mother overcame every scruple, and, having first obtained a pledge from the bailiff that he would wait till she returned, she hurried away, not even waiting to put on her gala day attire.

Farmer Rodin had just concluded his dinner, and was computing the probable value of his crops, when Lisette, pale and agitated, appeared before him. Notwithstanding her rustic dress she looked unspeakably lovely, and her embarrassment, which dyed even her neck with blushes, increased this beauty. But a miser's soul is impervious to everything but the clink of gold, as poor Lisette discovered the moment she began to tell her errand.

"What," cried the old man, rising in anger, "have you come here for no purpose but to tell me that you don't intend to pay me? You had better have spared yourself the walk."

"We would pay you if we could," sobbed Lisette, clasping her hands in entreaty, "we mean to pay you, some day; it is only for delay that we ask. Mother is sick, and cannot work: we are honest, indeed we are; if you turn us out into the street what will become of us!"

But neither her tears, nor her supplicating voice moved the hard-hearted miser. Ever since he had discovered that Lisette's father died insolvent, and that she would consequently not have the fortune which had been promised with her, Farmer Rodin had determined to break off the match between his son and her. He thought

the present opportunity a good one to effect his purpose. If he could drive the family from the village, they would probably, he reflected, go to some distant neighborhood to hide their disgrace: and, in that event, they would be beyond the inquiry of his son, even if Louis, as the old man feared, should seek to trace them out. Accordingly his naturally relentless breast was now more steeled to pity than ever.

"Honest people have something else to do than to support beggars," said he, with a frown. "I'm astonished at your impudence, too, in coming here: your boldness disgraces you. I suppose you think that because Louis is my son I am going to keep you, and yours, in idleness, and allow you to cheat me out of my hard earnings; but I'd have you know that my boy casts off such a shame-faced piece as yourself: he'll marry no beggar's child. You needn't think your crying is going to move me," continued the old miser, warming into additional rage to excuse his brutality to himself, "I'm used to such tricks."

Broken-hearted at what he said about Louis, and which she now began to fear might be true; tortured by the prospect of a houseless family to feed, and outraged in every maidenly feeling, Lisette still ventured a last plea.

"Dear, dear Mr. Rodin," she said, "only consent to wait till mother gets well; till we can look about us; and I will surrender all claim to the hand of Louis, if that——"

But Farmer Rodin did not allow her to conclude the sentence. Seizing his cane, he thundered forth, black with passion,

"Out of my house, you baggage, pack, troop at once. You talk of surrendering my son! I would cut him off without a sou if ever he looked at you again." And as the affrighted girl, who momentously expected to be struck, hurried forth, still sobbing, he followed her, and, standing on the steps, cried after her. "Never let me see your face in the village again. If I find you about, to-morrow, and there's any balance still due me, I'll have your mother in jail before noon: so take good advice and be off, all of you."

Poor Lisette hastened down the garden walk, sobbing till her whole frame shook. Mechanically she pursued her way, for her apron was at her eye to check her tears, and so she did not see that, right before her, stood a well-known form, just within the gate. A minute more, however, and she was in the arms of Louis.

"What ails my pretty Lisette?" he cried. "Weeping, and here? There is some mystery in all this, of which I know nothing. I heard of your father's death in Paris, dear one, and knowing that you would need the consolation of affection now, if ever, I left all, and hastened

hither. But the loss of a parent cannot explain these tears and the angry words I heard but now from my father. Ah! a suspicion crosses me. My parent has been cruel to you: he is parsimonious, I know; and he has been telling you that he withdraws his consent. But fear not, sweet Lisette; I will be your true love still."

At last the poor girl found words to speak, for heretofore she had only been able to cling helplessly to Louis, and sob afresh.

"No, no," she cried, hiding her head on her lover's shoulder, to conceal her blushes, "it is not that—or not all that. You must think of me no more. We are poor now, very poor," and, as she spoke, she moved away from her lover, as if he no longer belonged to her, and looking him in the face steadily, but oh! how mournfully, continued, "and your father is going to turn us into the street because we cannot pay our rent. You cannot marry a beggar, Louis, and I am one now. So farewell—for—ever."

She spoke the last word with difficulty, making an effort to pass Louis as she uttered it, and gain the highway. But his arms were around her, in a moment; and he pressed her closer to his heart than ever.

"Now may God forget me, if I desert thee, Lisette, from this hour out. Your words annoyed me for a moment, for even I, who know my father's miserliness so well, did not believe he could be so cruel. But I will not curse him, for he is my parent still. Yet his house can be my home no longer. My lot is thine henceforth, and while I have hands to labor, we shall not want, dear one. I have money with me, earned in Paris, and, instead of buying new furniture for us, as we intended, little wife," he said, cheerfully, "it shall purchase back the old; and then, with thy mother, and thy brothers and sisters, now mine also, we will be happy in spite of the past. Cheer up, therefore, and smile again, as of old."

But suddenly a shriek was heard from the house, which arrested the departing steps of Louis. Again and again the shriek rent the air, and immediately the servant of Farmer Rodin, the sole female occupant of the house, for his wife had been long dead, appeared at the door, crying out that her master was dying.

Instantly everything was forgotten, by both Louis and Lisette, except the peril of the old man. Simultaneously they turned, and, side by side, entered the dwelling. There, on the floor, entirely senseless, lay Farmer Rodin, the victim of a stroke of apoplexy.

To send for the village surgeon in order to have a vein opened, and, when this proved ineffectual, to summon the priest, was but the work of a few moments. All, however, was in

vain. The miser never recovered his consciousness. Before the sun went down Lotis was without a surviving parent, and the undisputed heir of what was, to him, vast wealth.

The rage of the cruel landlord, it was evident, had brought on the fit, and thus his own wickedness had been the cause of his death. Everybody regarded the stroke of apoplexy, indeed, as a visitation of Providence.

What more have we to tell, which the reader cannot imagine? The marriage of Louis and

Lisette took place, in due season, to the great joy of the village. The felicity which the happy couple had hoped for, was fully realized, during a long life of mutual devotion.

Lisette was often heard to say that, at last, she discerned the purpose of Providence, in having visited upon her little family death and poverty: "It was to prove to me the strength of Louis' love," she would add, "which, but for these sorrows, I should never have known for what it was."

THE AGED FRIENDS.

BY H. W. PAYSON.

In the plain a tree is standing,
It is rough, and firm, and old,
Plaything for the winds for ages,
Sear'd by heat and chill'd by cold,
For the leaves that deck its branches,
Short the season ere they fall,
But about its old trunk slyly,
Fadeless wreaths of ivy crawl.
Green and lasting are the mosses,
To its naked limbs that cling;
Many are the bird-built cradles
From its airy boughs that swing.
'Tis the last tree of a forest,
Planted centuries ago,
Who's the busy hand that fell'd it,
None can tell, for none can know.

Who on his staff is leaning there,
Now brushing from his eye a tear?
His voice is tremulous and low,
But zephyrs bring it here.

"I look'd upon the tree when a boy,
And thought thou soon wouldest die, old tree,

I climb'd thy leafless branches then,
And tore the hanging moss from thee.
I did not think to overtake
Thee on thy journey to decay;
But now, alas! thou art to me
The sole companion of my way.
I loved thee when a free, wild boy!
When hope shone from my youthful brow,
In manhood with its busy cares,
Old tree—I love thee now!"

Now he throws his staff aside,
Turning from the tree away,
Kneels upon the dewy earth—
Hush! he kneels to pray.
'Tis a silent invocation;
, Yet that upturn'd face reveals
Peaceful hope and resignation,
Which the Christian only feels.

Ah, old man, thou art not old,
Life immortal fires thine eye,
Youth, unfading youth, is thine,
Thou canst never die.

HELP THYSELF.

BY JANE GAY.

LABORER on Life's broad highway
Go to work with willing mind—
Sit not idle all the day
Murmuring "Fortune is unkind!"
Rouse thee up—I warrant me
Thou hast treasures on her shelf,
And she'll hand them down to thee
If thou strive to help thyself!

Hast thou enemies—fear not
Meet them with an open face;
Bost thou bear the poor man's lot—
Poverty is no disgrace!

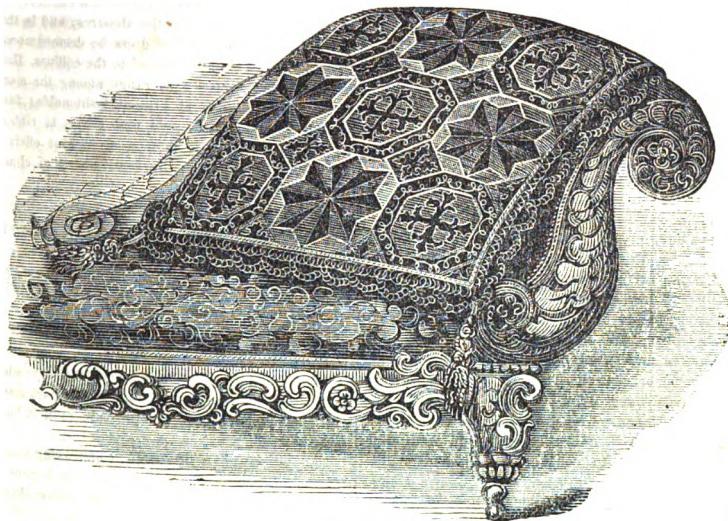
Let thy motto "Onward" be;
Fortune's a capricious elf,
And at length will favor thee
If thou strive to help thyself!

Brother—let me comfort thee!
Wipe the cold mist from thine eyes
In the world's Great Lottery
I have seen for thee a prize!
If the first strong effort fail—
Never mind it—make another;
Justice attends behind the scale—
Thou wilt win at length my brother!

OUR WORK TABLE.

PATCH-WORK CUSHION.

BY MME. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS:—Black velvet ribbon, one inch wide; rich purple merino or silk, of two shades, which must approximate; gold colored ditto, and a skein of narrow Russian silk braiding to match exactly with the gold and the lighter purple; twelve yards of gold colored chain gimp, and four tassels to match.

The cushion is accurately represented in the engraving: it consists of the following pieces:

Five yellow and black octagons.

Four purple ditto.

Four diamonds.

Four diamond quarters, for corners.

Eight half diamonds, for the sides.

The octagons are formed alternately of stars, made in the purple material, and formed into the proper shape by means of gold colored diamonds, which fit in between the points, and octagons of gold color, braided with purple, and edged with black velvet ribbon braided in gold. Purple diamonds, braided with gold, or *vice versa*, fill up the spaces between the octagons; and sections of the same (halves and quarters) are used to form the whole into a square.

In choosing the purple merino, take care that it is of a bright tint, and that there is no great difference between the two shades, as they are intended merely to give the effect of light and shadow. The star consists of sixteen pieces, namely, eight of each shade, and the same number of gold colored diamonds. The yellow octagon may be either in one piece or in eight, the braiding being in four parts, meeting in the centre, as represented in the engraving.

In running on silk braid, it is often so difficult to obtain sewing silk to match, that it is very convenient to cut off a length of braid, and draw out the threads for sewing it on: this saves a great deal of trouble. Braid patterns are marked, like those for embroidery, by being first pricked on stout paper, laid over the material, and pounced.

The other side of the cushion may be of purple or gold merino, or black velvet. A trimming of chain gimp, and four handsome tassels, complete it.

We have never seen a more beautiful pattern than this one; it is, indeed, unequalled.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

A PARISIAN BELLE'S TOILET.—To the uninitiated the toilet of a Parisian belle is a mystery. The exquisite harmony of color, and appropriateness of every part of the dress, is a knowledge to which but few English or American women can arrive. What, too, would our busy housewives think of a lady who could find time to change her dress five times a day! It may be interesting to our readers, if we briefly describe the different changes and styles of dress adopted by a Parisian lady in the ordinary routine of life, in the course of twenty-four hours.

On rising in the morning, the elegant robe de chambre is indispensable. It may be made of cashmere, the ground ponceau, and covered with large flowers in various hues. The lining may be white sarsnet, and, as we are now in the chilly months of February or March, it may be wadded and quilted. Within the corsage is worn a beautiful canezou, or chemisette, having long sleeves gathered at the wrists, or bands of rich needlework, edged with Valenciennes; the front and collar worked and trimmed in corresponding style. The morning cap, of cambric or clear mull muslin, is trimmed with fine Valenciennes, lightly intermingled with loops of colored ribbon. The slippers are of silk, beautifully embroidered, and ornamented in front with large rosettes of the color of the robe de chambre, or, rather, of the ground (ponceau.) A skirt of cambric, the front covered with beautiful needlework, is seen within the open fronts of the robe.

For dejeuner (or, as it would be called in America, luncheon) the lady doffs her robe de chambre, and puts on a dress which we will suppose to be of poplin, of that exquisite hue distinguished by the name of royal blue. It is ornamented up the front with embroidery in black silk. It has a veste or jacket corsage, with a gilet front; the latter of black satin, ornamented with embroidery, and fastened by gold buttons. The habit-skirt and under-sleeves are of worked muslin. A cap of worked muslin, elegantly trimmed with gold color ribbon, may also be worn.

It is now two o'clock, and the carriage will presently be at the door. The lady accordingly prepares for her drive. She puts on a dress of massive broche silk, flowered in green, blue, or cerise, on a black ground. She wears a black velvet cloak, edged with a broad band of sable, and a muff of the same fur. Her bonnet is of black velvet, trimmed with black lace, and a black feather on each side. In this dress, should the weather prove favorable, the lady may alight from her carriage in the Champs Elysees, and enjoy a short walk.

The next change of dress is for dinner. Whether for dining out, or receiving company at home, the dress may be of green or ruby velvet, or of rich brocade, figured with large bouquets. It should be

made open in front, displaying a beautiful chemisette of point d'Alencon, and pagoda sleeves trimmed with the same lace. The head-dress may be a fichu or lappets of point d'Alencon, with large bouquets at each side.

Our Parisian belle probably concludes the evening at the opera, or at one of the theatres; and in that case, if any change in her dress be deemed necessary, it may be simply confined to the coiffure. Here her taste may take a wide range among the many elegant head-dresses at present fashionable; from diamonds and pearls, gold and silver, to ribbon, blonde, and flowers. Fashion at present offers a variety which admits of the freest liberty of choice in this respect.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.—Black lace is cleaned by sponging it with hot ox-gall and water; pass it through a little isinglass dissolved in water, and pin it out to dry. To wash white lace:—Put it in folds into cold water for twelve hours; then wash several times in cold water and white soap; rinse well in clean water; put it through thin starch, gum arabic, or isinglass, and spread it on a blanket to dry; when nearly dry, lay it in the folds of a fine damask towel, and beat it hard with a rolling-pin until it looks quite smooth.

The following is a new method of making orange marmalade:—Stew the oranges till they become so tender that they may be pierced with a straw, changing the water two or three times; drain, take off the rind, weigh the pulps before taking out the pipes; and, supposing the weight to be six pounds, add seven pounds of sugar; boil slowly till the syrup is clear, then add the peel, having first cut it into strips. Boil the whole up again, and the process is completed.

Rice caudle is made by mixing into a smooth batter a dessert spoonful of ground rice with five tablespoonsfuls of spring water. Put a quarter of a pint of new milk into a saucepan set over the fire, with two lumps of sugar, and when it boils stir in very gradually the rice and water, and keep stirring for twenty minutes over a slow fire. Cinnamon, sherry, or brandy, may be added to taste. Flour makes an excellent caudle in the same way.

Calf's-foot jelly:—In three quarts of water let one neat's-foot simmer a whole day; skim the liquor when cold, and put it in a stewpan with a pint of sherry, one glass of brandy, the whites and shells of eight eggs, the peel of two lemons, the juice of six, and of two oranges, one pound of sugar, and one ounce of isinglass; boil for twenty minutes, then strain through a jelly-bag.

To ice a large cake: beat and sift eight ounces of fine sugar put into a mortar with four spoonfuls of rose-water, and the whites of two eggs beaten and

strained; whisk this long and well, and, when the cake is almost cold, dip a feather in the icing, and cover the cake well; set it in an oven to harden, but do not let it discolor.

The stains of lemon, orange, vinegar, mineral acid, &c., may be removed from silk and cotton by the application of volatile alkali. Silk and woollen, stained by the juice of fruits or red wine, may be restored by holding them over the vapor of burning sulphur, and carefully washing them immediately afterward.

A good paste to prevent chapping of the hands, is said to be the following:—Six ounces of fine oatmeal, with the whites of four eggs, and a pint of white vinegar. Oatmeal alone, may be used, after washing the hands.

There is no better mode of removing the stains of oil paint than by using spirits of turpentine. Scouring drops are made of this ingredient, mixed with essence of lemon, which effectually neutralises the unpleasant smell of the turpentine.

The house cricket may be destroyed like the wasp, with phials half filled with sweetened beer, or any liquid, set in their haunts; for, being always eager to drink, they will crowd in till the bottles are full.

Too much hemp-seed is very prejudicial to all birds, and, when too frequently fed upon it, they become hoarse and blind, and frequently die of consumption.

Boiling Hams in sweet wash improves their flavor.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lectures on the History of France. By Sir James Stephen. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a work that must, we think, become a standard one. As a guide to French history it is invaluable. Had it been published here in time, and studied carefully, late events in France would not have surprised Americans as they did. Next to Macaulay, Stephen is the most brilliant of modern English writers, so that the present work is as fascinating as it is valuable. The volume is very handsomely printed.

The Corner-Stone. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is the second volume of "The Young Christian Series," a triad which every family ought to possess. The truths of revealed religion were never presented in a more attractive, yet cogent style, than in these interesting volumes; nor did ever publishers perform their part with greater taste than the Harpers have evinced in these elegantly illustrated works.

A Popular Account of Discoveries at Nineveh. By H. Austin Layard. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is an abridgment, by the author's own hand, of his larger work on the same subject. As it really contains all that is worth knowing, and is illustrated most extensively, we prefer it to its cumbersome predecessor. The volume is bound in red muslin, handsomely stamped with appropriate designs in black.

Florence Sackville. An Autobiography. By Mrs. Burbury. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this novel is a new aspirant for public favor, but if she continues to write in this strain, she will soon be as well known as Mrs. March, and quite as popular. We recommend "Florence Sackville" as a fiction alike delightful and instructive.

Sixteen Months at the Gold Diggings. By Rev. Daniel B. Woods. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—There is more practical and useful knowledge respecting California, in this little volume, than in all the nine and twenty other publications on the same subject, through which we have waded.

The Rifle-Rangers. By Captain Mayne Reid. 1 vol. New York: Devitt & Davenport.—A powerfully written novel, by a former contributor to this Magazine. The scene of the story is laid in Mexico, where, it will be remembered, the author served with distinction.

The School for Husbands. By Lady Lytton Bulwer. 1 vol. Philada: A. Hart.—Decidedly the best novel that Lady Bulwer has yet written. It is full of wit. The scene is laid at the court of Louis XIV.; and Moliere, the great comedian, is a principal character.

Ravenscliffe. By Mrs. Marsh. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel, by this author, is sure to create a sensation; and few, which she has published, deserve it better than this.

Women of Christianity. By Julia Kavanaugh. 1 vol. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—A delightful volume, on a subject that must, if we mistake not, commend itself to every female heart.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. No. 17.—This number is occupied with the events of 1777, in Pennsylvania, and is, in no respect, inferior to its predecessors.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS OF DARK PURPLE SILK. Skirt long and full. Mantilla of black velvet embroidered, and finished with a heavy knotted fringe. The inside of the hood quilted and finished to correspond with the body of the mantle. Bonnet of lemon colored satin, puffed, and edged with white blond.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF FAWN COLORED SILK. Skirt trimmed with three broad flounces. Mantilla of dark green silk, trimmed with deep fringe and six rows of silk braid. Between each row of braid there is a row of embroidered dots. Hood of the same pattern as in fig. I, but with the lining plain, instead of being quilted. Bonnet of a white chip face, but a pink silk crown and cape. A bouquet of moss-roses and buds on the outside.

NEW SPRING GOODS.—The newest color is that styled "Coffee and Cream," which is something of a softened fawn color. White grounds, however, will be most worn during the latter part of the spring

and summer. The new de lains are remarkably beautiful, the most stylish coming in robes, or dress patterns with the two front breadths woven in large bouquets and wreaths, and the rest of the dress in smaller figures. The colors of the grounds are tan, chocolate, cream and coffee, French blue, light blue, apple green, buff, drab and white, with the figures in the richest colors. A dress of the above will cost from ten to twelve dollars. The de lains for children's wear are of light grounds, with very small figures of exceedingly rich colors. For summer wear the Chalais, and Ernani's, which are of twisted silk, and very much resemble grenadines, will be the most popular. The Chalais come in the same colors as the de lains above described, but not in robe patterns. The grounds, however, are principally white, with immense bouquets of roses, lilies, fuchsias, &c., over them. The silk tissues and bareges are all plaided with satin stripes, and covered with immense bouquets of the richest colors. Some of the plainer ones, and those infinitely more to our taste, have the satin stripes, but instead of the brilliant flowers are mottled all over. Some of these are in plain colors, as chocolate, brown, drab, and others in rich shades of pink, blue and buff. These are called Jaspa's. Many of them have shaded stripes, and are exceedingly beautiful for evening wear. But the gems of evening dresses are those which have just been imported here, but were manufactured for the Turkish market. They look like silver and golden clouds. Some are composed of the thinnest gauze fabric, wrought with gold and silver threads. The grounds are generally white, but the most gorgeous ones are of plum color, with large flowers wrought in gold.

BROAD RIBBONS are not as much worn as formerly, but those which are now imported are principally in plaids. The newest and prettiest ribbons are those of moderate width, watered, with lace embossed edges. Some of the newest styles are wrought in landscapes, animals, &c., these are fantastic rather than beautiful.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Some cloth dresses are being made up as street or walking dresses only. They are very suitable for the present season, as they are sufficiently warm with a small cloth "circle" to preclude the necessity of winter wraps. They are made with a high, straight corsage, and very plain. Braid or narrow velvet ribbon are the only trimmings admissible. The favorite corsage for evening dress is the "Louis Quinze"—that is half high at the back and on the shoulders, and cut square and quite low in front. The gilet is decidedly more popular than ever, now that it is deprived of the objectionable pockets, and not so widely and glaringly displayed as heretofore; it has settled into a most becoming, elegant, semi-equestrian, but still quite feminine garment. It is a most comfortable addition to the dress on a cold day, and convenient, as making a variety, for one dress can have several gilets of different colors. A black velvet dress and jacket, with a pink watered silk gilet embroidered in the same color, form a very rich costume; or if the dress be of colored velvet, the gilet should be of white, either embroidered the color of the dress, or in some shade that contrasts well

with it. A colored skirt, with a gilet either to correspond or judiciously contrast with it may be worn with a black velvet jacket. Or a gilet of the same color as the dress, embroidered with black bugles, and fastened with black studs, has a very rich effect; or if the dress be trimmed with velvet, the waistcoat should be of velvet. They are always more or less embroidered, either in the *soutache*, the richer silk embroidery, or bugles. A lavender gilet, embroidered in black, is very suitable for half-mourning. Studs are of course always requisite, and are of gold, pearl, jet, turkois, &c., according to the dress. Some ladies have had old-fashioned, obsolete articles of jewelry reset for studs, with very good effect, emeralds, rubies, or amethysts being shown to great advantage on the white watered silk gilets. The variety to be produced, however, is nearly endless, many ladies having two or three gilets provided for each dress. Those worn for dinner are generally rather open, to display a lace frill or *chemise*. Morning ones are closed higher up, and are often of the white *pique* or marcella, which corresponds so well with the thick muslin embroidery. But whichever style is adopted, the great point is to have the waistcoat well made; or that which in its perfection has an air of distinction about it, may be degraded to something approaching vulgarity.

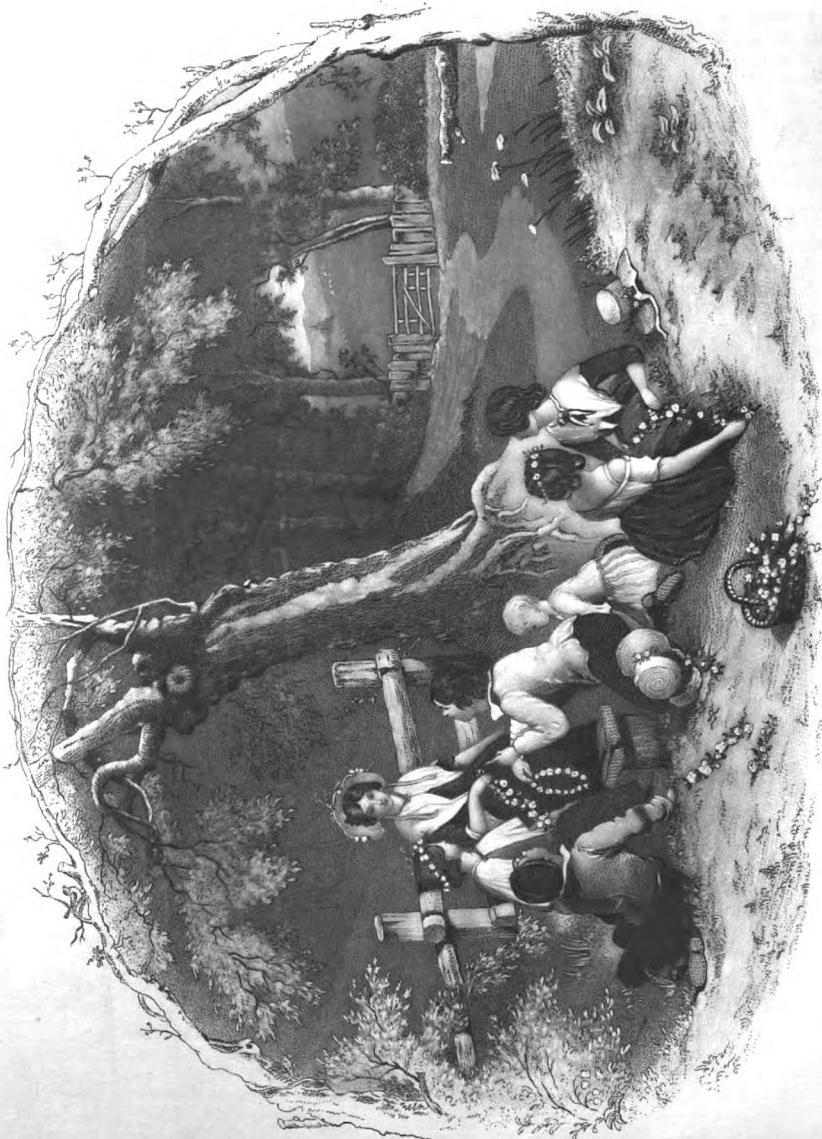
THE MOST FASHIONABLE RIDING-HABITS have close corsages, without any trimming or ornament, except a row of buttons up the front. The habit-skirt collar of plain cambric turns over the top of the riding-habit; the basque is short; and the sleeves, which are of an easy fulness, are turned up at the ends in the form of revers or cuffs; the cambric under-sleeves worn with them are buttoned at the wrists. A black ribbon tied in front is frequently worn round the throat. A black beaver hat and veil complete the costume. In the skirt of the riding-habit there is no variation; it is still worn plain and very long.

HEAD-DRESSES present a great variety. Some are formed of the colored blondes with rich ribbons to correspond. One is of black velvet and roses; another of white blonde and pink and silver ribbon; black lace and black bugles are also much in request. But whatever the materials or precise style, the coiffures are invariably very full at the sides; and generally pointed toward the forehead.

A NEW KIND of Hood has been introduced, which will be found exceedingly useful for ladies who are in the habit of attending the theatres and opera, as it answers the purpose of securing the head against cold, without any risk of deranging the head-dress, whether consisting of a cap, flowers, or any other kind of ornament. This hood is not like the *caleche* formerly in use, supported by whalebones. The new hood is sufficiently ample in size to be passed over the head with perfect ease, and is made of various materials and in various ways. The material usually employed for making these hoods is black silk or satin, and they may be lined with silk of any color, according to taste. Some are tastefully trimmed with lace and ribbons. We have seen several made of which cashmere, lined and trimmed with colored silk, and ribbons to correspond.

THE MAY DAY PARTY.

Engraved, expressly for Peterrone Magazine, by J.D. Green.



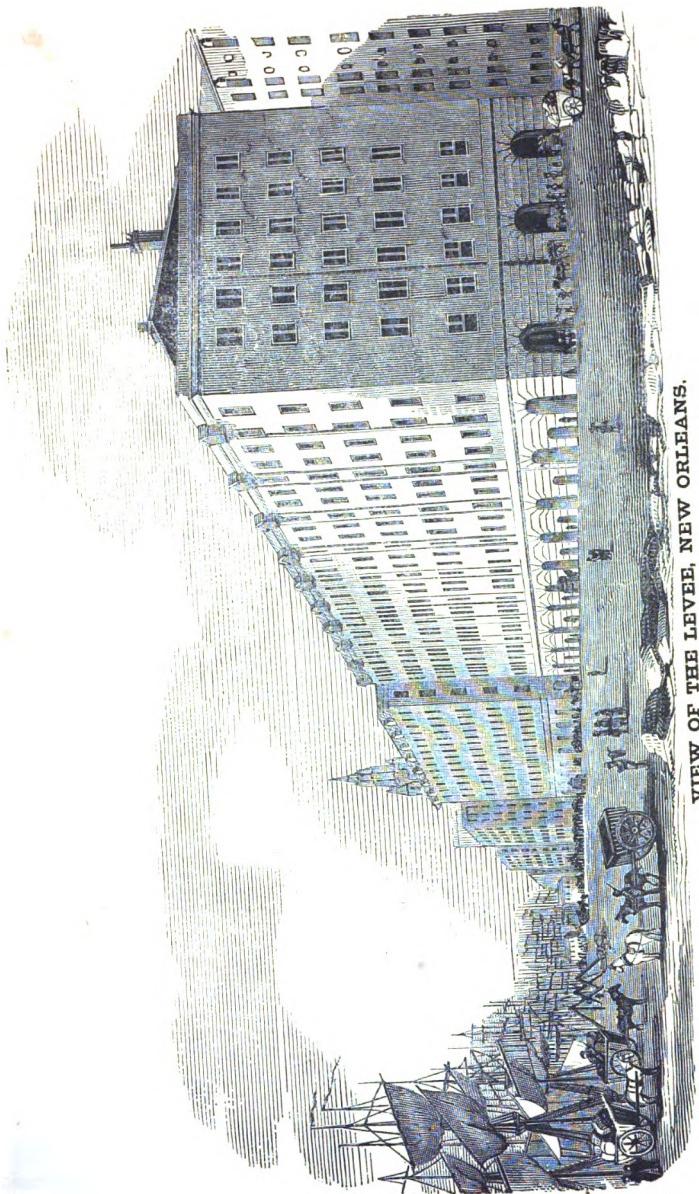


Elibian & Sons.

LES MODES PARISIEN



VIEW OF THE LEVEE, NEW ORLEANS.

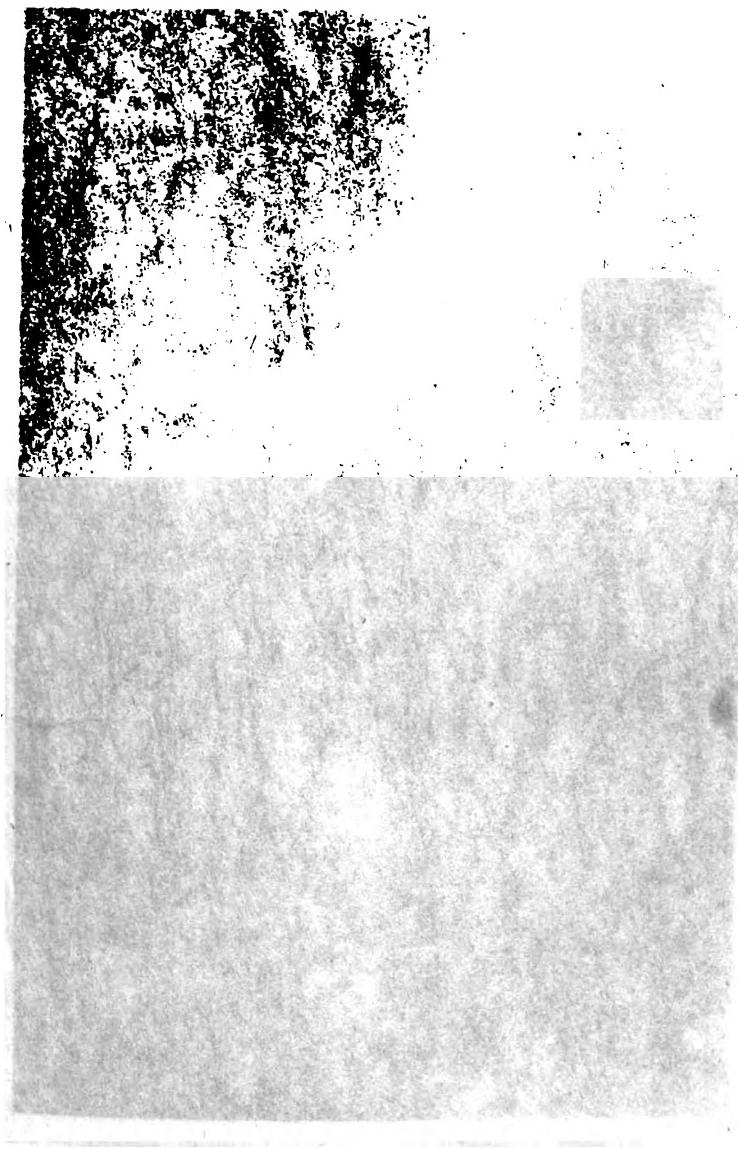


BANCA D'ITALIA - BANCA NAZIONALE DELLA MATERIA



RO SALIND & CELIA.

Engraved expressly for Petersons Magazine



THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY.





THE SWING.



FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1852.

No. 4.

MR. PERIWINKLE'S PARTY.

BY MRS. PETER PERIWINKLE.

MEN have been accustomed so long to monopolize literature, and have agreed so unanimously to caricature women, that it is high time the sex took up their own cause. From Mrs. Caudle down to Mrs. Smith Jones, their foibles have been held up to create amusement. As an aggrieved female, and a married one, I desire to paint the other side of the picture, and to sketch "the lords of the creation," not as they seem to their satisfied selves, but as they really are.

Mr. Periwinkle is as worthy, I have no doubt, as most of his sex; but as I often tell him, he is "neither inspired nor infallible." He seems to think, for instance, that all the troubles of the matrimonial connection are concentrated on his head, and that consequently he alone has the right to grumble, or be cross. No matter how much the servants have worried me during the day, no matter how vexatious the baby has been, Periwinkle expects me to greet him with smiles when he comes home, and, if he is in a bad humor, to talk him into a good one. I am not, I believe, naturally unamiable, but he often makes my blood boil, I own, by such behavior. I thank heaven, I tell him, at these times, that this is not Turkey, and that women are not slaves.

There is nothing Periwinkle hates so much as an evening party. He is always cross when he has to accompany me to one, and would never allow me to receive my friends in this way, if I was not duly sensible of what I owe to society, and therefore firm. He tells me that he is tired out at night, that he don't care for dancing, and that we women do nothing but chatter idle gossip all the evening. But I reply that wives, who are kept at home all day occupied in domestic duties, need some recreation; and that they rarely obtain it except at ~~a~~ a party or a ball: and I add that if our sex talks gossip, his talks politics, which is worse.

Last winter I tried to get Periwinkle's consent,
VOL. XXI.—12

for once, to give a party. Always before I had issued invitations on my own responsibility, and, when everything was arranged, had told him what I had done. But wishing to see if it was possible for a man to be anything but a bit of concentrated selfishness, I determined to make the experiment of obtaining his consent. It was, however, in vain. And all I got for my pains was the general laugh of my female acquaintance, to whom I had told my plan, and who triumphed over its failure, for they predicted it.

To these, however, there was one exception. Kate Kraze, a wild slip of a thing, and own niece to Periwinkle, resolutely maintained that we did injustice to her uncle, that he was only plaguing me, and that he would give a dashing party before the season was over. She went so far as to bet me a pair of gloves that she was right, and I wrong. As if she knew Periwinkle better than I did! To whom every cranny of his mind and corner of his character was as visible as specks of dust on my parlor carpet. Conceited thing! But conceit runs in the Periwinkles.

One night, as Periwinkle and I sat in the dining-room, he reading, and I sewing, I thought I would make a last effort, quite forgetting that if I succeeded, I should lose a pair of gloves.

"Periwinkle," I said, "about this party—when shall it be?"

"Hang the party," he retorted, throwing down the newspaper. "Am I never to hear the last of it? I thought I told you, long ago, I wouldn't consent to any such thing."

I flared up, as a woman should, at such language. He had been testy all the evening, and I had borne it meekly: but this passed the bounds of endurance.

"You needn't make such a fuss," I said, "and lose your temper, nor will I allow anybody to talk to me in that way—let me tell you that, Mr. Periwinkle."

"Hoity, toity," he began, but stopped abruptly, for, at that instant, the bell was rung with a violence that threatened to pull down the house, and directly I heard feet running up the staircase, and the voices of several of my acquaintance.

I stepped to the door of the dining-room, just in time to meet my friends. They nodded, and went up to the chamber, as if all was right, I following them in amazement, for I noticed that they were dressed in ball attire. When they saw my plain gown they seemed a little disconcerted, and, a moment after, noticing that no lights were lit in the chambers, they appeared more so: however Kate, who was one of them, said, "I thought I'd come early, and bring Jane and Harriet with me; there, I'll light the gas, if you'll help the girls off with their hoods and things."

She took it so naturally that I saw all at once. The little vixen had evidently made a plot with Periwinkle, and together they had got up a party, keeping me in the dark about it till the scheme was actually executed. I had half a mind to be angry, but I thought better of it, determining to receive the company as if I had been at the bottom of it all, for this, I knew, would be the best way to annoy Kate. Only I resolved that, after the guests were gone, Periwinkle should hear a bit of my mind.

And now carriages began to dash to the door, the bell was rung incessantly; visitors arrived in a continuous stream. Hurrying into a spare chamber, I hastily changed my dress; then ordered a room to be arranged for the gentlemen; and, in five minutes all told, ran breathlessly down to receive my company. Periwinkle was already there, in earnest conversation with Kate, but pretending, as soon as he saw me, to be more ill-humored than ever. I took no notice of him, however, but devoted myself to my guests. It was hard work, for there was no music. And when the refreshments were brought in, I saw how little men know of such things, for Periwinkle hadn't ordered half enough ice-cream, and had bought twice enough oysters.

I held in, firm to my resolution, till the last guest had departed. It was Kate, who bade

Periwinkle and me "good night," with a demure look, as she tripped from the door with her lover, Harry Cousins. Then my indignation burst forth. Turning to Periwinkle, I pushed him in, and slammed the door violently.

"I hope you're satisfied now," I said, "and a pretty mess you've made of it, to be sure. Little you know about giving a party. The next time, I think, it would be better to tell me, sir; and not make a fool of yourself, when you fancy you're fooling me."

"Give a party—not tell you—fooling you," stammered Periwinkle. "I don't know what you mean. Its you, madam, that's deceiving—"

"What," I cried, amazed at such effrontery, "didn't you and Kate make up a plot between you?—didn't she issue the invitations and you order the entertainment—?"

"You astonish me," he cried, starting back, "didn't you, let me ask, issue the cards, and leave me to get the estables at the eleventh hour? Kate as good as told me so."

I did not believe a word he said, and was about to reply tartly, when the door-bell rang again, and supposing somebody had forgotten something, I turned to open it before I answered.

It was Kate who had returned. She did not enter, however, though my eyes asked her, as plainly as eyes could, to make haste and get what she had left behind; but standing on the door step, she looked past me at Periwinkle, and said demurely,

"Uncle—by-the-bye—I had forgotten. What's the day of the month?"

The day of the month. The first of April to be sure! It flashed on me and Periwinkle simultaneously. Kate had invited the guests in our name to make April-fools of both of us. I looked at him: he looked at me; we both had half a mind to be angry; but Kate's ringing merriment, as she tripped off again, was infectious, and we stood there laughing at each other till the tears ran down our cheeks.

To this day Kate teases both of us about Mr. Periwinkle's party, and says its the only one we have never quarreled over.

A P R I L.

BY FANNY WHARTON.

*APRIL returns: her blue voluptuous eye,
Now steeped in light, now full of sudden tears,
Potent as spells enchantress' arts apply.*

*Lo! at her beck each sapling bloom appears;
Violets whose breath the curious winds endow*

*Lavish with sweets; anemones; and, more,
Those cups profuse, like drops of gold that blow,*

*The gandy wort and yellow heliobore.
Now waters lift their silvery arms, to greet
The green moss thickening rich in noonday sun;
Pastures and lawns and wood-nymphs' quaint retreat,
Kindling with sprouts, by thousand dews are spun.
From clasping earth sweet herbs and grasses rise,
Load the fresh gale, and mix congenial sighs.*

THE HAUNTED STREAM.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

In one of the interior counties of Pennsylvania, there lies, embosomed in wooded uplands, a sinuous and lovely river, which, from time immemorial, has been known as the Haunted Stream. The Indians accounted for this name, by a tradition that, ages before, a maiden of their race, who had been crossed in love, had cast herself into its waters, and that, ever since, her spirit might occasionally be seen, haunting its sylvan shores.

Such, at least, was the legend that a bold and handsome young borderer heard, one bright morning about a century ago, as he stood on the banks of this picturesque river with an Indian companion. The old French war had then just broken out, and as the frontier settlements were disturbed with rumors that the hitherto friendly savages were about to assume arms, Lieutenant Rochester, for our hero bore a commission in the provincial army, had been despatched on a scouting expedition, in company with a friendly Delaware.

"It's a pretty story, War-Eagle, whether it be true or not," said the borderer. "I never saw a lovelier landscape. But hist, what is that?"

As he spoke, the faint dip of a paddle was heard, and hardly had the two companions concealed themselves, when a light canoe shot into sight around a bend of the river. In a few minutes this fairy craft was near enough for Rochester to discern that it was tenanted by a young and beautiful female, richly attired in a picturesque Indian costume. When the canoe was nearly opposite where the young man lay concealed, a dexterous stroke of the paddle turned its prow shoreward, and immediately after, with a light and graceful step, its fair occupant leaped ashore.

Rochester was, for a moment, struck dumb with amazement and admiration. He had never, in his whole life, seen anything so beautiful as the vision that now dawned upon him; and, for awhile, he almost believed that he saw, not a living creature, but the airy spirit that haunted the spot. This idea was sustained by the extreme fairness of her complexion, which scarcely betokened Indian blood. But the illusion, for such it was, soon faded. Scarcely had the mysterious visitant advanced half a dozen steps, when she started and slightly screamed; and Rochester, following the direction of her eyes,

saw that his companion had emerged from his covert, and was creeping stealthily toward her with evidently hostile intentions.

At hearing her shriek, the savage leaped to his feet, and drawing his tomahawk, rushed upon her. Rochester dashed forward, but would have been too late, if the Indian beauty had not fled from her assailant, and, by a fortunate chance, taken the direction toward our hero. Thus the savage dared not hurl his weapon lest he should injure his friend. The fugitive, in her terror, did not see Rochester at first, but when she did, the instinct of safety caused her to rush unreflecting into his arms, where she lay like a frightened dove, helpless and panting.

"Put up your hatchet, Delaware," cried Rochester. "This is my prisoner, and I make no war on woman: much less," he added, internally, as he gazed on the lovely face silently pleading for protection, "much less on anything so lovely."

"My brother speaks well," replied the savage chief, reluctantly. "But the squaw is an enemy, and her people are, perhaps, even now on our trail."

"What you say is true enough, no doubt," answered Rochester, "but I would rather run a dozen risks of being scalped than do harm to such a pretty, timid bird as this. By my faith, War-Eagle, she is lovelier than any girl of the settlements. I didn't think your race could show anything so handsome. Who can she be?"

"The War Eagle has heard of her, for she is the child of his ancient foe. She is called the White Fawn, and is a chieftain's daughter. But the wigwams of her tribe are far from this, and her presence here betokens no good, for, where she goes, a hundred warriors follow. There will be, or has been, bloody work further down the Susquehannah. The White Fawn is in the rear, not in the front of the war-path."

"You reason rightly, Delaware," said the frank borderer, "but nevertheless we Christians hold it an article of faith not to harm a woman. So, come life or death, I shall free this pretty bird. But first speak to her, if you think she can understand your lingo. Tell her she can go where she lists, and that all Jack Rochester asks is that she shall promise not to betray us to her people."

During this colloquy the large, dark eyes of the Indian girl, lustrous as those of an antelope, had been turned from Rochester to War-Eagle,

and from the latter back to the former. Once or twice, when the chief was speaking, she clung closer to our hero, as if she comprehended that the Indian was her foe, and the borderer her friend. When Rochester finally announced his intention to set her free, her eyes beamed with indescribable thankfulness, and anticipating War-Eagle's speech, she pledged herself, in broken English, to conceal the vicinity of the scouts from her people, and, at the same time, expressed, in what Rochester thought the most liquid tones he had ever heard, her gratitude to him as her preserver.

"White man will go away—will forget the Indian girl—but she will never—never forget him," she said, with tears in her eyes, and, as she spoke, she seized his hand, by a sudden impulse, and kissed it. Then blushing at herself, she continued with dignity, moving toward her canoe. "The young Yenghese brave has saved the White Fawn's life, and night and morning she will pray to the Great Spirit for him."

With these words she turned away, and with a quick, light step gained her canoe, which, in another moment, shot into the centre of the stream, propelled by her skilful hand. Rochester watched her, with a sigh, till he heard the click of a rifle beside him. Turning quickly he beheld War-Eagle about to raise the deadly weapon and take aim at the fugitive. It was but the work of a moment to strike down the barrel; but the savage, who mistrusted the Indian girl, expostulated; and when the half angry discussion was over, and Rochester looked again at the canoe, the fair fugitive was disappearing behind the bend of the river. She passed from sight, and then the landscape seemed to lose half its charm.

"The War-Eagle yields his opinion to that of his brother, because he loves the young man as a son," said the chief. "But, since the squaw was allowed to escape, not a moment is to be lost. Before the sun is an hour older a hundred warriors will be on our trail. Let us go."

"There you speak wisely," said Rochester. "Not that I believe, Delaware, yonder girl will betray us, but, since she is here, it is clear that plenty of red skins are nigh also, and, be sure, they'll scent us out like wolves do dead deer in winter. Come, bear no malice," and he frankly extended his hand. "You Indians kill women as well as men, but we Christians don't: and, as you are serving the commonwealth now, and not the commonwealth you, why, chief, you must e'en fight in its fashion."

If not convinced by the borderer's logic, the Indian was mollified by his friendly manner; and accordingly he accepted the proffered hand. Immediately after, with a last look at that lovely landscape, Rochester followed his companion,

who had struck out, on a swinging trot, toward the settlements.

All that day the two scouts travelled, without resting, taking a south-easterly direction. When darkness set in, they halted, and arranged their camp for the night; but did not dare to strike a fire, fearing the propinquity of hostile Indians. A little jerked venison, which they carried for such emergencies, was their frugal supper; and then they lay down to sleep, intending, when the moon rose, to prosecute their journey again.

It seemed to Rochester as if he had just sunk into slumber, when he was suddenly aroused by finding his arms pinioned in a hostile grasp. He was awake in an instant, and would have sprung to his feet, if the person, or persons who held him, had not kept him down. He struggled desperately, for a moment, but in vain, and was finally forced to sink back, when his captors, for there were two, proceeded to tie his hands behind him with green withes.

He now, for the first time, looked around him. A little space off he saw War-Eagle, in the same plight as himself. But instead of the angry, flushed look of Rochester, the face of the Delaware wore an expression of imperturbable calm.

"They have stolen on us unheard, we slept so soundly," reflected Rochester. "Not very flattering to us, who thought ourselves such good backwoodsmen. I suppose the bloody devils intend to burn us at the stake, else they would have taken our scalps while asleep. The redskins, too, are of the same tribe as that lovely girl—cursed witch I should rather call her, for she betrayed us:—but no! I will never believe it—she is too innocent and true for that—it's fate, I suppose, or pre-ordination as my old father, God bless him, used to say. At any rate, if the worst comes to the worst, these red-devils shall find that a white man can die as bravely as one of themselves."

While these not very comfortable reflections were being made, the Indians, who appeared to be about twenty in number, had pinioned their two captives, and now, by words and signs, intimated to the prisoners that they were to retrace their steps. Accordingly, in a few moments, Rochester and War-Eagle were threading the mazes of the forest, in the centre of their captors, some going before in single file, and others following in the same manner.

Four days severe travelling brought the band to the vicinity of what Rochester supposed to be their native village, for a halt was ordered, and, after consultation, the savages proceeded to paint himself and companion partially black. This, he knew, was a sign that they were to die, and he began to prepare himself, mentally, for the approaching torture. This ceremony being

concluded, the march was resumed, and, in a few minutes, our hero's expectation that the village was near was realized, for suddenly, as if a troop of demons had been let loose, the air was filled with shouts, and instantaneously the woods, all around, appeared alive with women, boys and children, who having been apprized by runners of the return of the war-party, had come out to escort the prisoners in.

We will not tire our readers with a narrative of the scene that ensued. The prisoners endured the buffettings, and other indignities with which they were greeted, the one with savage stoicism, the other with Christian heroism. Instead of being led immediately to the stake, however, their sentence was deferred until the morrow. It seems that another war-party was expected during the night, and the cruel sacrifice was delayed in order that the new-comers might participate in it. Meantime, after the women and children of the camp had tired of gazing at, and insulting Rochester and War-Eagle, the two captives, bound hand and foot, were left in a wigwam, in the centre of the village, to find solace, if they could, in slumber. As an additional precaution, however, several braves watched about the door.

Till nearly midnight Rochester lay in silence. The reprieves for the night would have been unwelcome, but that it afforded him time to prepare for death; for he was too sensible of his condition to indulge hopes of escape. He had spent several hours in meditation and prayer, when turning to his companion, he said, in a whisper,

"Are you awake, War-Eagle?"

"Ugh," answered the chief, in guttural tones. "What would my brother have?"

"I would ask your forgiveness, Delaware, for having brought you into this strait. Had I taken your advice, perhaps we should not have been captured. But yet I could not but do so again," continued Rochester, as if reasoning with himself.

"Murder a woman! Never!"

To this burst the chief replied by coolly saying, "The White Fawn is in the village, for I saw her, so there can be no doubt of her treachery. But my brother knows best."

Rochester answered only by a groan. Not having himself seen the Indian girl, he had persuaded himself she was absent, and that accident, not treachery had led to his arrest, and that of his companion. But this evidence was conclusive. For since the White Fawn was really present in the camp, yet had made no intercession for them, it was plain that she had been false to her promise.

"Are you quite sure, Delaware?" said Rochester, at last, clinging, with a strange tenacity, to his desire of exculpating the Indian girl.

"Haven't you confounded some other person with her?"

"The War-Eagle has a keen eye, and the White Fawn's step is not to be mistaken," replied the chief. "To-morrow my brother will see her; perhaps she will even light his pile."

Again our hero groaned, and then burst forth, "Now may God forgive me, and curse——"

But here a hand was suddenly laid on his mouth, so that he could not proceed, and immediately a low, sweet voice whispered, "hist—lie still—I will cut your bands," and, even as it spoke, the wifes parted, and Rochester felt both arms and legs free.

He would have sprung at once to his feet, but the same gentle hand held him down, while the voice continued, "do not move till I have freed your companion, and then creep silently after me—all depends on caution."

Our hero, all this time, had vainly striven to recognize the speaker, but the cabin was so dark that only a shadowy form was visible, crouched on the ground. He felt certain, however, from the voice, and from the soft, warm little hand, that their unknown friend was a female; and his heart throbbed with strange delight at the conviction, for, if a woman, who could it be but the White Fawn herself?

"Now," whispered the voice again, and he saw the chief, at the same moment, rise from his re-cumbent attitude, and assume a creeping position, "follow me—cautiously—for if so much as a dry leaf crackles, we are lost."

With the words the speaker's shadowy form disappeared through the back of the wigwam, and was immediately followed by that of War-Eagle. Rochester lost not a moment in imitating the example thus set, and found that the egress was through an aperture, which had apparently either been lately made, or had escaped the eyes of the guard. Though now outside the cabin, his guide still continued in a creeping posture, but the night was so dark that our hero could not, even yet, distinguish the sex of his preserver. He followed in silence, therefore, noticing that whenever a wigwam was approached, in which the slightest sounds were heard, both she and War-Eagle crouched flat on the ground, and there remained, an undistinguishable shadow, until the voice entirely ceased. Moving in this cautious, but tardy manner, quite half an hour elapsed before they cleared the camp, and gained the shelter of the neighboring forest. During this interval, which seemed an age to Rochester, his heart beat with strange agitation. Every instant he expected to hear the shout which should announce that their flight was discovered; and he knew that if this happened before the woods were gained, there was no hope.

At last, however, they found themselves within the covert of the forest; and now, for the first time, the unknown guide turned to Rochester. He started back. It was the White Fawn that stood before him. Then, falling on one knee, as a knight of ancient romance might have done, he took her unresisting hand and began to pour forth his thanks.

But the Indian girl drew it quickly away, and in some embarrassment: then hurriedly said,

"White brother, farewell. The forest maiden has only done for you what you have already done for her; and in saving your life she but pays back the debt she owes for hers. But you have not a moment to lose," she continued, earnestly. "The young braves of my tribe are quick of foot, and, before long, they will be on your trail."

She had scarcely spoken, when a shout rose on the night air, from the direction of the village.

"We are discovered," cried the Indian girl, "all is lost."

"Then fly, and leave us to our fate," answered Rochester, starting to his feet, "you can gain the village undetected. As for us we must take our chance."

"No," cried the Indian maid, with generous self-devotion. "If I desert you, you are sure to be recaptured, and it shall never be said that the chief's daughter left any one in extremity." She seemed to reflect a moment, and then cried, "follow me, that is if you still trust me."

"Lead on," cried Rochester, "I believe in you as in my mother's purity. War-Eagle will come also." And he looked toward the savage, who had remained silent during this rapid conversation, and who now nodding followed the White Fawn and our hero with rapid strides.

A few steps brought the fugitives to a brook of running water, into which the Indian girl rapidly led the way. The shouts had, meantime, increased, but were leaving the village, showing that the trail had been struck and that the pursuit was begun. After moving down the brook for a considerable distance, the chief's daughter suddenly stepped on a shelf of a bare rock, and running rapidly along, for about a hundred yards, drew aside some bushes, disclosing the entrance to a narrow cave.

"Enter," she said, quickly. "No one knows of this refuge but myself, and, as our trail is lost, we can lie here safely concealed." Rochester and his companion entered, as she spoke; and then, closing the bushes, she hurried after them.

The cave was profoundly dark, but our hero knew, from the quick breathing of the Indian girl, that she was greatly agitated. Nor was it without cause, for the cries of the angry pursuers were fast approaching. In a few minutes

shouts were heard, apparently directly overhead, answering back the wild whoops from the other side of the stream. It was clear, from this, that the trail had been lost, at the point where the Indian girl had entered the brook, and that the savages were beating the shores, on either side, to recover the traces of the fugitives. The suspense was long intolerable, for the young braves, instead of hurrying onward, returned again and again, like baffled hounds, to the vicinity of the cave's mouth, until at last Rochester began to fear that the hiding-place was known to some of them, and that they were searching for it. The chief's daughter appeared to dread a similar result, for unconsciously she crept closer to our hero's side, laying her hand timidly on his arm as if appealing for protection; her woman's nature, for the time, triumphing over the heroism to which she had nerved herself during the earlier part of the pursuit. The veins of Rochester thrilled at that gentle touch; and seizing the soft, warm little hand, he pressed it to his heart. It was done without thought, nor could he have helped it, if his life had paid the forfeit; but the Indian girl started, like a frightened dove, withdrew her hand from his, and noiselessly moved to the other side of the cavern.

At last the sounds of pursuit died wholly away. As yet the cave was undiscovered.

"Had we not better pursue our journey now?" said Rochester, addressing the old chief.

"No, no," eagerly interrupted the Indian maid. "My white brother will be sure to fall in with some of my father's warriors. We must wait here till the sun comes and goes: and then, but not till then will it be safe to pursue our journey."

"The White Fawn speaks like a sage warrior, not like a giddy squaw," answered War-Eagle, interrupting the exclamation that was on Rochester's lips. "If we go forth now, our trail will be certain to be discovered; but if we wait till to-morrow night, by which time the hunt will be abandoned, we may escape."

"But what if we are discovered in the meantime? They may burn us out, like foxes in a hole," said Rochester, impetuously. "I don't care for myself, but only for the White Fawn; and I'd rather be roasted to death a dozen times than that a hair of her head should come to harm. If we leave the cave now, she can get back in safety to the village; and that is the great point, after all."

"My brother's heart is good, but he knows not of what he talks. The White Fawn has been missed before now; and it is more dangerous for her to return than to go on. We must stay here. And when we go, she must accompany us. But War-Eagle will make her his daughter," he added,

chivalrously, "and she shall never know she had another father."

Rochester said no more. The words of the old chief, in truth, had given him a strange pleasure. He had not thought before of the necessity of the White Fawn becoming a fugitive also; but he saw now that War-Eagle was right: and vague, yet happy visions began to float before him. He gave himself up unconsciously to these dreams. How long he indulged in them he never knew; they gradually faded into a deep sleep, however, from which he was finally aroused by hearing the sounds of weeping at his side. The grey light of morning was stealing into the cave, through an aperture in the bushes, and by it he discovered the Indian girl sitting dissolved in tears, while War-Eagle, like a bronze statue, gazed immovably at the mouth of the cave.

Rochester drew toward the weeping girl, and after gazing a moment in silence, said, in a kind, gentle voice. "What aile my sister? Does she repent of what she has done? If so, say the word, and the white brave will deliver himself up at once."

The face of the White Fawn had been covered with her hands, from the first moment she had attracted Rochester's attention; but now she hastily withdrew them, and clasping him by the arm as he attempted to rise, forcibly held him.

"No, no, no," she said, rapidly, "the White Fawn repents not. But her father loved her, and she loved the old chief"—she spoke in a broken voice, "and it is but natural that she should weep. But her brother shall behold her tears no more."

Nor did he. All through that day, whose hours seemed protracted into ages, and whose unceasing suspense fretted the nerves of even Rochester nearly past endurance, she maintained her composure. A score of times, during that interval, the fugitives thought their hiding-place was on the point of being discovered; for scouting parties were continually abroad in search of the lost trail, and frequently approached almost to the

mouth of the cavern. But night, at last, delivered the three from their anxiety: the shouts of the savage hunters ceased; and now the eager fugitives were at liberty to go abroad.

All that night the little party hurried forward, War-Eagle leading the van, the White Fawn following, and Rochester bringing up the rear. Their safety depended on the number of leagues placed between them and their foes before morning; for their trail would be certain to be discovered soon after daylight, when a pursuit would be commenced. The number of miles traversed, that night, by the three fugitives, would be considered incredible by any one not familiar with the frontier. Their speed, however, saved their lives: they never heard more of their pursuers; but, on the third day reached the border fort from which they had set out, and where they were now welcomed with joy, having been given up for lost.

The Indian maid did not long remain the adopted daughter of War-Eagle, but, after a few months, took on herself a nearer and holier tie, by becoming Rochester's bride. The wedding took place at the close of the campaign, during which interval the White Fawn had continued in the fort, where the commandant's lady had taken charge of her education, so that, when our hero came back to claim her, she was able to add the charm of civilized accomplishments to the native graces of the forest. When attired in proper costume, she was scarcely recognizable as a child of the wilderness, so delicate was her complexion. Indeed, a lovelier bride was never given away, before or since, in all that beautiful region.

In later years, when the settlements had advanced westward, Rochester purchased a large tract of land on the shores of the Haunted Stream, and erected a stately mansion close to the spot where he had first seen the Indian maid. And there, to this day, his and her descendants live, prouder of their heroic ancestress, and deservedly so, than many an English duke of his Norman sires.

SONG.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

Will you go, my bonny Lassie,
To yon flowery grove with me,
I have something sweet to tell you
Underneath the willow tree?
While the sun is shining brightly,
While the flowers are blooming gay,
Come with me, my bonny Lassie,
I have something sweet to say.

Happy birds are singing sweetly,
On each twig and on each tree,
And the brook is bubbling gaily,
Bonny Lassie, go with me.
Lambs are skipping blithe and playful,
Clothed with verdure's every tree,
I have something sweet to tell you,
Lassie will you go with me?

ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS AND FEATHERS.

BY MRS. WHITE, AUTHOR OF "A GOSSIP ABOUT GLOVES."

FLOWERS as an ornament are so natural to woman, that we could fancy the wearing of them a primeval vanity, and Eve herself the foundress of the fashion. Milton bears us out in this idea. With an exquisite refinement, he suggests them to have been the adornments of her innocent days, and makes them wither upon her fall. And though we have found no mention of it elsewhere, it is certain from Solomon's Anacreontic ejaculation, "Let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered," that the ancient Hebrews, like the Persians and other Eastern nations, were in the habit of binding their brows with flowers on festive occasions.

In the palmy days of Athenian refinement and Roman luxury, flowers were used not only as personal adornments, and necessary signs and accompaniments of festivity and merry-making; but they were essential to religion, and decked the altars, crowned the priests, and filleted the heads of the victims to be sacrificed, from the Bacchanalian goat to the milk-white bull that bled in honor of Jupiter.

They were dedicated to the gods, and statues were crowned with them. Hence Venus is sometimes represented wearing roses, while Juno holds a lily in her hand; and the antique Ceres, in the gallery of the Louvre, has her hair braided with corn-poppies and bearded wheat. With the people themselves wreaths were in daily requisition, and persons made a livelihood by manufacturing them; every occasion had its characteristic chaplet, and every diner-out one of a different design. The exquisite could run through each shade of color that suited his complexion; the wit (for each wreath was supposed to impregnate the wearer's brain with the qualities of the plant that composed it) might *quicken his wits* with bays; the scholarly gentleman be content, like the bachelor Horace, with myrtle; and the gay bind rosy fillets on his brow. The bride had her crown, and the corpse its garland; neither of which customs are yet extinct in all the districts of those classic regions. In Italy we read that mothers still twine chaplets of the blue flowering periwinkle on the foreheads of their dead infants; and at the wedding ceremony of modern Greeks the priest is supplied with a garland of lilies, and another of ears of corn, which he places on the heads of the bride and bridegroom, as emblems of purity and abundance. Tavernier and other oriental travellers

inform us that flowers have been and are still used as natural ornaments in the dark tresses of Indian maid-servants; and Moore tells us that the appearance of the blossoms of the gold colored campas on their black hair has supplied the Sanscrit poets with many elegant allusions.

Even the forest children of our country are not without an instinct of their beauty, and considerable skill in imitating them; some of the most perfect feather flowers are made by the savages of South America from the brilliant plumage of their birds, the colors of which have all the vivacity of floral dyes; and, as they never fade, they in this particular excel those manufactured by the nuns in Spain and Portugal, who tint the feathers artificially.

The use of artificial flowers was introduced into England during the reign of Edward III., whose beautiful wife, Philippa of Hainault, with the ladies of her court, courageously threw off the hideous head-gear of the period, and with no other addition than a chaplet of flowers, allowed their hair to ornament their faces. This fashion of wearing flowers in the hair does not appear, however, to have become general in France till 1867, and then Queen Philippa was in her grave.

About the same period we first find a feather gracing the caps of the gallants. It was usually set up in front of the cap without the slightest deviation from the perpendicular. Two hundred years elapsed before the feather of the fourteenth century, which had gradually glided to the side of the cap, as we see it represented in the portraits of the eighth Harry, lost its formality in the graceful plume which afterward became so famous as the *panache à la Henri Quatre*.

Strutt tells us, that toward the close of the fifteenth century, a crowd of the male sex appeared at a little distance like a forest of pine-trees, waving with the summer breeze, from the towering plumes of different colors worn in their caps, either standing upright from the head, or falling negligently on one side. Henry the Eighth wore a hat of black velvet, with a white ostrich feather turning over the brim. Edward, his son and successor, retained the feather, but wore it differently.

In a picture of Elizabeth, we find this royal lady's head-dress (a strange pile of false hair, pearls, and jewelery) surmounted by an immense feather, innocent of the flexibility given to it by

the present mode of preparation, or of the curl so justly admired? It looks rather like a branch of broom, the badge of the Plantagenets, than a crest for the gracing of a Tudor.

This was the period when the knightly plumes of the old nobles became converted, according to the complaint of more than one satirist of the time, into fans for their degenerate sons; these elegant trifles being as necessary to the finished appearance of an Elizabethan beau, as a clouded cane to the gallants of St. James' in Charles the First's time: and this brings us to the black beaver and white ostrich feathers of this monarch, and the great one stuck all over with diamonds, which Oldys tells us the favorite Buckingham always wore in his hat. Subsequently the plume became the badge of the Cavaliers, in contradistinction to the plain beavers of the Roundheads; yet such a charm was found in this graceful adjunct, that even in Cromwell's time many of his followers continued to wear the high hat and drooping feather.

The reign of the Merry Monarch appears to have been, of all others, that in which these downy aids to dress became most popular: from the king to the smallest fadéd dandy, the feather was an absolute necessity, and ladies also wore them in their riding-hats. Indeed, we do not find them wholly laid aside in gentlemanly costume till the close of the reign of George the Second, when they fell into the hands of ladies and military men, who have since retained them in possession.

At present plumes are rarely worn, in England, but on state occasions and at court; but in Queen Anne's time, Addison, writing of the feather head-dresses then in vogue, says he does not pretend to draw a "single quill against the immense crop of plumes which is already risen to an amazing height, and unless timely singed by the bright

eyes that glitter beneath will shortly be able to overshadow them." This is in 1715, and as we find two years afterward that French or Italian flowers for the hair were then as essential to a lady's dress, in the ball or drawing-room, as a beaver and feather for the forest, we presume these redundant plumes were for the time displaced.

The hunting of the ostrich forms the most serious business of an Arab's life; while chasing the birds of paradise, and preparing the skin, affords employment to the inhabitants of many of the villages of New Guinea. Mappica and Emberbakin are famous for the numbers they export. Formerly the Chinese dealt in this plumage, and actually imposed fictitious birds of paradise on their customers, made of parrot, parakeet, and other feathers.

Ostrich feathers are prepared by many washings and rinsings, after which the backs of the ribs are scraped with a bit of glass, cut circularly, in order to render them pliant; and the filaments are then curled by having the edge of a blunt knife drawn over them. The finest and whitest feathers (which are taken from the back and above the wings of the male bird) are bleached by a similar process to that which straw hats are subject to; the slightly imperfect ones are dyed of various colors, and the really dingy black. Mounting them is the next undertaking, and this entirely depends on fashion and the purposes for which they are required. But besides the ostrich, and bird of paradise, marabou and cock's feathers are frequently used in dress; the swan also contributes her plumage. For marabou feathers, so exquisite in their texture and airy lightness, we are indebted to the scavenger-bird of India, the gigantic adjunct crane—one of the most disgusting of the feathered tribe in appearance and habits.

THE STORMY PETREL.

BY RICHARD COE.

THIS is the bird that swiftly flies,
When storms are lowering in the skies,
Afar from his craggy home on shore,
And bastens the angry billows o'er,
To meet the storm-king in his path,
And oppose his form to his fearful wrath.

This little bird, the sailor's say,
Bears a message of good or ill away;
And they look on him with a kind of awe,
As he speeds above the billowy roar;
And woe to the luckless wight, they say,
Who shall take the life of this bird away!

No hope of a resting-place hath he,
As he laves his wings in the raging sea;
With steady feet he meets the waves,
As they bound aloft from their coral caves;
And he turns to the storm as it whirleth by,
A dauntless breast and a fearless eye.

Bird of the free and tireless wing,
A lesson of trust to me you bring;
When the billows of life around me roar,
And threaten towhelm my frail bark o'er;
Onward and upward my soul shall spring,
And repose her hope in the Great Storm-King!

WHAT THE SCHOOLMASTER TAUGHT FANNY HOWARD.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

"Do you intend sending Fanny to the new school?" said Mrs. Danvers, the lawyer's wife, to the widow of the principal physician at Mapleville.

"I do not know," replied Mrs. Howard, "I had thought of sending her to the city for six months or a year, but I cannot make up my mind to part with her. She is all I have left now," and tears dimmed the mother's eyes. "I am not capable of giving her the instruction in music and French she so much wishes, but our library is a valuable one, and if she applies herself to reading she will have as good an English education as she requires. As to music, I think I will apply to Mrs. Morris, and see if she will give her lessons. She is a most accomplished musician, and if I put it in the light of a favor to myself, will perhaps be glad to add to her small income in that way."

"Mr. Danvers says he thinks Mr. Livingston quite capable of teaching all the higher branches, but that he is rather young. My husband knew him when we lived in New York, and speaks in the highest terms of him. I intend sending Ellen, and I suppose she will rebel without Fanny goes too."

The door of Mrs. Howard's pleasant little sitting-room was suddenly thrown open by a beautiful girl of nearly seventeen, with the exclamation of "mother, dear mother, do let me go to the new school. Ellen is going, and Mrs. Anderson says that she hears lessons in French will be given to those who wish it. Won't you let me go? Now, Mrs. Danvers, do plead for me. Mamma wants to put me right down to puddings and prudence; she is determined I shall not only be a good housewife, but a regular dorcæs; a kind of maternal virgin for all the poor of the place. The only use I see in making up red flannel shirts, is that the reflection improves one's complexion. Why, Mrs. Danvers, I know Miss Leslie's one thousand receipts, as well as my alphabet, and am as good a judge of muslins as a Lowell cotton-spinner."

Mrs. Danvers laughed, and Mrs. Howard smiled kindly on her daughter, for well she knew the last new book would be laid aside without regret, if poor old Mrs. Jones' "rheumatiz" required one of the red flannel shirts; or the Widow Baker's consumptive son thought he could take a little of Miss Fanny's nice broth.

A few days after, on a bright May morning,

Fanny Howard and Ellen Danvers walked together to the school-house. It was one after Fanny's own heart. She hated new things, she said. New dresses, new houses, new faces, new music; every thing new, in short, but new books.

The school-house was situated on a beautiful green in a grove of old oaks, and Fanny vowed it was of the age of Methusela, though rheumatic Mrs. Jones had distinct recollections of its being built. It had been rejuvenated for the city Mr. Livingston; a few coats of white-wash, several buckets of water, and cherry-stained desks, taking the place of the sketches on the wall done by embryo Hogarts; of dirt and leaves of mice-grawn books on the floor; and of desks which gave undeniable evidence of Yankee whittling and Yankee scribbling.

Fanny had in vain endeavored to catch a glimpse of the new master at church the day before, and felt some disgust, when by the time the sermon commenced, she was obliged to conclude that he was not an Episcopalian. "He must have gone to the Presbyterian meeting," thought she, and though Fanny was no sectarian, she held a person's taste light who did not unconditionally admire the Episcopal service.

"I shan't like him, I am sure," said Fanny to Ellen, as she tore off a branch of apple-blossoms, and was sprinkled by the flowery flakes from above. The girls soon joined the laughing group around the door, all eager to profit by the superior instruction promised; for except two or three primary schools, Mapleville was badly off in the educational way, and most of the young ladies were sent to boarding-schools in the city.

The old school-house had been empty some time, and here was a teacher who would instruct no one but girls. No boys to take profiles on their slates. No young gentlemen in roundabouts to write love-letters, which offended the dignity of young ladies of sixteen! How delightful! Just like a city school!

The girls still stood laughing and whispering around the door, each wishing the other to enter first, because the master was there; and finally all agreed with Fanny, that he should come and invite them in. Now Fanny always had the lead accorded to her in all that was going on, so she must certainly take it here. "Well, there is nothing to be afraid of," said she, so she smoothed down the black sick apron over the pink gingham

dress, and taking the white sun-bonnet in her hand, she boldly entered. Fanny intended to have bowed very coldly, but she was rather disconcerted by a certain conscious smile on the schoolmaster's face. "He knew very well how awkwardly we must feel in introducing ourselves, and now to laugh at us," thought she; this added very much to the disgust she felt for his anti-Episcopal views, as about a dozen or fifteen of her friends trooped in behind her.

Poor Fanny had a keen sense of ridicule, and where a great principle was not involved, could be jested out of a thing where reason would fail. The young ladies looked in surprise at the new teacher. He could not have been more than twenty-five, and was decidedly handsome; "except that he wants a moustache," thought Ellen Danvers. The girls took their seats awkwardly, as school girls will do, but said not a word.

"I shall be obliged to you for your names, young ladies," said the teacher. "Yours, Miss, if you please," nodding to Fanny.

"Fanny Howard, as you please sir," said she, with a decided brogue.

"Irish! what a pity," thought the master.

First a smile, then a decided titter passed around the room at Fanny's impromptu Hibernicism.

"As pretty a set of rebels as ever I saw. I fancy I am in a sort of hornet's nest though," soliloquized Harry Livingston.

The morning was passed in examining the girls in their studies. The teacher pronounced to himself Fanny to be the quickest there, but decidedly deficient in the more solid branches. She hated chemistry, natural philosophy, and arithmetic, and she said there were but two dates she could ever remember, 1492 and 1776. But in history, rhetoric, and all studies, when the imagination could be fed, Fanny came off brilliantly.

"Well, Fanny, how do you like Mr. Livingston?" said Mrs. Howard, at dinner, to her daughter.

"He has a much greater opinion of his own knowledge than of ours, I fancy," was the reply, "but I rather think he is not accustomed to teaching school. He is *remarkably* thorough, though," continued she, as she remembered the catechism she had undergone in the morning, in studies as dry as bones.

"And still my wonder grows
That one small head can carry all he knows,"

parodied Fanny.

"Mr. Danvers told me this morning," said Mrs. Howard, "that he had been adopted by an uncle immensely wealthy, but somewhat despotie. He gave Mr. Livingston a splendid education, but

would never let him enter a profession. The uncle, it seems, is a violent politician, and the nephew has dared to differ from him, so the old gentleman has disinherited him. Poor Mr. Livingston's own estate is very small, and he is obliged to do something to support himself whilst he is studying law with Mr. Danvers."

"Well, I rather like him for disagreeing with the Grand Lama," said Fanny.

The spring advanced. The apple bloom had fallen. Starry anemones were springing up at the roots of old trees, and catching the sunshine as it gleamed down between the young emerald leaves. Blue violets, and yellow virginicus were dotting the green moss by the rivulet's side, and all nature was gay and beautiful; "too beautiful," thought Fanny Howard. Now Miss Fanny had a deal of romance stored away in the far depths of her little heart, which she would have been very unwilling for any one to suspect.

Day after day this pleasant spring weather would find Fanny mounted on her white pony, with Beauty, her silver colored grey ground, by her side, scouring the country far and near. There was not a nook or corner, for ten miles around, which she did not know.

"Mr. Livingston, Fanny says we ought to study botany," said little Annie Morrison, a blue-eyed girl of fourteen.

"And pray, is Miss Fanny always right?" asked the teacher.

"As infallible as the Pope," said Fanny, gravely.

Now Fanny loved flowers too well to pull them to pieces to see what "andrias and gynias" they belonged to, as she termed it; but she began to dislike the confinement of the school-house. Gay, wild trills were constantly on her lips, smiles ever on her face, and with it all, a delicious unrest about her heart, which made it feel very much like a rose with a honey bee in it. Mazeppa was galloped now, where he was cantered before, and Beauty began to think he was illustrating perpetual motion for Fanny's philosophy. Well, the lessons in botany were decided upon, and the flower gatherings in the woods, and by the brooks pronounced delightful.

Meanwhile Fanny wondered if Mr. Livingston studied law very hard in Mr. Danvers' office. She often met Ellen and himself in her rides, sometimes they would accompany her. He was always at hand to sing a duett with Ellen or herself, if she happened to be there; he was engaged every day till one o'clock in the school. When did he find time to study, if he was with Ellen so much?

Poor Fanny! she conjugated the verb "amor" with an earnestness that startled the girls. The delicious unrest was getting painful; the bee was beginning to sting. All music was now decidedly

in the minor key. "Love not" was always on her lips. Mazeppe was oftener walked than cantered, and Beauty wondered what new turn his mistress' philosophy was taking. Alas! poor Fanny! she had heretofore enjoyed excellent health, but headaches began to prevent her joining the botanical excursions, for she took but little pleasure in them now; the flowers were not so bright as they used to be, and the gay sun-light sickened her.

Fanny's desk stood by an open window, and she sat listlessly gazing out, one warm July morning, wondering what there was in life to make one so happy.

The hot air was boiling over the yellow wheat fields opposite; the bees hummed drowsily past the window; the yellow-jacket perseveringly added partition after partition to his mud palace; and a huge blue-bottle fly bounced stupidly against the pane. It was one of those enervating days in which it seems body and soul can scarcely keep together. Fanny gazed out of the window through gathering tears, and devoutly wished a terrific thunder-storm would arise; the strife of nature would be a relief to her.

"Are you ill, Miss Fanny?" said a voice at her elbow.

"My head aches slightly, sir," was the reply, with a quivering lip; "I believe I will go home."

"You had better let me send for the carriage. I fear you are *very* ill," continued Mr. Livingston, as Fanny's head sank upon her arms, and she burst into an hysterical weeping. The girls gathered around her, and Ellen Danvers brought a glass of water to offer her; but Fanny repulsed her almost savagely, saying she was only a little nervous.

Fanny went home; and now Mrs. Howard became alarmed for her daughter's health. The confinement, she reasoned, was too great for her child; and accordingly she withdrew her from school, and concluded to accept an invitation for her daughter and herself, to join a party of friends in New York, who were going to Newport.

It was a brilliant scene that greeted the eyes of Fanny Howard, the evening after her arrival at the Ocean House. The ball of the season was to take place that night. Black haired matrons from the South; blue-eyed girls of New England; beauties of every style, from every part of the Union; sweet voices, rich dresses; bright lights and gay music; were all there, forming a glorious *tout-ensemble*, to fascinate a young girl on her first entrance into the gay world.

"Pray, Dr. Gray, can you tell me the name of that lady standing by the south window?—the one in blue," said a middle-aged gentleman, remarkable for the scrupulous whiteness of his linen.

"The original of Dickens' Cleopatra, do you mean? That is Mrs. Allen, the wife of—"

"Pshaw, no! I mean the young girl with chesnut hair; with a dress on her that looks like a blue cloud; she is talking with a lady in white."

"Oh, that is Cousin Fan. Fanny Howard, sir, a cousin of mine. As mischievous a little Hour as ever bewitched the dreams of a Turk."

"I think there is something more than mischief in her face. If I mistake not, there is a deal of soul there." And the gentleman gave a sigh, for dreams long since shattered, and hopes buried in the grave.

"Well, Fan! how have you enjoyed your first ball?" said Dr. Gray, as the gentlemen approached the group of which they had been speaking.

"Oh, it is delightful! I do so love dancing," was the reply.

"And so, Miss Howard, this is your first ball," said Mr. Armstrong, after an introduction had taken place.

"Yes, sir, and I determined to be very dignified to-night, for I suppose I am entering into young ladyhood now; but I think there must be some spiritual rappers in the room, for my feet will go in spite of me."

"I am glad of it," said Dr. Gray, "for I thought when you came to New York you had very much altered from the gay girl you used to be."

The small mouth quivered, and the blue-veined lids closed for a moment over her eyes, then Fanny answered with a laugh, "I am changed, Louis; more so than yourself, for you gave quack medicines when you were a boy, and continue the practice yet."

"I think I know who was assistant apothecary," said Marion Gray. "Do you remember Neptune, the huge Newfoundland dog, Fanny, which you dressed in cook's shawl and night-cap, then gave him some molasses with a spoon to keep him from taking cold, after you had sent him into the pond!"

"And pray, Dr. Gray, do you remember the pills of bread crumbs and cinnamon which you gave poor, nervous Mrs. Akins, and told her they were infallible in her disease; and that a few few days after she asked for more, saying they had taken away all that queer feeling completely? But tell it not in Mapleville, Louis, or you will never doctor a cat there again."

"Mapleville! Are you from Mapleville, Miss Howard?" said the stranger, as Louis and Marion waltzed away.

"Yes, sir! Have you friends there?" asked Fanny.

"Oh, yes! I know Mr. Danvers very well. Do you know a Mr. Livingston, who is studying law with him?"

A shadow passed over her face, as Fanny answered,

"Oh! I went to school to Mr. Livingston. He—"

"To school? why I thought he was studying law with Mr. Danvers."

"So he is, sir, but he was obliged to live as well as study; and this reading law without bread and butter to make it digest, I should think rather hard work. The Great Mogul, his uncle, disinherited him, I believe, for liking cold roast beef better than warm, or something equal to it. I believe they could not agree as to the exact amount of knavery in their two different parties. It is a pity, for Mr. Livingston is very much attached to his uncle. However, he has found compensation for all his troubles, in Mapleville," and an hysterical laugh ended Fanny's sentence.

Mr. Armstrong talked absently to his companion, for a while, and as soon as he saw Dr. Gray approaching, he bowed and walked away.

"Why, Fan! have you refused Armstrong, he looks so serious?"

"No, we were talking about Mr. Danvers, and—"

"Oh, yes! he is Harry Livingston's uncle."

"What?" almost shrieked Fanny.

"Why, he is Harry Livingston's uncle. He adopted Harry, then disinherited him because of some difference in politics."

"Bless my heart! I repeated the whole story to him with marginal references, and called him the Great Mogul to his face. What shall I do?" asked Fanny, in the greatest distress.

"Not very pleasant, to be sure," laughed Louis, "but probably a little plain truth won't hurt him; for Harry is the best fellow in the world, and he used him abominably."

Fanny searched the ball-room in vain that night. Mr. Armstrong had disappeared. But the next morning, as she and Marion promenaded the piazza, she espied him seated at one end reading. Relinquishing her cousin's arm, she walked up to him and said frankly, but with a blush,

"Mr. Armstrong, will you pardon my seeming impertinence last evening? Indeed I did not know who you were. You do not think I intended insulting you, do you?" asked poor Fanny, with tears starting to her eyes.

"Not at all, my dear young lady. You had a right to an opinion, and it seemed honest at least. The 'Great Mogul' forgives you," he added, laughing, "I suppose you have not changed your mind with regard to the facts, though!"

Fanny laughed too, but said, "no, sir. Mr. Livingston's uncle is a much more agreeable man than I suspected, but at the same time I fear he would rather have his own way than retain affection, which is too valuable a thing to be cast

aside for a trifle; and—Mr. Livingston was poor," said she, proudly. "The *dependant* should never sue. But you forgive me, do you not?"

Fanny's health certainly improved. The invigorating sea breeze restored the tone to her nerves, but it was no place for a troubled heart. She would walk alone by the beach when she could, but she found no sympathy in the murmuring sea. It was too vast, too restless. Its voices would steal up into her heart, but leave no quiet there; its thousand tongued waves surged up too constantly, with murmurings of a name she fain would forget, and then roll mockingly back again, to show her it had no sympathy for so weak a thing as human love. And the stars, too, troubled her. They looked on her with their quiet gaze, coldly and steadily; they demanded of her her most secret thoughts, and gave no comfort or strength to the wearied heart in return.

Ah! to the happy the sea and the stars whisper of emotions too holy, and thoughts too vast for earth; they come upon the heart with magnetic soothings, and make it long for the more perfect love, which is found only with the Great Father. But oh! weary hearted, go not to the great sea for rest.

And Fanny's belleship brought her no pleasure either. With many her beauty and brilliant manners made her a favorite; a few liked her for her warm heart, and intense scorn of all that was mean or ignoble; but far the greater portion sought Fanny's society for her golden charms. Ah, yes, the secret of Fanny's belleship, after all, was her reputed wealth.

The "season" was now fast drawing to a close, and Mrs. Howard's party were to leave on the morrow. They were discussing the feasibility of a trip to Lake George, &c., about which Fanny remained perfectly silent. A servant entered and handed her a letter, which she retired to her own room to read. It was from Ellen Danvers, and a portion of it ran thus:—"I am so glad that there is a prospect of seeing you soon, I am overflowing with news which I cannot write, and, moreover, I have a secret to tell you. But one thing you must know! Mr. Livingston's uncle has destroyed his last will, and reinstated Master Harry in his good graces, insisting upon his going home immediately. But Harry intends remaining here till the last of October, as that is the term, you know, for which he engaged. He went to see his uncle, but only staid a day or so. Do Marion Gray and her brother return with you? I shall be so glad to see Marion again. Give my best love to her." A little village gossip and the letter was completed. A few moments of painful thought, then Fanny returned to the parlor. The Lake George trip

was still under discussion, when Fanny's voice decided the matter. "Oh, yes, do let us go, the weather is quite warm yet, and one does not feel like settling down quietly at home, after such terrible dissipation as we have had."

Now came a task which Fanny in her heroism had determined to perform. She suspected her cousin was attached to Ellen Danvers, and had wished to tell him she thought Ellen was engaged to Mr. Livingston, but the consciousness of the pain which the fact caused her, made her shrink from speaking to Dr. Gray about it. Now, however, it must be done; "it is my duty," thought she; so, in the evening, she asked Louis to walk with her.

"Oh, I had a letter from Nelly, to-day," said Fanny.

"Well, what does Ellen say? any quantity of scandal, I suspect."

"Some news. For one thing, Mr. Armstrong has forgiven Mr. Livingston for having an opinion of his own. Ellen says she has a secret to tell me when I get home, but she need not wait for that, for I know it already; that—why, Beauty, pretty fellow, you here?—that is her engagement to Mr. Livingston." Fanny breathed freer, but her cousin noticed the trembling of her voice in spite of the conversation with Beauty.

"Are you sure of this, Fanny?" asked Dr. Gray; and he thought "more than myself suffers if it is so."

"As sure as I can be, without Ellen having told me so in words. I saw it before I left home, and what else is her secret?"

The early part of October found Mrs. Howard and Fanny settled in Mapleville again, with Mrs. Gray, her son and daughter as their guests. Fanny waited in vain for Ellen's secret, and she was too proud to ask a confidence not freely given. She seemed gayer than ever. Riding parties, driving parties, nut gatherings, and picnics, tea companies and dances, kept Mapleville in a whirl of unusual gayety; for the Grays were universal favorites. The secret which Dr. Gray and Fanny, mutually suspected, produced a wonderful sympathy between them, and in a short time Fanny had waltzed herself into quite a cousinly flirtation with Louis. The village gossips all declared it an engagement. Harry Livingston visited less at Mrs. Howard's than ever, and Ellen Danvers' duties at home were wonderfully increased.

"What a glorious day for a gallop," said Fanny, one morning. "Suppose we make up a party to go to H——; take supper there and return by moonlight. Marion, you shall have Mazeppa if you prefer him, and I will take Black Jim."

"Fanny, I wish you would get a more quiet

horse," said Mrs. Howard. "You know, my dear, Jim is used so little. I should not object if you returned before dark, but——"

"Oh, mamma, you know I am the second Die Vernon. I can hold on like a leech; never fear for me."

And so the party was formed. Whatever misgivings Mrs. Howard felt, they were soon quieted as Fanny sprang upon Black Jim, and firmly kept her seat in spite of his prancing and pawing. She was a most accomplished *equestrienne*, and seemed to manage her horse by magnetism. She was prepared as if by instinct for any change of temper or position.

It was a gay party that left Mapleville that sunny afternoon. The weather was glorious, and the trees looked as jeweled as those discovered by Aladdin with his wonderful lamp. Black Jim seemed to enjoy it amazingly. With his beautiful neck arched, and his nostrils distended, he pranced along first on one side of the road, then on the other, snorting as though he snuffed the air of a battle field.

"Miss Howard, watch for the locomotive. I hear it coming, and Jim will not bear it, I think," said Harry Livingston, as they approached the rail-road track.

"Perhaps we had better stop till the cars have passed," said Fanny; for though she was very courageous, she was not fool-hardy. In an instant the huge locomotive was thundering toward them. Fanny seated herself firmly, and grasped the curb-rein with a firm but light hand. "So, Jim, pretty fellow, quiet, sir," said she, patting her horse. Not a motion of Fanny's hand betrayed the slightest alarm, but Jim plunged and reared, and would have turned and run if possible.

The train at length passed, and Fanny walked her horse quietly along, soothing him till his excitement should be over; when a shrill whistle from a small way-train coming up, came on the air like the shriek of a demoniac. Black Jim's beautiful ears were laid close to his small head, and like a flash of lightning he was off.

"Oh, heavens! she will be killed," said Dr. Gray, as he was preparing to follow Fanny.

"She dies if you attempt to catch her. I know a short cut and will go across and meet her," said Harry Livingston, putting spurs into his favorite, which he had brought from New York. A fence was cleared at a leap, and his horse nearly equalled the one he pursued in speed. On and on Black Jim sped, but Fanny's self-possession was beginning to tell upon him, when another shriek, louder than the first, served to start him afresh. Yet Fanny never wavered. She knew she must retain her courage and be able to guide him, or most probably death would be the consequence. Well, on and on Black Jim

still sped, and she was beginning to grow weak, when she looked up and saw Mr. Livingston coming toward her.

"Turn him into the next lane, if you can guide him; it is up to his hocks in mud, and he cannot run far," shouted he.

In an instant Fanny's whip hand was on the curb-rein, and Black Jim, solely unprepared for a change in that direction, gave a plunge which nearly unseated his courageous rider, then raced on again. It was hard work, however, and Jim had a kindly regard for his ankles, which were remarkably beautiful, and in a very short time the heavy mud had totally subdued him.

"Thank heaven! you are safe, Fanny," said Mr. Livingston, riding up. "Will you be able to go on to the hotel, you tremble so?"

"Oh, yes," said Fanny, with quivering lip, for the reaction had already commenced, and her tersely strong nerves were beginning to give way. "I feel better in motion. Let us canter on, sir. I suppose the rest of the party will not be up for some time."

"A private parlor immediately, and a glass of wine," said Mr. Livingston, to the landlord of H——, as he lifted Fanny out of the saddle, and carried rather than supported her into the house.

Fanny threw herself on a sofa and burst into a flood of tears. Riding-hat and gauntlets were removed by Mr. Livingston, and some wine forced upon her; but poor Fanny laughed and cried in the most hysterical manner. "I am a perfect baby now it is over," said she. "It is a pity but what the horse had run on. But you have saved my life, Mr. Livingston; how can I thank you." And another burst of weeping, harder than the first, ensued.

"You can thank me, Fanny, by loving me, if possible; that is if your affections are not already engaged, as I sometimes fear."

A look of astonishment passed over Fanny's face.

"Are you not already engaged to Ellen?" said she.

"Ellen! no. Why, I have loved you, Fanny, since the first moment I knew you; but then the want of fortune, and since your return your reserve to me and intimacy with your cousin, made me think the report of your engagement to him might be true. Will you be my wife, Fanny?"

But Fanny's head was turned away; she could not answer, although her hand still remained in that of Mr. Livingston. Tears again filled her eyes, till she felt an arm stealing around her waist.

"I must ask Louis first. Here they all are," said the lady, endeavoring to escape.

"Do you love me, Fanny?"

"Yes, yes, I suppose I must. Now let me go."

The rest of the party now dismounted, and

Fanny's John Gilpin ride easily accounted for her excited manner.

"Had I better not go back and get the carriage for you, Miss Fanny?" said Harry Livingston. "I fear you will not be able to ride Black Jim home."

"Oh, no, I have no fear now, he is pretty well subdued, and I shall feel quite invigorated after tea."

But Master Harry seemed to think there was still danger, as he never left Fanny's bridle-rein till she dismounted at her own door.

Somehow she could not sleep that night. She got up, looked out of the window; went to bed again, turned and returned her pillow; threw off the spread; looked at her watch by the moonlight, and disturbed Marion, who occupied part of her room, till near daylight. Then Fanny fell into such a sweet slumber, with a smile on her beautiful lips, that Marion had not the heart to awaken her when the bell rung.

"Why, where is Fanny this morning?" said Mrs. Howard, for she had retired when the party returned the night before.

"Oh! she had quite an adventure," replied Marion, "and it made her so nervous she could not sleep last night. I left her in bed."

Here Fanny's wild huntsman gallop was narrated, and her mother declared she should never get on a horse again; which vow was broken in less than a week.

Fanny now made her appearance, and had nearly finished her breakfast, when she put the damask table-cloth, cup and saucer in considerable jeopardy, by starting at the ring of the front door bell.

"I have not fed my birds yet. It is too bad—it is so late," said she, going up stairs.

The visitor was Mr. Livingston; and in the course of the day Marion began to suspect that Fanny's restlessness, the night before, did not altogether arise from Black Jim running away.

Love making about that time seemed to be quite epidemic, for Mrs. Danvers was heard to say there was no one in the world she would as soon Ellen should marry as Dr. Gray.

"Lou, that moustache did the business," was Fanny's laughing comment, when he informed her that Ellen had consented to take him "for better, for worse."

Fanny now discovered that Ellen's secret was the refusal of a young gentleman, who had offered himself to all the richest girls in the place, beginning with Fanny herself.

Mr. Armstrong made his appearance in Mapleville, in the course of a week or so, and declared he had intended offering himself to Miss Howard, if Henry had not had the impertinence to pick her up first.

"It is to you, Miss Chatterbox, that he owes his restoration to my favor. Not that I changed my opinion of his ingratitude, you know; but I found you were breaking your heart for him," said the old gentleman. "But God bless you, darling. I love you already as well as if you were my own child."

The cold winter months passed, and June had come around again. The glad summer weather made even the sick-hearted rejoice; for who could feel sad with the yellow sunshine on the fresh young grass, and the birds trying to outstrip each other in their songs.

One bright morning all Mapleville was astir by times. Two weddings were to take place in the old church that day; and then the happy young brides, Mrs. Henry Livingston and Mrs. Dr. Gray, were to be steamed off on a bridal tour.

The church was crowded in every corner.

Whispers as to the beauty of the brides and their dresses went around. Many differed as to the superiority of the ladies, but all agreed that their dresses were perfect; and both were alike. Of the two Fanny's voice was rather the firmer, but both of the gentlemen seemed to think there was no reason why they should not be heard distinctly, as they were certainly proud of what they were doing.

"Fanny has one merit, Henry, she is not long at her toilet," said Mr. Armstrong, as the lady appeared, after having exchanged the white satin and lace for a travelling dress. "Well, after all, I am rather glad I disinherited you, for you taught school here to some purpose."

"And what did I teach you, Fanny?" whispered her husband.

But Fanny never told any one but the teacher all that Master Henry Livingston had taught her.

THE BLIND GIRL.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

SWEET brother, lay your hand upon my brow
And lead me gently forth;
They say the gay Spring-time is with us now,
And that the smiling earth
Awakes to life and beauty. I can feel
Its soft and fragrant sigh
Float over my pale cheek, and whispers steal
Down from the azure sky.

Oh! brother, are they angel voices, come
To breathe of hope and love,
And do their white wings over the glad earth roam,
From the pure land above?
Say, brother—do you see their gleaming eyes
Look out among the flowers?
And are they like the stars, whose radiance lies
Far from this world of ours?

Ah, tell me, brother, what the flowers are like!
Are their bright lips all mute?
I sometimes think they speak, as when you strike
The strings of your loved lute!
A breath is borne along unto my soul,
In these calm, dreamy hours,
And oh, I fancy, as its sweet strains roll,
I hear the singing flowers!

What is the tiny bird
That glances by on light and airy wing?
This morn my spirit heard
Its low, glad voice; and almost worshipping,
My hand stretched forth to clasp
The fairy thing; but softer came the strain,
And yet my heart could grasp
Each thrilling note, and heaf it o'er again!

Sometimes we gently sail
Upon the lake's fair bosom, and I bow
My forehead cold and pale,
To listen to its murmur soft and low.
Its waters clear and bright—
What are they like, and wherefore do they sing?
You say the stars at night
Their glance of love across the blue waves fling!

Is music everywhere?
I hear it in the streamlet's laughing notes,
And in the Summer air,
And round my soul its strain forever floats!
And beauty—you have said
It dwells upon the earth and in the sky;
And often you have led
My soul where Beauty's angel wanders by.

I feel its presence, though
No outward vision blesses my sealed eyes;
But deep, and still, and low
Within my soul, its form in glory lies!
It is enough to know
The world is beautiful—to feel the breath
Of music on my brow,
And never see the flowers grow cold in death.

There is a land, you say,
Where none are blind, more lovely far than this;
Each morn and night I pray
That we may one day reach that home of bliss.
And we shall see each other,
And mingle our glad songs together there;
Oh, I shall know my brother,
With the bright crown upon his forehead fair!

KATE CAMP;
OR, THE HAPPY OLD MAID.

BY JULINA J. NORTON.

I WAS a giddy girl of sixteen, when I first saw her finely-shaped head, as she extended her hand and bade me welcome to C——. I felt truly that my heart met her more than half way. I really envied Annette the kiss that was bestowed upon her as the stranger took her leave.

"What a beautiful woman," I exclaimed, as soon as the stranger disappeared.

"Do you think so?" replied my friend, indifferently.

"Think so," replied I; "I know so. There can be but one voice on the subject."

"Had you not better suspend your judgment till you are more fully acquainted?" was the quiet reply; "a beautiful face alone soon ceases to charm."

"Annette," said I, indignantly, "if I did not know you too well, I should say envy or jealousy prompted your reply. There is something in each look and word of hers that goes right home to the heart, and carries the conviction of truth and sincerity along with it. You know there is, Annette."

"If you were a gentleman, I would declare you were dead in love. Wouldn't it be capital, a youth of sixteen falling in love with an old maid of thirty?"

"She is not an old maid," I replied, my indignation roused to anger. "It is a shame to call her so; an outrageous libel. I am now convinced no one is perfect. Even you are envious, and I had almost said malicious. I have hitherto considered you as something bordering on the celestial. I think some of your angel pinions are fallen already, and I am hereafter only to see a common, erring being like myself."

My anger increased as I saw it only amused Annette. As soon as her laughter would permit her she said, "you have seen Kate, our oracle; the happy old maid!"

Here was a pretty mess! But I could not help seeing my ridiculous position, and laughing also.

"It cannot be," said I, at last, "that she is thirty!"

"She is thirty," retorted Annette, "though she might pass for twenty-five, or even twenty when animated as you saw her this morning. She insists she is an old maid; and says she is going to demonstrate to the world that there can be a happy one."

"Well," said I, "old maid or young maid, wife or widow, I like her hugely."

"Now you please me; and in consideration of your having acknowledged yourself mutable as well as the rest of the world, I will give you, if you wish, slight sketch of her life."

"Do, Netty, dear, I am all attention," said I, humbly.

"The father of Kate was a merchant in affluent circumstances. Her mother died when Kate was an infant. Long and bitterly did the husband mourn her death. Kate was treading on the roses of her tenth summer, when her father again united himself to beautiful widow, the mother of one child, a daughter then entering her fifth year. Mrs. Camp was a beauty of the most frail and delicate stamp. That shadowy kind of beauty that you fear will vanish in air while you gaze upon it. Her hair was the sunniest brown; her eyes of soft dreamy blue; her complexion of the purest white, with the softest possible rose tint on her cheek. Her form was slight and extremely graceful; she would have passed for a school-girl of seventeen rather than a widow of twenty four. Clara, her daughter, was her mother in miniature; sensible, pleasant, and never boisterous. Justice compels me to state that Mrs. Camp was constitutionally a helpless, spiritless and inactive being. Clara, like a dutiful child, was the exact copy of her mother in mind as well as person. Mr. Camp was a man of strong mind and exalted principle. He found Mrs. Allyn in a distant city; she was the sister and dependant of a man with whom he had extensive business transactions. He saw and loved the beautiful widow, proposed, and was accepted; without any unnecessary delay they were married, and the mourning widower returned to his fine old home a happy bridegroom. It was sometimes suspected he wearied of the fair flower he had so hastily gathered, but he tended it carefully, and never suffered

"The winds of Heaven to visit it too roughly."

"Time passed on. Kate loved her mother and sister dearly. She soon began to assume the care of Clara. The nursery maid was finally dismissed, and she became to all intents and purposes the waiting-maid of her sister. She washed, dressed, and combed her shiny hair, beside directing and instructing her. All this she did so silently, so naturally that neither the father or mother seemed to notice it. Mrs. Camp never interfered, for she was too much at ease, too happy to act; she had, however, an impression, vague and indistinct it is true, that she was favored with two of the most lovely, affectionate, and well-behaved daughters in the world.

"At the age of twelve Kate was sent away to

school. Even Mrs. Camp, who seldom exhibited signs of violent emotion, wept as she pressed her to her heart, and kissed her again and again. Clara clung to her dress with affectionate childish obstinacy, insisting they should not take 'dear sister away.' The father stood by with a blessing on his lip, and a tear in his full, dark eye. He had seen day by day unfolding before him the image, personal and mental of his former wife, and he believed beside the dear one laid in the grave, there never had and never would exist so perfect a mortal."

"A sorry day indeed it was for the Camps when Kate left home. She had been to that home as refreshing dew, silently brightening everything. The merry laugh no longer greeted Mr. Camp as he entered his parlor. The evenings were dull and cheerless. Clara came to the table in soiled aprons, and sometimes even with dirty fingers, and tangled hair. Dinner was often delayed beyond the usual time, and as Mr. Camp was very systematic, his face would occasionally become a shade darker than usual, and he would partake of the repast silently. Mrs. Camp did occasionally express her surprise in a quiet manner that dinner was not served as early as usual, but it never seemed to occur to her that it could be any particular concern of her own; she was in no hurry, not she; and she saw no reason why others should be. A secret spring had affected the whole domestic machinery, that neither Mr. Camp nor his wife had suspected. This now became perfectly apparent to the husband, and the wife knew at least that everything 'went wrong,' that she was less at ease, less happy than formerly. She often complained to her husband that Clara had become a great trial to her.

"Three months passed away; and it was found that positively Kate could not be spared from home. She was recalled, and pursued her studies under a governess. Order and cheerfulness were once more restored to the household. No one could tell precisely how this was done; but it seemed to come as naturally and spontaneously in Kate's presence, as light and warmth in the sunshine.

"Kate was sixteen when her step-mother died. A cold terminated in consumption. Her illness was protracted, but not exceedingly painful. Kate watched beside her like a guardian spirit; soothing at once both mind and body. I well remember the morning she died. A message arrived in great haste requesting my mother's presence at Mr. Camp's, as his wife was dying. I followed and crept cautiously into the room. Kate supported her dying mother, while one of her hands lay in that of her husband, and the other clasped that of her child. She spoke very faintly, 'adieu, my precious one, and you. Kate, my own, yet

not my own, I have not oftener thanked God for Clara than for you. Will you pardon me, as I trust God has, if I have not fulfilled all a mother's duties toward you. I feel on my dying bed that it is not sufficient to have done no wilful wrong; and I can hardly recollect an instance in my life where I have done actual good. I seem to have been sleeping, dreaming, all my life. It is too late to atone, though not, I trust, too late to repent. You, dear Kate, have been one of my greatest earthly blessings. Your hand pointed out to me the tree of life, and bade me eat thereof ere I died. If the gratitude of a dying woman is any thing, you have your reward.' All were silent for some time, when she again spoke. 'Clara, my poor, weak child, cannot stand alone, will— you—dear Kate—be to her—as a mother?' 'I will love her; I will do what I can for her,' sobbed the step-daughter; 'but I too am young; I need a mother, a guide, a counsellor.' 'Though young you possess the wisdom of mature years, which my poor Clara does not. Will you not promise, dearest Kate?' Kate in a low, but firm tone replied, 'I will.' The mother with an effort of which she was deemed incapable, threw her arms around Kate's neck. One faint kiss and her arms fell back, a smile lingered one moment around her lips, her eyes remained fixed on Kate, but the light of love and of soul, that had for the last few moments of her life rendered them more brilliant than in the bloom of health and beauty, was extinguished forever. Her last breath was breathed upon the lips of her step-daughter!

"Faithfully did that daughter perform her promises. Clara was a gentle, pleasant child, who never seemed to have thought or wish but for the present. Her sister's wish was to her law. Kate bore patiently with her weakness, her incapacity, and helplessness. She was never heard to allude to them, and concealed them as far as possible from others. But oh! how often, how very often were her efforts vain.

"Clara was scarcely sixteen when a young and talented stranger visited the village. It was at first rumored he was in love with Kate. But this report was silenced by the announcement of his engagement with Clara, after a short acquaintance of two weeks. The father opposed the match, and it was only on the intercession of the sister that he consented. I have often heard this was the only unwise thing Kate was ever known to do. Dearly has she suffered for it. I never saw her look so beautiful as at her sister's wedding. She was bridesmaid. There was a spirituality in her face that contrasted strangely with the childish happiness that was written in that of Clara. She was the star of the evening. Everywhere the centre of attraction, without the least effort on her part to be so. She was

attentive to the happiness of every one, and forgot nothing that could add to the pleasure of the company. Clara was *never* animated, not even on that evening. She had always moved among us as a child, and I, though several years her junior, was her classmate and playmate. It did not seem to me possible that she could be the wife of the tall, dark-looking man beside her. Mr. Merwin was then twenty-eight, a proud, haughty, handsome-looking man. He seemed still more cold and proud than ever before on the eve of his marriage, and this coldness has since increased until it has ended in complete misanthropy.

"Clara had scarcely returned from her bridal tour, when Mr. Camp was thrown from his carriage, and his skull fractured. He was conveyed to his house senseless, and nearly lifeless. Kate met him on the threshold, and made every necessary preparation with precision and alacrity. No hope of life was left: but she knelt beside her father, and with agony and tears, prayed that reason might again dawn upon him ere the faint flickering lamp of life quite expired, that she might hear again his voice and receive his blessing. Clara retired; but Kate, Mr. Merwin, and my father watched beside him in sleepless anxiety one long, painful night. The afflicted daughter forgot nothing for the comfort of others. Refreshments were ordered; the pillows arranged in the best possible manner on the sofa that the doctor might rest. The son-in-law seemed the greater sufferer; this could not have been so much from affection for the father as sympathy with the daughter. As daylight was breaking the object of their care ceased to breathe. Kate gave one deep, low moan, like the dying wail of a breaking heart, and fell senseless beside him. In an instant all was confusion; even the cold, dignified Mr. Merwin was wild with grief and terror. Seizing his sister in his arms, he ran round the room like a madman, exclaiming frantically, 'she is dead—the dearest, best.' Pushing the doctor rudely away as he approached her, he said, 'none shall touch her now!' Then laying her on the sofa, he grew more calm, and kneeling beside her covered his face with his hands, while the big tears trickled through his fingers.

"The body of the father was consigned to earth when reason again dawned upon the daughter. Long she vacillated between life and death. Her brother-in-law constantly and silently watched beside her. Her sister was gloomy and sorrowful; she was incapable of powerful exertion, either of body or mind. She had hardly an idea of existence independently of Kate; and she often wished from her heart that she might die with her.

"It was many, many weeks, and long, sad

weeks they were to us all, before Kate again appeared among us, and when she did at last appear she looked but the shadow of her former self, she was so thin and pale. She often spoke of her father in a calm, pleasant tone of voice; of her sufferings never. She neither laughed as often nor as loud as formerly: yet there remained a sweet smile on her lips, and her whole face was almost angelic with an expression of love, charity and good-will; gradually that expression brightened into one of chastened, but deep happiness. Merwin lingered about the village for a few months after her recovery; darkening by his gloomy presence each circle he entered. Even the children, when they met him in the street, would creep tremblingly to the side opposite him, and walk on with hushed voices and frightened looks. Not that he had ever spoken harshly to them; but there was something in his silent presence that inspired awe. When he left he invited, though he did not urge his wife to accompany him. She chose to remain with her sister. He has only returned at distant intervals, and now for several years has not visited his family at all; he sometimes writes, and regularly sends remittances for their support; I say their, for his wife is the mother of two children. The oldest is a boy, and the perfect type of his father; the younger a very pretty common-place girl. Kate, who has an extensive circle of friends, and is loved and sought after wherever she is known, has for these long years devoted a large portion of her time to her sister, and sister's children. She has the entire care of them, Clara being as useless as ever. Now tell me, Lina, after hearing her story so eloquently told, have you not additional reason for loving her?"

I bowed very low, but did not speak.

At this moment Mrs. Thompson entered, and perceiving our unfinished, almost untouched worsted patterns, said, smiling, "so this is the end of your industrious freak, is it? I thought as much." Soberly, quietly we resumed our work, each silent and thoughtful, each, perhaps, weaving out in our own minds the future with regard to the persons of whom we had been conversing; or filling up with a young and ardent fancy what was lacking of the past.

Kate and I soon became great friends. My sweet friend Annette pouted her little red lips, and pretended to be quite jealous of our intimacy. She often reminded me in her pretty teasing way of my determination to dislike her. How we three rambled together over the wild hills and through the deep woods of C——. How quaint and comical Kate was, and yet how sensible and earnest. Though she never sermonized, each word seemed to convey some useful lesson; some thought to make you better or happier. In our

walks we were often accompanied by Horace Merwin, her beautiful nephew. I never saw a more noble or talented child. The love of this boy for his aunt seemed boundless, while Kate regarded him as a dear child. Mary, his sister, was as much the object of her care as he, but he could not have been so much the object of interest or love.

I left C—— with much regret; but that regret was brightened by the promise of meeting Kate and Annette at my home the next year. Next year! how we, short sighted mortals, presume upon its pleasures and its joys! That year was fraught with fearful changes to many dear to me. Annette! my sweet friend! thy face rises before me as I last saw it, glowing with youth and beauty. One bright tear sparkles in thine eye, but the light of hope and love illuminates it. Thus let it ever be. I would not think of thee with the cold white of death on thy brow. Thy warm, red lips, icy and colorless, thy loving eyes closed forever, thy soft voice silenced by the seal of the great destroyer death! Thy light form fits before me as I was wont to behold it joyous and buoyant. I would not think of it as straightened for the dark and silent grave. Stiffened and chilled, and pulseless forever!

One bleak day the following December, I received a letter from Annette; it said, "I have sad, sad news for you. Our dear Horace is dead. I am too weary and too much excited to relate to you the particulars of his sickness and death. Kate moves about like a statue; she neither smiles nor weeps, and utters no word either of encouragement or despair. She performs every duty mechanically, without any seeming life or soul. With Clara neither joy nor grief is a violent feeling, and I had not believed her capable of as deep feeling as she has manifested on this occasion. Neither the mother nor aunt could summon strength to communicate the intelligence to the father; and I have to-day done so at their request. I have spoken plainly to him, and am almost surprised at my own boldness, for I always feared the man, and he is the last person in the world I should have dared to reprove face to face. I reminded him of his duty as a husband and father. I besought him that if his love of his family would not prompt him to his duty toward them, at least in common justice to have some compassion on Kate. I spoke freely of the sacrifices she has made, and is still making for them. I told him of her love for Horace, and her deep grief. May the blessing of God attend the words it has cost me such a violent effort to write. Excuse this brief letter, I am not quite well to-day. I will do better next time."

"Next time!" how the mind is ever anticipating it. Something brighter, better, happier then.

That was the last time Annette ever wrote. In two short weeks I received a letter from her sorrowing mother announcing her death. "She was the only daughter of her mother, and she was a widow."

At the earnest solicitation of the mother of Annette I visited her the next spring. I arrived at her house in the afternoon, and, as she was an invalid, and unable to accompany me, took a walk alone, just before sunset to the church-yard. At the foot of the grave of my friend lay that of the fair boy, whose death she had announced to me so short a time previous to her own. There was an oppressive stillness in the air that almost stopped the beating of my heart. I had often wished to stand alone by the grave of my friend, to give free vent to my own feelings unrestrained by the presence of any; but now I felt I had calculated too much on my own strength and powers of endurance when I wished it. How the stricken heart is strengthened by human sympathy. I longed to feel the soft pressure of a warm hand, to see a living, loving human form, to hear a gentle voice, to lean on an arm that was stronger than mine, or to mingle my tears with one who was as afflicted as myself. It is often thus in life; we turn proudly, coldly from human sympathy, but there is and ever must be an intense longing for it in the soul.

A light footstep startled me; and, turning, I saw Kate approaching. She dropped the beautiful bouquets she held and extended both hands to embrace me. Not one word was spoken, but locked in each other's arms we wept long and freely. We at last spoke low words of consolation, of the love of the departed. As we placed the flowers on the graves, Kate said, "I have searched hill and dale for the fairest, sweetest ones; and I thought as I singled them out first to wither, so God does first take the dearest and best. Oh, my God, why was it not I?"

"Speak not so sadly, dearest Kate; God does let some bright gladdening flowers remain to shed beauty and fragrance, else you had not been spared to earth. You cannot tell how your coming relieved me. I had often wished to stand here alone, yet I could not bear it alone. I longed for some loving soul to mingle tears with mine, some kind voice to respond to my own. The grave cannot answer the heart's call; it is all voiceless and silent. How powerful is human sympathy."

"Weep, my young friend," said Kate, with an energy bordering on wildness, "thank God that your sorrow is natural, just; sorrow in which you can claim human sympathy, human tears. God spare your young heart the bitterness it is a sin to feel: the tears that must flow unseen; they're not true, for who puzzles out all the charades sorrow that is only endurable where you alone find enigmas when no one else can? But I'll tell

have knowledge of it. Better by far that you lie down in death's quiet sleep, like our fair young friend, than that."

"Dear Kate, your happy face never revealed such a tale; your cheerful heart cannot feel it."

"Your words have touched a secret spring in my heart. How powerful is human sympathy. It may be something even to me, and I feel my heart is breaking without it. Promise you will not hate me."

"Hate you, Kate!" I said, reproachfully, pressing her throbbing heart still closer to mine; "impossible!"

She did not speak at once, but lay on my bosom like a weary, grieved child, sobbing bitterly. At length having sobbed herself into quietude, she began with a weak and trembling voice. "Until I saw Edward Merwin the warmest affections of my heart had been devoted to my father, who was the best, the kindest of parents. I saw in Edward the living, breathing image I had long worshipped in dreams, waking and sleeping. I need not tell you how entirely, how devotedly I loved him. Though he never spoke to me of his love, his soul seemed mirrored in his eyes, and I no more doubted his love for me than my own existence. For weeks he lingered beside me, directing my mind in the walks of literature and science, and alas! too surely teaching my heart the science of love; my days passed in a wild, blissful dream of delight. But ah! that dream was brief as bright, and yet poor weak being as I am, I think I would suffer all to live those days over again. Clara, who was absent on a visit when I first formed his acquaintance, returned. I perceived with joy that she was a favorite of his, and endeavored to place her in the most favorable light. He praised her beauty, brought her flowers, but all his conversation he addressed to me, and not the slightest pang of jealousy entered my heart. Indeed it did not occur to me that he could view her in any light than as a child, a pet.

"One evening while I was engaged in some domestic duty, Clara and Merwin walked in the garden; he did not again enter the house, but sent me a 'good night' by her. Clara seated herself on the divan beside me, and said childishly, 'guess what I've got to tell you, Kate?' 'I don't know,' I answered, carelessly, supposing it to be some childish secret. 'I'se the drollest thing,' said she, laughing, 'I never thought of it before. But as I must marry some time, I suppose it may as well be now as ever. Now guess.' 'I am not good at guessing,' I stammered; my heart began to beat faster than usual, but even then I did not realize the truth. 'You know that is not true, for who puzzles out all the charades and enigmas when no one else can? But I'll tell

you since you won't guess. Mr. Merwin has asked me to marry him. I was surprised, for I always thought he intended to marry you, Kate; I said yes, for I knew you liked him, don't you?"

"I know not what reply I made. It was to me as an earthquake's shock on a clear day; a peal of thunder on a bright spring morning. I was stunned, and as I think almost killed by the blow. It was rather dark in the recess where we were seated, and Clara could not see my face distinctly, or I fear even her unskillful eyes would have read my soul's workings in my face. Clara soon retired; and at the sound of my father's footsteps some time after I too sought my chamber. My sister was asleep; her lips slightly parted with a smile that provoked a dimple on her rosy cheek. Her small white hands were clasped on her breast, while her soft hair floated like a golden cloud over her pillow. I fear I did almost envy her the beauty that could win his love. I said in my bitterness woman can possess no other so powerful charm. I felt I would barter all the wealth of mind I might possess for that frail, fading beauty. She, my weak child, whose frailties I had often lamented with tears, had supplanted me in the affection of the only man I had ever loved. I shrank from the soft pillow beside her as I would have shrank from a bed of thorns. I stole cautiously down stairs, sought the garden, and threw myself on the ground among the thick shrubbery. I felt all was wrong within, and I prayed God to subdue my bad heart. I prayed for strength to endure, for a cheerful heart. I prayed and wept, and grew calm.

"A silvery voice broke on my ear. I well knew that voice, for I had oft listened to its tones with a heart swelling with joy, now its melody seemed to ring within my aching ear—alone, alone. Merwin was addressing his lady-love in a beautiful song. The music was familiar, but the poetry new, original. As he concluded, the shutters in the chamber above him moved, and a soft voice said, 'Edward, is it you?' 'Yes, dearest; I hope you are pleased with my song.' 'It sounds very pretty; but I like a flute better.' 'But a flute cannot speak, love,' replied Merwin, in rather a crest-fallen tone. 'Oh, I never care for the words; I wonder how people will ever puzzle their heads to write them. Kate is always scribbling something of that sort. I am sure I never shall.' 'So am I,' muttered Merwin, between his teeth; my ear alone caught the sounds, being but a short distance from him in the shrubbery. 'I am alarmed about Kate,' said Clara, 'she is not here.' 'Have you told her of our engagement?' he asked. 'Yes; I tried to make her guess what I had to tell her, but she could not; and when I told her she said I had better retire, as she was tired and sleepy, and she would talk with me in

the morning. So I did retire, and soon fell asleep, thinking how strange it was that I should be married before Kate.'

"Merwin groaned aloud. 'You had better go and tell your father that your sister is not with you—if she is not to be found in the house I will assist you in the search.' Seeing no way of escape I emerged from the shrubbery, where I had remained almost breathless for fear of discovery. On seeing me, Merwin sprang toward me, and said, 'Kate are you here and alone; and your hair,' continued he, placing his hand upon my curls, 'is wet with the cold dew; Kate, dear Kate, how could you expose yourself so?' The last part of this sentence was lowered to a whisper, and spoken in a tone that at once restored my self-possession. He guess my secret! He compassionate my sufferings! The thought was agony. I was enabled by a powerful effort to reply in my usual tone. 'I thought the night too fine to waste in sleep, so I took a stroll in the garden. I hope you will excuse me, as I could not possibly run away without exposing myself, and I had no thought of annoying you by remaining. I consider myself quite fortunate, as I have lost none of your fine music.'

"He accompanied me to the door; as I was entering he seized my hand and detained me. 'Stop one moment,' said he, 'for mercy's sweet sake, hear what I have to tell you.' 'Oh, not to-night,' I replied, 'you say truly, I have been in the night air too long already, beside I am tired; and you lovers are intolerably tedious; to-morrow I will listen as long and patiently as you wish. Good night.'

"When he visited us next morning, I received him with every appearance of cordiality and cheerfulness, and welcomed him as a brother. A new spirit had been born within me in the few last hours. I resolved that my own sorrows should never interfere with the happiness of others. I was determined to study the happiness and good of others more, my own less. And think you I have led a life of misery? Oh, no! I strove to be happy in appearance, and at length became really so in heart. I knew it was folly, ingratitude to turn aside from every other joy of earth because one had eluded my grasp. To trample on every flower that sprang up beside my pathway, because one had ceased to shed its fragrance for me alone. I have never for one moment willingly yielded to sadness even when alone. I have prayed and wrestled against this love; yet you can know something of its strength when you learn that it lives, and has power to produce the suffering you have to-night witnessed. When I first saw the bright boy who is buried here, I rejoiced that there was something I might love for his sake without sin. He rose like a bright

star on my path; I loved him deeply, passionately. It seemed that love and hope died along with him. I was again beginning to forget those things that are 'behind, and look forward to things that are before,' when a letter arrived from Merwin, saying that he should soon be with us. We are expecting him hourly. Oh, God, strengthen me for this one trial!"

I could only say, "As thy day is so shall thy strength be!" I pressed her closely to my heart, and wept more violently than she.

The full moon which had just risen in cloudless majesty, cast a tall, dark shadow across the grave. We sprang to our feet. "Kate!" "Edward!" and the new-comer wound his arms around Kate and kissed her, saying, "dear Kate," to which she gently replied, "Brother Edward."

Few words were spoken. Kate leaned against the head-stone, pale as the fair marble itself. I held her hand, it did not tremble, but it was very cold. Her eyes were upturned to heaven. She seemed like an angel keeping watch by the dead, and holding communion with spirits in her native skies. The recent violence of her grief had left no visible trace behind. So placid, so heavenly was her face, it seemed that no earthly sorrow had ever held sway there.

What a striking contrast she presented to the strange, dark-looking man beside her. His arms were firmly folded on his breast; his eyes downcast, alternately resting on the face of my friend, and the small green mound at his feet. Every muscle of his face was fixed and rigid; and one deep groan that seemed wrung from his strong heart in drops of blood, betrayed his sorrow, and I thought his remorse. Slowly and silently we wended our way homeward. Kate bade me "good night" with a gentle smile, and a faint pressure of the hand, that seemed to say "God be thanked—the crisis is past—as thy day is so shall thy strength be!"

My stay in C— was short. In distant and different scenes I struggled with this "working day world." From a giddy girl I suddenly emerged into a thinking, working woman. That is as "thinking" as my nature would permit, and as "working" as necessity compelled. Still I did not forget Kate. I often wished, prayed that she might yet be truly happy. I sometimes trembled lest I was committing murder in my heart while I did so.

The next winter my eye fell on the following paragraph in a newspaper: "Died, in C— after a short illness, Mrs. Clara Allyn, wife of Edward Merwin, Esq."

Strongly conflicting emotions rose in my mind. I cannot in sincerity say grief predominated. Just like a real novel, thought I, as I went on weaving a golden thread in Kate's destiny. I

quickly checked myself and made a serious effort to feel guilty and unhappy. I could not succeed. The predominating feeling was Kate, the happy old maid, will be a really happy wife after all.

Jaded in body and mind, I in the sultry month of August sought to recruit my failing strength in a delightful, retired retreat by the sea-shore. As I was passing through the hall, the day after my arrival, I encountered Mr. Merwin. My first inquiry was for Kate. He only replied, "dead," dropping both hands hopelessly, and looking as though he had been her executioner. We both stood looking at each other a moment without speaking. I had no power to inquire more; he no strength to relate. What a reversion of feeling. How much the mind can picture in one moment. I had painted a life-time of happiness for my friend, and very selfishly, no doubt, weeks of enjoyment for myself during the first glance at Mr. Merwin. Kate too, I thought, was there. We would be so happy. I should have a delightful sequel to the tale so sadly commenced. All my bright dreams vanished with his one word "dead." I turned away, sought my room, and wept.

I could only learn from the boarders, that Merwin was a haughty, gloomy man, who never exchanged words with any one if he could possibly avoid it. His air and manners were so dignified and forbidding that no one dared approach him. He avoided others; I was neither avoided nor sought; he conversed mechanically when I approached him; but I often thought seemed rather to endure than enjoy my presence. I longed to speak of the past, but dared not. He seemed only to wish to converse on indifferent and common-place topics.

Several weeks passed by. Merwin and myself met often, yet our acquaintance did not seem to progress. I felt fettered, chained in his presence, I feared to give expression to a genuine feeling. I scarce knew why. The evening previous to my departure he wished me to take a walk with him; I was too much surprised to refuse, indeed he was one of those whom we never dare refuse what he might condescend to ask. He alluded to the past. I spoke of Kate. As I ceased he said, "speak on, I would not hear her spoken of by one who loved her less."

"Every one loved her," I replied.

"Yes," he almost groaned, "everybody loved her; but I—I worshipped her; and I—murdered her."

I will abridge his narration as much as possible, and hasten to the conclusion of this sad tale.

"I cannot tell you, indeed, neither you nor any other female can be made to understand how ardently I loved Kate Camp. Women never love deeply, enduringly, unless it be in a tale of

romance. I trembled lest my affection was not returned. True, she was kind and affectionate toward me, attentive to my happiness. So she was to all others. I sought in vain to read in word, look, or action that exclusiveness for which I longed. As my mind was vacillating between hope and fear, her sister who had been absent from home returned. I was intoxicated, bewildered by her beauty. She said little, very little, which in my eyes gave her the additional charm of modesty; but in fact she had nothing to say. I soon fancied my love for Kate only an intellectual, brotherly sort of attachment, and congratulated myself that I had not proposed to her. I was very romantic, and a great novel reader. In my vision of domestic happiness I had ever pictured a young, a *very* young wife. I had considered Kate young until the return of her sister, when she appeared to me much older than before. I lingered for days conversing indeed with Kate, but looking at her beautiful sister. I thought how proud I should be of such a beautiful, gentle, loving wife as Clara, and such a noble, intelligent, affectionate sister as Kate. Clara's childish ways struck my fancy. I did not stop to consider that a beautiful form might be the tenement of an inferior mind. I knew she was beautiful, and believed her possessed of every qualification that could render me happy. The first convenient opportunity I proposed and was accepted."

He now gave me an account of the serenade, as Kate had done before, and added, "I had never heard her speak so many sentences in connexion before. It now occurred to me for the first time that I actually knew nothing of her; and from the first glimpse I had had of her character, I felt convinced there was little to discover. I gnashed my teeth in agony. I mentally cursed my folly: my love for Kate returned with redoubled power. When she appeared in the garden I for one moment believed she loved me. I determined to risk all, and confess my folly. Had she answered me coldly it would have given me hope, but her light, careless voice fell on my ear the death-knell of happiness. Alone I wandered through the long, long hours of that fearful night in a state bordering on insanity. Early next morning I repaired to Mr. Camp's house determined to recall all; but Kate met me so kindly, welcomed me so cordially, and was now even more attentive than ever, claiming the right of a sister to be so, that my soul sank within me, and my lips were sealed. I felt if I removed the present engagement she could not be mine. And if she could not, what did I care? Only once did I see a prospect of honorable escape from that unfortunate engagement. The father opposed it; but Kate interposed, gained his consent, thus riveting, with her own hand,

the chain that bound me. I thought it to be my destiny, and resigned myself to it sullenly, gloomily. I resolved to hate everything, but I found it impossible to hate *her*. Clara would not be separated from her, and, oh, to live by her from day to day was more than I had power to endure. I gazed upon her happy face, and thanked God she loved me not, and was spared the agony I suffered. I fled from C—— and became a wanderer, aimless, purposeless. I traversed both the old and new world, vainly seeking to flee from the sorrows of the past. On receiving Miss Tompson's letter, I resolved to relieve Kate of the care of my wife and child; but Clara would not leave her sister, she seemed to have no idea of existence without her. So we lived together till Clara died. I wept that she was united to one who had so little heart to love her, or appreciate her amiable qualities. She expired gently and peacefully in the arms of her sister.

"Kate's behavior toward me was unchanged. She was the same kind sister, the same agreeable companion, and her eyes, you know, were always brimming full of love for all, so their expression was not to be depended upon in this case. I lingered beside her, dreading to declare my love lest she should drive me from her. At length an event occurred that almost forced me to speak.

"One evening, a few months after the death of Clara, as Kate and myself were sitting in an arbor in the garden, my little daughter brought us each a bouquet; as she presented Kate's, she said very artlessly, 'let me kiss you, mamma.' The tears started in Kate's eyes. 'Did I make you feel bad?' continued the child, climbing on Kate's lap, and smoothing her hair with her little white hand; 'I'm very sorry, aunty; but Addy Brown told me you were to be my mamma, and be married to papa; she said too everybody was sorry, for papa was such a cross man. But you needn't be my mamma, so don't cry; for as I told Addy, if you were mamma, who would be aunty?' As the shades of twilight deepened the little prattler returned to the house. Kate would have followed her, but I detained her, and poured forth to her the long-concealed feelings of my heart. I told her everything, and as I proceeded my heart felt lighter than it had done for years, I told her that one word from her lips would make me again a lonely wanderer, or the happiest of mortals. I pressed her to my heart, kissed her passionately, and implored her to answer me. She did not shrink from my embrace, but only replied in a faint voice, 'I implore you say no more to-night; to-morrow you shall know all; but I cannot bear it to-night.'

"As we entered the house, I reminded her how she once sent me despairing from that door, and

again entreated her to answer me. She turned, threw her arms around my neck, pressed her lips to mine, and quickly and silently exchanging our bouquets, ascended the stairs. I watched her, heard her chamber door close, and (the strong man's frame bowed almost to earth) I never saw her living face again!"

After a pause of some minutes, Mr. Merwin proceeded: "I retired, but was too happy to sleep. No thought of death or the grave marred my joy. The clouds that had so long enveloped me seemed to clear away, and a bright and glorious day presented itself. I rose early and waited rather impatiently for Kate. As the breakfast bell did not bring her to us, my little girl ran up to her room, but soon returned, saying, 'auntie was dressed, but would not speak to her.' A scream from a servant now summoned us to Kate's room. She sat leaning back in a large easy chair, her feet resting on an ottoman. Her dress was unchanged since the preceding night; her couch undisturbed; her cold, white hands lay on her lap, and one still clasped the flowers she had taken from me. And those slender fingers still press those withered flowers —they were never taken from that icy grasp. And this," continued he, taking a small gold box from his pocket, "contains the flowers she gave me, dried, withered, and faded, like my heart's affections and hopes!"

A silence, broken only by my sobs, ensued; his eyes were glazed and tearless. He continued: "If the deepest contrition can atone, I have stoned. Gladly would I have yielded my cheerless, useless life to have brought back hers. I had asked too much. Kate's life had been one of sacrifice: but her heart broke in sacrificing herself. Her spirit escaped from bondage. Yet so true and loving did seem that last kiss, that I, vain fool, believed she loved me; when I knew she was only a fit companion for the angels."

Kate had guarded her secret well. Even he had never guessed it. Should I tell him? Yes—it could not harm the dead, and it might teach a lesson of patient endurance to the living. He listened. Tears, the first I had ever known him to shed, rolled down his cheeks, and child-like sobs burst from his bosom.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed, as I finished, "how have I mistaken a true woman's nature.

While I have been shedding mildew and blight on all around me, she, equally loving, equally suffering, has showered roses on the paths of all who knew her. I thought only of myself; lived for myself; she for others. I yielded to destiny sullenly, despondingly, she endured cheerfully, patiently. I have been supremely selfish; I have suffered like a proud, haughty man; she like a gentle, loving, forgiving woman; or rather like a Christian. The angels have snatched her from me. They knew her purity, her worth. I never could have known it had she lived. I have been a dark spot on God's creation. Henceforth the whole purpose of my life is changed. I will strive by penitence, and deeds of love and charity to atone for the past, and lay up a blessed hope for the future!"

From the depths of a full heart I responded "amen!"

In the busy city of — resides a man in the meridian of his days. His dark locks are prematurely "silvered over with grey," but his full beaming eye has lost none of its brilliancy and expression. His face wears an expression of chastened sorrow, softened by the heavenly penitences of hope, love, and good-will. His time is passed in instructing an only daughter, and in deeds of charity and goodness. He is ever first in every good word and work. The poor follow him with a blessing. He visits the abodes of vice and misery, and speaks words of warning, encouragement, hope. Rich, intellectual, talented, his society is sought by all. He sometimes mingles in the society of the gay and fashionable; in their follies never. He is there as everywhere an object of interest; to the young his conversation is entertaining and instructive; to the old cheering and profitable. He is a widower; and though manoeuvring mammas encourage, and pretty daughters smile, he is invulnerable to all their arts.

He delights to move in the humble walks of life, bringing "joy to the comfortless; light to the straying." That man is Edward Merwin. May his last days be his best days. May the seed of love and charity he is sowing spring up and bear fruit an hundred fold. And as the evening of his life approaches may the star of faith "go before him," to guide him to a home of rest!

THE COMFORTER.

MOTHER, canst not still thy weeping
In this great bereavement's dearth?
Your dear Saviour wept for Lazarus
Ere He called him from the earth.
Human tears become most holy
When they're shed on Jesus' breast,

Closer thus He draws each weeper,
Softliest soothes the sad to rest.
Through the rain sweet violets open
Up toward Heaven their loving eyes,
And your own, right soon, shall see Him
Leaning where your loved ones lies! E. M.

THE SECOND LOVE.

A SEQUEL TO "CAROLINE BRADSHAW."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—'S DIARY."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 156.

The 24th.

A LETTER from Augustus lies open before me—not more than twenty lines, and as sad as a dirge. He thanks me for my expressions of interest in him; but he utters none in return. Still a sort of thrilling tenderness runs through the whole. I can hardly detect it; I should fail if I were to attempt to tell just where, and in just what I find it; but I feel that it is there, nevertheless. With regard to my measure of assisting the doctor, he has only a few words. He will be pleased, he says, with the steps that I, or any other may take, toward making the misfortune fall lightly on him. He must beg me to do as I wish in this and all things. This, I must confess, falls coldly on my heart. I fear he does not so well like being consulted and referred to by me, as I do by him. There are no plans in the last—only this one; he will be here, God willing, next Monday evening.

Until next Monday evening I will wait, then. There shall be no more of this hurried, distracted feeling, as if I must move heaven and earth, rather than endure the suspense until then; ah, even for an hour it seems intolerable. May God give me strength and patience. I have none of myself.

The 25th.

I had a wretched night. If I fell asleep, it was only to wake almost immediately, with a startled, feverish feeling, as if something horrible had happened, which I could not at first recollect. And when I succeeded in recalling it all, in the darkness and solitude of the night, it was scarcely less intolerable than the first, awakening impressions.

I should feel better if I were to tell Aunt Agnes all about it, or, all I know. This is so little, however, I shall wait until I know more. Meantime, she sees that something is wrong, and is kinder than ever to me. She has proposed that we all go over to grandfather's this afternoon. I am glad to go; it is so oppressive in the close room; and perhaps I can swallow a few mouthfuls at the table where so many hungry ones are together, and where the victuals are always so good.

Evening.

No; I could not eat. I might perhaps; but Aunt

Agnes said something as we were surrounding the table, about my not having ate anything in the last twenty-four hours; and grandfather fell to rallying me, saying that Augustus must come. I thought how far his conjectures were from the true cause, and how when he does come, they may still see that I cannot eat; and the tears came into my eyes. I dreaded a shower, that would spoil the supper for them all. But I hid my eyes as well as I could with my cup, and swallowed the tears with my tea; laughing with the rest, although somewhat convulsively, as they must have been aware; but it was not so bad as the tears would have been. Grandmother was troubled. She watched me subsequently; said pleasant things about Augusta's being up so soon, and about having so good a man for my husband as Augustus; then, finding that the tears still kept coming, she sighed often, and told Aunt Agnes what roots she had, that she would give her when we came away; she thought a drink made of those would give me an appetite. We brought the roots.

The 27th.

Will Monday never, never come? The days are so long, and the nights so unbearable! I dread them whenever I think of them through the day. It rains, and the wind blows, and the rose-bushes go scraping along the clapboards, and the dark, driving clouds, and the long, long night!

These are days when beautiful, enlivening words, a line of poetry, or of the Scriptures, come to us unbidden; the same words with the same flow and cadence going through the mind, like a voice from heaven, every hour, every half hour in the day. This is when we are at rest. To-day this tremendous thing of Dickens has haunted me—"the monotony of bells and wheels, and horse's feet, and no rest." I tried awhile to separate my mind from it; but not long; for gloomy as it was, in fact, because it was gloomy, it had fascination for me. Aunt Agnes was not a little struck to see me bring the book to the table, and sit down to copy that grand picture of Carker—"On the Dark Road."

I should turn my heart upward; and I strive to, but in vain. I can only look forward to Monday.

I can only hope and trust—so far as I hope and trust at all—in Augustus. If I find peace in him, it will not be difficult for me to think of heaven and to be grateful. If I do not, my hopes can no longer rest on him. I shall go to the sure support.

Monday, the 29th.

He is here; but so still and pale, at the same time so considerate and kind, I know not what to make of it.

He plead fatigue, and retired early, almost as soon as the doctor and Laura, who were here when he came, and spent the evening with us, left, so that I did not see him one moment alone. And if it had been otherwise, there could have been no explanations, probably. His letter was brief and restrained; but I cannot complain of that. His manner when we met, and through the evening, was calm and reserved for the lover who is so soon to be a husband; but neither can I complain of that. He cannot surely complain of me. If he said anything condemning me, it must be—"you were too forward for the bride of so reserved a man; quite too overwhelming!" and whatever he may think, he will hardly say this, I fancy. It must go on, therefore. I must be careful to give him no shocks in future. I think now, decidedly, that it was my letter that disturbed him. The doubts that Augusta's narration raised on this head, are confirmed, by the candor and satisfaction with which he talked of his affairs with uncle and the doctor. He has been hurried, he says, and has had perplexing details to attend to; but he has seen his way from the beginning. He has seen that he will begin life for himself, free from debt, but possessing nothing, except his profession, his library, and his wardrobe.

"Still," added he, "for myself, I have had no fear, if I may have health."

I felt that his eyes were on my face, and that the tell-tale blush was there also; for I was thinking of the warm things I had written of my own feelings with regard to the loss.

Well, whatever he may feel for me, I am sure it is not indifference. His eyes were on me when I spoke, and when I did not speak. Whenever I looked up to him from my sewing, I met his steady, warm glance. My eyes fell speedily, in every instance; but not until the glow entered, and went down into my heart.

At leave-taking for the night, he held my hand no longer than he did aunt's; but I felt a slight tremor, a little, scarcely perceptible tightening of the fingers, which, perhaps, she did not feel.

And I heard all these poor tokens of interest, finding comfort in them! Verily, I am not an exacting bride. I am a happier one than I was last night, at this hour. I feel that I can sleep, now

that he is near; now that I see that he has not become an ogre, or any frightful being whatever.

The 30th.

I was like a new creature this morning. I had slept, and had dreams that seemed like realities, of a beautiful home, which was our own, and where Augustus and I sat together in love and contentment. I was still under its influences when I went into the parlor, where he already sat reading. I am sure his face kindled at sight of me. I am no less sure that I longed to be rid of all reserve, to spring to him, and lay my lips on his forehead, and whisper it to him that I loved him dearly. But instantaneously the impulse was checked. I sighed; there was a choking sensation about my heart; I only gave him my hand mechanically, asking him if he had seen Aunt Agnes this morning.

"No," sighed he, in reply; and, dropping my hand, he turned and crossed the room to the sofa-table, as if to look for another book.

Aunt came in; and in a moment uncle, leading Jemmy; and then he came forward with cordial words, yet with a cloud on his features. It was gone directly, however, as he drew Jemmy into his arms, and listened to his good-natured prattle, and prattled with him.

"Are you—I should like to know if you are just as good as Cousin Carry is," said Jemmy, after a little pause, during which his eyes had been steadily fixed on the fire in the grate. He tipped his fine head a little on one side, and looked naively in Augustus' face while speaking.

"I don't know," replied Augustus, smiling. "How good is Cousin Carry?"

"Ah—she is better than anybody else, except father and mother. She's as good as they be. Don't you think she is? don't you love her as well as you do them?" Still the same earnest look and voice.

"Well, yes; I think I do." He took the boy closer to him as he spoke.

"Do you better?" pursued the child.

"Yes, I think I do." Uncle and aunt laughed; but he did not. He kissed the boy as he finished speaking; and then put him gently from him, to obey the call to the breakfast-table.

Again I felt the genial comfort creeping over me, at the sound of his good voice, and at the concession—forced upon him, although it was—that he loves me better than others, who, I know, are so dear to him. But I reflected at the next moment that I was, in truth, more comfortable than I had any reason to be; and I dared not look up, lest I should again betray, unmasked of him, all the good thoughts of him that are stored in my heart.

We all rode over to grandfather's this morning, and staid to dinner.

Again grandfather bantered me; rather caustically at first; but when he saw that no tears came, and that I still ate the baked beans with a lively relish, he ventured farther and farther, until Augustus had the whole story, grandmother's recommendation of dandelion-root tea and all. Grandfather would not be quiet until he knew whether I had been drinking the decoction; nor yet, when I confessed that I had not tasted it, until he had his laugh out.

The grand-parents returned with us, to spend the afternoon and evening with us at the doctor's.

It is wonderful to see how Laura, unassisted, save in little things by the children, carries every thing through with the order of clock-work. Grandmother feels not a little pride in her success; especially in her white and porous bread. She reckons it a great achievement, when a young housekeeper *invariably* has "good luck," as she calls it, in making white bread.

We sat up late after our return consulting each other, and uncle and aunt whom we kept from going, as they several times attempted, by asking them what it will be best to do about this, and what they would do about that, if they were in our places, in the arrangements for housekeeping, and in housekeeping of itself, after the arrangements are made.

I said little; but uncle and aunt spoke for and with me, advising with the same freedom that parents would do.

"I advise you to do in one thing as we did," said uncle, with business-like air.

"What is that?" asked Augustus.

"Why my education had swallowed all my part of the patrimony, so that I was as poor a dog as you will find. But Agnes had brought me a few snug hundreds—"

"Only two hundred and fifty, Harrison," interrupted aunt, laughing.

"Well, this was quite a help then. I had little to do with briefs, at first; little for my hands to do; but my head worked all the harder, and I was glad to do as Agnes proposed, leave the housekeeping business all to her. She did better than I could have done. She always knew what was wanted and when it was wanted, and could get it, and not be plagued to death waiting, as she sometimes is, since I hold the purse more in my own hands. She got along more economically than I do. I know it didn't cost us near so much to live then as it does now, and we had one more in the family too."

Augustus looked at me. "But it was a great care for your wife," said he. "Perhaps Caroline—"

"Caroline will like it as well as Agnes did; and Agnes was delighted with the wonderfully cheap purchases she made."

"Yes; I know you will like it, Caroline," said aunt, speaking with lively enthusiasm. "Don't you think you will?"

"Yes, I do—yes, I would like it."

"You will find it much easier at Billerica, where almost everything will be brought to your door, than it was here, so far away in the country," said uncle, with an air as if he considered the matter settled.

I felt unspeakable relief in having it settled in this summary way. I had been many times perplexed, trying to conceive how I should manage so as to defray our household expenses, for the present, that is; and not wound his delicacy by the offer. With such a man as Uncle Harrison one would have little difficulty; but Augustus is constitutionally different; and, besides, he holds himself afar off from me. He is—and yet, no more of this to-night. He thinks he must return to Boston to-morrow; and after he is gone there will be time.

The 31st.

He is gone; and now I must finish my story; and after that, I see I must tuck my diary away. It takes too much of my time. I have many things to do; and two weeks from this day, God permitting, I shall take upon myself new duties, which will leave me little time for the comparatively idle pursuits that hitherto have engrossed me so far. It was agreed last night that I am to find a domestic here; and I have determined who it shall be. Mrs. Cheever has a niece of twelve, a good-natured, capable girl, who is very destitute in her poor home; who already is attached to me, and will be the happiest creature alive if I will take her home to live with me. She shall be my sole help; that is, if in my inexperience, I find she and I together can make the home comfortable and orderly. One can know, then, that pen and pencils will be in light demand.

We were talking last evening of the quality and quantity of furniture that we will need for our house, when a bright thought suddenly struck Uncle Harrison, and he exclaimed—"I will tell you! Gracious! how lucky I am in expedients, to-night! Don't buy one article, Caroline, so far as that you have already will go. Augusta despised it; and for her home in the city it was well enough to have new, if she preferred it. But from what you tell me of Billerica, and of the parsonage, I can see that this rich old furniture is just what you should have."

"It is!" responded aunt, turning to me with lively eyes. "Why didn't we think of it before? You can have it polished handsomely, and it will be splendid; won't it?"

"Yes; and if Augustus would like it, I prefer it to any other," I replied, and poor child that I

was! I couldn't bring myself to look at Augustus when I spoke. My eyes were still on aunt, who sat between me and uncle, with one hand lying on his knee, and the other holding one of mine, and anon sliding caressingly about my waist. Augustus sat in an arm-chair away on the other side of the table.

"He shall see it," replied uncle, quickly; and starting to his feet, he seized a lamp. "Come! let's go and see it."

The north parlor, the rooms on the second and third floors directly over it, and my chamber, all have the best part of the furniture that was my parents'. It is all of it more than twenty years old; but was purchased in New York, and is very rich and elegant. Augustus admired it.

"You would like it because 't was your mother's, dear, if for no other reason," said aunt, turning her kind eyes to me.

"Yes," replied I. My eyes filled; and I became so chilled between the cold air of the rooms and the painful recollections which crowded upon me, that I could scarcely stand.

"We will have it at Billerica then, my Caroline," said Augustus, approaching me, and speaking in the kindest voice one ever heard.

Uncle crossed the passage and led us into my chamber, still talking of the richness, the suitability of sofa, chairs, tables and mirrors. But on reaching my room, although uncle and aunt still expatiated, Augustus was silent. He came and stood near me, and I heard him draw one long, long sigh. He was overlooking my table, whereon were my books, writing materials and my diary, open, as I had left it for the ink to dry, when uncle and aunt reached the door for a return to the parlor. He turned his eyes from the table to me, just as aunt said something to uncle of its being so cold there. She set the lamp down, and by the light of the hall lamp, ran to the parlor, telling us, as she went, not to stay there in the cold, uncle ran after her, making a great racket.

Augustus smiled to hear the noise and aunt's merry laughter; but was serious again in a moment; nay, half reproachful he looked when his eyes, having made a hasty review of writing apparatus and the Highland shawl hanging over the arm-chair before the table, turned to mine.

"Do you write every evening?" he asked, with his hand hiding itself in the folds of my shawl as it hung on the chair.

"Almost every evening."

"And in this cold room?"

"Ah, it isn't very cold. I am very comfortable in this warm shawl."

How I loved that look of mingled concern and reproof! How it remains with me and comforts me still!

"But it will never do!" said he, going to the

table. "You must write below. Let me carry your things down, now." He helped me slip diary, pen and pen-wiper into my port-folio, and brought that and the standish down, saying to aunt, as he deposited them on the table—"don't let Caroline carry these back to her chamber, Mrs. Quincy. It is quite too cold there on such an evening as this." Again the dear, albeit, half scolding look in my face.

"I will see that she don't," readily promised aunt, suppressing a yawn.

"Yes, you'll see that she don't," said uncle, in tones which evinced very little respect for her matronly cares. "I'll see that she don't, Mr. Cummipps. As for Agnes, she would have been in her grave ten times before this day, if I hadn't—" but he laughed so immoderately with us all, over the odd thing he had began to say, that we did not hear the end of it. He started, however, bade us "good night! good night!" hastily taking aunt out of the room in the midst of her salutations. I was about following them, when Augustus said—"one moment, Caroline!" and I turned back. He stood with an elbow on the mantel-piece, slipping his pencil back and forth in his fingers, and seemed not to know how to begin. I leaned on a chair, trembling, apprehensive, and unable to help him by a single word.

"Caroline, I have thought," he began, but again hesitated. "We must both think it right and best," resumed he, "to be sincere with each other—that there be no concealment of the real feelings." Again he paused as if for me to reply. But I could not, I was so far from being able to conjecture what his meaning was, to what he was tending.

"There is a great change in my circumstances since you accepted me," he added, with tones that it chilled me to hear, although they certainly were not harsh. "If the—if you feel any hesitancy about entering upon the life that must be so different from that you anticipated, if you would turn back, or wait—" He paused, looking inquiringly in my face; but not with a glance that could encourage me to speak, even if I had not already spoken too plainly by letter. One instant I thought that he might not have received my letter; in the next, however, I knew that he had; for he had replied definitely to its several points. The next thought that struck me was, that he wished to "turn back, or to wait." But I could not know, although reflection was so rapid in that moment that seemed an hour; I could not acquiesce in his proposition, or whatever it was, for the dread of wounding him in some way. Besides, cold as he was, disengaged as he kept himself from me in that trying moment, when I was ready to sink, I did not

wish to turn back, or to wait. I will speak the truth, thought I, in conclusion, and leave the rest with God. But I was grieved and ready to weep, as I answered faintly—"no—no; I have no wish to turn back, or to wait."

I did not look up; but his voice was changed, as now he approached me, and held out his hand for mine.

"We will go forward then, together, my Caroline," said he. "And the God of love be with us." He was a good deal moved as he spoke, and carried my hand to his lips.

He was leaving the room, when he thought of the diary-writing, and came back to see to the fire.

"All out, and the room grows cold," said he, looking up to me, as he shut the stove-door. "But no matter. It is too late to write to-night; see!" holding his watch toward me. "You won't sit up to write to-night, will you?"

"Only a little while—only until I feel that I can sleep," plead I.

"Well, then; but I shall call you to account in the morning," said he, smiling as he left the room. And he has a smile, one of which would neutralize a dozen frowns.

He did not call me to account this morning. He did not appear until breakfast was ready; and then was grave, and looked as if he had not slept. The stage coach came along a half hour earlier than the usual time; before we left the breakfast-table; so that only hurried words were spoken, as he gathered the books that must go into his port-manteau; and then, again, as he buttoned his overcoat. Sick and cold over the sudden departure, dreading to lose sight of him, and fearing I know not what mis-shapen ills beside, I stood near him, without speech or motion. But I met his eyes every now and then; and I felt that they grew kinder every moment.

"Be a good girl!" said he, taking my hand when all was ready. "Don't sit and write in a cold room! Good-bye—good-bye."

He kissed my forehead, shook aunt's hand, and was gone, without one word about writing to me, or hearing from me while he is gone. But why do I torment myself? He will write; I shall write. Soon we shall know each other better; the doubts, the fears will be gone, and love and confidence will be in their place.

November 3rd.

I must write occasionally, if it is only a dozen words. The work goes on. One would not have thought there could be so much to do preparing for such a simple bridal—and yet, I see that it is not to be very simple. Aunt Agnes sends to Concord; and to Boston, when this will not do; and finds pleasure in the fruit that comes in the beautiful loaves she ranges along the shelves.

"A sensible girl!" said grandfather, when he

heard what is to be done with the old-fashioned furniture.

"Yes," said grandmother, in her loving tones. "This is just what I told him you would do. I am glad!" Uncle Harrison stepped forward and claimed all the praise, inasmuch, as it was his thought; and then went to the cabinet-shop to see how the polishing came on.

I fancy I shall hear from Augustus this evening; and from Augusta, too. I have written our plan with regard to furnishing our house. I fear she will "go into fits," as she says so often.

Grandfather, Uncle Harrison and I have advanced a sum to the doctor, in virtue of which he will retain his fields. He jokes again, and whistles, and lays his plans in peace.

Laura and I sit with flying fingers; planning, now sighing, and then smiling over our plans, always talking more or less of "the dear Henry;" letting fall tears over his memory, although we say at the same moment, that we would not call him back, if we could; since now he can suffer no more, and since he is so happy with the angels and with God.

The 6th.

Augusta makes herself very merry over the old-fashioned furniture. She threatens to nickname the parsonage "The Nunney." She says, "I have already been recommending it to Nabby, who now and then has lacrimaly spots, when she talks of the white veil. I had been planning to bring you orange flowers and blond for your head, and gown-sleeves, and 'bib and tucker,' you know; and so on, and so on. But, nay; better, fitter, it should be a mob-cap; and some lawn, to be worn with your grey satin. Bless you! More like the Madonna than ever will you be in the mob-cap and the grey satin! But! all bantering and jesting aside, you would look heavenly and sweet, I know. You should have been a nun, or a Quaker, any way. But I'm glad you're not; you are formidable enough as you are, habited like us ordinary mortals.

"But now, all bantering and jesting aside, I like your idea of furnishing your house. I can conceive a charming appositeness between it and the parsonage, between it and the parsonage and you—and your spouse; for—have I told you?—I think there never were two so harmoniously matched as yourself and Augustus. Seriously, I shall bring orange flowers, and blond for the grey satin; for, although you haven't told me, I know you will wear that. I will wear mine, with the satin caps and blond under sleeves. You must just wear the little blond sleeves with the rest of your arms bare down to the gloves. *Apropos*, I will bring gloves. I will wear jewels; you the flowers; and this will make us sufficiently unlike, sufficiently like.

"Between all her suitable dresses and her varying inclinations, I fear Nabby will at last be obliged to give up the wedding, from being unable to decide what she will wear.

"For the rest, she still keeps hold of your bridegroom, thereby manifesting an unusual constancy, for which I can account only by the supposition that she perceives, as I do, that he, all the while, holds himself back. She waylaid him to-day, and brought him to dine with us. But no more, except that Otway, and Freddy, and I are all,

Yours."

Augustus wrote me a long letter, although he began with something about "writing a few lines." It was not expressed as if he were a lover; but as a brother, who had my interest and happiness infinitely at heart.

He will be as kind as mortal can be, to me; but I fear something is in the way of his ever loving me as I do him. Perhaps this is best. I shall love him as well as anything mortal should be loved, if he remain cold and reserved as now. I hardly know how I could bear it, if he were to take me to his heart with all the overflowing tenderness I feel for him. Like Christopher North's poor Scottish mourner, I have the feeling that "I should fear now to face sic happiness; sic happiness would turn my brain. But nae fear, nae fear o' its ever comin'."

The 30th.

We have been a fortnight in the new home; and with the help of Augusta, who has just left me, and of Mrs. Follen, who is like a good, thoughtful sister, and of my ready, little maid, Sophia—to say nothing of the lift here and there tendered by Augustus—we have things in beautiful order all through the house. No one admires the old furniture like Augusta; unless it be myself—unless it be Augustus. His eyes kindle over that, and everthing; not even excepting "his Caroline," as he calls me—never, "his wife." But his eyes do all the praising and admiring—of myself, I mean; his lips praise everything else freely.

It was so cheerful and good when we came, after the ride of two miles from the depot, in the cold wind! Not only was the house "swept and garnished," but good fires were in the grate and in the stoves, and the supper-table stood ready to receive us, glittering in the new cutlery and silver, the gold-ribbed porcelain and cut glass; all, everything on the table, a gift from Otway and Augusta. The dear, good ones! Mrs. Follen took me into her long, soft arms at the door, and let fall some shining tears of joy, as she held me in the strong light, that she might be sure it was not all a dream, my coming right here to take comfort with her. Other ladies of the society, and gentlemen, also, were here. Some of the ladies I

had previously met, in visiting Mrs. Follen; but those whom I had never seen before, embraced me and kissed me with tears in their eyes, and dear words of welcome and sympathy on their lips.

We all sat down to the well-filled table, on which were myrtle and white chrysanthemums, together with a few tea-roses and geranium leaves; loaves and drops, beautifully frosted and ornamented, and some little hot biscuit. It was some minutes, however, before I could see distinctly what was on the table, for the tears that came at the sound of the good voice opposite me, asking a blessing of heaven. How my heart thrilled and responded to every word! "As for me and my house we will serve the Lord," thought I, and the words nerved my heart with strength and unutterable peace and thankfulness. But the tears would keep coming. I fear the guests would have waited long for their tea, if Augustus had not been on one side, and Mrs. Follen on the other, to help me.

Two of the ladies remained in the dining-room a few minutes after the rest of us returned to the parlor, to assist Sophia in removing things from the table, so that I did not see the inside of our pantry, until, at the call of Sophia's breakfast bell, I hurried down to the dining-room. It was touching to see how prompt and diligent the little creature had been; and yet a little laughable to see the oddly arranged breakfast things, and to read in her flushed, smiling face, how exceedingly she congratulated herself on having breakfast so early. It was not yet seven o'clock. She opened wide the pantry door for me to pass in and see what she had already found there; and lo, there were shelves full of loaves, boiled ham and tongue, and dried beef, and cheese; a little stone pot of golden butter-balls, another of preserves, and a large one of common apple-sauce; a whole row of pies, and a pan of sugar-cakes! Mrs. Follen, thought I; and again the grateful tears came into my eyes.

Presently Augusta came down yawning, and inveighing against "such an abominably early breakfast!" Sophia's wide eyes expressed a little alarm; but I reassured her, by telling her that Augusta and Mr. Cummings were not used to our early country hours, and, therefore, we would have breakfast at eight subsequently.

Augustus came in from the short walk he had been taking. He too smiled, although very good-humoredly, at the early breakfast; but he praised Sophia's fires, which he approached shuddering with cold. The morning was excessively cold; but clear and bright, like the morning of the previous, our wedding day.

Augustus comes! He has been to take Augusta to the depot. Ah! would I could believe that he

is half as glad to approach his home, his wife, as
I am to see him come! I wonder if I will always
be sighing for his love. I wonder if I will never

be content with the rest that is granted so abund-
antly, because this one boon is denied.
(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

EVANESCENCE.

BY E. D. HOWARD.

Oh, swift, and bright, and glancing fly
Like stars down-glancing through the sky,
Those moments when to life is given
The evanescent light of Heaven!

The glories which an instant flush
The rain-drop in its downward rush,
Just as its globe is flashing through
The rain-bow's gorgeousness of hue,
Are not more briefly bright than they—
So swiftly come—so soon away.

Yet not less sweet those fleeting hours,
That oft between the tempest lowers,
Nor less ecstatic present bliss
That 'tis not lasting happiness.

All joyous things more gladsome still
Appear for every cloud of ill,
Whose dark deformity displays
The contrast of their sunny rays.

How sweet a simple flower doth seem
Upspringing in a barren scene
'Mid wild creations—rough and rude,
More lovely for its solitude!

How pure the sky's celestial blue,
In spots of splendor glinting through
The cloud-rack, bleak, and cold, and drear,
Which darkens all the atmosphere!

How welcome is the palm which tells
The spot where sparkling water wells
Up through the desert's arid breast,
To thirsting wand'r' seeking rest!

How lovely are those isles of green
Which weary voyagers have seen,
After long months of dreary way
By storm-winds toss'd, 'mid Ocean spray,
On the wide water's boundless blue,
Like Heavenly visions rise to view!

And melody! how doubly dear
Its sweet sensations thrill the ear
To music's finest pleasure strung,
When discord's pain its nerves hath wrung!

And who shall say it is not best
Our brightest pleasures should not last,
That we may learn those joys to prize
By tasting sterner destinies.

THE OLD MILL-WHEEL.

BY J. A. TURNER.

ROUND and round through the live-long day
Goes the old mill-wheel with its huge arms spread,
To hold its cup where the waters shed
Their crystal stream on its silvery way.

The moss has grown on the old mill-wheel,
And rusty now are its bands of steel,
But I love it still, for in childhood's hours,
It bathed my head with its cooling showers,
As round it went through the live-long day,
Enrapt in a sheet of snow-white spray.

How oft I stood upon the bank
And from the silvery wavelet drank
In days of boyhood past;
Or watched the halcyon try to light
Upon the wheel, or poise his flight
Over the stream that seemed so bright
As on 'twas flowing fast.

And that same old wheel is going still,
And flashing bright is the rippling rill
That drives it round in its circling flight;
And the bank with flowers is still bedight;
But the days of boyhood now are flown,
And they've left my bosom sad and lone.

Yet often now from the crowd I steal,
And sit me down by the old mill-wheel,
And list to the sound of its merry clank
'Mid the flowers that bloom on the mossy bank:
And the past comes back as I fondly muse
While the red bird sings and the turtle coos;
And I live once more 'mid the scenes of youth,
As the false dream seems like a thing of truth.

Then who can blame me when I feel
A reverence for the old mill-wheel,
That brings back scenes which long have past
On Time's broad stream that flows so fast?

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"Loud sang the stranger cavalier,
And thus the ditty ran—
God send the gipsey lassie here,
And not the gipsey man.

At midnight when the moon began
To show her silver flame,
There came to him no gipsey man,
The gipsey lassie came."—RHYMES OF THE GITANAS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 175.

I HAVE spoken of the old gipsey for whose wants my mother toiled, as the being to whom she was indebted for birth, because she, herself, seldom mentioned this strange being in any other light; but she was the grandmother, not the direct parent of the dancing girl. Still the poor wild thing had never known care from any other source, nor felt that the grave of one generation lay between her and the old Sibyl.

I have a sort of fierce pride in this old woman, and love to trace the Romanny blood that burns in my own veins back to that wierd source, for in her withered veins it grew, like old wine, strong with age and bitter with the hate which our people bore to the Gentiles.

Learned men still cavil about our origin. They gather up scraps of our language, they ferret out our habits, and torture our tradition to establish the various theories, which after all must remain theories, for ours is a poverty-stricken people, we have no possession, not even a history, and then they call us a nation of thieves, and say that even our traditions are stolen.

But though-wise men have traced us back to Judea, and made us worshippers of idols—we who worship nothing in heaven or on earth, we know by the secret sympathies that link us together, sympathies which no Gentile can comprehend—we know that the blood within our hearts is of another source than the idolators of Judea.

They say that our traditions are stolen from your Bible; that from the solemn prophecies written there we have gathered up a belief in our Egyptian origin; but my great grandmother never looked into your Bible, she would have trampled it under her feet, spit upon it, had any one hinted that there, in the Gentile language, lay the great secret of her race.

Vol. XXI.—14

But her faith in the Egyptian descent of our people was like a religion. How it came to her, whether from tradition, fable, fact, or those sorceress' arts that made her famous among all our nation, I do not know. Save in those wild sympathies that knit our tribe together as with bonds of iron, all over the earth, our people have no history—they came like a cloud of locusts sweeping down from the east. It may be one of the curses sent forth to infest the earth after ravaging Egypt. It may be a fragment of the lost tribes. It may be even, as some of our traditions say, that we were sent forth as a punishment for inhospitality to the mother of God and her holy child—there is a wide field for conjecture. Let your wise men guess on. With us our Egyptian descent is faith—all the religion that we have!

I know many languages, am learned in historic lore—learned in the great foundation of all history, the Bible—of that which pertains to my people I have studied long and deep, yet as my great grandmother, the Gitana, believed, so do I. To her occult wisdom, her subtle sympathies, I have brought all the knowledge to be gathered from the literature of other races.

I have searched your sacred book till my soul has been stirred to its depths with the dark prophecies that foreshadow the scattering of our tribes over the face of the earth. I find the destiny that is now upon us written out in that great book, certain, unmistakable as the thunder-cloud that heralds in a tempest. There is wisdom in that book. Our people should know it better, for much of its grandeur came from Egypt, as we did—Egypt the great mother of learning—the land which gave its wisdom to Moses, and taught the irresolute how to think, act, and suffer.

And we too are of Egypt. Does the Gentile want

proof? Let him search for it in the prophecies that he holds sacred, let him read it in the voluptuous character of our dances, in the unwritten poetry, unwritten because it grows tame and mean in any language but the Romanny, and the Gitanas speak their poetry as it swells warm from the heart, for it would grow cold in the writing. Let him search for it where he pleases. We require no proof, we feel the mysterious spirit within us; our hearts turn back to the old land, and we know that it is ours.

My great grand-dame was no common Gitana. Her husband had been a chief, or count, among the gipseys, during his entire manhood. This was no common dignity, for our people choose their own leaders, and it is seldom that one man's popularity lasts during a life-time. The Gitana chooses his wife for her talent, her art, her powers of deception, in short, for what you would call her keen wickedness—these are the endowments that recommend the Gitana bride to her lord. It was for these qualities, joined to talents that would have given her a position in any nation, that my ancestor married his wife.

This great grand-dame of mine was bravely descended, and richly endowed. Talent comes to us most frequently from the mother, and through the female line she could trace her descent back to that arch sorceress, who wound herself around Maria de Padilla, during her heroic life, and in the end betrayed that noble woman to death, when she fled from Toledo with her son.

Maria de Padilla had offended our ancestress, and she was true to her hate. My great grand-dame wore a pair of ear-rings, massive gold circlets set with great rubies. In her poverty, for in the end she became very poor, these antique ornaments were always about her person. No amount of suffering, no temptation could win them from her even for a moment. These ornaments had been wrested from the heroine of Toledo, on the night when she *disappeared* with her Gitana attendant. There was a tradition, that the precious stones with which they were beset, had once been white, and that after the murder they had changed to the blood red hue they ever after maintained. I know not how this superstition took birth, but the craft of our Gitana ancestress seemed to descend with the rings, as they came down from that wonderful creature, always through the females, to the old Sibyl who was the parent of my mother.

I know that the Gitanas are considered as imposters, that they are supposed to practice these arts for coarse gain, and for that only; but this is not always true. No devotee ever put more faith in her saint than the gipsey, who has long exercised her powers of divination, places in the truth of her mysterious art.

It was late in the evening, and old Papita—for thus my ancestress was named—sat in her cave-home waiting the return of her grand-daughter from the Alhamra. Perhaps upon the whole earth there is nothing more repulsive than a very old woman in any portion of southern Europe; the voluptuous atmosphere, the warm sunshine that matures female life so early, seems to mock its own precocious work by proving how hideous time can make it. But if age makes itself so repulsive among the luxurious women of Spain, those who scarcely draw a breath of that delicious atmosphere which is not heavy with fragrance, how much more repulsive must be the old age of a Gitana hid away in the dark hollows of the earth, with rude and insufficient food, clothed in lowest rags, uncared for, held in no higher repute than the foxes who burrow in the earth as they do, and are scarcely held apart from civilization more than they are.

There was something witch-like in the appearance of my old grand-dame as she sat alone in her cave that night. A meagre candle shed its light in sickly flickers around a rude niche scooped in the rock, from whence the entire dwelling was cut. The body of this light fell upon the old woman's head, kindling up a scarlet kerchief that she wore, somewhat in the fashion of a Moorish turban, till it took a flower-like brilliancy, but casting the rough features into blacker shadow, till they seemed meagre, dark, and almost as withered as those of an Egyptian mummy. Her claw-like hands were folded over her bosom, and a ring set with some deep green stone cut with Egyptian characters, caught the light like a star, for the setting was of rough massive gold, that seemed heavy enough to break the withered finger, that it covered from joint to joint. A few embers lay upon the stone floor at her feet, the remnants of a fire that had burned low, leaving a thin cloud of smoke still floating in the vaulted roof of the cave.

A low chair of heavy carved wood, the antique plunder of some religious house, served the old woman for a seat; and before her, upon the embers, stood a small bronze vessel, which gave forth a soft odor as its contents simmered sleepily in the dying heat.

Besides these objects there was little of interest in the dwelling. The cave was scooped from the soft sand-stone cliff that forms one side of a ravine, through which the Darrow passes before making its graceful sweep around the Alhamra. The walls and ceiling were blended together in a thousand irregular curves and angles, roughly chiseled and blackened over with smoke. The cave had no particular form. It broke into recesses; was cut up into hollows; bulged out in places that should have been corners, and had a

dozen angles that promised some definite form, but failed in the performance. In size it might have covered eighteen or twenty square feet. The floors were of stone like the walls, for all was cut from one rock, but smoke and long use had so disguised the native material that it could hardly be guessed at. A few dried herbs were hung in one hollow of the wall; an earthen pot, full of fresh flowers, stood in another; some specimens of coarse pottery occupied a shelf swung across a smooth portion of the wall, and cooking utensils of heavy iron were huddled in a corner, making the shadows in that portion of the cave still more dense.

The old Sibyl arose, took down the candle, and holding it over the bronze vessel peered into it, muttering to herself. Now the dark mummy-like aspect of her features changed; the eyes black, firm and large, for age had no power to quench their lightning, illuminated those withered features and gave expression to every wrinkle. Her thin lips parted, and through a weird smile, that made them writhe like disturbed serpents, shot the gleam of her sharp, long teeth, white as ivory, and strong as those of a tiger.

My great grand-dame in her youth was of middle size, but age had contracted her muscles and warped her sinews, leaving her limbs spare and lean till she was scarcely larger than a child of twelve years. But her head was in disproportion. It was large, the forehead heavy, the eyes under it burning like coals of living fire; and this disproportion was exaggerated by the heavy red kerchief that I have already spoken of.

As the old woman lifted her person from its stooping position and stood upright, you wondered that she had power in those withered limbs to stand so erect, or carry the weight of that heavy blue *saya*, with its succession of crimson flounces all edged with golden lace, from which the brightness had departed years ago. You wondered, too, at the picturesque and singular arrangement of colors in her dress. It is true the old velvet jacket had lost all traces of its original lustre, the colors of the *saya* were dimmed and worn away, but the vestige of former dignity was there, and no age could injure that mystic seal, or the massive ruby rings that bent her thin ears with their weight, and flashed like great drops of blood falling from beneath her kerchief. Two or three times she waved her light over the bronze vessel, then thrusting the candle back into its niche, with an air of discontent she walked to the door of her cave, flung it open and looked out.

At first she held one hand over her eyes as we do when the sun strikes us suddenly, and no wonder! for what a contrast was that beautiful night with the black hole she had left!

I have seen the Alhamra by moonlight, from the very point of view which the old Sibyl commanded, and it is one of the memories which one would give up years of life rather than surrender. Down from the soft purple of that glorious sky fell the moonlight, pouring its rich luminous floods over the snows that lie forever upon the noble mountain ranges of the Alpujarras. It cast a silvery halo around each snowy peak, making the whiteness lustrous as noonday, and then came quivering down their sides, and fell in a silvery torrent among the groves that girdle the Alhamra. There subdued and softened by those dim old woods it divided a sweet empire with the night, leaving half those dim old towers to the shadows, and pouring its whole fulgence upon the rest, throwing a glory over some broken arch, and abandoning its neighbor to obscurity. Ah, me, there is nothing on earth so beautiful as the moonlight shining amid a grim old ruin like that. It is the present smiling away the gloom of the past.

Broken up, as it were, by those naked old towers, the light fell among the groves, throwing the trees out in masses that took a greenish hue almost as if it had been day; then the foliage became dense, and long shadows cast themselves like a dewy vapor down the hill, admitting soft gleams to flicker in here and there like a network of pearls embroidering the darkness. Then, as if some under-current of light had been all the while flowing on beneath the trees, out rushed the moonbeams breaking away from the shadows, and pouring down upon the bosom of the Darrow, smiling, sparkling, kindling up every drop of water as it flowed by, till you would have thought some vein in the mountains had broken free, and a torrent of diamonds were sweeping between Grenada and its Moorish fortress.

It is possible that the old gipsey saw nothing of this. I am inclined to think that she did not, for the scene had become familiar to her, and that night she was ill at ease. Instead of turning her gaze as you would have done upon the Alhamra and the snow ridges beyond, she threw her head back, and began peering among the stars, muttering to herself in some strange tongue, and holding up her mystic ring as if to catch some direct ray from the particular star to which her eyes were uplifted.

"Not now," she said, fiercely—for the least untoward thing awoke the old woman's wrath, and even then she longed to gather all that beautiful moonlight up and cast it into some dark void, because its fulgence dimmed the stars which she wished to read. "Not now," she muttered, locking her white teeth together, and turning her fierce eyes upon the moon with a gleam of hate—"not while the moon is wading

through the snows up yonder, and putting out the bright, beautiful stars till the heavens all run together like the printed pages of a book which one has no art to read. Not yet, not yet. I must wait till the skies are purple again, and the stars come out with fire in them. The moon, the moon, it is the friend of the Busne, never of the Gitana, accursed be its place in the sky. May the stars that have a language for the Egyptian grow powerful, and smile it down from its high place."

After uttering this wild curse, the Sibyl closed the door and slunk back into her cave, pacing to and fro, and crooning over a wild snatch of song that seemed to excite rather than soothe the fierce mood she was in.

All at once she paused, drew in her breath with a hiss, and bent her eyes on the door. She heard a footstep approach, the wooden lock moved, and a man perhaps of twenty-three or four years old presented himself. It was many years since the old Sibyl had been known to change countenance, or the unpleasant surprise that seized her at the sight of this man must have been visible. Yet of all his tribe he might have been deemed a welcome guest in any cave in the settlement, for he was a count or chief among the gypsies of Grenada, and added to this, he was the betrothed husband of Aurora, the grandchild of Papita. Why then should the old woman shrink within herself and receive Chaleco, the chief of her tribe, with so much inward trepidation? I only know that dazzled as her eyes had been by the moonlight, she had still read enough in the stars to make her afraid of meeting Chaleco.

The young count had all those strongly marked characteristics that distinguish his race: a clear olive complexion; heavy voluptuous-lips, revealing teeth that shamed the whitest ivory; hair black and coarse, but, in his case, with a purple lustre upon it; eyes of vivid blackness, and cheek bones slightly—in him—very slightly prominent, all lighted up by an expression of great strength, sharpness, cunning, perseverance, cruelty—that is, these passions would have been visible in his countenance had he ever allowed one true feeling to speak in his face. His dress alone would have bespoken his position in the tribe to one accustomed to the habits of our people, still it did not entirely appertain to the portion of the country to which he belonged. Chaleco had travelled much in Catalonia, and having a rich fancy in costume, adopted many of their picturesque habits of dress. On this evening, he seemed to have arranged himself with peculiar care, which is easily accounted for when we remember that he had been more than six weeks absent from Grenada, and in that time had not seen his betrothed.

With the deep cunning of her race, blended perhaps with a little of the irritation that had preceded his coming, Papita was the first to speak, and taking exception to the Catalonian fashion of his dress, defended her own position by commencing hostilities before the young man had time to ask questions, which she felt herself unable to answer satisfactorily.

"So, Chaleco, you have come back at last, and more like a stranger than ever. What Busne has bewitched you in the fair at Seville, that you come to Grenada in a dress like that?"

"Why, mother, this is all folly. I have but added this cap to the garments that I wore when we went from hence. Surely this is not a thing to provoke your wrath," cried the young man, taking a scarlet cap from his head with that half shy, half defying look with which some men receive female criticism on their dress—and grasping it with the heavy tassel of blue silk in his hand—"Aurora will not condemn it so sharply, I dare say."

The mention of this name seemed to sharpen the old woman's reply. "It is a Moorish cap, no true Gitana would wear it," she said, eyeing the unfortunate cap with a contemptuous glance, "and your dress of dark blue velvet embroidered at the neck, pockets with gold upon the seams, silver buttons and tags rattling from their rings, and chains over your bosom like the bells around a mule's neck."

"Nay, you can find no fault with the buttons, they are from the best silver works of Barcelona," cried the count, flinging open the short dark velvet jacket with sleeves, which he wore Hussar fashion over this beautiful dress, and revealing his whole person with an air of bravado, which the more swarthy color on his temples belied.

The old woman glanced with an expression that she intended to be one of unmixed scorn upon the young Gitana, the embroidered strips of cloth, blue and yellow, that enriched the neck and elbows of his jacket, and allowing her eyes to glance down to his well turned limbs, terminated her gaze at the sandals laced up to the knee by many colored ribbons.

The young man followed her glance with a half shy, half defying look.

"At any rate, you cannot find fault with this or this," he said, drawing her attention to a rich scarf of crimson silk around his waist, and a handkerchief in which many gorgeous colors were blended, knotted loosely around his well formed neck. "I can only remember seeing the gipsy count, your husband, once when I was a boy, but I know well that he wore a dress not unlike this that you revere so, with a scarf and kerchief that might have come from the same loom."

The old Sibyl kindled up like an aged war-horse at the sound of a trumpet—her withered features worked, her sharp eyes dilated, a grim smile crept over her lips.

"Yes, yes, I remember, and it is this that fills my heart with bitterness. He wrested these things from our foes, the Busne, they were his portion of the spoil; he laid many an ambush, and reddened his knife more than once for the frippery which you got in easier ways; for every button that he wore his people had some gain of their own to show. How is it with you, Chaleco—how many of our people have been fortunate, that you are tricked out so bravely? How many mules did you shear in Seville to earn what is upon your back?"

"Aurora would not taunt me so," said the gipsey, with a fierce gesture; "if she did——"

"Well, what then?" rejoined the old woman, sharply, though her fierce eye quailed a little, and a quick ear might have detected something like terror in her voice.

"Why, then," said the young man, "I would send word that the ton of sweetmeats in which we shall dance knee deep at our marriage festival, should be kept back; and I would fling this chain of gold, which shall lace up her wedding bodice, into the Darrow. It is because you are old and learned—the widow of a great count, that I have borne all these gibes so tamely; no one else in the tribe should revile me thus. *She* least of all."

Either the stern tone which the young man assumed, or his praise of her dead husband, softened the austere temper of the old woman. Perhaps it might be the unwonted sight of that gold ornament, or what is most probable, her attack upon the young man had been an artful scheme to gain time till her grand-daughter should appear. Certain it is, her face took an expression less in character than the wrath had been with her wierd features. A crafty, sly expression stole into her eyes; her mouth stirred with a slow smile, moving sluggishly as the worm creeps. She reached out her hand for the chain, and letting it drop to a heap in her palm, bent over it with a look of gloating avarice that would have been hideous to anything but a Gitana, who had witnessed these scenes from his birth.

The old woman looked suddenly up, a fierce light was in her eyes.

"The rings in my ears are red hot; the chain burns in my palm, I know the sign, the Busne has been forced to give up his gold once more. Our people have not altogether sunk down to be mere trimmers of mules and donkeys. You did not work for this, my Chaleco!"

"Hush!" said the gipsey, lifting his finger with a smile, in which terror and triumph was

blended, "the Busne may be hanging about our caves. The chain is for Aurora, she shall wear it upon her bosom on our wedding day. But where is she?—with your sharp words you have driven her from my mind!"

"No, no, my son, it is well that we are alone; you have accomplished a great deed—a deed worthy of Aurora's grandfather, he who has stained many a hill with Busne blood—but times have changed in Spain since he roamed the hills with our people. If there was blood—and the gold burns my palm as if it had been baptized—they will be on our track, hunting you into our holes as they do the foxes. Tell me how it all happened, my heart burns to hear, the tidings has filled these old veins as with wine, I had begun to be ashamed of my people. Sit down, Chaleco, here, on the old chair which he took from the choir of their proudest cathedral while the priests were chanting mass; you never sat in it before, but now that you have reddened your finger nails—warmed my palm with gold that is not worked for, the seat is yours. Sit down, my son, while I draw close to you that we may talk!"

The young gipsey sat down, but evidently with some impatience; and the Sibyl creeping close to his side placed herself on a low bench, and bending forward fixed her glittering eyes on his face.

"Now," she said, rubbing her thin hands together, and clasping the chain between them, "tell me, is this all? The chief takes one third of the whole, that is the law of the Cales."

"No, there was gold, a thousand pieces, packed away upon a mule."

"A thousand pieces, oh, my son, I saw great luck in the stars for you—but a thousand pieces—this is wonderful!"

"Besides, there was a watch with double case, all fine gold, and some rings which were too large for Aurora's finger, so we buried them in the ground with the gold and other treasures. Here is something, I am not sure about giving this to her, these glittering things on the back may be of value. I found it hung to the Busne's neck by the chain, and here is his own face, it may yet bring us into trouble. Look——"

The chief drew a locket from his bosom shaped like a cork shell, the whole outside was paved with pearls swelling into the several compartments, the scalloped edges were bright with diamonds of great value. He touched a spring, and within this exquisite trinket two miniatures were revealed, one was that of a young man, fair, with a bright, clear complexion, a fine eye of greyish blue, a delicate forehead, pure as snow in color, and teeming with thought; a mouth somewhat full, and of deep coral red, with a fair curling

beard of rich brown, kindled up by a tinge of gold; hair a little deeper in tint, but with the same metallic lustre breaking through its heavy waves. This was the face, fair, animated, and lighted up with a beautiful smile, that first presented itself to the old Sibyl's gaze. She arose, took down the candle, and peered over it in silence. The contrast was striking, that tawney, witch-like countenance, and the beautiful shadows smiling upon it from its bed of jewels.

There was a female portrait on the other side; but it was that of a woman much older than the youth could have been, but though of different complexion, there was one of those indefinite resemblances between the two faces which exist independent of features, running through families, and connecting them in the eyes of the beholder with a subtle influence, as one feels that a rose is near by its perfume, which is itself impalpable.

The Sibyl only glanced at the female face, and muttering, "it is his mother," turned to that of the young man again with keener interest. You could see by the workings of her face that she was beginning to hate that beautiful shadow, for there was a terrible gleam in her eye when she closed the shell with a snap and clutched it in her hand.

"No," she said, sharply, "my grand-daughter shall not wear this thing. The bright sparks are diamonds, the white ridges are of ancient pearls. But the face is that of the Busne, it does not belong to Spain either; hair and eyes of that color come from beyond sea. It is worth more than all your gold or the other trinkets: but she shall not wear it. I saw a face like this between me and the stars to-night. Was the Busne you plundered like it?"

"It was himself, two faces were never more alike!"

"And your knife, is it red? Did you leave him in the hills?"

"No, mother," replied the chief, blushing, as if ashamed that he had no crime of blood to confess, "he made no resistance; we were many, he nearly alone, for the guards fled as we rushed upon them. We did not kill him, there was no reason in it."

"How long was this ago?"

"It was three days after we left Grenada!"

"That is almost six weeks—but where?"

"About half way between this and Seville!"

"And did you take the plunder along?"

"We buried it on the spot; went to the fair as if nothing had happened, and dug it up as we came home."

"And which way went the Busne?"

"We did not wait to see; his face was toward Grenada when we met him, that is all I can say."

"Go from my sight—you should have killed this viper—he was crawling this way."

"Mother!"

"Go—go, but first let me grind this thing to powder with my foot; help me to spoil this face; you can pick up the diamonds from the dirt when I have done stamping on them!"

"No, mother, it is worth money—give it to me!"

The old woman unclutched her hand and flung the trinket against the wall of her cave, where it fell back with a rebound to her.

"Leave it," she said, with a fierce laugh, "the thing is accursed—leave it and go."

"Not till I have seen Aurora," said the young man, looking wistfully at the jewel. "It is late, very late, she must be yonder in her nest, ashamed to come forth without a bidding from her betrothed. Step aside, mother, I have waited too long."

The young chief strode forward as he spoke, and touching a door which was half concealed behind the old woman's chair, flung it open, revealing, by the light that stood in its niche close by, an inner room, in which the outline of a low bed and some furniture was visible.

"Aurora," said the young man, "come, come, I have waited long."

"She is not there," said the old woman, in a low voice, while her head drooped downward.

"Not there; nay, nay, I know better, she is only shy, hiding away like a young fox. See if I do not find her."

He snatched the light and went into the little sleeping cell. The bed was there, covered with fine old chintz; a little table and two chairs, white as snow, stood each in its place; the scent of fresh flowers filled the cell, which from its cleanliness, its little ornaments, and the fragrance that floated on the close air, was proof that its occupant was no ordinary woman of her tribe. But everything was silent. No sparkling eyes full of mischief, no wild laugh met the young gipsey as he expected. He stood a moment with the candle held up, gazing around the room, then a painful thought seemed to strike him. He turned and fixed his glittering eyes on the old woman.

"Where is she?" It was all he said, but there was something fierce in the question.

"She went to the Alhamra this morning, and has not come back yet." The old woman did not lift her eyes as she spoke, why she herself could not have explained; but every time that night, when word or thought had turned to her grandchild, this strange cowardice seized her.

"I will go seek Aurora," said the young gipsey, striding toward the door.

"You!" cried the old woman, springing like a

tigress between him and the entrance. "Would it was her duty to delude, never entered his mind. you break the betrothal?—would you cast shame on my blood?—would you have the whole tribe hooting at you both?"

The chief hesitated. He knew well that the gipsey law prohibited the act he meditated. That for a betrothed pair to wander alone, or arrange to a meeting beyond the confines of the settlement, would sunder them forever. He thought of this and hesitated. But the hot blood of a jealous nature was on his forehead, he could hardly restrain himself.

"With what man of our tribe does she wander at this time of night?" he demanded, fiercely.

"With none; she has scarcely spoken to man or woman of our people since you left for Seville," replied the old woman, with a look of earnest truth that could not but appease his suspicions in that quarter.

"But she is not alone?"

"I do not know, the Busne are plenty in the Alhamra just now!"

"The Busne," repeated the chief, with a scornful laugh, and the hot blood left his forehead—"the Busne, ha! ha! why not say this before—the little fox, she is at her work there. Aurora is a wife worthy of your count, old mother, hers are the eyes that draw gold from the Busne. But now that I have come back, she must not stay out so late, I would look in her eyes myself, the sly one. Tell her so, mother—at daylight I will be here again."

Relieved from the sharp feeling of jealousy that had at first possessed him, the gipsey count strode away content and happy—a little disappointed at not seeing his betrothed that night, but rather proud than otherwise that she was employed in whiling gold by her sweet arts from the people whom it was his duty to hate. The idea that there could be danger or wrong to him, in her adventures with the white travellers that

To him, in common with the whole tribe, the idea of an attachment between a gipsey maiden and one of the Alhamra race was an impossibility. Had my old grand-dame said that Aurora was out gathering flowers, he might have been less proud, but not better satisfied. The idea of being jealous of a Gentile, a Busne, it was impossible for him to entertain.

But my grandmother was of a different nature. She possessed that rare organization which is called genius in civilized life, and magic with us: that exquisite sensitiveness of nerve and thought, which took the shadow of coming events long before they become a reality. This, with her acute wit, her sharp observation, her strange habits of solitary thought, rendered her in reality a wonderful being. It is impossible for me to describe this. I can no more tell you why my grand-dame possessed the power of *feeling* what was about to happen, than I could divide the channels that sparkle in a cup of water, but the truth was there: she fancied that her knowledge came through the stars. But in natures endowed like hers there is something more wonderful than all the stars of heaven can reveal.

What was it that induced her that night to fill that bronze vessel with those strange poisonous herbs? Why did she watch them distil so sadly, and yet with such stern patience? What would the juice of these herbs become?—I will tell you another time. Now let us follow my grandmother. She was old, feeble—for years she had not been known to walk half a mile. But that night she went forth alone, creeping down the hill-side, through the hollows along the river's bank—up, up like some hungry animal that dared to prowl through those ravines only at night time. She was almost bent double at times, and looked in truth like a wild animal.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

DREAMS OF HOME.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

WHENE'ER I sleep and dream of home,
Oh! then my heart is pining
Its happy vales again to roam,
And view its waters shining;
I sleep and dream of home.

I wander through each pleasant grove,
And hear the wild birds singing,
Where oft the witching smiles of love
A spell was round me dinging;
Oh! bliss to dream of home.

I seek the well known trysting tree,
That dear old place of meeting,
Where oft I sat till o'er the lea
The evening shades were fleeting;
Oh! happy dreams of home.

Thus when I sleep and dream of home,
Its light again I borrow;
And though I wake afar to roam,
It lightens half my sorrow
To sleep and dream of home.

THE LAST CHANT OF CORINNE.

BY JESSE CONE.

I LAY aside the withered bays;
What are laurel-crownings now?
The wreath I wore in happier days
Can no longer grace my brow—
The heart has shed its young Spring-time,
The flower is blasted on the vine.

Here my sun of life declines,
And feelings to their fount return;
The cypress bough and darker vines
Are fitter for the shrouded urn.
Shall the torch of song illumine
The poet's pathway to the tomb?

Genius gave me double life,
The power of love and suffering,
And born of the unequal strife
Was my heart's first withering;
The flood of feeling genius gave
Made my soul its passion's slave.

The shaded walks by Arno's side,
Where I a maiden gathered flowers;
Nor Tivoli's gardens wide

Shall ope to me again their bowers;
A spot at Florence, is there not,
Where I may rest and be forgot?

Thou, Italia, gave me name,
The love and praise of glowing hearts;
But ah, the glory of my flame
Fast before my woe departed;
Pluck me boughs, that trembling wave,
At Naples, over Virgil's grave!

Italia, take, oh, take the crown
Thy million hands bestowed;
My sun of fame sinks clouded down,
And dimmed are attributes that glowed.
Shall the fount by Petrarch's door
Weep its dew-tears ever more?

The hue of life is fading fast,
Oh, where is my expression gone;
Shadows pale fit wildly past,
And ghastly spectres crowd along—
Father of love! let her depart
Who won a Nation—lost a heart!

TO CLARA.

BY MRS. A. F. LAW.

I WOULD the gift of eloquence were mine,
To tell thee all my love. For thee I'd twine
A bay-leaf chaplet of affection deep,
Which through life's course its changeless tints
should keep.

I love thee! For there dwells within thy breast
A heart where kindest sympathy doth rest:
A sympathy which shows itself in deeds,
Striving to yield the balm which sorrow needs.

I love thee! For thy mind doth bear the spell
Of lofty intellect. In thee doth dwell
The graceful dignity of noble thought:
A jewel rare! By Heaven's own hand 'tis wrought!

I love thee! And thy voice comes to mine ear
Like bells upon the air—so soft, and clear;
It seemeth from the soul's pure fount to well,
And every word, affection true doth tell.

I love thee! Thy sweet face is passing fair;
Beauty hath left her signet token there.
From thy soft eyes, unconscious light doth fall,
And by "unaiming charms"—thou winnest all.

I love thee! And with holy faith I pray
Rich blessings rest upon thee day by day.
For thee my lute doth wake this humble strain,
And—thou art dear—echoes the soft refrain.

S O N N E T.

To wait and wait, whilst every lingering hour
Hath its distinct dull penance of annoy;
To feel that Time hath a corroding power,
That withers up the sinews of young Joy,
That kills sick hopes, and treads them into dust;
To know that silence, solitude, and night,
Once gentle friends, now enemies unjust,

With marble looks, turned lowering from the light,
(Like nurses minist'ring poison to the sick)
Destroy the life they fed. To hear the wind,
And sigh to have its wings, and thus to trick
Wide space and cruel distance—this refined,
This earnest torture, thou its name wouldst know?
'Tis absence. Canst thou love and question so?

M. E. S.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. IV.

THE aids of the hand are of the most consequence, but all the other aids, as the whip, the leg, and the inclination of the body should harmonize with it. Frequently the movement of the hand is destroyed, by omitting the accompanying aid or defence with the body or leg. Thus:—if a horse kick, it is useless for the rider to tighten the rein in order to keep his head up, if she does not also throw her body back, in order that her weight may rest on his croup. The tightening of the rein merely, will not restore the equilibrium of the horse, and if the body of the rider retain the usual position, she will most likely be put over her horse's head. Again—if a horse rears, it is in vain that the rein is loosened, if the rider does not lean forward, in order to throw her weight on the horse's shoulders to bring him down, and also to prevent herself being thrown over his haunches; and if she does not slacken her rein there is a probability of her pulling her horse over on her. The aids and defences of the body must be acquired in a great degree by practice and the observation of the rider. When the horse is to advance the hand is to be turned (as described in a former number) sufficiently to slacken the rein, the body inclined forward slightly, and the left leg pressed to the animal's side. The whip is frequently a necessary aid with an ill-trained or sluggish horse. Should the rider by turning the wrist or tightening the reins communicate her desire to stop, the body at the same time should be thrown back slightly, to secure the effect.

In some cases, the aid of the body properly performed will carry with it the aid of the hand, the leg, and even the whip, if it be held near the horse's side. For instance—if the rider wishes to turn a corner on her left, she inclines slightly toward it, drawing her left shoulder a little in, and pulling her right shoulder rather forward; the bridle-hand will thus be drawn to the left side, the rein on the right side will act on the horse's neck, and the left leg will be pressed close against the horse; so that all the necessary aids are performed by one natural and easy movement. In turning to the left, the leg is used to drive the croup of the horse in some degree to

the right, and thus make it follow the direction of the shoulders. In turning to the right, the whip must take the place of the leg, by driving out the croup to the left. The aids which are sufficient for some horses are not nearly powerful enough for others: the power of the aids should, therefore, be increased as circumstances require, particularly the whip.

Some horses it is often necessary to soothe, and others to encourage or animate. The hand, the leg, and indeed the whole body, may be used for these purposes. A spirited animal is frequently impatient when first mounted, or if anything pass him quickly. In these cases the rider should soothe him, by speaking to him in a calm, gentle tone; the whip should be as motionless as possible, and the greatest care taken that the lash do not touch the flank. Her body should be well balanced, her leg still, her *bridle-hand steady*, and the slightest alarm never betrayed. Her self-possession and easy, but firm seat, will soon reassure the horse, and he will become perfectly docile and tractable.

A shy or timid horse may be *encouraged* to pass an object which alarms him, when coercion would utterly fail. A little patting on the neck or shoulder, gentle words, and a little caressing with the right hand, (holding the whip in the left) will render a horse obedient when the use of the whip would only increase the fear.

Animations are intended to make the horse more lively, without increasing his speed. Some horses scarcely ever require them, whilst others need to have them called frequently in use. The slightest motion of the hand, leg, or body is sufficient animations for some horses, whilst the whip is absolutely indispensable with others. Animations should be used when the horse decreases his speed, contrary to the rider's inclination, droops his head, bears heavily on the bit, or is lazy or slovenly in his paces. A good rider sees the necessity of an animation before the horse actually abates his speed, and she should not wait till an animation is absolutely indispensable, but should use the hand, the leg, or the whip a moment before rather than at the time really required.

THE SWING.

MERRY, merry let us be,
Swinging 'neath the greenwood tree.
Vernal Nature's full of joy,
Why not we, my darling boy?

Mark the birds, they shoot on high,
Faster, love, than you or I!
List, the streams are singing free,
Nature's glad, and why not we? C. A.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

ROSALIND AND CELIA.—The principal embellishment, for the present number, is engraved from Shakespeare's "As You Like It." The scene is familiar to all who know the play, and would need no comment, if they comprised all of our readers. But as there may be some fair subscribers, who have neglected to peruse this fine comedy, they will, we are sure, thank us for directing their attention to it. Of Shakespeare's female characters, exquisite as they all are, Rosalind, the heroine of this play, has ever filled the first place in our imagination. Witty and brave, graceful and beautiful, tender and womanly, natural in all things, and pure in every thought as an angel; who is her equal? The girlish Perdita, the gentle Desdemona, the frank Miranda, the majestic Portia, Helen, Beatrice, Ophelia, and Imogen are all lovely, though different, but no one combines so many womanly and winning qualities, is at once so heavenly and yet of earth, as Rosalind. It is chiefly on her account that "As You Like It" is the most bewitching of Shakespeare's comedies to us. When she falls in love, how saucily she tells her cousin, and half believes it herself, that it is only "to make sport withal!" If she finds her name carved on the trees, and picks up madrigals addressed to her, how merrily she jests about her unknown adorer. And when she meets Orlando again, how prettily she fools it with him. Nothing, indeed, can be more exquisite than the scene in which, as a merry page, she bids him imagine her his mistress, and make love to her, unless it is that in which, hearing of his wound, she faints, and then, on recovery, fearful that his brother will tell him of her emotion, says, "ah! sir, a body would think this was well counterfeited: I pray you tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!" But read the play.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.—*Oranges in Brandy.*—Choose small St. Michael oranges, put them in boiling water for a few minutes to make them swell; then in cold water; drain, and pour over them some clarified sugar; let them stand four or five hours, and give them a boil in the syrup; let them stand in it until quite cold, and repeat the boiling four times, after which put the oranges in wide-mouthed bottles, fill with brandy, and carefully cork. Orange ratafia is made by steeping eighteen oranges, in their natural state, in a gallon of brandy, with some cinnamon and coriander seed; infuse for two months, strain off, and bottle.

Good Fried Potatoes.—Take a little flour, two eggs beat up with a little water, a spoonful of oil, a little salt and pepper, and make into a thin smooth paste. Wash and peel some raw potatoes, and, after cutting them into thin slices, dip them into this paste, and

fry them in some boiling lard, until they are of a good brown. Before serving, which should be done as hot as possible, sprinkle a little salt over them.

Rum Shrub.—Oranges and lemons, four each; loaf sugar, two pounds. Rub the sugar on the fruit till the whole of the yellow rind is off; then add one gallon of rum; allow the sugar to dissolve in the spirit, mix, and add one pint of orange juice, one pint of lemon juice, and two quarts of water that has boiled and stood to cool. Brandy Shrub is made in a similar manner.

Potato Balls make a pretty dish for supper or luncheon. Boil some potatoes in water, or steam them, as most convenient; when done, peel and mash; then mince some cold meat of any sort, adding butter, parsley, and shallot, all chopped fine; mix with the potatoes in equal quantities, form into moderate-sized balls, dip in some white of egg, flour, and fry to a good color; serve very hot.

To Remove Greases from Velvet.—Pass the under side of the velvet over a warm smoothing iron. Let one person hold the velvet tight, and another pass the iron; then spread out the garment, and brush gently, yet briskly, with a velvet brush.

To Clean Decanters.—Decanters encrusted with port wine will be readily freed from the stain, by washing them with the refuse of the tea-pot, leaves and all, while warm. Dip the decanter into a vessel containing hot water, to prevent the hot tea leaves from cracking the glass. The tannin of the tea acts chemically on the crust.

A Ribbon Plum-Pudding.—Make a good suet paste, roll it out into an oblong shape, then cover it pretty thickly with currants, well washed and dried, and a little grated lemon peel; tie up in a cloth, put it in boiling water, and boil for an hour. Serve with white wine sauce.

Water for Hyacinths.—Rain or river water should be used for hyacinths; this must be renewed as it gets muddy. When the roots begin to grow, the water should be lowered, or the roots will rot. When the water is changed, the bulb should not be taken out, but the water be carefully poured off.

To Pickle Eggs.—Boil them hard in water, remove the shells, and then boil them for ten minutes in white wine vinegar and spice; put them in a jar with the vinegar and spice and some slices of boiled beet-root.

To Clean China and Glass.—The best material to clean china and glass is fullers' earth, beaten into a fine powder, and carefully cleansed from all grit.

DECCEPTION DISHONESTY.—Our contemporaries, nearly every month, publish old English plates, which they attempt to palm off as original. This month we publish an American engraving, and as it has appeared before, though elsewhere, we state it frankly: but the

plate, will be new to most of our readers, and acceptable to all. It is no part of our plan, however, to deceive the public in this, or any other way. Our subscribers cannot say they have been deluded by false promises, made at random, and never intended to be fulfilled. On this point one of our contemporaries, the *Lansingburg* (N. Y.) *Gazette*, observes significantly:

"The Ladies' National stands among the foremost of the literary monthlies; and notwithstanding it deals somewhat less liberally in *promises* than many of its brother monthlies, its pages are invested with no less interest on this account."

ANOTHER COPY-RIGHT NOVEL.—In July we shall begin a new novel by the author of "Dora Atherton," "The Valley Farm," &c. It will be completed in the December number, if not earlier. During the year, therefore, our subscribers will get two copy-righted novels, one by Mrs. Stephens, and one by this new writer. What other magazine offers similar literary inducements?

SCOTT'S WEEKLY.—We recommend this mammoth newspaper again as a most excellent family journal, and as, moreover, the cheapest, taken all in all, of the Philadelphia weeklies. Its proprietor and editor is about the most indefatigable man we know. He offers unusual inducements to clubs.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Life and Works of Robert Burns. In four Vols. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have not the remotest idea of gilding lilies, or getting up an extra supply of perfume for the violet, by a commentary on Burns' poems. When the genius of any man becomes a portion of our household words, it ceases to become an object of criticism. But there is in the life of this gifted being subject of thought, something mournful and suggestive, which should be placed before the reader carefully and with a tender hand. There is a way of presenting facts which put the man before you not only as he lived but as he felt. Nothing but a man of genius, and that genius subdued by experience, should ever touch the life or compile the writings of a man like Burns, for nothing but a man of genius can comprehend a nature like his. It is this comprehension, this fine intellectual sympathy which fits Mr. Chambers so well for the work he has performed. New facts brought forward, the masterly arrangement, the generous spirit breathing throughout the entire biography, give a value to this edition of the peasant poet, which will place it in the library of every true lover of genius, in our country at least. For after all, it is here that true genius receives its highest appreciation.

The Head of the Family. By the author of "The Ogilvies." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A new novel, by this popular author, will always be eagerly sought after, especially by the more discriminating class of readers. "The Head of the Family" is not inferior, in any respect, to either "Olive" or "The Ogilvies."

Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century. By A. Houssaye. 2 vols. New York: J. Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—These are just the volumes for a "lady's faire." We have not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with the publisher, but that he is a gentleman of rare taste is proved by the style in which they are issued. The type, the illustrations, the hot-pressed paper, and the graceful designs on the cover give decisive evidence of this. Nor is this elegance confined to the present volumes, for we have always noticed that whatever Redfield publishes, is issued in handsome style: indeed it seems as impossible for him to print a mean-looking book as for certain others in his profession to print a handsome one. It is, however, also noticeable that Redfield publishes only the better class of books. Few works of the class, for instance, could have been found worthier of beautiful adornments than the one now under notice. It is a record, as the name imports, of the lives, writings, and sayings of the most distinguished men and women of the eighteenth century; at least of such as flourished in France. To the instructiveness of regular history, it adds the charm of biography. The persons noticed, moreover, are those about whom every reader is curious, yet whose memoirs are placed beyond the reach of ordinary readers. The volumes sparkle with wit and anecdote. We repeat, they are a treasure that no intelligent lady should be without.

Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers; and other Poems. By W. E. Aytoun. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—Right glad are we to welcome this volume. With these glorious lays we have been partially familiar for years, having frequently read extracts from them in British periodicals; but it is only since Mr. Redfield has republished them, in this elegant volume, that we have become fully aware of their unrivalled merit. No other poet in fact, except perhaps Macaulay, has caught the spirit of the ancient ballad like Professor Aytoun. His verses have all the heroic elevation of "Chevy Chase." This is especially true of "The Execution of Montrose," and "Edinburg after Flodden." In these grand ballads we seem to be transported to the scenes they commemorate, beholding Grahame walk proudly up the Canongate to his death, and hearing Randolph Murray detail to the Provost the sad tale of King James' death. No lover of true poetry should be without this volume. We look to see it immediately on the table of every lady of taste, culture and sentiment.

Recollections of a Literary Life. By Miss Mitford. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Charming, charming Miss Mitford. Her sketches, so true, so fresh, so full of home-life, were among the first literary blessings that we remember. After a sleep of years her pen is resumed again, and that in a manner which brings back the old charm, vivid as it was when she flung the rich strength of her prime into every page. Specimens from other writers, reminiscences of contemporary authors, gentle intercourse, abound in the volume, but we love best that which relates to herself, the story of that Lost Staff, the

Scattered Wheat-heads, and those two orphan children gathering them up. Who save this author could have made these things win tears from our eyes?—who but this woman of women could have written a book so rambling, so full of breaks and snatches, and yet so more than charming? God bless the woman!

The Book of Ballads. Edited by Bon Gaultier. With Illustrations. 1 vol. New York: Redfield Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—The wit of these parodies almost surpasses belief. Who could have believed, for instance, before reading the travesties in this volume, that "Locksley Hall," "Lillian," and the other poems parodied have been made such "food for mirth"? Whoever is envious, whoever is ill, whoever is melancholy, let him or her purchase this book, and—our word for it!—an instant cure will be effected, unless laughing is powerless to produce it. We regret that our space will not allow us to make quotations. The present is a new edition, containing several ballads never before collected, and embellished with illustrations that rival the text in the power of moving mirth. The book is neatly printed, for Redfield always publishes neat books.

Salander and the Dragon. By Frederick William Shelton, M. A. 1 vol. New York: John S. Taylor.—This is an allegorical romance with a high and worthy aim. A powerful imagination steadily bent to a single point, could alone have created the scenes and characters. In short, it is a prose poem full of romance and poetry, original beyond anything in conception, and altogether a work that must excite more than ordinary attention. Like all Taylor's books it is beautifully printed and neatly bound.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. No. 20.—In this number Mr. Lossing is as felicitous as ever with both pen and pencil. We cannot praise this serial too highly.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

We gave our readers, last month, in advance, all the needful intelligence respecting the fashions for early spring. Nothing, since then, has appeared that is new, nor, indeed, was there call for it, after our full details. We have secured, however, the patterns of two exquisite April dresses, which we have had engraved.

FIG. I.—WALKING DRESS.—Both the dress and mantilla are of one material, which may be either chalais or silk. The skirt of the dress is quite plain. The mantilla is one of a new pattern. At the back it descends very little below the waist; and the ends in front, which are shaped in the shawl form, fall about half way down the skirt of the dress. It is edged with a frill of the material of which the mantilla is made. The hood, which is rather large, is trimmed with a gaufréd frill, and drawn in by a ribbon tied in a bow at the back. Bonnet of fancy straw, trimmed with bouquets of wild roses mingled with straw flowers. The cape and strings are of white sarsnet ribbon.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS.—Dress of gross d'Espagne, the color a light shade of green. The front

of the dress is ornamented with bows of satin, of the same color as the silk, disposed in the tablier form. The corsage is open in front, showing a chemisette composed of horizontal rows of lace. The sleeves are loose at the ends, with under-sleeves trimmed with rows of lace. Bonnet of white drawn silk, with two marabout feathers, one drooping on each side. Under trimming of small pink flowers. Scarf of red cashmere, with a deep border. Gloves of pale yellow kid.

BLOOMER COSTUMES.—We have not reported any Bloomer Costumes since our January number, because no new ones have appeared, while, on the contrary, those worn last fall have gone entirely out of use. In fact it may be said that this fashion has proved a complete failure. We have not seen a Bloomer dress in Philadelphia for several months, nor do we ever expect to meet one again. In New York it is the same, and in Boston also, as far as we can learn. We predicted this termination to the proposed innovation; and predicted it, our old subscribers will remember, for two reasons. The first was that those who had tried the dress did not think it an improvement as regarded either convenience or health; and the second was that the fashion could not be made to "take," unless ladies of considerable social influence patronized it, which they did not seem disposed to do. Costumes far more odd have frequently been worn, as we showed in our January number; but in all these cases they were first introduced by some well known leader of fashion. Added to this, the Bloomer dress was started on the assumption that the grace of a costume was of little, or no importance, and surely no falser notion could be broached. To increase the beauty of the female person, by a gracefully made attire, is not only not wrong, but absolutely commendable; and the woman who neglects it, pays the penalty of being called a sloven, if not a frig. The beautiful in dress should, in fact, come next as a study, with woman, to the beautiful in mind and manner. Not that we would recommend a fashion to be followed which is injurious to health. Tight-lacing, for instance, has always been an abhorrence, and has been unceasingly denounced in this Magazine. It not only injures the health, but actually spoils the shape, so that there is nothing whatever to recommend it. However we will not enlarge on this subject now, though, at some early day, we probably shall; but content ourselves, at present, with saying that what are called the French fashions do not countenance tight-lacing, and that it is altogether a mistaken idea to think so. Ladies, who wear them may indeed lace tightly, as ladies who wore the Bloomer might, but they do not enjoin it; on the contrary they discountenance it. Nay, more, a *real* French corset is, as every sensible physician knows, the best safeguard against tight-lacing, and the best vehicle yet found to prevent those diseases that arise from wearing too many skirts.

In MAY, we shall lay before our fair readers a full account of the later Spring, and early Summer fashions, accompanied by another of our magnificent colored plates.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

U P - T O W N A N D D O W N - T O W N .

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

ONE of the most beautiful airs in the deservedly favorite opera of Lucrezia Borgia was just speeding to the land of silence through the upper atmosphere of the Astor Place Opera House. The deep-eyed prima-donna, Parodi, was curtseying low to the showers of bouquets. The human extinguishers in the shape of would-be critics, were beginning to murmur out their guarded approval, when a young man, dressed in the height of the fashion, turned his lorgnette to the box occupied by two very elegant-looking girls. For the last half hour he had taken his cue from them, and listened to the music. Before he had been fashionably inattentive. The musical taste of the Miss Townsends had been cultivated to the highest extent, and existing in a sphere altogether above petty affectations, they had done justice by attention to the truthful and impassioned rendering by Parodi of Donizette's fine conception. The opera-glass of Mr. Curtis was leveled long at their box, for there lay the ultima Thule of his hopes and expectations. To gain the privilege of familiar entree there, to hold the ermine-tipped cloak or vinaigrette of one of those exclusive beauties—what would he not have given? For months he had been manoeuvring for that.

"I say, Tom," he whispered to his friend, as he consigned his gold-mounted lorgnette to his pocket, "when are you going to take me to the Townsends?"

"Why I told you, my dear fellow, I couldn't take you without asking them first."

"Yes, but hang it, why don't you ask them?"

"I will some day. I don't go there very often, you know, and I couldn't get a chance the last time."

Mr. Curtis planted himself against the stair-railing of the lobby, and made a most obsequious bow to the Miss Townsends as they took their departure, which was politely but distantly returned. The mortified beau jammed the diamond

on his little finger through his white glove, and reiterating his reminders to his friend Brace not to forget his promise the next time he called in Gramesey Place, made the best of his way home.

The good-natured Tom Brace was the only one of Mr. Curtis' acquaintance who visited the Townsends, and in him lay his only hope of ever seeing the inside of their father's front-door. An invitation from the young ladies themselves was as far from his reach as he was from being worthy of it—and this he knew well. The Miss Townsends were always engaged when at Newport or Saratoga; he asked them to dance—the ices he offered were often refused under the pretext that their brother had gone for some—the bouquets he now and then ventured to send were never worn. Their lady-like but decided manner of distancing Mr. Joseph Curtis, often provoked a smile on the lips of those who comprehended the by-play of society.

The truth was, the fastidious and highly cultivated Kate and Adelaide Townsend moved in a circle where wealth alone was no passport of admittance. That with a handsome person was all Mr. Joe Curtis possessed. The long rows of ware-houses and heavy bank-account of Curtis & Co., made their name pass current in Wall street, but the frivolous, half educated son and heir of old Mr. Curtis was beginning to learn that there was an atmosphere where the family name needed something more to support it. Unaccompanied by cultivation, refinement, or the consideration derived from family, it would have been very much out of place in the circle of the fastidious and intellectual Miss Townsends. The family pride of their father, too, would have frowned upon any attempt at an introduction. A professional man, with none of his relations connected with trade, he rather looked down upon the "merchant aristocracy."

To do Mr. Tom Brace justice, he had done his

best to get permission to bring his friend to call upon the Miss Townsends. They had always evaded the question, or given polite answers of which no advantage could be taken, but when Mr. Brace pressed the point they courteously but decidedly refused.

"Are you acquainted with the Miss Townsends?" said Miss Julia Freeman to Mr. Curtis, the same night that heard Adelaide Townsend's slightly disdainful refusal to admit him as a visitor.

"Oh, very well, indeed," was the reply, "Mr. Brace, my most particular friend, is very intimate there."

"What's this, Tom?" said Mr. Curtis, taking up a gilt-edged note as he threw himself into an arm-chair in the rooms of his friend at the Bond Street House.

"An invitation to a party at the Miss Townsends."

"Well, now, look here, Tom, I call it rather unfair of you. If you had introduced me there as I wanted you to, I should have had an invitation to this party."

Thus apostrophized, not even Tom's good nature could keep him from repeating to the conceited fellow Adelaide Townsend's refusal to admit his calls.

"Did she—did she say that?" exclaimed he, and sank into a moody silence, dividing his angry regards between his patent-leathers and the unlucky note. At last, however, he returned to conversation pitch, and accepting the offer of a cigar, settled himself in the artistic and elegant posture so dear to the lords of creation. With feet elevated far above his head, he watched the curling smoke-wreaths.

"See here, Tom," he began, without taking his cigar from his mouth, "couldn't you get me an invite after all? Not that I care for these Townsends. Indeed, after their impertinence—but that's neither here nor there. There's some people that'll be there that I want to meet. Couldn't you manage the thing some way, my dear fellow—you might ask them if you could bring a friend with you."

"They would certainly ask who my friend was—and even if they didn't, if I brought you after their refusing to let you call, in what kind of a position should I stand with them, my boy?"

"Well, but—confound the thing—I must go. I never wanted anything so much in my life."

"I see no way, unless you'll agree to be one of the violin players, or hand around ices."

Muttering something between his teeth, poor Joe Curtis sprang up, and proceeded to call upon two or three young ladies whom he thought likely were invited to the Townsends; and after hinting and insinuating in vain, offered his services as

escort in so many words. He had the satisfaction to hear them politely declined in all three cases.

Wall street! busy, scheming Wall street!—brokers were hurrying by with compressed lips—bank clerks with thoughtful eyes, for "money was tight." In a private room in a large building near the Merchant's Exchange, sat the senior partner of the firm of Curtis & Co. He had thin lips, and a slight stoop of the head owing to long habit of sitting at the desk. Leaning half out of his chair, with his body bent toward him, was a man a little past fifty, with the beaded perspiration standing on his forehead, and his hand quivering with agitation. It was Mr. Townsend, the wealthy lawyer, for many months the daring speculator.

"Time, give me time," he said, "it is all I ask. A week may enable me to relieve all—the want of it will plunge my family into beggary."

"You should have thought of that before you ventured upon so heavy a speculation."

"Oh, sir, do not taunt me with the past. It is not much I ask—one week."

"You do not know the serious damage the delay of even one week may be to me."

"It will not be ruin. It will not be taking the daily bread from your mouth, or from the mouths of those dearer to you than yourself. My poor girls! how little they imagine anything of this kind!"

The merchant rose from his chair impatiently.

"Take care—take care what you say, Mr. Curtis. Much rests upon one word of yours. For God's sake do not urge me to despair. There is a fearful energy in desperation."

Mr. Curtis glanced hastily at his companion, and then around the vacant room.

"Do not alarm yourself, sir; I do not mean to threaten you, but God alone knows what a desperate man may be tempted to do."

"A week would do you no good," said the merchant, putting his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest. "At the end of that time you would be no more able to meet my demands upon you."

"It would give me the chance—without it I shall certainly be beggared. Once more, in the name of humanity, do not refuse me," and the unhappy man wiped his pallid brow.

"I'll—I'll let you know to-morrow whether I can make the necessary arrangements, but—mind you—I do not think I can. And—I'm a plain spoken man, Mr. Townsend, and I'll give you a piece of my mind. If you lost all your fortune I shouldn't pity those fine Misses of yours so much after all. It might be the making of them. It'll bring down some of their high notions, I'm thinking. I'll let you know to-morrow. Good morning."

Mr. Townsend puzzled himself all the way up Broadway with thinking what Mr. Curtis could possibly mean by speaking of his daughters' high notions. In the course of his cogitations there came to him an indefinite remembrance of having heard from his daughters that old Mr. Curtis had a son, and as he pursued the subject, he thought it was not likely that any son of Mr. Curtis would be willingly received into their society, and instantly decided that some repulse to this young hopeful was the origin of the old merchant's remarks, and in part, perhaps, of his obstinate refusals. That should stand in the way no longer—his daughters should immediately send young Curtis an invitation to the party, which he remembered with a sigh was coming off that night.

Old Mr. Curtis' words had been founded upon no very definite information. He knew nothing of the Miss Townsends refusal to allow his son to visit at their house—the dandy would have cut off his finger sooner than told any one that—not of his unsuccessful attempts to obtain an invitation to the "evening scrape," as he called it; but the old gentleman had now and then at the door of Grace Church noticed Kate Townsend's distant return to the exquisite wave of Lear's best; and one morning he had carelessly asked his son, "what sort of girls are Mr. Townsend's daughters?"

"Not very agreeable sort of girls;" hastily putting another lump of sugar in his coffee.

"Why not?"

Joe Curtis was scrupulously particular in speaking everywhere in the highest terms of the Miss Townsends, lest the fable of the sour grapes might be applied to him; but with his father he thought he might give vent to his real sentiments, and "proud," "conceited," "upish," were the lightest of the terms in which he now described the two elegant girls.

"Goodness! what airs they give themselves!" he continued. "Fellows whose fathers could almost pay the national debt of England, who live on the fat of the land, and are making more money every day too, I've seen Kate Townsend make one of her graceful curteys to without deigning them a word."

Mr. Townsend generally threw all his downtown cares out of the omnibus window as he passed Bleecker street, or at any rate put them down in the hall with his gold-headed cane, but the day of his interview with old Mr. Curtis, he carried them up stairs with him.

"Adelaide, my dear," were his first words on entering the parlor, "there is such a person as a Mr. Curtis, whom you have seen at Newport or some place, is there not?—a young man."

"Yes, sir, he was first introduced to us at Saratoga," replied Adelaide.

"I wish you to send an invitation to him directly to come here to-night."

"Mr. Curtis! why, papa, you know he has never visited here."

"No matter, it is my wish that he be invited."

"He belongs to a different circle altogether. We have never even recognized him only distantly," said Kate.

"Never mind all that now. Send him a note. He'll excuse the late invitation."

"What can papa mean?" exclaimed Kate, as he closed the door, while Adelaide tossed her graceful head, and sat down to scented note-paper and silver wafers.

A party—yes, a glittering revel, and light laughs and merry music, and a thousand scattered luxuries in the house of the man trembling on the verge of ruin. Ay, there are many more incongruous secrets in the false world we live in. Well is it that the veil is not lifted!

Brilliant were the rooms of Mr. Townsend that night—in fullest blooms the costly exotics that turned the air of the conservatory into floating balm. And how felt the master there as he thought that on the morrow's sunset all might be doomed to the hammer of the auctioneer, and himself and his children outcasts and beggars? Just as the opening doors of the elegant supper-room disclosed the triumph of the confectioner's art, and a lively march from the finest band in New York swept through the resplendent rooms, old Mr. Curtis, extinguishing the gas-light in his bed-room, muttered to himself, "it's all nonsense to let Townsend have the week he asks for. I won't wait any longer. To-morrow must bring the crisis."

"Where were you last night, Joseph?" he said to his son, the next morning.

"At Mr. Townsend's, in Gramsesey Place—and let me tell you, father, it isn't right to trust to first appearances. The Miss Townsends are the most lady-like girls in New York. They are so graceful, so kind, and have such sweet, clear, low voices."

"So you like them now?"

"Most certainly I do. There is a something about them, I can't tell what, that makes them appear different from anybody else."

"Are they affected, supercilious?" asked the merchant, for he well knew that however much affectation a man may have himself, he can see and dislike it in a woman.

"Not at all. They have none of those contemptuous, disagreeable airs some girls have. They are not at all like the generality of young ladies."

The truth was, the Miss Townsends having once invited any one to their own house, were too high bred to give him any but a most cour-

teous welcome. The surprised young man who had presented himself and his cambric ruffles, half doubting what reception he might receive, was entirely fascinated by Adelside Townsend's unerring elegance, and Kate's polished wit. Attributing in his self-conceit, their graceful and courteous demeanor to some quality newly discovered in himself, he felt in a very different mood toward them.

"I was too harsh last night," thought old Mr. Curtis, as he proceeded down-town, "in resolving not to grant Townsend's entreaty. He shall have a week. Those girls of his are such wise girls, Joe says, (Joe was the merchant's idol) it would be a pity to have them left without a penny. Hard fate that to be penniless," and he jingled the silver in his pockets. "He shall have the chance if it's only because Joe thinks the girls

so pleasant and pretty-behaved. True, their father might have given them a hint to be polite to Joe, but he says they were kind to every one, and unaffected. Townsend shall have the week."

And so he told him that morning.

The week sped on. The crisis passed, and success beyond his most sanguine expectations descended upon Mr. Townsend. But how little did he think that he was indebted for his escape to the trifling ball-room fop, whom his refined and lovely daughters had condescended to notice! And how little did that bewildered youth, while hugging himself in the thought that he had been an invited guest of the Miss Townsends, dream that the explanation was to be found in the inky ledger of his old father. So goes the complicated machine of society, wheel within wheel. So goes Up-Town and Down-Town.

OUR BABY.

BY ERNESTINE FITZGERALD.

Of a bright little fairy right gladly I'd sing;
To our dear baby, Annie, gay tribute I'd bring:
Would some child-muse lend aid, I'd merrily tell
How a native magician has wound in her spell
A grave circle of lovers, who bask in her smiles,
And lose their cold cares in her warm, sunny wiles,
Her pretty coquettices, her fresh budding loves,
All artless and pure as the young turtle-dove's.
Of her soul's opening charms how divinely I'd sing,
Could fit plumulet be caught upon some white angel's
wing!
Her hair from the poet description hath won:
'Tis "brown in the shadow, and gold in the sun;"
Bright gleams on the lid of the font, whence out-
pour
Young gushes of rapture—rich promise of more.
Her eye of the hyacinth's bell hath the hue,

In its purest, and softest, and holiest of blue:
Its brilliance of something within hath the tone
Which in star, gem, or flower, hath never yet shone;
A something that streams from the eloquent soul
Which spurns the dull day that its light would
control;
A ray from the spirit—etherial—sublime—
Which mocks at all bondage, of earth, or of time.
No ballads shall sink to the texture of skin—
To the quick-moving currents that revel within
Than mantle of whiteness, now rivalling snow,
Now rosy with feeling's evanishing glow.
What then wants the picture? ah! one sober hue!
Cloud-shadows for each to keep ever in view;
Choice things are but lent—fondest hopes often
fail:
Strive lightly to hold—there be less to bewail!

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

Let us follow the Saviour in sunshine and shade,
In the hour of sorrow when nought earthly can aid;
When the cup of affliction is full to the brim,
May we drink, and remember 'twas tasted by Him.

Let us follow the Saviour, when tempted and tried,
And the world would allure us to cast Him aside;
When the star of our hopes is shadow'd and dim,
Then, oh! then may we cast all our burthen on Him.

Let us follow the Saviour, in prosperity's hour,
When fortune her favors doth lavishly shower;
Oh! then when our pathway is dazzling and bright,
Have we need of His presence to guide us aright?

Let us follow the Saviour till life's at its close,
And the dark stream of Jordan our feet overflows;
Till the links are all broke by mortality riven,
And the spirit escapes from its thralldom to Heaven.

OUR MAY PARTY; OR, THE WEDDING IN THE GROVE

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

A CALM, holy Sabbath morning dawned upon Flowerdale. There was joy throughout Nature's dominions; for smiling *May* had come again to clothe the meadows and vallies in velvet, the trees of grove and forest in their livery of green, and the heavens in their vesture of azure and gold. Beautiful *May*! the tiny rose-buds were already bursting from the climbing stems, the honeysuckle began to look fresh and bright about the low porticoes of many a white cottage, and the earliest birds were making the cool air tremble with their glad, merry notes. Yes—it was a *Sabbath* morning; and you would have known it by the deep hush that lay upon the heart of Flowerdale. Not a sound had broken the silence, except the song of the fluttering birds that ushered in the pleasant light of day; no foot-fall fell upon the moss-carpeted ground; but at last through the deep, pleasant valley rang out the rich, musical tones of the church bell—peal after peal—slow, solemn, but melodious and cheering. And now from every shaded nook they poured—old men, women and children—youths and maidens—all, or *nearly* all, with a calm, reverential air, and a face that beamed with benevolence and kindly feeling. And yet you might have detected upon almost every countenance, a mingling of curiosity and pleasing wonder, a look of anxious hope and impatience; and they wound up the hill-side, beneath the clustering maples with steps more rapid and hurried than the usual measured tread with which they entered that holy edifice.

On this bright spring morning the pulpit in the old church was to be occupied by a new and youthful preacher, who was a candidate for the ministerial office; for dear, good Elder Bernard had grown old and infirm in his Master's service, and the few thin looks that shaded his temples were white as snow; and his voice, that had ever been like music to his flock, was tremulous and feeble. So Deacon Smith and the people at large had given Mr. Murry, a young divine who had recently graduated at R—— College, an invitation to fill the old minister's pulpit; it being understood by all concerned that if the new preacher liked Flowerdale and its inhabitants, and was liked by the good people of the beautiful little village, his home would henceforward be

among them. We had nearly all assembled in the broad, spacious church; and through the closed shutters the soft light crept over the white walls, lingering among the damask curtains that swept gracefully back from the pulpit windows, and lighting many an eye with a ray of hope and joy; when Father Bernard and the young preacher walked slowly up the aisle, and ascended the pulpit stairs. Every eye was turned upon that youthful form, and every face glowed with admiration as the manly head bent a moment in silent prayer; and when those large, soft, meek eyes wandered over the mute throng, not one among the multitude but loved the new minister even then. And he had a face that would win the affection of any passing stranger—a broad, white forehead, about which clustered carelessly a mass of raven curls, and a mouth of almost infantile sweetness—then his eyes, with their holy, earnest expression, beaming with a look of unutterable tenderness on all around—no one could withstand their power. The new minister looked a moment over the congregation, and then his gaze seemed fixed upon some object at the entrance, while a pleasant glow overspread his fine countenance; and we girls, who were watching his every motion from our station in the front singer's seat, almost unconsciously leaned forward to see what could have called forth that beautiful expression.

I did not wonder at his admiration when my eyes rested upon the interesting group that had just entered. Poor, dear old Mrs. Wayland, with her pale sweet face downcast, and her steps weak and tottering, was leaning upon the arm of her beautiful child; and had just entered her own seat, which was nearly up the long, broad aisle, to the pulpit; and when Kate Wayland had seen her invalid mother seated, she turned her bright young face away, and retracing her steps noiselessly, ascended to the gallery. She was a lovely creature, with the delicate flush of girlhood upon her cheek, and the unclouded light of innocence and joy upon her meek brow; and as she took her seat by the church organ, which had been the gift of her departed father to the people he loved, and bent her fair, young face over the keys, with that look of deep devotion and reverential love, we all thought she had never looked more

beautiful. The low, deep tones of the tolling bell died tremblingly upon the air, and then notes of richer, sweeter melody filled the old church, and every heart went out with the music-strains that seemed leaving the soul on its quivering wings to heaven. Then amid the deep hush that followed those melting strains, arose low, clear and tuneful, the young pastor's voice in humble supplication.

Those rich tones sent a thrill through every heart; and none in that broad old church on that pleasant, holy morning but felt subdued and tranquillized by the beautiful words and touching petitions that fell from those parted lips, as the small hands lay clasped upon the ancient Bible, and the calm, pure brow was uplifted in that mellow light to the Hearer of prayer. I said *none*—there was Phebe Smith, the deacon's only daughter, who occupied a conspicuous station at the head of the front singer's seat, and who turned with something, *I thought*, of scorn upon her curling lip, after regarding for a moment the sweet young face of Kate Wayland, as she sat there, her head slightly bent, and her little white fingers folded gently together in her lap, while her sweet violet eyes, humid with half starting tears, were fixed upon the glowing face of the eloquent petitioner, and a flush of enthusiastic admiration stole all over her lovely face. Phebe Smith's lip did curl in scorn, *I know*, and a deeper tinge dyed her cheek, as she turned her deep, dark eyes again upon the preacher; and when we arose soon after to sing the beautiful hymn dear old Father Bernard had just read, I could not help perceiving that her voice was more harsh and sharp than ever. She was a proud, wayward girl—this Phebe—and though some thought her pretty, with her dark eyes and jetty braids, and the rich carnation on her lip and cheek. I always turned from her cold, haughty brow to the meek, pure loveliness of Kate Wayland, with much the same feelings with which I would relinquish a gaudy, full-blown scarlet rose for a snowy lily of the valley. Oh, and did not everybody love dear Kate, for her gentleness, her sweet smiles and loving words, and for the devotion with which she ever hovered over her sick and widowed mother! Though the glittering wealth which had once strewn their pathway had all departed at her noble father's death, and the lordly mansion in which she had been nurtured like a garden flower, been exchanged for an humble, lowly cottage, yet the same smile and cheerful heart were hers; and you could never turn from her presence without a murmured prayer for the beautiful child.

Everybody was in raptures after listening to Mr. Murry's sermon—he was so humble, yet so lofty and noble, so winning in his low, sweet

tones, and so wonderfully eloquent—all Flawvale was in love with him. After service we young people, with the children, all met in the vestry of the church for religious instruction; and the new minister moved among us with his handsome, pleasant face, and expounded the Scriptures in his clear, musical tones, and spoke a kind word to all, taking us by the hand with the warmth and affection of a brother, and when we parted on that pleasant hill-side at the old door, I am sure we were mutually satisfied with each other. Mr. Murry was installed our pastor, and took up his quarters at the residence of Deacon Smith, much to the satisfaction of Phebe, who was ever ready with her sweetest smiles; and many of the old people soon began to whisper slyly of a *match*, and a future wedding at the deacon's: but we girls were obstinate, and would turn away with a knowing shake of the head. Mr. Murry—the noble, generous, eloquent Murry love Phebe Smith! never! Mr. Murry was very familiar and social, and was soon a frequent and welcome guest beneath every roof, far and near. The children would waddle after him as he slowly crossed the green, with outstretched arms, and were never happier than when grasping the pastor's hand, and lisping their childish replies to his numerous and kind questions; and we girls never thought our party complete when equiped for a stroll over the forest and mountain side, or down by the winding stream after wild flowers, unless Mr. Murry led the way. He was a *very* pleasant companion; and would even direct our somewhat giddy thoughts and hearts from the beautiful things about us to the great Source of all that is lovely; and his presence, instead of being a restraint upon the free out gushing of our young spirits, always tended to make us happier and more cheerful. Phebe Smith was always by Mr. Murry's side; not from any particular choice of *his*, as we could ever determine; but somehow she always found some singular flower about which to ask, or was *very* weary with walking so far, and was *so* thankful for Mr. Murry's offered arm. But it was not upon the flushed and upturned face of Phebe that the young pastor's eyes rested with that beautiful smile and expression peculiar to himself; it was not to her ever-ready questions and remarks that he replied in that low, almost tremulous murmur. There was one young face which ever turned blushingly from his soul-speaking eyes; and when that face was absent from our little circle, there was always a shadow upon the brow of our leader.

We saw how it was, for we were not blind. And who could help noticing the rich sunlight that gathered in those deep, expressive eyes, and the smile that hovered about the handsome

who could fail to perceive that the voice was tremulous with subdued feeling, when Kate Wayland's beautiful brow became flushed beneath his gaze, and her fair hand quivered in his grasp of welcome? She was young—hardly sixteen summers old; but in judgment and intellectual acquirements superior to any of us. She had grown up beneath the watchful eye of a doting father, and it had been his pride to mark her opening mind, and lead her gently up the hill of science; and when at the age of fourteen, the lovely girl found herself alone with her invalid mother, with but a trifle spared them from the immense wealth that had ever been theirs. She proved that her father's instructions and precepts had not been lost upon her young mind. Her piano with a few less costly articles were saved from the wreck; and Kate soon commenced giving instructions in music. A little band gathered about her daily in her humble home, and she was cheerful and happy in her labors. I believe I have said that everybody loved Kate Wayland. I meant everybody but Phebe Smith. I know not why it was—but the proud girl always seemed to spite the meek child, and ever treated her with the utmost coldness and indifference. It might have been envy, and we always called it that, for Judge Wayland was far superior to Deacon Smith in point of wealth and influence; and Kate was his idol, and the idol of the whole village. And then when the dear girl was left fatherless and in poverty, she conducted herself with so much propriety and wisdom, that we all loved her even better than before; and poor Phebe Smith was envious, I know. Mr. Murry often called at the cottage of Mrs. Wayland, but no one wondered at that; for the lady was an invalid, and an intelligent and agreeable companion; and then he called every where with the same freedom and familiarity; and there were many among us girls with whom the young pastor was much more social and intimate, and Kate was but a child—oh, no! his visits there meant nothing.

The pleasant months glided by, and Flowerdale was nestled amid the thick foliage in all the quiet beauty of mid-summer, with its abundance of flowers, and verdure, and bloom. People did say, and they whispered it *loudly*, too, that Mr. Murry and Deacon Smith's daughter were engaged—yes, Phebe Smith the proud and wilful, they said, was the betrothed of the gentle and eloquent minister. But a few of us girls still stood out manfully, we would not have it so—and we knew it could not be. True, they were often together; but then Phebe was so determined in her way, and would always contrive to attract his notice; and Mr. Murry lived with Deacon Smith, and of course must be civil to the spoiled girl.

There was one thing which troubled us a little. Kate Wayland—the dear child, was rarely now one of our company; and rarely did we see that beautiful smile on the lip of our pastor. We attributed Kate's absence to the increasing indisposition of her mother; and we thought also that the paleness of her cheek, and the drooping of her sweet eyes was from watching by the sick couch. Poor Kate! she was an attentive nurse; and at last Mrs. Wayland was able to walk out again, and Kate joined us once more in our rambles. We were all surprised to see how thin her lovely face had grown, and how the flush had entirely left her cheek; and when Mr. Murry took her white hand and looked down upon her beautiful pale brow, there was a mournful look about his dark eyes, and his lips trembled as he opened them to breathe a word of welcome; but he did not utter a sound; for just then Phebe Smith laid her hand upon his arm, and urged us forward toward the grove whither our steps were bound.

We were to have a pic-nic in that noble grove beyond the school house, and were going now to bind evergreen wreaths about the tall old maples, and gather the wild flowers that peeped from the shadows, to make garlands for our tables and brows. We scattered about the deep woods, and each was busy in plucking the sweet violets and blue-bells from their hiding-places, and weaving the green myrtle and ivy with the delicate buds. Now and then a clear, ringing laugh from some bright lip would fill the air with melody, then a sweet hush would follow, broken perhaps by a low murmur. Minda and I had wandered far from the rest of the party into the deepest part of the forest, and seating ourselves on a patch of tempting velvet, were disengaging the clinging little flowers from their bed of moss in silence, when a slight foot-fall made us look up; and there, at a little distance through the deep shrubbery, was sweet Kate Wayland bending over a bush of wild roses, her white dress caught up from the rude thorns that surrounded her in one hand, and the other reaching down amid the thick leaves for the blushing buds. Her hair was unbound, and hung in wavy masses about her neck, and as she raised her heavy lashes to look at a yellow bird that sang a thrilling strain just over her head, we saw that a tear trembled upon the silken fringe. Dear Kate! how very beautiful she looked then, with that deep, rich shadow on her pale young face, and those pink roses blooming all about her. Another moment, and through the deepening shades, another form approached. There was a bright glow upon Mr. Murry's face as he paused before the blushing, half frightened girl, that beautiful smile came to his lip; and when Kate dropped the white skirt

from her trembling hand, and dropped the roses too amid the thick shrubbery, and started from her hiding-place, he bent to disengage the snowy muslin from the thorns that held it fast, and murmured in his own mellow tones, "do not tremble so, Miss Wayland, I would not harm you for the world." Tears rushed to the blue eyes of darling Kate, and she covered them with both her little hands, while her frail form trembled so fearfully that Mr. Murry passed his arm about her slender waist, and drew her tenderly from the thick hedge. What could Minda and I do? We looked vainly for a place to escape, but were hemmed in by close shrubbery, and could not depart without attracting notice; so we nestled close together, and plucked the bright flowers with a sort of nervous tremor of the fingers. I will not tell you what other lovely whispered words fell upon our *unwilling* ears; but when next we raised our eyes to Kate Wayland's lovely face, it was no longer pale and sorrowful; but one of her old smiles, faint and subdued it is true, but more beautiful than ever, dimpled her small mouth, and a glow like that of the restored roses that lay in her white fingers, mingled with the lily fairness of her cheek. One of her little hands lay in both those of the pastor, and his deep, earnest eyes, with an expression far more eloquent than we had ever seen, were fixed upon her half averted face. They turned slowly away, and Minda and I drawing a long breath of relief, took another direction to the far-off group who had nearly collected at the entrance of the grove.

Minda could not help whispering as we saw Phebe Smith peering through the dark grove, with an impatience frown upon her haughty forehead, "I knew it was not so—I knew he could never love that proud girl." Oh, how that frown deepened and darkened, and the glow on her cheek changed to crimson, when a moment after Mr. Murry came slowly around the huge trunk of a maple, his hands full of rose-buds and violets, and his eyes all beaming with joy, and close by his side Kate Wayland, her face no longer pale and sorrowful, but flushed and radiant with the happiness that was making the heart in her bosom bound and thrill almost painfully.

There was a lurking smile in every eye of the joyous party as we wound our way homeward, and every brow but that of Phebe Smith was clear as the rich sunlight that flooded the grove at our backs, and made the waters of the pure lake glow like pearls.

That evening a little note came to Minda and me, written in Kate Wayland's own delicate characters; and in answer to its summons, we joyfully entered the mossy footpath that led across the green to the widow's cottage, and were soon

amid the happy group that with mystic smiles welcomed us beneath its low roof. dear old Elder Bernard was there—his white hair falling about his thin temples, and a look of quiet love in his grey eyes. And Mrs. Wayland looked almost beautiful with that expression of untold affection about her meek eyes, and her voice of tremulous tenderness. And Kate—dear little Katy, her hands trembled as she clasped ours, and a deep glow upon her cheeks made the pure whiteness of her brow more striking, and within her sweet blue eyes the tear and smile were most beautifully blended. Murry too, the young minister, stood by, his own peculiar expression of holy happiness flooding his manly brow, and with a tone as rich and musical as a heart brimful of love and tenderness could make it. A favored few among the girls besides Minda and I were present on that pleasant and eventful evening; and when, after an hour's interview, and a soft adieu to Kate and Mrs. Wayland, we went hurriedly back to our homes, each felt the importance of the secret entrusted to her care; and I am sure our dreams that night were all happy and blissful.

We could not have wished for a fairer day than that which dawned upon our waiting eyes. Not a cloud dotted the pure blue of heaven, not a whisper rippled the mirror-face of the azure lake. All was calm, bland and beautiful. The low trill of the birds quivered on the fragrant air, and the flowerets, profusely scattered in every nook and crevice throughout Fluvwale, raised their meek eyes all wet with dew-drops to the bright King of day. All the long, cool morning we were busy in the maple grove, twining wreaths about the huge old trunks, and festooning the long garlands among the thick boughs. Groups of fair girls might have been seen bending the ear to listen to something spoken in low tones by one of their companions; and always was the information followed by beaming smiles, a soft, joyous laugh, and a clasping together of white hands, while, as they bent over the piles of buds and green leaves, out of which we were forming crowns and wreaths fit for the brow of a queen, a nervous tremor made the frail things shake in the nimble fingers, and many a harmless bud was crushed unwittingly in the joyous excitement.

The afternoon was not less delightful than the morning; and though the sun's bright beams had drank every drop of pearl from grass-blade and open flower, a light, gentle wind, just a delicious breath, had sprung up; and as we wandered among the shady maples, with flushed cheeks and bounding hearts, it crept saucily beneath our curls, and bore them gracefully upon its unseen wing.

You would have thought, kind reader, that the scene of Flowervale had turned out to witness the festivities of that day; and indeed I believe its inhabitants were nearly all present. Old men stood leaning upon their stout staffs for support, while the zephyr stirred the white locks on their wrinkled foreheads, and moved their hearts too with something of the joy of other days; little children frolicked among the shadows, and their long locks streamed out upon the air; and proud mothers, with smiling infants nestled to their bosoms, looked on to witness the sport. Mrs. Wayland, the invalid, whose foot had yet hardly pressed a spring flower since her long illness, was among us. We had drawn an easy-chair with soft cushions close to the moss throne with its air of fluttering wreaths, and then with her slight hands folded in her lap, and a look of almost tearful happiness, sat the mother of darling Kate. And Elder Bernard, the loved and honored father of that assembled flock—he sat at Mrs. Wayland's right hand, his benevolent face clad in smiles, and his fingers, trembling with age, grasping the tiny ones of childhood and infancy, which were ever ready for his coveted blessing. And we were all there—a company of glad and happy ones—nearly all as happy as the speaking eyes denoted. True, Phebe Smith's dark orbs were glancing through the crowd, and the full red lip seemed crushing between the pressing teeth, while the hand she raised to brush the intruding braid from her burning cheek shook with suppressed emotion. Away through the assembled ones they stood, the objects of her search; Murry with pale, intellectual face beaming in utterable tenderness; and Kate, the loved and lovely, as pale, though a rose tinge seemed slowly creeping to her cheek, and her humid eyes drooped beneath the heavy lashes, like violets in their deep shadows.

Most beautiful and sweetly timid looked our May Queen, as she approached through the parting crowd, leaning upon the arm of the proud and happy pastor; and wherever she moved a blessing seemed to follow her. A white muslin dress, looped gracefully up at the sides with knots of half open rose-buds, and a bunch of violets and moss flowers falling from the fair shoulders, fell about her slight form in light folds; and as she slowly approached the vine-covered throne, a fairy girl came out from the

throng of admirers, and threw over her blushing brow and heavy braids a wreath of exquisite beauty. Then went up a clear and joyous "long live the Queen!" from the merry hearts that loved the gentle creature, and before the surprise of any could find vent in words, Elder Bernard arose, and raising his clasped hands and furrowed brow to heaven, invoked a blessing on the youthful pair about to be wedded.

Every head was bowed in solemn reverence, and when, a moment after, the young pastor took the trembling hand of the blushing, happy girl, and vowed to be her protector through life, to "love and cherish" her till death, a suppressed murmur of satisfaction passed from lip to lip, and many a hand was half extended in blessing. The thin, pale hand of Mrs. Wayland crept to her eyes, and through the slender fingers struggled tears of mingled joy and sorrow; for the past blended with present scenes, and she could not forget the dream of her own bright morning of life, nor the after shadows which had hung darkly on her path. But Kate, her darling child, was so happy, and the young husband looked so tenderly and proudly down upon the Flower he had taken to his heart, that the sunshine predominated in the mother's eyes, and falteringly she gave them her blessing.

We were a joyous company after the ceremony was over; but one heart among us that did not beat in tumultuous joy. Phebe Smith had nearly fainted from excess of disappointment and envy; but when she perceived that every eye was fixed on the young bride, and that her pale face was all unobserved, she turned her back upon the scene, and unheeded, passed down by the little lake, and through the deserted street to her home. Poor Phebe Smith! her envious, jealous heart would not let her be happy, and she could not bear to see others so.

A few weeks after that WEDDING IN THE GROVE, Mr. Murry and his lovely bride, with the invalid mother, took up their abode in the mansion once owned by Judge Wayland, which had been purchased by the villagers for a parsonage; and the cheerful, ever joyous face of Kate Murry once more gladdened the home of her childhood. Dear, happy Kate! I love to think of thee, and of our days of pleasant intercourse; and to know that no cloud has yet darkened thy azure heaven. Long mayest thou live thus happily and blest.

B E S T R O N G .

Though sorrows rustle round thy path,
Though foes should do thee wrong,
Bear up through all, and trust in God,
And He will make thee strong.

To waste thy nights in sighs and tears,
And vain regrets were wrong;
God chastens souls by sorrow's rod,
Oh! in His strength be strong.

T. A.

LIZZIE LINDEN.

BY FRANK LEE, AUTHOR OF "KATE CLEAVELAND," A PRIZE STORY.

THE night wind stirred the thin muslin curtains, and its cool breath was borne in through the open window, as Lizzie Linden rose from the couch where, a full hour before, she had thrown herself in all the forgetfulness of anxious thought. She started as the clock on the mantel chimed the hour of nine.

"How late," she muttered, as she gathered her long hair in one heavy coil at the back of her head, and drew the folds of a dark cloak round her form, for though mid-summer, the air was chill.

She passed out of her chamber and glided softly down the oaken staircase into the darkened hall. Quietly she drew aside the fastenings of the heavy door, and hastened down the stone-steps into the large, old-fashioned garden, from whose depths was borne the scent of fragrant flowers. She glanced quickly up at the vine-wreathed casements, but the lights were all extinguished, and she hurried on through the shadowy paths until she reached a small summer-house standing in a secluded spot, the lattice of which seemed bending beneath its weight of green leaves and pearly blossoms.

But Lizzie Linden heeded not the beauty of the scene around her, and shuddered nervously as the grass rustled beneath her tread, or the wind sighed among the branches of the tall trees.

A stately form met her as she paused at the entrance, a manly arm encircled her slender waist, and drew her toward a seat. But she removed the arm thrown so carelessly round her, and her lips quivered slightly as she bent her gaze full on the face of her companion.

"You sent for me, Lizzie," he said, as his eyes sank beneath her earnest look, "but I began to think you were not coming, it grew so late."

"Yes," she replied, "I sent for you, but I see now that it was needless," she turned away from him as she spoke, to hide the convulsive working of her pallid features.

"What do you mean, Lizzie," returned he, but his tones were faltering and low.

"I mean. Tell me, St. Orne, is it true that you leave here to-morrow?"

"For a time, Lizzie," was the answer; "but I shall return."

The girl rose from her seat; her face was white as the cere-cloth of the dead, and her voice was husky and broken.

"Frederic St. Orne, you will never return! I see it all now! You are going, and forever."

"Indeed, indeed, I am not," replied he. "Why should you think so? I shall come back to claim you, my beautiful, my own one."

"Stop, St. Orne, stop! Do not seek to deceive me longer—why should you? Such words are idle now," and she pressed her hands tightly against her lips to force back the cry of agony which rose from her heart. "You are going away," and her tones that a moment before had been almost fierce, grew lower and more mournful, "to seek pleasure and happiness elsewhere, while I am to be left to struggle on beneath the weight of shame and disgrace, which is to make my very name a by-word for the vile, and me a thing to be shuddered at by the good."

"Lizzie Linden, hearken to me," and St. Orne rose from the rustic bench, and paced to and fro upon the greensward, while every smothered foot-fall smote like a knell upon the ear of that young being before him. "I am going away, but not of my own free will! Urgent business compel me to leave here for a time, but your memory will always be uppermost in my heart."

"Heart!" Lizzie Linden sprang up and stood beside him. "And this is to repay me for all that I must endure: *you will remember me!* Ay, as a man looks carelessly upon a simple flower his foot has crushed, or on a bauble which pleased for a season, but now is thrown aside as worthless."

"You wrong me, Lizzie——"

"Do not speak, St. Orne, it cannot change any thing now. I care not so much for myself as for my poor father. Oh! St. Orne, St. Orne, think you that all the sin and suffering you have caused, will not recoil on your own head? You came here like a serpent into an Eden, and by your gentle words and protestations of love won my affections, and made me that which I am. You are going away now, but the curse of an injured parent will pursue you, and his prayer will be heard!"

No one could have been so utterly hardened as to have listened to those words unmoved, and that proud, dangerous-looking man trembled as he looked upon her. He sat down, and leaning his bowed head on his hand, seemed lost in thought, though his frame shook with emotion while she spoke.

"You have deemed it but a trifling thing to come hither and sully my mind in its most innocent dreams, to tear from my soul all those holy and gentle feelings which belong to woman's nature, to thrust me away from my kind, and put a bar between me and the pure of my sex, but I warn you St. Orne, that the day will come when *you* must atone for my sin, when you must answer before the face of high heaven the accusation of a bereaved father."

"Your father may be spared much sorrow if you will go where he cannot even hear your name spoken," returned he, at last, though his eyes were fixed upon the ground, and his voice shook in spite of his efforts to appear calm. "I will protect you, and give you a home, more beautiful, Lizzie, than aught you have ever dreamed of. Your every wish shall be gratified, your slightest desire or caprice granted, and——"

"But, Frederic St. Orne, will you make me your *wife*?" He shrank like a guilty wretch as he was, from beneath the agonizing look bent upon him, but spoke not. "No, you would not! Never will I live on the bounty of my betrayer; I could bear shame—want—the keenest suffering—death itself—anything but that! Go, Frederic St. Orne, it needed but this to set the seal upon your wickedness!"

"Think well upon what I have said, Lizzie! Reflect upon all that is before you if you remain here——"

"I do not need to think! Thought within the last few hours has almost made me mad! Insult me longer by your presence; go!"

St. Orne drew his hat far down over his eyes, and passed out of the little summer-house. With a single bound he cleared the rustic paling of the garden, and was gone.

Lizzie Linden gazed after him until his form was lost to view in the surrounding gloom, then her hands fell slowly to her side, she tottered toward a seat, but fell prostrate upon the grass, though she did not swoon, for there was a keen pang of agony at her heart which still preserved consciousness.

She would have wept, but her eyes seemed burning, and there came no blessed drops to cool their throbbing lids. Hours passed by! The pale stars grew dim, and the misty grey of morning's light tinged the heavens, and Lizzie sprang up, gathered her mantilla round her, and passed up the winding paths that led to the cottage. But her step was feeble and slow, her long hair had become loosened, and fell in dark masses over her neck and shoulders; while her thin garments, damp and soiled with the night dew, clung closely to her limbs. Wearily and painfully she ascended the steps, but with that vivid remembrance of trifles which strong anguish is wont to cause, she

stooped to pick up a snowy ribbon which had fallen from her dress as she went out. Silently she opened the door, then pushed the rusty bolts into their places, and stole up the stairs.

She seated herself by the open window, heedless of the chill air of the morning, for her brow was hot with fever, and the light breeze revived her. Gradually she sank into unconsciousness; it was not slumber, for the memory of her agony was not obliterated; it seemed rather that passive state of body and mind which so often follows a fearful sorrow.

Three long hours after a tap upon her chamber door aroused her, and she rose to change her attire before meeting her old father, who was accustomed to mark every expression of his beloved's face, and grieve at its slightest shadow of sadness. How then was she to conceal from his watchful eyes the fearful misery that preyed upon her?

She started back as her eye fell on her own image reflected in the little mirror, for its almost deathly whiteness was fearful to behold! A great shock seemed to have thrust her forward to maturity, for she actually appeared to have lived years during the past night in which she had endured enough of suffering for a life-time.

Days and weeks passed on, but each one bowed the crushed spirit of that poor girl nearer earth. It was evident to all who looked upon her that a great and fearful sorrow had blighted her heart in its spring time. The sight of her anguish was worse than death to that grey-haired old man who had so idolized her—for Lizzie was his all! The other fair buds that had sprung up around his hearth had early faded, and been borne away to rest in the grassy church-yard with the sharer of his joys and cares—his own wedded wife—and Lizzie was all that the ruthless hand of the spoiler had left him.

She strove to appear as had been her wont, gay and light-hearted, but the sickness of the soul was revealed in the misty depths of her mournful eyes, and the smile with which she sought to wreath her tremulous lip, was but a sad mockery of its former brightness. Of St. Orne Lizzie heard nothing; she learned that he had left the village, but that was all.

When the last days of summer were gone, and the first frosts of autumn had commenced tinging the leaves with their thousand hues, men began to whisper strange tales of the pale and shrinking girl, who was now so seldom seen in the haunts she had loved in her guileless days to frequent. Those whispers came like barbed arrows imbued with poison to the stricken ones within the old deacon's dwelling. And the pale girl grew still paler; the stately form of the aged man bent beneath his load of care, and sorrow imprinted

deeper lines upon his brow than time had been able to do.

But a darker grief was in store for the suffering pilgrim! One morning he rose, and his Lizzie, his darling, still the idol of his soul, was gone, none knew whither. It was only the eve before that she had glided like a sad ghost toward him, as he sat alone after the nightly reading of the Holy Word, and kneeling at his feet, sought forgiveness, and craved his blessing.

Perhaps he did shudder as his hand rested on those soft tresses, but there was no loathing in his bosom. Oh, no! the world might turn scornfully away from the erring one—those that she had loved in the days of her innocence, might neglect her now—heartless men might sneer when her name was spoken—maidens trusting in the strength of their own untried hearts might spurn her—but there was still a resting-place for the wounded dove in the breast of her doting parent.

But she was gone! Perchance she deemed it best to flee far away ere the storm-cloud burst in its fullest might over her childhood's home—to go where, unknown, she could pay the penalty for her sin. Mayhap she could no longer endure the proud, heart-broken expression of that face once so fair to look upon, but now so wrinkled and sorrowful; or it might be the thought that to lose her entirely—though that was terrible—would be better for her old father, than to see her fading away before his eyes, and he no power to assuage her grief, or to breathe new life into her drooping spirit, by shielding her—poor stained, yet beautiful and pure blossom that she was—from shame and dishonor.

She was gone! Months glided by, and the name of Lizzie Linden was almost an unuttered sound in the quiet hamlet where she had grown up “a thing of life and joy.” Feebler waxed the old deacon—paler grew his cheek—dimmer his eye—more heavily rang his tread through the church aisle—and it was apparent to all who looked upon him that he was soon to be freed from his earthly journeyings—freed from aching and sorrow, from trouble and strife.

Carriage after carriage set down its burthen before the entrance of a fashionable theatre in one of our northern cities. Graceful forms and lovely faces pressed through the dense crowd to their seats, and the box-circle was thronged with the fairest and noblest in our land. Brilliant gas-lights made a glowing radiance round, only less clear than the beams of day; glittering gems sparkled on snowy brows whose beauty rendered still more magical the scene; the hum of many voices rose on the air which was fragrant with glowing flowers and rare perfume; and a sea of faces was visible from the parquette to the very dome.

It was near the conclusion of the grand ovation, and that vast audience were impatiently awaiting the rising of the green curtain, when a small party of ladies and gentlemen entered and seated themselves in one of the stage-boxes.

There was one face which could not fail to attract attention, for its lineaments were almost perfect. There was a charm in the beaming smile that flitted over her full lip which was irresistible; the crimson drapery cast a softened shadow over her delicate cheek, and lent a deeper hue to her beautiful eyes that were raised to the countenance of the stern-browed man by her side, with an expression which was filled with the sunlight of the heart.

Shouts of impatience and applause broke from that mighty multitude, until they pealed and died upon the air like the roll of heavy thunder, when the grand crash of instruments concluded the melody, and the lights blazed up with renewed brilliancy.

A new actress was to make her first appearance that night, and men were almost wild to see one whose fame had spread so wildly abroad, even during the few months of her preparatory studies, and of whose personal attractions reported in such glowing terms.

The hum of conversation was unheard, flowers and fans ceased to wave on the breeze, and every eye was bent, with all the anxiety of suspense upon the stage, awaiting the withdrawal of the curtain; then the stillness was broken by renewed shouts and movements.

While these varied sounds were ringing through that mighty apartment, their tones were born faintly in—like the surging of distant waters to a small room in the most retired part of the building. It was lighted by a single lamp whose flickering rays dimly disclosed a woman's form whose bowed head was leaning on a table, while her slight frame shook as the stamping of feet was borne more distinctly in.

Her shining robe of snowy satin fell in rich folds round her exquisitely moulded bust. The pearls that gleamed upon her arms were seen whiter than the wrists they encircled, and the jewels that sparkled amid the dark braids of her hair—like stars in a midnight sky—seem hardly more bright than her large, mournful eyes.

It would have been a beautiful picture for a skilful painter's hand! That shadowy chamber and that beautiful woman crouched, like a frightened fawn, in its farthest nook; her crimson shawl forming a strange contrast with her greyed robes and her starry orbs, whose fever light told of the heart's unrest.

When the faint tones of the prompter's voice echoed upon her ear, she knew that it summoned her, and rising hastily from her seat, her w

hands fell to her side, disclosing the finely cut features of—Lizzie Linden!

She drew the scarlet drapery—which lent something gorgeous to her appearance—more closely around her form, and with compressed lips, whose very firmness revealed the struggle of the soul within, and with an unfaltering step she left the apartment and threaded her way through that strange world found—“*behind the scenes.*” Murmurs of admiration broke from those grouped round as she walked proudly on, but she heeded them not, and seemed unconscious that a single eye was upon her.

When the moment came for her to go upon the stage before the gaze of that vast crowd her pale lips trembled, she pressed her hand to her heart as if to stay its throbings, and it was not until the word was repeated that she found strength to obey its dictates.

It was one of the most beautiful tragedies in the English tongue that had been selected for the night, abounding in rich and burning language and glowing imagery, that ever harrowed up the feelings of all beholders, and brought tears to the coldest eyes.

The stamping of feet died away, and for a moment the silence was unbroken, as that lovely girl moved with queen-like grace before the sight of all those thousands, but ere she could syllable a word that stillness—which had something almost fearful in it—was succeeded by long and continued acclamations. When there was quiet again, she stood for a moment motionless as a statue; her glorious eyes wandering over that assembly, and her lips quivering as she strove to speak. But her agitation passed quickly away, and her passionate voice rang through the house sweet and yet powerful as the tones of some finely modulated harp.

But there was one heart which gave a single bound and then stood still—one face whose features trembled to the workings of the spirit—as she stood there.

St. Orne had gone to the theatre that night from an irresistible impulse to see the *debutante*, and learn if it was in reality her whose young life he had so darkened in its brightest season, and upon whose name he had cast such fearful clouds of infamy.

At the first lightning glance from her which revealed the scorn and loathing of her heart, he shrank back, and strove to look away, but there was a strange and nameless fascination in her terrible expression that chained him to the spot, and he sat, almost breathlessly, watching her through that scene to whose beauties her wonderful acting lent new charms.

When the curtain fell at the close of the first act, and that majestic form had disappeared from

view, he joined not in the plaudits of those around, and when that fair girl by his side turned toward him with beaming smiles, she started to mark the pallor of his dark cheek, and the strained expression of his dangerous eyes.

When the play was concluded, that mighty multitude would not be satisfied until they obtained another view of that one whose remarkable powers had so interested them. Faint and weary—now that the excitement connected with her task was over—she appeared, endeavoring to reply with smiles to the burst of praise that seemed to shake the building to its very foundations.

The neighboring clock had tolled the hour of midnight, and their chime came faintly into a dimly lighted apartment on a retired and unfrequented street. The room was plainly yet tastefully furnished, and seemed to be the abode of refinement.

At the farther end sat a female form holding in her arms a tiny infant, whose feeble wail rose on the air, mingled with her passionate caresses and terms of endearment. She seemed attired for a festival, but her pale cheek and contracted brow bore evidence of the sad thoughts that filled her mind.

To look upon her now, as she leaned back in her seat feeble and dispirited, few would have supposed that this was the brilliant woman who, an hour before, had riveted the attention of so many hundreds by her surpassing beauty and the deep pathos of her tones: yet that was Lizzie Linden.

“Has he slept?” she inquired, in a tremulous voice of a woman who entered from an adjoining apartment, bearing some nourishing cordial for the child.

“Some,” she replied.

“But he seems very ill now.”

The girl made no answer, but bent over the babe, and her hot tears fell on the upturned face of the little sufferer.

It was almost morning ere the low moans of the infant ceased, and he sank into an uneasy slumber. The hireling had long been sleeping on a low couch near by, but the young mother stirred not from her post the live-long night. The child was not quiet save when pillow'd on her knee, and for hours she sat motionless, almost hushing her breath lest she should disturb his sleep. When the light of day broke in through the closed curtains, the golden beams of the sun faintly tinging the cheek of the watcher, though it brought no relief to her anxious heart.

The child awoke with the hot fever burning his little frame, and his lips dry and parched with heat. And when the medical attendant arrived

he gave her no hope, and a tear moistened his eye as he marked the agony which she could not wholly conceal.

But the mother could linger by the couch of her little one no longer! Twice had she been summoned to rehearsal ere she placed the babe in the arms of her companion, and prepared to go out. She left that chamber of death to repeat the sad spectres—to join in the mingled sorrow and glee—of a play!

"How does he seem, nurse?" she asked, in a voice almost choked with anguish, as she entered the room two long hours after—two long hours that had seemed almost an eternity to her.

"No better, ma'am," and the faithful creature turned away her head to hide the tears that were coursing down her withered cheeks, for she had learned to love her young mistress and her beautiful infant.

The day wore on, and every hour it grew worse, and oh! it was a sight to make the most careless weep or the most hardened shudder—that parent watching her dying child, and at the same time committing to memory the pages of a tragedy. Yet such is life!

Man, man, what hast thou not to answer for! Oh, world, guilty world, these are thy doings!

When evening came again, Lizzie began to prepare to go to the theatre. It was horrible to behold the contrast between the rich robes she wore, and the fearful whiteness of her features, so corrugated with the impress of misery.

But rouge would hide the pallor of her cheek, jewels would add brightness to their eyes, whose sadness was frightful to look upon, and the assembled crowds would not gaze beyond the glittering vortex. They would go to be amused! What cared the wealthy, the proud, the gay, the young, if woe—such as their frivolous natures might never know—were rending the very soul of her whose surprising talent they came to wonder at! They could weep at the imaginary sorrows of the heroine so faithfully represented, but if told the real history of that half maddened girl, they would have been shocked to hear the tale of her wickedness, and beg to learn nothing more of so terrible a creature.

But he who had made her what she was, who one day would have her sins to answer for and atone, was courted by the pure and noble, the rich and great, and was soon to wed a lovely girl whose very soul was bound up in his slightest glance. Yet again I say—such is life!

Why is it thus? Why should erring woman be driven from society, why should she be considered as utterly lost and irclaimable, while the man whose serpent fascination had charmed her into casting aside all that made her what she ought to be, is received into the houses of the

talented and fashionable, and his terrible crime passed lightly over, or regarded only as a venial error which must be forgotten?

Thanks be to God there cometh an hour when all shall be judged by that judgment "which swerveth not a hair, and knows not a shadow of twining." At that time shall restitution be made, and all will know which was the wronger and which the wronged.

But why dwell upon such thoughts or linger over such a scene?

Lizzie Linden hurried to her home that night from the vast audience, who seemed loath to lose sight of her, to see her child die.

The wretched woman clasped the babe to her bosom, praying for one more glance from those eyes whose light had been her life—begging for one more smile from those delicately chiseled lips on which the red still lingered, as if in mockery—but all in vain! Another angel had been added to the myriad hosts of heaven, and the erring Lizzie was alone in the wide world.

It was long ere she could believe that the boy was dead, and when the nurse strove to take him from her embrace, she clasped her arms still tighter round his cold form, and cast upon the affrighted woman a glance that drove her away, for she feared that her mistress had gone mad.

With her own hands the mother prepared her dead for the grave; with her own hands severed a single curl that rested upon his marble forehead; and when all was over, seated herself in silence by his side. She heeded nought that her attendant uttered; and when the sombre-clad man whom the woman had summoned, came to take the measurement of that little corpse, he shook his head as he looked upon her death-like face. But she spoke not, and looked not up; so he completed his task in silence, and in silence passed out of that darkened chamber.

The bereaved mother stirred not during the long hours of the day, and uttered no word save once, and that was to bid the nurse defer the burial of the child until the morrow.

When night came, she rose from her seat, and wrapping a dark mantle round her, prepared to go out, but her terror-stricken attendant stayed her, for she deemed her wholly crazed. At first she would hardly be detained, but at length she suffered the woman to go instead of herself.

Few were the directions she gave in a low, hurried tone, for the hireling quickly understood what was required of her, as the past months had taught her something of that sad creature's history.

When she had gone, the mother resumed her lone watch by her dead babe. Once or twice she glanced impatiently around, but rose not until the sound of carriage-wheels pausing before the

house, aroused her. She started up, and stood with her face turned toward the entrance as steps ascended the stairs. The door was flung open, and the old nurse entered, followed by two muffled forms.

The lady threw off her cloak and hood, disclosing the features of the young girl whom we last saw within the walls of the theatre, and as then, her companion was the betrayer of Lizzie Linden.

He started back when he saw who it was that stood, like some creation of the sculptor's hand, before him, and would have rushed from the apartment, but the attendant stayed his progress, while the female sank breathless and terrified into a chair, gazing in silence upon that strange and fearful scene.

"You have come, St. Orne," and Lizzie Linden fixed her eyes full upon the face of the wretched man, with an expression that went to the very depths of his hardened spirit.

She stepped forward; seized his hand and that of the girl, and drew them toward the couch; threw down the folds of the winding sheet, and laid bare the features of the dead.

"It is your child," she said, in a low, clear tone, while the lady shrank back with a shriek that rang far through the still air.

"Why look you thus?" she exclaimed. "What do you mean? Speak, St. Orne, and tell me what means this?" But he shrank coweringly away, and answered not.

Alice Maynard fell forward upon the floor with a shudder, and when they raised her, the whiteness of her cheek was like that of the corpse by her side. Moments passed before she recovered, and during that time the silence was unbroken.

The countenance of that wretched man was convulsed by the scorpion-lashings of that terrible monitor who had wakened to life within his bosom, and his frame trembled to its revilements, and shook beneath the fearful passions that were warring within his soul.

The reproaches of conscience were attended by the demons of disappointed desire and baffled ambition, for all the hopes which he had so fondly nursed were now scattered like bubbles from his grasp.

The victim of his wiles sat gazing like one in a dream upon the face of that unfortunate being who lay still and motionless near by; her raven hair drawn tightly back from her brow, its very darkness rendering her pallor still more perceptible. She would hardly have been taken for a breathing form, had it not been for those mournful eyes, in whose depths there was an expression which revealed all those withering feelings and blighting thoughts that belong to life alone.

When that poor creature was restored to con-

sciousness, she clasped her hands over her cold forehead, and shrieked rather than spoke, in a tone that seemed to come from a heart breaking beneath its weight of agony.

"Is this reality, or am I mad? Woman, who are you?"

"Lizzie Linden, the actress; and yonder man was my betrayer! There lies the body of his child."

It was a fearful picture of human passion and human grief! That gloomy chamber—that guilty man shuddering in a distant corner—that couch of death—and those two heart-broken women—yet so unlike in their misery.

"This is true; I feel it!" and Alice Maynard rose and approached St. Orne. "Go!" she said; and without a word he rushed from the apartment.

Alice drew near the actress, who seemed unconscious of her presence, and of all that was passing round her, twined her soft arms around the neck of the stricken woman, and over that couch of death they bowed themselves together.

And the babe was borne away to rest within the walls of a neighboring church-yard, and Alice Maynard returned to her stately home to hide from the world the sight of her woe; to fade away like a beautiful flower blighted by an untimely frost.

This then is woman's lot—
To love—to suffer—to be forgot!

St. Orne had fled—none knew whither! Gone to fill his cup of crime and sin to overflowing, then to die—and after that?

Saith not the Holy Writ—"First death, and then the judgment!"

The pale moonbeams were streaming in through the muslin curtains of a muffled window in Deacon Linden's dwelling, and resting like the hand of some holy spirit upon the still form of the old man who lay there—sleeping perchance, for there was no movement. Ay, sleeping; but who should wake the dead?

It was early spring, and the room was perfumed by the breath of the buds and the leaves of the vine that clambered so luxuriantly over the unclosed casement.

All was still, for the watchers had fallen asleep in the adjoining apartment, as a light step sounded on the moss-grown stoop, and glided noiselessly in.

Wearily and faintly that slender woman knelt beside the couch, and kissed the cold hand that lay outside the thin covering. As if a sudden thought struck her, she rose and gazed long upon those calm, still features.

"He had forgiven me! He had forgiven me!"

A smile, heart-broken but very sweet, that had

something of the grave in its meaning, stole over her face, and a flood of tears, the first she had shed for months, burst from her eyes.

Suddenly she fell forward, the red blood stained the snowy sheet, her head bowed itself upon the withered hand—and all was over!

When day dawned, those who had watched

without entered with gentle tread, but paused in awe upon the threshold, for the waning moonlight, mingled with the misty breath of morning, disclosed a solemn scene. They drew nigh, and with tearful eyes and mournful looks, stood round the still form of the once loved and innocent Lizzie Linden.

THE TRIED TRUTH.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

I've proved the worth of earthly good,
The pain of earthly guile;
The generous glow of human love—
The waning human smile.

I've lived to learn how little worth
Is thought of good within,
Where seemed a garden, fair with leaves,
Is but a waste of sin.

Tainted with evil are men's thoughts,
Even when they seek Heaven's throne—
And by this token I have learned
To love the Lord alone.

Though vanity and sin may mar
His gifts, that round me fall,
He strengthens His poor trembling reed
And is my "All in all."

Though Wintry storms may bar my way
In weak and faltering years,
His smile can warm my shivering soul
And chase desponding fears.

The shaded valley, lone, and drear,
I shall not fear to tread,
While He is walking by my side
And lifting up my head.

He gives me comfort when I faint—
My spirit healthful cheer,
That bids me share in guileless glee
When little ones are near.

My children's children! may they see
Like me, in whitening years,
How excellent is human ill
Baptized in Jesus' tears.

Since He has wept I need not weep,
Though pleasant paths grow dim,
The rending hands of earthly wrong
Are subjected to Him.

He trains them, with a master's skill,
Our good to work from woe,
And that His grace can triumph still
Is all I care to know.

POEM.

BY CORRA GLENGYLE.

As I sat at twilight, in my purple cushioned chair,
Gazing with wild delight on the varied visions rare—
Gleamy, dreamy visions painted on the sunset skies,
Shadowing forth Elysians where no gladd'n'ing hope
may rise;
Wierd and wondrous fancies of a world no one may
know,
Giving mystic glances of the one to which we go:
Strange and fearful musings are these that come to
me,
Deep and dark perusings of a page that few may
see!
Painting in the castles evening clouds have reared
on high—
(Spirits are the vassals, spirits that can never die.)
All the mystic dreamings my heart has ever known,

Throwing strangest gleamings from imagination's
throne.
Placing wondrous people in the castles in the sky,
In turret and steeple forms that are to dwell thereby.
Some are like the angels with wings of snowy white:
Singing the evangels sung by ones of light.
Some are dark and dreary as the garments that they
wear,
Faces sad and weary, with long trailing golden hair.
Some are grand yet fearful spectres from Life's frozen
zone;
Some downcast and tearful, weeping for the graves
grass-grown,
These are the wild visions I place in castles of the
sky,
Strange phantoms from Elysians of a wierd and
wondrous dye.

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 227.

A FOREST of white lilies seemed to have poured both whiteness and fragrance upon the moon-beams as they fell, softly, as the flower breathes, on the grim towers and fairy-like courts of the Alhamra. It was not very late, but all about the ruins was still as midnight. The nightingales had nestled down to sleep among the roses, leaving the air which they had thrilled with music to the mysterious chime of hidden brooklets, the bell-like tinkle of water-drops falling into unseen fountains, and the faint ripple of leaves and roses as they yielded their voluptuous breath to the night winds.

The sounds that came up from the distant city but served to render this solitude more complete. The baying of dogs, the low tinkle of guitars, the faint, hive-like hum that rose up from the dim mass of buildings, seemed all of another world: a spirit looking down upon earth from beyond the stars, could not have felt more completely isolated than a person wandering among these ruins, after nightfall, and when the nightingales were asleep.

Whatever of human life had been hanging about the ruins that day should have disappeared long ago, for travelling was not so common as it is now, and few persons chose to seek the Alhamra at night time. But on this night there was a sound now and then breaking the stillness—a sound of footsteps wandering about the ruins. You heard them at intervals with long pauses—and from various points, as if some one were roaming about within the very walls of the palace.

This sound had continued some time. It issued first from that beautiful double corridor which was once the grand entrance to those enchanting scenes, that even in ruins have more than the fascinations of romance. Time that has dimmed their first loveliness, but leaves free scope for the imagination, which, starting from these vestiges of beauty, rebuilds, creates, becomes luxurious—contrast too has its share. The bleak, almost rude severity of those grim towers, the weeds, the broken stonework, the walls tracing the uneven slopes of the hill, the ruined defences, all give a force and brighten the exquisite grace

of that little Paradise which takes one by surprise.

Well, the footsteps, I have said, came from this corridor, once the thoroughfare of kings. Then they were heard from the gorgeous saloon on the right, composing a portion of those apartments in which the Moorish Sultanahs spent their isolated lives. Then these footsteps moved toward the great tower of Comares, and two shadowy forms appeared moving slowly, almost languidly between the slender columns and azulejo pillars of a gallery that leads that way. These persons—for two were walking close together, and with footsteps so light that those of the female seemed but the echo of the harder and firmer tread of the man—these persons were not wandering in that heavenly place, you may be certain, from a desire to examine the wonderful beauty that surrounded them—they had looked a thousand times on those wonderful remnants of art. Besides the gallery was almost wrapped in shadow, and the rich colors, the lace-like stucco, the dim gilding, were all flowing together unveiling the darkness, but nothing more. They hurried on, for the dome of heavy wood that overhung them seemed gloomy and portentous as a thunder-cloud. The shadows within those noble carvings were black as ebony—the beautiful design, the long graceful stalactites, honeycombed and dashed with gold, all breaking out as from the midnight of ages, had a sombre effect. It seemed—as I have said before—like a storm-cloud condensed over them, full of gloom and prophetic wrath. My parents had come forth in search of joy, light, beauty—things that would harmonize with the ineffable happiness that overflowed their own young hearts—and they hastened from beneath this frowning roof with its marvel of art, its grim antiquity, as we flee from the chill of a vault to the warm sunshine.

Other persons might have lost themselves in this labyrinth of beauty, but my mother had trod those ruined halls before she could remember, and the darkness was nothing against her entire knowledge of the place. Now she stood in that myriad of beauty, the hall of the Embassadors, that grand Moorish state chamber which occupies the entire Comares Tower. They were no

longer in darkness, for through the deep embrasures of its windows came the moonlight falling upon the pavement in long gleams of radiance, and flowing over the rich colors like the unfolding of a silver banner.

The walls with their exquisite tracery heavy in themselves, but so refined by art that the golden filigree work of Genoa is scarcely more delicate, and snow itself less pure. The azulejos—by this I mean those exquisite little tiles, brilliant as the richest enamel, of various tints—blue, red, and yellow predominating—inlaaid a gorgeous recess in the wall, and around that raised platform which had been the foundation of a lost throne, all glowing out in gorgeous masses beneath the moonbeams, as if precious stones had been imbedded in the snow-work of those walls. All this was so richly revealed, so mistily hidden, that with a full knowledge of all that the shadows kept from view the imagination would take flight, and you felt as if the gates of Paradise must have been flung open before even a glimpse of so much beauty could be given to mortal eyes.

For a moment even these two lovers, in the first sublime egotism of passion that was a fate to them, stood hushed and dumb, as they found themselves beneath the dome of that wonderful chamber. It was before the present ribs of wood and masses of intricate carving was introduced, with all its elaborated gloom, to brood over the most graceful specimen of art that human genius ever devised. The original dome, arched above them seventy feet in the air, pure, majestic, gorgeous as if the gold and crimson of a sunset sky were striving to break through masses of summer clouds centred there. Then they become accustomed to the light; things grew more distinct. The glorious moonlight of southern Europe is so luminous—the darkness that it casts so deep. It leaves no beauty unrevealed—it gathers all deformity under its shadows.

Every beautiful line of the art that surrounded them was not only revealed, but idealized. The noble stucco work within the dome, moulded into exquisite designs of two feet deep, pure as if cut from the snow-ridges of Alpujarras. The ground-work of gorgeous colors, red, blue, gold glowing out from those depths of woven whiteness. The long, delicate stalactites dripping with moonlight, and peering downward from the compartments of each deep interstice, as if the snow-work, beginning to melt, had frozen again into great icicles. The pure whiteness all around, the colors burning underneath, or breaking out in rich masses like belts of jewels near the pavement—all this, as I have said, made even the lovers tread across the chamber cautiously and in silence. The stillness, the glow, the moonlight, made even the stealthy tread of their footsteps a sacriligious intrusion.

They stole into one of the deep recesses of a window, where the moonlight fell upon them full and broad. The walls were so deep that it gave them a sort of seclusion: they began to breathe more freely, and the deep spell that had wrapped their hearts, for an instant, gave way to the rich flood of happiness that no power on earth could long hold in abeyance.

They stood together in the recess, but with a touch of art—for entire love has always a shyness in it, a sort of holy reserve, which is the modesty of passion—Aurora's eyes were turned aside, not exactly to the floor, but she seemed gazing upon the beautiful plain of Grenada, which lay like a stretch of Paradise far below them. He was looking in her face, for there was something of wild beauty, of the shy grace which one sees in a half-tamed bird, which would have drawn the eyes of a less interested person upon the gipsy girl, as she stood there with the radiant moonlight falling upon her like a veil. As she looked forth a shade of sadness fell upon her face, singular as it was beautiful, for in her wild life the passions seldom found repose enough for that gentle twilight of the soul, sadness. But it was both strange and lovely, that unwanted softness, the first sweet hush of civilization upon her meteor-like spirit. Still he could see her eyes glitter through those curling lashes—thick, long, inky as night, but nothing could entirely shut out the wonderful radiance of those eyes.

"What are you looking at so earnestly, my bird?" said the young man, reaching forth his hand as if to draw her closer to his side; but she hung back, and for the first time seemed to shrink from him.

"Will you not speak? Are you afraid of me, Aurora?" he added, with a taunt of feeling that changed her face in an instant.

"Afraid! no, no—that is not the word—but that moment something came over me as I looked upon our fires up the ravine yonder. It seems as if every cave were full of light this evening, and our people—my people—were rejoicing over something."

"Well, child, and what then?—why should this make you shrink away from me thus?" questioned the young man, smiling gently upon her as he spoke.

"It may be over *his* return." She spoke the word with a sort of gasp, and of her own accord crept close to his side, drawing a deep breath as he folded her with his arm.

"*His* return! Of whom do you speak, little one?"

"Of—of Chaleco," faltered the gipsy child.

"And who is Chaleco?"

"Our chief—the Gipsey Count of our people—the husband that they have given to me!"

"The husband that they have given to you!" cried the young Englishman, flinging aside his arm and drawing back—"the husband, Aurora!"

Aurora started back even as he did, for she was not a woman to be spurned, child and gipsy though she was. She did not speak, but her eyes flashed, and her lips began to curl. She was a proud, wild thing that young Gitana—and the fire of her race began to kindle up beneath the love that had smothered it so long.

"Aurora, why did you not tell me of this earlier? How could I think it—you, who in my own country would yet be so mere a child—how could I dream that you were already married?"

"I did not say that," cried the young girl, and her eyes became dazzling in the moonlight, so eager was she to make herself understood. "It is not—yet—he, Chaleco, my grandmother, all the tribe say that it must be—and I know that he is to hurry home the sweetmeats and presents from Seville."

"The sweetmeats—what have sweetmeats to do with us?"

"Nothing, I dare say, perhaps you do not use them; but with us there is no marriage without sweetmeats, a ton or more. I heard Chaleco say once that he would dance knee deep in them when I become his—his—" She broke off, and her face became dusky with the hot blood that rushed over it, for the Englishman—spite of his anger and of his sharp interest in the subject—burst into a fit of merry laughter.

"Why do you laugh?" she said, with trembling lips—"does it please you that they will marry me to Chaleco—that my life must end then?"

"What do you mean, Aurora? I never saw you weep, but your voice seems choked with tears—tell me what is this trouble that threatens us—what is it makes you weep, for I see now that your eyes are full, that your cheeks are wet—come close to me, darling, say what is it? Not my foolish laughter, I could not help it, child, the idea of dancing one's self into married life through an ocean of sweetmeats was too ridiculous!"

"It may be," said Aurora, gently, for the tears she was shedding had quenched all her anger. "It does not seem so to us, but when a poor child who cannot help fearing death a little, when she knows that the grave lies beyond all this, it may well trouble her."

"The grave, Aurora!—what has driven you mad? The grave for you, my pretty wild bird—nay, nay, leave this sort of nervousness to our fine ladies at home. Here it is pure nonsense."

"Hush!" exclaimed my mother, and her eyes flashed like lightning as she turned them around the vast chamber. "That was a sound; surely I heard some one move."

"I hear nothing," said the young man, listening and speaking low. "It was a bat probably fitting across the dome—these things are common, you know—"

"Yes, yes! but yonder the shadows are moving."

"I see nothing!"

"But I did," whispered the young girl, wildly. "I did!"

"It might have been something sweeping between the moonlight and the window," suggested her companion, who, quite ignorant of any great danger in being watched, felt little anxiety about the matter.

"This was no cypress bough, no bat trying its wings in the night: such movements are common here, but they do not chill one to the soul like this—see!"

The gipsy placed her little hands in those of the young man, and though she clasped her fingers hard together, both her hands and arms trembled till they shook his.

"What does all this mean, Aurora?" he questioned, earnestly. "I thought nerves were only for fine ladies."

There was a slight sarcasm in his voice, but the girl did not seem to heed it. Her great wild eyes continued to roam over the ambassador's chamber, and she listened, not to him, but for something that seemed lurking in a distant corner of the room. At length she drew a deep breath as if inexpressibly relieved, and lifted her eyes to his again.

"It is gone," she said, smiling uneasily—"it is gone!"

"What is gone?"

"I don't know, but something has just left this room; I can breathe again."

"Did you see any one depart?"

"No!"

"Did you hear it?"

"No!"

"Then how could you be certain?"

"I *felt* it."

"How?"

"Did you never feel certain of a presence which you neither saw nor heard?"

"I do not know; perhaps yes," replied the young man, thoughtfully; "the atmosphere of a particular person sometimes does seem to enwrap us, but this is visionary speculation. I did not think these vagaries could haunt a wild, fresh, untaxed brain like yours. They have hitherto seemed to me purely the result of an over-refined intellect."

"It seemed to me as if my grandmother were close by," said the gipsy.

"Your grandmother! I thought she never left her cave—her home!"

"I know that—she could not reach this place—you must be right. But why should the bare thought have made me tremble if she was not here? I who never tremble—at least from dread."

"And if not from dread, what is the power that can make you tremble?" inquired the youth, bending his mischievous eyes smilingly upon her.

She did not speak, but the little hands still clasped in his began to quiver like newly caught ring-doves. Those wonderful eyes were lifted to his, luminous still, for all the dews of her young soul could not have quenched their brilliancy—but so flooded with love-light, so eloquent of the one great life passion, that the smile died on his lip. There was something almost startling in the thought that his hand had stricken the crystal rock from which such floods of brightness gushed forth. He felt like one who had half in sport aroused some sleeping spirit, which must henceforth be a destiny to him—an angel or a demon in his path forever.

"You almost make me tremble," he whispered, bending forward and kissing her upturned forehead softly, and with a sort of awe. "Come, love, come, let us walk, this still moonlight lies upon us both like a winding sheet."

"Yes, yes, let us go," cried the gipsey, eagerly, and gliding down the spacious hall the two moved on, seeking that exquisite colonnade from which the Moors commanded a view of the whole valley and plain in which Grenada stands. Now all was darkness, the slender marble shafts blended and bedded in with coarse mortar, were scarcely visible. The moonbeams broke against the rude walls, and fell powerless from the beautiful arches which they had once flooded with silvery light, but the lovers walked on through all this gloom reassured, and with their thoughts all centred in each other once more. Aurora forgot her fears, and he was not of an age or temperament to yield himself long to gloomy fancies.

At length they entered a small chamber, still in good repair, and flooded with moonlight which swept through the delicate columns of a small balcony or temple that jutted from the outer wall. The pavement seemed flagged with solid silver, the moonbeams lay so hard and unbrokenly upon it, and received these exquisite shadows as virgin ivory takes the soft traces of an artist's pencil. The glow of rich fresco paintings broke out from the walls, brilliant as when the colors were first laid on by order of that Vandal Charles. In the soft scenic obscurity the deformity or mutilations of time were unseen. You missed the frost-like Moorish tracery from over that bed of colors, but scarcely felt the loss amid the misty gorgeousness that replaced it.

They passed through this room and went out upon the marble colonnade. Nothing but the

delicate Moorish shafts I have mentioned stood between them and the beautiful plain of Grenada. Lights still sparkled in all directions over the old city, as if heaven had sent down a portion of its stars to illuminate a spot that so nearly resembled itself. The gentle undulations of the plain, broken into hills and ridges of the richest green; the soft haze blending with the moonlight where it lay upon the horizon; the mountains that overlooked all this, on the left, cut up with ravines full of black shadows, green as emerald at the base, glittering with snow at the top.

Close by that belt of huge dark trees sweeping around the old fortress, with glimpses of the Darrow breaking up through the dusky foliage—on the right that dim convent nestled among the hills, and nearer yet the vine-draped ascent of *Sierre del Sol*, with its mountain villa, its Darrow waters, its orange terrace, and rose hedges, all filling the sweet night with melody and fragrance! Do you wonder that they forgot themselves?—that they looked on a scene like this filled only with a delicious sense of its beauty?

The air was so balmy with fragrance, yet cool from the mountain snows, invigorating and still voluptuous. The entire stillness too, nothing was astir but the sweet, low sounds of nature, the rustle of myrtle thickets, the mournful shiver of a cypress tree as the wind sighed through it, the movement of a bird in its nest.

Is it strange, I say, that all this beauty became food to the love that filled their young lives with its first tumultuous emotions? That while they forgot that love, and thought only of the scene before them, it grew the stronger from neglect. When they did speak it was in low tones, and as if a loud word might disturb the entire happiness that reigned in each full heart.

"Aurora, you have been here many times before, and at this hour perhaps—say, have your eyes ever fallen upon the scene when it was beautiful as now?" murmured the young man, dreamily.

"I do not know; I have seen it a thousand times, but never, never felt that it was really beautiful. To-night it seems as if I had just been aroused from sleep—that all my life had been one dull stupor. I shudder at the remembrance of what I was—I pant for new scenes of beauty—new emotions, these are so full of joy. Tell me, Busne, my own, own Busne, does happiness like this never kill? I grow faint with it as one does when the orange trees are thick overhead and too heavy with blossoms. My breath comes heavily as if laden with fragrance like that of a white lily—I long to creep away into the shadows yonder and cry myself to sleep."

"Why do you wish to weep, my bird? tears are for the unhappy."

"Yet you see that I am weeping, my eyes are blinded, the lights down yonder seem floating in a mist. I cannot see, and yet I know that you are smiling there in the moonlight: it is happiness, oh, such happiness that floods my eyes."

He was not smiling, or if he had been for one moment, the impulse died of itself the next. Educated as he had been, hemmed in by conventionalities, it was impossible not to be startled by the wildness, the depth of feeling revealed by this strange child. The very reckless innocence with which she exposed every sensation as it arose in her heart—the intensity of feeling thus betrayed made him thoughtful, nay, anxious. It was only for a brief time, however. Before Aurora could notice his abstraction it had disappeared.

"Is it indeed love for me, Aurora, that makes you so happy?" he questioned, with fond egotism.

"I do not know; to-night I scarcely know myself. Love! it is a soft, sweet word—but does not mean enough. Oh, if you could speak Romanny now, in our language are such words; oh, how insipid your word love is compared to them."

In a deep, passionate voice, the very tones of which seemed to thrill and burn into the heart, she uttered some words in pure Romanny, that language which has yet been traced to no given origin. Like ourselves, it is an outcast, vagabond dialect, which baffles investigation.

He understood nothing of what she said. But her eyes so dazzlingly brilliant; her lips kindled to a vivid red, as it were, by the burning words that passed through them; the exquisite modulations of each tone, all had a powerful effect upon the young man—powerful, but not that which might have been expected, for it filled his mind with distrust.

She did not heed the change in his countenance. Juliette herself was never more thoroughly inspired or more trusting. Crafty in all things else, our women are single-hearted as children in their love. Truth itself is not more constant. Religion does not give you trust more perfect—religion—love is a religion to them, they have no better, poor, wandering tribes, bereft of all things, home, name, nationality, faith. But all people must have something that they deem holy, something upon which the soul can lean for strength and comfort. Happier nations put faith in a God, we poor outcasts have only our household affections, and we keep them sacred as your altars.

Though the gipsy adopts the faith of any nation that gives him protection, becomes Catholic, Protestant, Mahomedan, Idolater, as the case may be, it is all a pretence. In his soul he loathes the object that he craftily seems to worship.

But the Englishman knew nothing of this. He had no idea of the rigid bonds with which antique

custom hedges in the domestic affections in a gipsy household. These affections are the most sacred thing known to us: I have said that as a people we have no other religion.

With all this ignorance of our customs, how could he comprehend a creature like that with her unreserve, her passion so vivid, that it struggled constantly for some new medium of expression, and grew impatient of the stately Spanish, and the few English words that seemed to chill every impulse as she strove to frame it into utterance. He could not believe that a woman trained to deception, wild, unchecked, nay, taught to believe the right wrong, was in everything that related to her own womanly tenderness true as gold—honest as infancy.

He shrunk from this poor child then, when the words of her own language gushed up and swept the cold Spanish from her lips. It seemed to him that she must have uttered those words before, perhaps to some travelled dupe like himself, perhaps to Chaleco—Chaleco. He began to dwell upon that name with jealous eagerness, and coupled it with the words of Romanny that still trembled on Aurora's lips. For the first time he began to doubt the poor gipsy girl; yet I who know the women of his own people to the soul, say to you most solemnly, that among the best of his fair compatriots he might have searched a life-time, and in vain, for a young heart so pure in every loving impulse, so thoroughly virtuous as that which beat that moment within the velvet bosom of the little Gitana.

"Aurora, look in my face," he said, seizing both her hands as she ceased speaking.

She did look in his face with a glance that ought to have shamed him—a glance, smiling, fond, and yet so void of evil. He might have searched in those eyes till doomsday, and found nothing there but a beautiful reflection of himself.

"Aurora, you have repeated these heathenish words before!" He made the assertion somewhat faintly, for something in her look half smothered the suspicion as it arose to his lips.

"Before! when?" she answered, in smiling surprise.

"To Chaleco, perhaps."

"To Chaleco—oh, never; I never spoke thus to Chaleco," and the poor girl shuddered at the sound of that name, as an apostate would when reminded of his old faith.

"But your love chief, this Chaleco, he has uttered them to you."

"He—where—at what time?"

"Here, perhaps, by moonlight, as you are now standing by me."

She looked at him with a troubled and questioning eye. He was a mystery to her then, and

the child was striving to fathom the new feeling that she saw in his countenance.

"No! Chaleco never came here with me at night—never at all since we were little children! Have I not told you that he is my betrothed?" She spoke sadly, almost in tears.

"Well, is not that a good reason why he of all others should overwhelm you with this sweet Rommany, here by moonlight, as you now stand with me?"

"Oh, that could never happen," she exclaimed, eagerly, "they would take the countship from him, they would drive us both ignominiously from the tribe; oh, you do not know our ways, our laws. Of all the men in our tribe, Chaleco would not dare to seek me here."

"Why?"

"It is not permitted; we are betrothed, and so never must be alone, it would be infamy!"

"And to be here with me, is that nothing?"

"There is no laws that keep us from seeking the Busne. It is our duty. From them we win most gold!"

The young man recoiled. "Gold, is it for that you come?" he said, bitterly. "No, no, I have offered tenfold what she has ever taken. It was not for that you come, Aurora, I had rather die than think it. Speak, child, tell me it was not for gold that you sought me!"

"I dared not go home empty handed, for the grand-dame would have given me blows," answered the poor girl, while tears began to run down her cheeks. "I could not dance to others as in former times; yet I never touched a piece of your coin without feeling all the strength leave me—without longing to hide myself from every one. Of late you have never offered money when I come."

"I know—I know," said the young man, quickly, "it seemed like a desecration, I could not do it."

"Oh, how happy I was to feel this. It made me so grateful, but I was afraid of her. Sometimes I would be for hours getting home, hoping that she would be asleep!"

"My poor child, and I never thought of this. Is the old Sibyl cruel to you then?"

"Every one seems cruel to me now—every one but you; and to-night, it seems sometimes as if you were joining them. What have I done that you should make me weep like the rest?"

"Nothing, my poor Aurora, nothing. The fault is mine; I was annoyed by what you told me of this Chaleco, it made me unreasonable."

"Was that all?" cried the poor little gipsey, brightening up and pressing her lips softly down into the palm of his offered hand.

He made no answer, but drew her gently toward him, and for a time they stood together in

thoughtful silence. Their eyes were bent on the same object, one that they had usually avoided; for there was little promise of tranquillity in that direction.

Amid the luxuriance of the scene before them, so full of all that might reasonably win the attention, their eyes were fascinated by one object alone, and that so dreary, so uninviting, that it aroused nothing but ideas of sin and wretchedness, unhappy subjects for hearts laden, as theirs were, with the first sweet impulses of affection.

They were looking toward the Barranco, that bleak ravine, cut like a huge wound in the beautiful hills, on whose barren sides the gipsy dwellings were burrowed. Even with the soft moonlight sleeping over its sterility, the ravine had a miserable aspect, choked up with great, spectre-like aloes and coarse prickly-pears—with a few dusty fix-trees, and stunted vines trailing themselves along the meagre soil that just served to cover them with a sparse growth of leaves.

These unseemly objects were now blended into one mass of blackness in the depth of the ravine, giving unearthly force to some dozen forges in full blast, that shot their wierd fires from the open covers above.

This was no unusual thing. The gipsies all over the world have been workers of iron from the beginning, and those of Grenada were ever most busy at their craft after sunset; but this evening the fires seemed to glow with unusual brilliancy; long lines of light shot across the ravine; men and women moved to and fro before the open caves. It was a scene that Dante would have loved.

"It is strange," said the Englishman, musingly—"it is strange that any human being could select that miserable place to live in. There is something unearthly, fiendish in the choice."

"Choice," answered Aurora, sadly, "whoever allows choice to the Zincali? No, no, if there is one spot on earth more dreary than another, it is set aside for them."

"And you, Aurora, so delicate, so full of imagination, how can you live there, burrowed up in the earth like some beautiful wild animal? Surely, surely any fate must be better than that!"

The young man looked at her earnestly. His words had not been addressed to her, but were an argument against his own conscience—a reply to some under-current of thought all the time going on in his mind. He was about to say something more, to utter something of the project that was taking form in his own bosom, but she looked at him so earnestly—her large, fond eyes so full of innocent love-light sought his with so sweet a trust—he could not go on. The holy influence of true affections clung to his soul like fetters of gold. The evil spirit tempting him so

powerfully was not strong enough to fling them off. Her ignorance, her helplessness, what a defense it proved against all his knowledge—for young as he appeared, the stranger was an old man in experience; he had begun to live early—youth had been swept from his path as if by a tornado—the wrong that he might do then could have none of the excuses which inexperience gives. He was no ordinary person, he had lived more in those brief years than many an old man. She saw no second meaning in his words, but turning her eyes once more upon the *Barranco*, answered according to her own innocent interpretation of their import.

"It does seem dark to me now. I never felt it till lately, but the caves are very dismal, close, smoky; the air seems to choke me at night. Besides I am afraid it is only in the old woods yonder, or up here, lifted half way into the sky, that I can breathe freely. You are looking at the ravine," she added, "and I—now I can feel how coarse, how dark, how like a den for wild animals it seems to you—for within the last few weeks I have felt a strange love of beautiful things—for there I can think of you."

"Then you never think of me in connection with that infernal hollow yonder?" questioned the young man.

"What, yonder? Oh, no, within the darkness that was once my home, surrounded by those strong, fierce men, grimmed with iron dust, and smelling of the mules they have been tending—I fold you deep in my heart, afraid to turn my thoughts that way—I bury you in my sleep, and strive not to exist till I can escape hither. It seems like two worlds, this, where you sometimes come, and yonder where I cannot even think of you."

"But here you are happy even though I am not present."

"Ah, yes, here I am free—here I have such dreams—oh, a thousand times brighter than any that ever come to my sleep. Sometimes I think these soft, sweet dreams are better than being with you."

"And in these dreams are we ever separated?" questioned the youth, pursuing the same under-current of thought that had swept through his bosom all that evening. But she did not take his meaning, the time for reflection had not arrived, she was too busy with her own sensations for anything but dreams.

"Separated! oh, no. What would the brightest of these dreams be worth if you were not in the midst? I love to come up here just before night-fall, when the snowy top of *Sierra Nevada* seems sprinkled with roses, and a soft flowing haze, now purple, now golden, settles upon the plain, the hills, and the beautiful old city—when the

insects are nestling themselves down to sleep, and the nightingales send gushes of music through the woods—how I love to sit here, perfectly alone, while the colors float together in soft masses on the walls around, and all this vast heap of ruin shapes itself into beauty again.

"Then all that is ruinous, all that is gloomy disappears, these marble pillars glitter with gold again, a network of snow breaks over these paintings. From that marble slab in the corner, perforated in a hundred places, floats up a cloud of perfume, I feel it in my garments, and penetrating the folds of my hair—I go forth. We go forth, for you are always by my side. The long colonnade yonder glitters in the twilight, the flagree arches are tipped with a rosy hue. The shadows are all of a faint purple, the pavements gleam beneath our feet like beds of precious stones. The nightingales are heard more faintly as we penetrate deep into the building, over-powered by the silvery rush of fountains at play in the courts.

"The myrtle hedges rustle softly as we pass into the court of Lions. There in my dreams I replace all that has been torn away, the hundred slender columns that support those flagree arches are once more burnished with gold. The old tints break out afresh from the capitals, wreathing their endless variety with radiant colors. The azulejos pillars glowing like twisted rainbows, all come back softened by a mental haze that creeps over me at such times.

"We leave the court—pass on through those wonderful arches, and enter the saloons which people say were once the most private retreat of the Moorish Kings. But they are never in my mind—those dead monarchs—it is for another—only one—that I heap those alcoves in which sultanas have slept with silken cushions, and mingle cool drinks from the snows of Alpujarras; those decorations upon the wall, so like the rare antique lace with which queens adorn themselves—that saloon, with its great pillars of marble gleaming in the light like solid masses of pearl, and crowned with ornaments so rich, that when broken to pieces each fragment is a marvel of itself. Even these are not beautiful enough for one whom my soul makes lord of all!"

"For him I bring back the past. Rare colors start up, fresh and vivid, from under that exquisite lace-work, where you can just see that they have existed; stalactites starred with gold penetrate downward like a rich conglomeration of pearls escaping through a thousand rainbows embedded in the ceiling. It is a luxury to breathe the air in these rooms, so rich with perfumes, yet kept so pure and cool by the innumerable fountains that penetrate every corner with their dreamy murmurs."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KATIE YALE'S MARRIAGE; OR, LOVE AND LUXURY.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"If ever I marry," Katie Yale used to say, half in jest, half in earnest—"if ever I marry, the happy man—or the *unhappy* one, if you please—ha! ha!—shall be a person possessing these three qualifications:

"First, a fortune.

"Second, good looks.

"And thirdly, common sense.

"I mention the fortune first, because I think it the most needful and desirable qualification of the three. Although I could never think of marrying a fool, or a man whose ugliness I could be ashamed of; still I think to talk sense for the one and shine for the other, with plenty of money, would be preferable to living obscurely with a handsome, intellectual man—to whom economy might be necessary."

I do not know how much of this sentiment came from Katie's heart. She undoubtedly indulged lofty ideas of station and style—for her education in the duties and aims of life had been deficient, or rather erroneous; but that she was capable of deeper, better feelings none doubted, who had ever obtained even a partial glimpse of her true woman's nature.

And the time arrived, at length, when Katie was to take that all-important step of which she had often spoken so lightly; when she was to demonstrate to her friends how much of her heart was in the words we have quoted.

At the enchanting age of eighteen she had many suitors; but as she never gave a serious thought to more than two, we will follow her example, and discarding all except those favored ones, consider their relative claims.

If this were any other than a true story, I should certainly use an artist's privilege, and aim to produce an effect by making a strong contrast between these two favored individuals. If I could have my way, one should be a poor genius, and somewhat of a hero; the other a wealthy fool, and somewhat of a knave.

But the truth is—

Our poor genius was not much of a genius, nor very poor, either. He was by profession a teacher of music, and he could live very comfortably in exercise thereof—without the most distant hope, however, of ever attaining to wealth. Moreover, Francois Minot possessed excellent

qualities, which entitled him to be called by discreet elderly people a "fine character;" by his companions a "noble, good fellow;" and by the ladies generally, a "darling."

Katie could not help loving Mr. Frank, and he knew it. He was certain she preferred his society even to that of Mr. Wellington, whom alone he saw fit to honor with the appellation of *rival*.

This Mr. Wellington (his companions called him the "duke,") was no idiot or hump-back, as I could have wished him to be, in order to make a good story. On the contrary, he was a man of sense, education, good looks, and fine manners; and there was nothing of the knave about him, as I could ever ascertain.

Besides this, his income was sufficient to enable him to live superbly. Also, he was considered two or three degrees handsomer than Mr. F. Minot.

Therefore the only thing on which Frank had to depend, was the power he possessed over Katie's sympathies and affections. The "duke"—although just the man for her in every other sense, being blessed with a fortune, good looks, and common sense—had never been able to draw these out; and the amiably conceited Mr. Frank was not willing to believe that she would suffer mere worldly considerations to control the aspirations of her heart.

However, she said to him, one day, when he pressed her to decide his fate—she said to him with a sigh—

"Oh, Frank! I am sorry that we have ever met!"

"Sorry?"

"Yes—for we must part now—"

"Part?" repeated Frank, turning pale.

It was evident he had not expected this.

"Yes—yes," said Katie, casting down her eyes with another piteous sigh.

Frank sat by her side; he placed his arm around her waist, without heeding her feeble resistance; he lowered his voice, and talked to her until she—the proud Katie—wept—wept bitterly.

"Katie," said he, then, with a burst of passion, "I know you love me! But you are proud—ambitious—selfish! Now if you would have me leave you, say the word—and I go!"

"Go!" murmured Katie, very feebly—"go!"
"You have decided?" whispered Frank.

"I have!"

"Then, love, farewell!"

He took her hand, gazed a moment tenderly and sorrowfully upon her beautiful, tearful face; then clasped her to his bosom.

She permitted the embrace. She even gave way to the impulse of the instant, and twined her arms about his neck. But in a moment her resolution came to her aid, and she pushed him from her with a sigh.

"Shall I go?" he articulated.

A feeble yes fell from her quivering lips.

And an instant later, she was lying upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately—alone.

To tear the tenacious root of love out of her heart, had cost her more than she could have anticipated; and the certainty of a golden life of luxury proved but a poor consolation, it seemed, for the sacrifice she had made.

She lay long upon the sofa, I say, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself: Her breathing became more regular and calm. Her tears ceased to flow, and at length her eyes and cheeks were dry. Her head was pillow'd on her arm, and her face was half hidden in a flood of beautiful curls.

The struggle was over. The agony was passed. She saw Mr. Wellington enter, and arose cheerfully to receive him. His manners pleased her; his station and fortune fascinated her more. He offered her his hand. She accepted it. A kiss sealed the engagement—but it was not such a kiss as Frank had given her, and she could not repress a sigh!

There was a magnificent wedding. Splendidly attired, dazzling the eye with her beauty thus adorned, with everything around her swimming in the charmed atmosphere of fairy-land, Katie gave her hand to the man her ambition—not her love—had chosen!

But certainly ambition could not have made a better choice. Already she saw herself surrounded by a magnificent court, of which she was the acknowledged and admired queen. The favors of fortune were showered upon her; she floated luxuriously upon the smooth and glassy wave of a charmed life.

Nothing was wanting, in the whole circle of her outward existence, to adorn it, and make it bright with happiness.

But she was not long in discovering that there was something wanting within her own breast.

Her friends were numerous; her husband tender, kind, and loving; but all the attentions and attractions she enjoyed could not fill her heart.

She had once felt its chords of sympathy moved
Vol. XXI.—17

by a skilful touch; she had known the heavenly charm of their deep, delicious harmony; and now they were silent—motionless—muffled, so to speak, in silks and satins. These chords still and soundless, her heart was dead; now the less so because it had been killed by a golden shaft. Having known and felt the life of sympathy in love, she could not but mourn for it, and sigh for it, unconsoled by the life of luxury. In short, Katie in time became magnificently miserable, splendidly unhappy.

Then a change became apparent in her husband. He could not long remain blind to the fact that his love was not returned. He sought the company of those whose gayety might lead him to forget the sorrow and despair of his soul. This shallow joy was unsatisfactory, however; and impelled by powerful longings for love, he went astray to warm his heart by a strange fire.

Katie saw herself now in the midst of a gorgeous desolation, burning with a thirst unquenchable by golden streams that flowed around her; panting with a hunger not all the food of flattery and admiration could appease.

She reproached her husband for deserting her thus; and he answered with angry and desperate taunts, of deception, and a total lack of love, which smote her conscience heavily.

"You do not care for me," he cried—"then why do you complain that I bestow elsewhere the affections you have met with coldness?"

"But it is wrong—sinful," Katie remonstrated.

"Yes; I know it!" said her husband, fiercely. "It is the evil fruit of an evil seed. And who sowed that seed? Who gave me a hand without a heart—who became a sharer of my fortune, but gave me no share in sympathy—who devoted me to the fate of a loving, unloved husband? Nay, do not weep, and clasp your hands, and sigh and sob with such desperation of impatience—for I say nothing you do not deserve to hear."

"Very well," said Katie, calming herself; "I will not complain. I will not say your reproaches are undeserved. But granting that I am the cold, deceitful thing you call me—you know this state of things cannot continue."

"Yes, I know it."

"Well?"

Mr. Wellington's brows gathered darkly; his eyes flashed with determination; his lips curled with scorn.

"I have made up mind," said he, "that we should not live together any longer. I am tired of being called the husband of the splendid Mrs. Wellington. I will move in my circle; you shall shine in yours. I will place no restraint on your actions, nor shall you on mine. We will be free."

"But the world!" shrieked Katie, trembling.

"The world will admire *you* the same—and

what more do you desire?" asked her husband, bitterly. "This marriage of hands, and not of hearts, is mockery. We have played the farce long enough. Few know the conventional meaning of the term *husband and wife*; but do you know what it *should* mean? Do you feel that the only true union is that of love and sympathy? Then enough of this mummary! Farewell. I go to consult friends about the terms of a separation. Nay, do not tremble, and cry, and cling to me now—for I shall be liberal to you. As much of my fortune shall be yours as you desire."

He pushed her from him. She fell upon the sofa. From a heart torn with anguish, she shrieked aloud—

"Frank! Frank! why did I send you from me? Why did I sacrifice love and happiness to such fate as this? Why was I blind until sight brought me misery?"

She lay upon the sofa, sobbing and weeping passionately. Gradually her grief appeared to exhaust itself; her breathing became calm; her eyes and cheeks dry. Her head lay peacefully upon her arm, over which swept her disheveled tresses—until with a start she cried—

"Frank! oh, Frank, come back!"

"Here I am!" said a soft voice by her side.

She raised her head. She opened her astonished eyes. Frank was standing before her!

"You have been asleep," he said, smiling kindly.

"Asleep?"

"And dreaming, too, I should say—not pleasantly, either."

"Dreaming?" murmured Katie; "and is it all a dream?"

"I hope so," replied Frank, taking her hand. "You could not mean to send me from you so cruelly, I know! So I waited in your father's study, where I have been talking with him all of an hour. I came back to plead my cause once more—and found you here where I left you—asleep."

"Oh, what a horrid dream!" murmured Katie, rubbing her eyes. "It was so like a terrible reality that I shudder now to think of it! I thought I was married!"

"And would that be so horrible?" asked Frank. "I hope then you did not dream you were married to me!"

"No—I thought I gave my hand without my heart."

"Then if you gave *me* your hand, it would not be without your heart?"

"No, Frank," said Katie, her bright eyes beaming happily through tears—"and here it is."

She placed her fair hand in his—he kissed it in transport.

And soon after there was a *real* marriage; not a splendid, but a happy one; not followed by a life of luxury, but by a life of love and contentment; and that was the marriage of Frank Minot and Katie Yale.

THE ANGEL OF THE HOME.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

THERE comes an angel, day by day,
Into this home of ours;
And if we chance abroad to stray,
'Tis there among the flowers:
Its low, sad, gentle voice is heard
By night about our bed,
In many a dear, familiar word,
That 'minds us of the dead.
It brightens all our happiness,
And, when dark sorrows come,
Speaks comfort to our hearts, and is
The Angel of our Home.

When first we learned to speak of death,
We felt it at our side;
While, blessing us with parting breath,
Our own sweet mother died.
It stayed our unavailing tears,
And kissed our pale checks dry—

Brought hope, to soothe our faithless fears,
And pointed toward the sky;
Since when, in all our happiness,
And when dark sorrows come,
'Tis ever by our side, and is
The Angel of our Home.

And all our love, so great before,
Since that sad hour hath grown—
Our angel bids us love the more,
The more we feel alone;
It will not suffer in our mind
One selfish thought to stay—
One envious wish, or word unkind,
Since our bereavement-day.
Oh, may it bear us company
In all our years to come!—
Sit ever in our hearts, and be
The Angel of our Home!

THE SECOND LOVE.

A SEQUEL TO "CAROLINE BRADSHAW."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SUSY L—'S DIARY."

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 220.

Saturday, December 1st.

I FEAR my face expressed the repining in my heart; for although Augustus' eyes had a beaming, happy look, as he fastened the horse at the gate, and when I first caught sight of him in the parlor door, they fell at sight of mine, and a sort of languor diffused itself through his frame, and was in his voice when he spoke to me.

"You will miss your sister, I fear?" said he, looking inquiringly in my face.

"Yes, but I shall see her often," replied I, hardly knowing what I said, she had been so far from my thoughts; and I was perplexed, too, at the sudden alteration in him. I did not look up, but I heard him sigh, and felt my own heart ache at the sound.

"Would you like to ride a little toward the setting sun? It is very splendid in the west," said he, after a few moments silence—save the sigh.

Glad to hear of the splendid sunsetting, glad to go and ride toward it, glad to be with him in the open, free air, where we always get along with less reserve than in the close rooms, I started with alacrity to my feet, and thanking him, now with a pleased face, I know, I would have gone to the hall to bring my shawl and bonnet; but he stopped me gently, and went himself to bring them. When I was seated in the carriage, he became fearful that the shawl was not enough for so chilly an evening; he would bring my cloak. He wrapped it round me; he made it sure that I was not cold, that I was comfortable, every way; he looked a little anxious at sight of the tears in my eyes—I am always most inclined to weep when he is kindest, because there always comes the yearning with, that he might love me as well as show kindness to me. But when I took the good hand that was busied with my cloak, and carried it half way to my lips, but letting it drop immediately, the thoughtful look vanished; and he looked happy and good as an angel. We had so much to say! I found such delight in the golden clouds, the many colored woods, the narrow river with rich reflections stretching away across it, in short, with every thing I saw, that Augustus was fain to give up

the talking and the rapture to me—and not the rapture, either; for I never saw so much in any eyes as there was in his. Tears were there, too; not the large globules that come to mine. His eyes just swam in them, and were made more radiant, whereas mine are usually quite overwhelmed. He carried my hand *quite* to his lips, as he helped me alight; for we had rode round a large square, and returned to our own door. So large is the square, that, beside many farms, large and small, and beautiful residences, it has, on nearly opposite sides, two pretty villages, the one where our church stands, and another where the Follens are engaged in manufacturing, and where other branches of thriving trade are carried on.

A neighbor's daughter came in to spend the evening with our little maid, Sophia; and, as they remained in the dining-room, Augustus and I had our first long evening alone. I dreaded it, in the beginning, as I fancy he also did. At any rate we both took heed at first that there should be no awkward pauses in which restraint and coldness should come in and take the place between us, as they had already done several times, when we were left suddenly alone, face to face. But, somehow, the effort passed, and the need of it. The good, cordial words came as fast as we could speak them; and it was the happiest, dearest evening I have ever known. It was moreover a happy evening to Augustus, if his gentle, kind face revealed the things that were in his heart—as I believe it always does.

The little back parlor is his study. He writes there now, finishing his preparations for the Sabbath. Heaven bless him.

He—Augustus, of course; for of whom beside can I write or think this morning?—came to the right vocation when he came to the ministry. His piety is so child-like in its earnestness and cheerful trust! his mind so highly refined and educated; his whole bearing so polished, so noble, and, at the same time, so humble and kind, so full of tender and loving sympathy for every one on whom his eye falls! When I can become quite worthy of him, or when he can see how truly I love and admire him, and strive to approach him

in usefulness and excellence, then—Mrs. Follen comes! Heaven bless the cheerful, good face!

The 3rd.

Mrs. Follen is a dear, thoughtful angel. She is very noble; one never sees her bustling, as if her hands were so full of one thing and another, that she never can have breathing time. Neither her feet, her hands, or her beautiful, soft eyes ever perform a hurried movement; yet no one accomplishes so many beneficial deeds, at home and abroad, as she. No one sees so quickly, so instinctively what must be the will and pleasure of others, or moves so effectively, and at the same time so softly, toward their accomplishment. For myself, I seldom name a wish, or a regret to her; nor need I, for they have hardly assumed definite shapes, and made me fully aware of their pressing nature, before the one is removed, in some way—the best, the proper way always—and the other, gratified. *Vide*, the full pantry, the warm rooms, the ready tea-table, and the welcoming voices when we came; a quarter's salary in advance to Augustus—paid upon her suggestion, as we learned from one of the committee—when I was distressing myself with weighing the different expedients of getting a purse into his hands; showing her friendly face in our door just at the time when Augustus is engaged in his study, or making visits when I am feeling lonely; sending a delicious roast, close-covered, steaming, ready for the table, or a piece of salmon, or halibut, when I, at least, have a flagging appetite which is calling for something, in the preparation of which my hand and palate have had no share. It is to her, and *not* long, at any one time, to my husband, as I feel more and more—that I turn with the longing and the assurance of perfect sympathy. I always see, by her expressive face, that she knows whether I am cheerful or sad. She oftenest sees that I am sad, I fear, after the joy of meeting her is over. She makes no remarks upon it, however; asks no questions. But she addresses kind and cheerful words to me, relates amusing experiences from the first year of her married life, and tells me how much more trouble she had in that period, than in any subsequent year, since then she understood her husband imperfectly; and he her; since they were both wedded them to their own habitual ways, and could not so readily yield them to the preferences of each other, even when these preferences were discovered, as they can now that they understand each other, and have moulded themselves in part anew. She has assured me, on her own experience, as well as that of others, that “the first year is not the honey year, if the first month is the *honey month*.” And thus I am comforted—in a degree. I look forward, however, with more fear than hope. I hope less and less, for I see

that my faithfulness, my efforts to promote his comfort, my love, which he must see, although I never confess it with my lips, all fail to remove the barrier between us. And as the hope recedes, the barrier seems to me to widen and darken, and become gloomier, more insuperable. I am aware that this is not because he is less kind; but because my fortitude is leaving me, with the hope that love, perfect oneness would come, when we knew each other better.

Yet let me not brood over it, or allow it to take hold of me more and more, as it is inclined to do. I often find myself, now, lost to everything else, while I think of it. I forget to read, or to sew; I forget that Augustus is present, if he sits still, reading; and dream, and sigh. I have done this already several times, in the last two days; and then, on looking up, I saw that Augustus observed me, and looked sad and anxious. I blushed, aroused myself and tried to talk; but I was all confusion; he all—I know not what. I do not comprehend him; and would I could cease trying.

He has proposed that we go into Boston, to spend two or three days with Augusta, and in calling on other friends there, and out in Cambridge. We shall go to-morrow. Mrs. Follen has proposed taking Sophia and kit to their house, for the time; and both of our good neighbors have called, with offers of taking care of the stable.

Morning, Thursday, the 6th.

Augusta was wild with her joy at seeing us come. Otway was more quiet, but never was a more cordial greeting than his; while Freddy, when once we were seated, covered us both with the toys, the one thing and another, that he wished us to see. Abby was less jubilant. The toothache andague, which kept from our weddng, still linger, although much less severe. The disappointment occasioned by them, she says she will never be reconciled to; still, she hopes this, also, will be less severe when she has made up in part her loss of the wedding, by a visit at our house, which she means to pay at an early day. We are to have, soon, other and more desirable visitors from Boston and Cambridge. Would that my heart were warmer. It gives me no pleasure now that they will come. It gives me positive pain, that the grand-parents, accompanied by the doctor and Laura, will come down to spend Christmas with us; for, strive as I will after a concealment of my trouble, grandmamma's love and the doctor's friendly officiousness will detect it, I fear.

If Henry were on earth, and if he might come, I feel that I should let him see just what I suffer; it seems to me that his loving and straightforward energy would make all right. Oh, my God, that he must die when there are so few on earth

like him! I feel his loss more and more; I am more and more unreconciled to it. But let me not write of these things; let me rather pray. Let me pray to be reconciled to this and to every affliction, which neither my strength, nor my wisdom can avert. Let me remember his last words to me—"sit not down discouraged by the way, because directly before you a heavy cross lies in your path. Strive not to go around it; for this will take you out of the straight, narrow way; but lift the cross, go on with it; for the crown is just beyond. Remember, the cross and the crown were united in Christ, and can never be sundered in us, his followers."

The dear one could not have spoken more appropriately, if he had been gifted with the prophetic eye that could survey my destiny. A heavy cross lies now in my path. If I might lift it as he counseled!

Evening.

A piece of good fortune has come into our laps. Good fortune, people call it; and I, in one sense. It will make Augustus independent of my fortune; and I think we shall both be happier for this, as it is between us. It will enable us to accomplish more good, also, among the poor.

It happens in this wise. A will, dated August third, one month before Mr. Alfred Cummings' decease, came forth yesterday. The attorney by whom it was drawn up, and by whose son and servant it was attested—for the sake of the secrecy in which the old gentleman took pleasure—has been with his family to England. They sailed a fortnight before Mr. Cummings' decease, returned yesterday; and in considerable excitement the attorney wrote last evening to Augustus. He "saw that new signs were up," he said, "as they rode home from the landing; and he felt sure then that he was needed on the spot."

He presumed it would be unnecessary to urge the principal legatee of such an estate as Mr. Cummings' was well known to be, to hasten directly to the city.

Augustus will go to-morrow morning. He was excited by the intelligence; but he evinced little pleasure—if any, at all—and, I thought, watched me narrowly, to see what effect it had on me; and when I thought of the independence and means of doing good secured to him, and turned to him what must have been a well pleased face, he sighed, and walking away to a window, stood there looking out, without speaking, until Sophia came in to tell me that Mrs. Follen was coming on horseback, as she had proposed, to ride with me round the square.

"I will get the horse ready, immediately," said he, leaving the room without looking at me.

One instant I stood motionless, straining every

faculty in the effort to understand him. Then, at the sound of Mrs. Follen's voice at the door, I swallowed a succession of convulsive sighs; and hastened to my chamber by a back way, to put on my riding-dress. I dressed mechanically; but as I was doing it, I prayed with a heart that could not let the Saviour go until he had granted the blessing. It was not for the love of my husband, his sympathy. I despaired of those; and prayed in an humbled spirit for resignation and peace in God. Henry's words came to me, and gave me strength. I met Mrs. Follen with a smile; but still, as I fear, with a sad face; for she looked earnestly at me, in the moment that I was engaged drawing on my gloves. Augustus, too, looked in my face many times, while he was adjusting the stirrup and my dress, as I felt, although I hardly looked at him. He detained me for one little preparation after another, when Mrs. Follen's horse was already arching his neck, and pawing the turf in his impatience to be away. He seemed unwilling to part, and spoke often in the kindest of tones. At length all was ready; and Mrs. Follen had already allowed her horse to canter a few rods away, when she wheeled him around to wait for me.

"There," said he, signifying that now all was right; but he again lay his hand on my skirt, and looking searchingly in my face, he added—"but are you well, this afternoon, Caroline? Are you well enough to ride?—you are so pale!"

"But I am perfectly well, I thank you," I replied, smiling on his good, upturned face. "I must go now. See! Mrs. Follen waits. Good-bye—good-bye."

"Good-bye, my Caroline," holding out his hand. "Don't ride far, if it tires you! don't be gone long."

I promised, with my reins drawn and my horse taking preliminary steps. He bore me onward like a bird; and now I could meet Mrs. Follen's smile with another nearly as cheerful. I could exult with her in the exhilarating motion, the bracing winter wind, and the bland sunshine; for the little parting scene with Augustus had brought back the warm life-blood to my heart. It is thus that he holds me vibrating between love and distrust, hope and fear. He was in his study, engaged with one of the committee of his society, when I returned after leaving Mrs. Follen at her own door. Now he is at liberty; for he is conducting Mr. Briggs to the door.

The 7th.

He has started for Boston. Sophia is at school; it rains, it is a most uncomfortable, gloomy day. I shudder and am sick at heart, it is so gloomy—everywhere!

I was cheerful when I returned from the ride. I was glad to hear Augustus' step at the door,

when Mr. Briggs left, and he looked animated at sight of me. I described the pleasure we had found in our ride; the cordial greetings we met by the way; the call on the Scotts, the refreshments taken standing and chatting all the while; and lastly, the joy of the little Freddy and Horace Follen, and their eager embraces when they saw their mamma come. Meantime I had kept my seat at the table where I had been writing. Augustus stood by my chair, as I talked, smiling at my eager story, passing one hand over my head, and in the other holding one of my own, pressing it now and then, and kissing my forehead.

"It gives me pleasure that you have Mrs. Follen so near," said he, still caressing my hand.

"Yes; she is so good, and so intelligent!" said I, looking up in his face.

He smiled. "And another thing I am glad of," pursued he, after a short pause, "and this is, the new proof that my uncle's last thoughts of me were friendly. His memory is dearer to me, now that I know his resentment toward me was appeased by my explanations, as he assured me at the time; but as the second will led me to doubt."

"Was he so very odd and passionate as I have heard?"

"His resentments were quick—and so were his conceptions, if he was met with gentleness. Action followed quickly upon all his impulses; so that, unless his good-nature came back speedily, through some means, upon the resentment, its object was sure to suffer. But he was an old man. He had few to love him; and little to love beside his wealth. I have always pitied him—I have always loved him, as I have had abundant reason."

We had considerable more conversation about him, and about Augustus' youth, concerning which, heretofore, I had heard few particulars from himself. He let me see that he had trials in his loneliness, and on account of his uncle's unsteady and arbitrary will; and I felt him every moment becoming dearer to me. He had drawn his large arm-chair to my side, and taken me to his arms, as he talked. My tears fell at some portions of his story; at others I kissed his cheek, again and again, he was so dear to me! so good, and so very noble in his words and in the expression of his face! But when he came to talk of going to Boston to-day he spoiled it all. After a pause, in which the cloud I have seen so often, came back to his features, he said something about his satisfaction that my original expectations with regard to fortune, would now be equaled. I don't know distinctly what he said; for he hesitated a good deal; and the words, together with the look of pain which accompanied them, bewildered me, and brought back

the old, sick, faint feeling. I remember he said, in conclusion, that he hoped it would help him to make me happy. How sorely was I puzzled! I thought at last—"perhaps my letter didn't express all I meant it should;" and I said, in low, choking tones—"I have never regretted the supposed loss of fortune on my own account; if—." The quick look of mingled surprise and pain, that he turned to me, stopped me. "He don't believe me!" thought I, longing to die.

"Not at first?" asked he, with the searching look on my face. "It must be—you did regret it, when you first heard of it, didn't you, Caroline?"

"Not a moment, on my own account, as you—" I spoke with considerable firmness; for I felt hurt and insulted. I would have mentioned my letter to him, and perhaps something would have come of it, although I cannot, for my life, see how. I cannot see how there can be any misunderstanding, my letter was so clearly expressed! I cannot possibly be under a mistake with regard to its character; it has haunted me since, so that, this morning, I recalled nearly every word.

We were interrupted by our nearest neighbors', the good, old Mr. Crosby and his wife, knocking at the parlor door. I was glad that it was not the Follens, instead, or any one acute enough to detect our agitation. They came to spend the evening. A violent headache came on; I was, a part of the time, ready to faint; but I compelled myself to keep my seat, and to avoid complaining; for I wished to keep them. Sick as I was, I dreaded another word from Augustus, touching our late conversation; I kept them, therefore, until a late hour; and, the moment that they left, took a lamp to go to our chamber.

"Will you go now?" asked Augustus.

"Yes; my head is ready to burst."

He looked alarmed; he proposed my having it bathed; he would bring some water, he said, and bathe it.

"No," I replied, "I would sleep. Sleeping will cure it."

"Would I not take something," he asked, looking infinitely distressed.

"Not anything, I thank you." And seeing that he was preparing to accompany me, I added—"no, Augustus; come up when you are ready—don't let me hurry you." I didn't look at him. He said something that I did not understand, as he reopened the grate he had begun, in such haste, to close for the night. He no longer opposed my going alone, and without remedies. I believed that I had offended him; but my headache by this time was so bad that I had no lamentations for anything else. I clasped that tightly the moment it was on the pillow; I hoped

it would not ache all night, like that; I hoped I might, by-and-bye, sleep; but of its cause I was nearly as oblivious as if the scene had never occurred. I know that Augustus stole softly into the chamber twice before he came for the night; and came to the bed, and seemed listening to my breathing. But I had too great pain and weakness to appreciate his concern, or to make the slightest effort for its removal. I lay still when he came, and afterward; but it must have been near morning when the pain lulled away so that I slept.

"Please, Mrs. Cummings——" I heard Sophia say, when the morning was far advanced. The voice and the gentle hand on my shoulder awoke me.

"Is it very late?" I asked.

"Oh, yes; almost nine o'clock; and Mr. Cummings has been up so many times to see if you were awake! and is so worried! and he hasn't been to breakfast; and he must soon start for the cars, too, you know."

"Yes; I am sorry you didn't wake me; I am sorry he waited. Go, Sophia, and ask him not to wait. Tell him I will be down in a few minutes."

I was ashamed of my tardiness, of the hasty toilet, the uncombed hair; and blushed deeply as he opened the door for me, on hearing me descend the stairs.

"You are better this morning!" said he.

"Yes; but I am sorry I have made you wait."

"I, on the other hand, am glad that you slept —you were so pale last night! But now let me——" he put out his hand to lead me to the table, pressing it a little as he did so, and sighing audibly.

I could not congratulate him upon his improved looks. He was wretchedly pale, and swallowed nothing but a bit of bread and one cup of chocolate. I made no comments on his paleness, or his want of appetite; but I pitied him, myself, and all that are in this weary world. The sad lines of "Tam" kept running through my head; and neither could I swallow.

"The twig may thrive alone when severed from the tree,
But joy flies far away when severed far from thee."

The good "Tam" thought of God; I, only of Augustus.

Young Crosby, who was to take Augustus to the depot, was at the gate with the carriage before we left the table.

Again I saw him linger as if pained to leave me thus, but this time it did not soften me much; I made no attempt to fathom the cause of his various moods. Nor do I now. I am, as it were, half stupefied. In part, this is the effect of my miserable night, and in part, it may be, of "the

iron entering my soul." Heaven knows how it will end; I certainly do not.

The 8th.

Augustus did not return last evening. He said it was doubtful about his coming. He will come to-day.

The sun shines this morning; but it is cold, and this distresses the birds. They fit with rapid motions from spot to spot, uttering harsh cries; and then, in flocks, teem up into the air, to settle back immediately on the ground.

My head is clear this morning. I have looked backward and forward; and thus I have seen that I am not the only one in the world who is tried, sometimes; for, while I only lack one thing, there are such multitudes in the world who lack all things! I have resolved to wear myself no more with bewildering suspicions and conjectures. I will wait. Augustus is good, I am trying to be good; and it must be that we shall comprehend each other, some time; and that, then, no two will be happier than we.

Meantime that he is gone, I put everything in order through the house, set stitches here and there, and net him a splendid watch-case of German wools, which he is not to see until Christmas. I shall carry it over and sit with Mrs. Follen this afternoon; for she, too, is busy preparing gifts.

The 15th.

I have been quite ill; and, indeed, I am now; but I would come down to-day, I was so tired of being shut up in my chamber with Abby Rogers, my self-installed, my disagreeably officious nurse; trying to make me believe myself ten times as sick as I was, plying me with drinks, and liniments, and lotions; impressing it upon me, and Augustus, and Mrs. Follen, that I was nervous, threatened with fever, and hence must be kept quiet, must be tended only by her, who loved me so much, who would be so careful! Threatened with fever I was, for a few days; and this is all the truth I am able to gather out of her representations. I was tired of her; I pined for Augustus and Mrs. Follen, which Abby qualified thus—"ah, she is so nervous, Mr. Cummings! You never saw one so exquisitely sensitive and nervous as Mrs. Cummings is, Mrs. Follen! never!"

Yesterday I was stronger, the fever was quite gone; and I would keep them both with me a long time, as long as I pleased; and this was what I needed far more than medicinal drink or lotion.

Abby finds herself very languid from her confinement to my chamber; accordingly she has gone out for a long walk. She came up with Augusta; and meditates a long visit, I fear; as she brought a very large portmanteau, and makes no intimations of leaving us at all. Heaven grant that I may not conceive a settled dislike of the

girl! I would be kept from all inhospitality, from all unkindness, even of heart, for the sake of my own comfort as well as hers. If another deserves severity at my hands, I can never be done reproaching myself, if I inflict it on her.

Later.

Mrs. Crosby has just left me. She is a very cordial, plain old lady. She was telling me how "not at all like himself Mr. Cummings appeared, he was so concerned!" while I was in the worst stage of my attack, when he came in from his study, where he is so hurried now, with his retarded preparations for the Sabbath.

"I've been telling your wife she must be pretty careful how she steps on the ground with thin shoes on, if she takes cold so easy as this; and if you are so concerned about her."

"Yes, she must, Mrs. Crosby," replied he, meeting my smile with another; and coming to see if my head was hot.

"Yes, I will be careful, Augustus," said I, with the feeling of a penitent taking his hand to my lips an instant.

Abby came in; Mrs. Crosby took leave, and Augustus returned to his study, after having satisfied himself that I was not sitting up too long.

I believe now that he loves me; and yet I know there is something wrong. He misunderstands me, in some way; and as soon as I am stronger, I will appeal to him directly about the meaning of the remarks he made the evening before he went to Boston. But now I must rest.

The 17th.

I never get an opportunity of having Augustus a minute to myself, exclusively, except after we retire, when it is too late to broach an agitating subject, if I would have any good sleep for the night. I am not yet strong enough to venture. Abby is at my side constantly by day; and at night she never leaves the parlor until after we have retired.

I went to church yesterday. Abby opposed "the imprudent, dangerous measure," as she called it; but Augustus seconded my inclinations by the opinion that there could be no danger for half of the day, if I was well protected against the cold. The mother never wrapped her babe more carefully than he did me. I hindered him, catching his hand twice to kiss it; but I don't think it annoyed him at all, although Abby, who sat beside me, said something each time about my being "such an impulsive, nervous thing!" We neither of us replied to the remark.

"The truth shall make you free" was Augustus' text. It was for me, the greater part of it, as I felt all the time; for he was pale; at times greatly agitated. His voice had the pleading kindness that it has for no one but me; especially

when he described the beauty and necessity of truth, in "the nearest and dearest relation of life." With a face as if he were lifted to heaven by his theme, and with a glowing tongue he touched upon the life and death of the martyrs; and dwelt at considerable length upon the life and the death of Christ. Ah! he did not know that he was describing that which is the life and strength of my own soul. "But he *will* know it!" thought I, and no misgivings came over me. I was happy! I was ready to live or die! It was glorious to live; it would be glorious to die! "God be praised!" thought I, in the sermon time; in the vestibule where so many kind ones thronged around us, and during the ride home in the genial mid-day sun.

"God be praised!" I said, softly; but so that Augustus, who was relieving me of my cloak and shawl, heard me.

He looked at me, as he had done already many times on the way home, with a pleased, and yet somewhat puzzled expression. But Abby came in from the hall, and there was no more said.

The 19th.

Abby has just left our door for home. She wished to be in the city at Christmas, and during preparations for Christmas.

I am thankful that I was not once outwardly ungracious to the poor child, selfish and whimsical as she was in nearly all her words and ways, tiresome as she was a guest. She was so restless! The most entertaining book I could find for her, she grew tired of in an hour; although few things could equal the zest, the lively expectation with which she began it. She was wild at the mention of a ride, and during preparations; but, as we rode, she looked one way and another way, as if searching for some object of greater interest than any she saw; and soon she became listless; and returned more languid than she went, unless some stirring incident occurred. If I left her long for the sake of my household concerns, on my return I found her blue, sometimes peevish, and evidently resenting my absence. At such times she would say—"you must be thankful enough for the new will! Now you can have an older servant, two or three servants you can have, if Mr. Cummings is the indulgent man to you that he ought to be, considering how much property you brought with you!" or something of this sort. She hated the piano when alone, she never played unless Augustus or visitors were present. The child reached after Augustus—as Augusta would say—to the last. But, although to her, he bore himself so loftily, that she could not once grasp him. She often complained, therefore, of his coldness; of his being one of those men who forget that there is any other person in the world, because they

happen to have a wife. Yet, now that I write these things of her, I pity more than I reproach her; for she has her father's strong restless passions. She dislikes her home; so that the affections, the sympathies that should be centered there to make her happy, wander here and there like the poor dove of Noah. One must pity her. One must long that she may find the olive-branch somewhere, and rest in peace and love in a home of her own.

Christmas! it comes apace; and then I shall look on those dear ones! I can well conceive how dear grandmother will send her soft glance to this corner and that corner, through the pantry and cellar; how she will look for the pores in my white bread, and break her slice slowly studying it the while. She will look a little anxious sometimes, when she begins a new scrutiny; but I shall have the satisfaction of seeing the face clear, and the eyes turn to me expressing pleasure and approbation.

Grandfather will find all the fault he can, and perpetrate numberless jokes at my expense; but looks and words of hearty praise will not be wanting; and I shall love his jokes, because he finds such pleasure in them.

How lively the doctor will be, now his good heart is made at rest in his pecuniary concerns! And I foresee that Laura and I will sit and talk upon the best ways of doing one thing and another connected with housekeeping, as gravely as if we were matrons of fifty.

It takes Augustus a long while going to the depot. I want him to come. I must put some questions to him, now that we are by ourselves; and I am in haste. Sure now of his love, loving him so completely that I am not afraid to show him everything that is in my heart, I can speak so as to satisfy him—he comes!

The 21st.

We sent kisses through the window, as he rode by to the stable. When he came in, I took his hands in mine to warm them; but he soon gathered my hands and myself, too, into his arms, and sat down with me near the fire that sent its genial glow out into the gathering twilight. I played with his hair. We chatted—no two people ever had so many little things to say to each other, surely; but at length there was a pause; and, twining both arms around his neck, I said—“and the truth shall make you free.”

He took me closer to him, looked me endearingly in the face, repeating the words—“and the truth shall make you free! Let the truth make us free, dear Caroline. Let me confess you first; and now tell me whether you—in short, isn't there one thing you would find it better to confess to me?” He hesitated, at a loss how to proceed with the delicate subject.

“Yes, one.”

“What is it?”

“That I love you better than you can ever know.”

“Thanks!” After a pause he added, smiling—you have confessed one darling quality; now tell me one—one error; or, at least, one thing that is amiss.”

I began to feel a little alarmed; still I laughed, and told him that I didn't know—I was unconscious of having any wicked thing whatever to confess.

He still smiled, but, withal, looked as if he thought me a little incorrigible.

I thought of my letter, of what he had said of my regretting his loss of fortune; and felt that my turn for confessing him had come. I think my looks must have evinced something of conscious innocence and power, as I said—“now, Augustus, let me confess you. What did you mean by the questions you put to me the day before you went to Boston? You must remember them.”

“Yes, I do.”

“You must think them a little ungracious, when you recollect my answer to your letter which informed me of your loss.”

“This is it!” said he, with a look of great pleasure. “This is just what I wanted to come to—that letter, and—”

“Surely you could get nothing really wrong from that,” interrupted I, eagerly. “I was ashamed of it, when I was writing it, and afterward, it expressed so much—it said so plainly that I loved you better than all the rest of the world, and could be happy with you anywhere, in poverty or wealth! These are the very words; don't you remember?”

No lamp had been brought; the flame had died away in the grate, so that I could not see the expression of his face. He just said—putting me gently from him—“let me bring the letter. We will read it together.”

I had lamps ready and our chair wheeled to the table where he returned.

“I am not ashamed of it now,” said I, as we were seating ourselves; “for I don't care how well you think I love you. But then I blushed over it, although I would speak it, because it was the truth. And when your next came, it was so cold, your manner was so cold when you came to New London—ah! I tell you, Augustus, you grieved me half to death; and made me determine that, in future, I would express myself as reservedly as even you could wish.”

“What you say astonishes me,” replied he, opening the letter with a most bewildered look. And certainly I was not far behind him when I saw that the letter was not mine. The characters

were very like mine; still I could detect strange features; and the letter was much shorter than mine; and stiffer and colder than the mountains. A formal resignation to the loss was, indeed, expressed, here and there, and regard for him! like unseemly patches stuck on to hide unseemly tatters; but a whining discontent ran through it all.

"Oh!" exclaimed I, shuddering, and ready to tear the scrawl to atoms. "I never wrote the miserable thing!"

"Never wrote it?"

"Never!"

"Then I will show you another that pained me still more than this."

He returned in a minute bringing one still shorter than the other, and bearing a later date. It was addressed inside to "My dear E—," was subscribed, "Yours in affliction, Caroline Bradshaw;" and, like the other, bore the New London post-mark. It was meant by the fabricator to appear that it was sent to Augustus instead of "My dear E—," through mistake of mine, as it was said in the course of the letter—"I am writing to Augustus by this same mail. I must try and not betray by letter, or when he comes, *all* the disappointment I feel about the loss. It is too late now to take back what has passed between us—perhaps. Just ready to be married, you know! And I hope we can be happy on love." This is all, excepting the little stroke of business which called for the letter—begging "My dear E— not to appear at the wedding, as, after the great misfortune, it must be so dull and common-place!"

Augustus thought as I did, that the letters were fabricated by Boynton, or his sister.

"And you have loved me all this time, my Caroline—my beloved?" said he, after a momentary pause. He was greatly agitated, and held me close to his heart.

"All this time—unspeakably! But you, dear Augustus, how you must have despised me!"

"I have loved you, dearest! I could have died for you, at any time. But I was shocked. I would have given a thousand worlds that no such letters had been written. They perplexed me; they were so unlike what I expected from one so noble and considerate as yourself! I could only comfort myself by trying to believe that your words were careless, rather than deliberately unfeeling; that you were ill when you wrote, or in haste, or that something or somebody was more at fault than your own heart. I trusted to the good I was sure I saw in you; and hoped that you would be won by the great love I had for you, by the great tenderness I would show you. But all the while, as you yourself have said, I felt that it was not clear between us. I sometimes feared it never would be; but that no means might be left untried, I sought an explanation, one time, as you remember."

"Yes; you must have been bitterly disappointed."

"I was; and puzzled to distraction almost. Your affirmation, although so contradictory to your letters, was still so firm. I was, however, all the time sustained by a feeling, that, dark as the subject was, you were yet true and good. Your beloved face, your words, the tones of your voice, your earnest, child-like ways—I believed in these oftenest. Yet there were moments, hours, when I doubted all; then I suffered unspeakably."

My tears ran; but he kissed them away; and, with his lips on my cheek, he blessed me with the dearest words, in the dearest tones. He called me his beloved, his wife, the dearest treasure that heaven could send him.

"But, dearest," added he, "we must not forget God, now in our great earthly comfort."

"No, indeed! no, indeed!" said I, again in tears. "For, dear as you are to me, my husband, beautiful as is our home, I can conceive of no high, abiding comfort if He is not with us."

SPRING IS COMING.

SOMETHING passes through the air,

A shadow skims the ground,

And over head the sound

Of quick rushing wings I hear,

And harsh, discordant cry

Of wild geese passing by.

And the blue bird's early singing,

In my ear so sweetly ringing,

Tells me that the Spring is springing

On Winter's frozen track;

That has left us fiercely flinging

Lail so hard, and sharp, and stinging,

From its old icy back.

And the warm air softly creeping,

And the sun's sharp rays low peeping

When the mines of frost lie sleeping

Under the mossy hill;

And the white clouds that come weeping

Drops which soon run lightly leaping

Adown the mossy rill.

Tells me that Spring is springing

Fast on the Winter's track,

And soon will bring us back

Its wealth of flowers and singing,

And its warm sunny day

Which has long been away.

J. W.

MY WIFE'S BARGAINS.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

My wife has a great notion of making bargains. She occasionally spends a whole day in shopping, when, to accommodate her, we have no dinner at home, I dining down town, and the children being put off with a cold bit.

The other day, when I returned to supper, after one of these excursions, almost the first words Mrs. Jones said, were,

"Such luck as I've had to-day, Smith. Do hurry and eat supper, that I may show you my bargains."

Accordingly the purchases were produced, when the meal had been despatched, and the children put to bed. This last procedure was not effected, however, without some difficulty, for the little ones had heard their mother talking so much of their new spring dresses, that their curiosity was all alive, and they were eager to sit up; but the laws of the Medes and Persians were not more inflexible than Mrs. Jones; and when from pleading the children proceeded to crying, she whipped them all round, and then had them carried struggling to bed.

"Here's some wonderfully cheap chintz," she said, producing a bit of calico, "it's worth a shilling, every cent of it, and I've known the day when I could not have bought it for less than a quarter of a dollar:—what do you think I paid for that?"

I was incapable of answering, my business not lying in that line, and I confessed as much.

"Oh! you men never know anything," she said. "Well, I paid eight cents for it, only think of it, and isn't it pretty?" As she spoke, she held the pattern before her, smoothing it carefully down with her hand.

Next she exhibited some cashmere for the boys' jackets, and drilling for their pantaloons, all purchased marvellously cheap: and finally took up a piece of de laine, as she called it.

"There, now there's a bargain," she said, proudly, unrolling the fabric. "I never, in my life, saw anything as cheap as this. Seventy-five cents is what it cost to import this article, so the storekeeper said, yet I got it for—what do you think?—now just guess for once, Jones."

"A dollar a yard, I suppose," I answered, "for that's about a fair profit."

Mrs. Jones laughed outright. At last she spoke.

"No, I bought that for thirty-seven and a half

cents a yard, and, as it was so cheap, I took enough for myself as well as for the children."

"But I thought," I interposed, meekly, "that you had already bought your own dresses."

"So I had," she replied, "but this was so cheap, you know: and then a de laine dress is always useful."

"I don't think there's much saved then," said I, bluntly. "By next spring your dress will be out of fashion, so that it will be a complete loss. I suppose it takes as much stuff for you as for both the girls."

"Exactly."

She spoke shortly; but I went on.

"Then you might just as well have bought de laine at seventy-five cents a yard. Are you sure this is good? It looks rotten."

"Do you think I don't know bad de laine?" she said, and she jerked the goods out of my hand, as if I was unworthy to look upon it. "But its no use talking to you, or showing you my bargains: you always make fun of them, or find fault."

I saw that the patience of Mrs. Jones was giving way, and on reflection concluded that I had been too severe for her, so I said no more. But I thought of the miserable dinner I had been forced to partake of, down town, at a cheap eating-house; and of the children who had gone crying to bed.

The next morning, Mrs. Jones had a fever, caused by over-exertion the day before. She had walked too far, the doctor said, and neglected to eat anything; a delicate woman, he added, ought never to do either, much less both together.

Mrs. Jones was ill for a fortnight, and the doctor's bill was twenty dollars, so that her great bargains did not amount to much, especially as a seamstress had to be hired, while my wife was still sick, to take her part in making up the children's clothes.

Nor was this all. The boasted de laine proved, as I had feared, rotten. The first dress that gave way was one of the children's, for which the little creature received severe admonition, and subsequently a whipping, when she ventured to lay the accident on the flimsy character of the stuff itself. But a few days after Mrs. Jones tore her own dress, while engaged in smoothing it down in front, so miserable was the material.

The colors of the cheap calico proved bad, and

the drilling turned out to be half cotton. Of all her purchases, the cashmere was the only article in which she was not cheated, and the reason was, I suppose, that it was a remnant.

Before summer came, new dresses had to be purchased for both the girls, and a new pair of pantaloons a piece for the boys, the other ones not being fit for Sunday wear.

I calculated, when all was over, that I had lost about thirty-five dollars, by that one day's shopping. Mrs. Jones will not, however, admit this: her sickness, she says, would have happened any how.

So that my wife is incorrigible, I fear, on the subject of BARGAINS.

LOVE'S LESSONS.

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE human heart—who dreameth
How vast its love may be?
The depth who ever soundeth
Of that unfathomed sea?
Who numbereth the fountains
Of love and tenderness,
Beneath our feet upspringing,
Our daily paths to bless?

There is no bound or measure
To the heart's well-spring deep,
But o'er its flashing waters
Angels a vigil keep;
And year by year new streamlets
Are ever gushing forth,
Making life's arid desert
A vale of priceless worth.

A little babe lies sleeping
Upon its mother's breast,
While she, with brow unsbadowed,
Watcheth its tranquil rest;
Gently its blue eye opens,
And the fond look dwelling there,
Tells that its heart is learning
What Love's first lessons are.

Months pass—that child is playing
Amid the household band,
Brothers and sisters sporting
Together hand in hand;
Affection's chain is lengthening,
Its golden links increase,
And the little heart expandeth
In innocence and peace.

Years pass. A fair girl listens
With a warm blush on her cheek,
To one who now, right earnestly,
Of his deep love doth speak;

His low and tender accents
Each spirit chord can thrill,
And she is strangely happy,
Tho' tears her bright eyes fill.

And the maiden little deemeth
That any other love,
One half as pure, and fervent,
And strong as that can prove;
For they say the heart's first visions
Ever the brightest seem—
That there is nought in after life
Like Love's young, blissful dream.

Again the picture changes—
Girlhood hath passed away,
And a wife now humbly kneeleth
For her husband's weal to pray;
And the sacred tie that binds her
To the partner of her life,
With a deeper, holier joy, than all
Youth's wild romance, is rife.

Another change—a mother
O'er a cradle bendeth low,
And gazeth long and steadfastly
Upon her first born's brow.
Fondly her heart is clinging
Unto that fragile flower,
And a love her soul is filling
Unfelt until that hour.

Thus, year by year, new fountains
Of love are springing up,
Each flinging added sweetnesse
Into life's sparkling cup;
And thus the heart expandeth
As Time flies swiftly o'er,
And it never loves so fondly
That it can love no more!

WELCOME TO MAY.

WELOCOME to May! the live-long day
The soft South wind is blowing;
The waterfall is bright with spray;
Bees hum, and kine are lowing.

The solitudes of hoary woods,
Echo with birds a-singing;
Oh! welcome May, with flowers gay,
A thousand perfumes bringing. H. J. V.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. V.

CORRECTIONS AND VICES.

If possible a lady should never ride a horse which requires unusual corrections. Moderate corrections are necessary with almost any horse, at times, and then they should always be applied, or the horse will soon know the rider is afraid of him, and easily become the master. But an open contest between a horse and rider is rather to be avoided, as the former usually gains the advantage, for a lady can never rival him in physical strength. The leg, the bridle-hand, and voice are all to be used as corrections, and are frequently all that are necessary, though the whip must be sometimes applied, and pretty severely, without any appearance of fear. The best way to correct a horse is to dishearten him, not so much by force, in contesting openly with him, when he is prepared to resist, as by cool opposition and indirect means.

Some horses are very much addicted to restiveness; that is, turning around suddenly without any previous warning. A horse soon learns that the left hand is weaker than the right, and consequently, less able to oppose him, though he turns on the off or right side with a force and quickness, which, even when the rider is prepared for it, is sometimes almost impossible to prevent. Here is a case in which the "*indirect*" means of correction are useful. To endeavor to draw him back to his proper position by main force would be unwise, as it would be useless. He is prepared for defence, the rider would be foiled, and the horse, encouraged by his success, to repeat the trick. So instead of endeavoring to prevent him from turning with the left hand, pull him sharply to the right, till he has made a complete circle, and he finds to his astonishment that his head is just where it was when he started, and his own vice has been his correction. Should he repeat the manœuvre, when he is urged to advance, pull him around on the same side three or four times, and give him a smart cut with the

whip. The rider should take care to preserve her balance, by an inclination of the body to the circle described by the horse's head. On the same principle, when a horse refuses to advance, and the whip would increase his obstinacy, cause him to rear, or induce him to bolt in a different direction, make him walk backward till he shows a willingness to advance.

A runaway horse, in some instances, may be cured of his vice, by suffering him to run, unchecked; and when he shows a disposition to stop, to urge him forward, rather than let him abate his speed. But this is a dangerous experiment, and should never be resorted to unless all other means have failed; for if the horse has run from the habit of running away proceeds from an ugly disposition, this mode of correction is likely to succeed.

A lady need apprehend but little danger from a runaway horse, if she only keeps her self-possession and balance. She must *retain her seat at all hazards*; to jump from a runaway horse is almost certain death. The slightest symptom of alarm, on the part of the rider, adds terror or resolution to the horse. A dead, heavy pull on the bridle is always to be avoided, as it prevents the lady from having sufficient mastery over his mouth. The reins should be held in such a manner as to keep the horse *together*, and guide him from running against anything. Sawing the mouth (that is pulling the reins first on one side, then on the other) will frequently stop a horse in a few minutes. Slackening the reins, then jerking them with force, will frequently stop a horse; but care should be taken that by stopping him suddenly by this means, the rider does not go over his head.

In whatever manner a runaway horse is stopped, the lady should be on the alert lest he should be so disunited by the operation as to fall.

LIFE AND DEATH.

BY FANNY WHARTON.

Our life is all a toil!
In sorrow and unrest,
We labor still for peace,
And still are never blest.
Hope points to clouds like sunset skies,
And yet the cloud forever flies.

Death is a welcome goal;
A portal into life,
Where peace eternal dwells,
And rest succeeds to strife.
If life is death, it soon is o'er,
And death is life forever more.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

HOUSEHOLD RECEIPTS.—To Wash White Silk.—Dissolve some white soap in boiling water, and, when the water is sufficiently cooled not to burn the hand, put the silk into it, and press it repeatedly, opening it again from time to time, and taking care not to wring it. If there be any obstinate stain, dip it into strong solution of soap, and rub it gently between the fingers, until it disappears, adding, if necessary, a little spirits of wine. When the washing is finished, rinse the silk in several tepid waters; and having made some water blue to the required shade, with the blue sold by the color dealers. For that purpose, dip the silk in it, and hang it out to dry; when dry, brush it with a soft brush, to give it a lustre.

To Color Harness.—The color of harness that has become rusty or brown by wear may be restored to a fine black, after the dirt has been sponged off, by using the following mixture:—Boil logwood chips in three quarts of soft water, to which add three ounces of nutgalls, finely powdered, and one ounce of alum; simmer the whole together for half an hour, and it will be fit for use. A harness blacking is thus made: Melt two ounces of mutton suet with six ounces of beeswax, then add one ounce of indigo, finely powdered, six ounces of sugar candy, dissolved in water, and two ounces of soft soap; mix, and simmer over the fire, when add a gill of turpentine. Lay it on with a sponge, and then polish.

Food for Invalids.—Farinaceous food, although much recommended for invalids, is frequently very injurious to the stomach, unless a small quantity of animal food be taken with it. A weak stomach is frequently rendered still more feeble by the long and exclusive use of a farinaceous diet. Wherever no acute disease exists, which would render it improper, a small portion of meat, either in the solid form or as strong gravy, should be taken occasionally.

Lemon Pudding.—Boil four lemons in water until quite soft, keeping them closely covered the whole time, take out the pipe and pound the lemons to a paste; then add half pound of loaf sugar finely powdered, the same weight of fresh butter beaten to a cream, and the yolks of six eggs well beaten; mix these ingredients well together, and bake it in a tin lined with puff paste; before serving turn it out, and cover the top with grated loaf sugar.

To Wash White Lace.—Tack the lace slightly in a thin cloth dipped in cold water; then let it be in a strong lather for one day: change the water, and leave it in a second lather all night. Then put in a saucepan a quarter of a cake of white wax, six lumps of sugar, two tea-spoonfuls of liquid starch, and a quart of soft water, in which boil the lace for ten minutes; then throw it into water, and iron it when nearly dry. The blue should be added to the cold water.

Eggs au Miroir.—Take a dish that will stand the fire; spread a little butter on it, and a slight quantity of salt; then break the eggs in the dish with the same precaution as for poached eggs, pour over them a little melted butter, mixed with a few table-spoonfuls of milk, salt, and nutmeg; put the dish on the fire until the eggs are done, and brown with a salamander.

Food for Canaries.—The best food for canaries is rape, canary, and crushed hemp-seed; the latter should be given very sparingly once a week. A little green food occasionally, but we do not think hard egg desirable. Fresh water for bathing as well as drinking, and sand, are absolutely necessary.

To Make Starch.—An excellent starch may be made by setting by, in a cool place, the water in which rice has been boiled in the ordinary way, (not in a cloth) which will in twenty-four hours become a very strong starch. Pour off the water and dry the powder.

Lavender Water.—English oil of lavender water, one ounce; essence of ambergris, half ounce; eau de cologne, half pint; rectified spirit of wine, one pint; mix. This is an extremely fragrant perfume.

Receipt for Corns.—Take equal portions of mercurial and galbanum ointments, mix well, spread on a bit of white leather, and apply to the corns morning and evening.

Cod Liver Oil.—The least offensive way of taking cod liver oil, is to place it in a tea-spoon, and sprinkle a little salt over it.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Tales and Traditions of Hungary. By Theresa Pulcszy. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—The Countess Pulcszy is the wife of one of those unfortunate men, who, having periled all for the freedom of their country, and lost the stake, are now in exile in the United States. Her husband is a man of ability, and played a conspicuous part in the late struggle. But the wife is not unworthy of such a mate. This volume proves her to be a lady of high talent. She has collected all the floating legends of Hungary, and narrated them in a charming style, making a work of equal interest as a fiction and as a revelation of national character. We recognize in every page of this volume the half oriental nature of the Magyars. Stories of fairies, genii, enchanters, and other ideal inhabitants of the world of air, people the book, till the reader almost forgets that he is perusing a work written in the nineteenth century, and half fancies he is poring over a new Arabian fiction. Some of the legends are of great beauty: the "Rocks of Linisk" particularly so. "The Hair of the Orphan

"Girl" is a curious example of a universal legend, dressed up in a national costume: it is the old tale of Cinderella, under a new guise, or, perhaps, is the original. We warmly commend this book to our fair readers. Like all Redfield's publications it is beautifully got up; and is, moreover, embellished with a portrait of Madame Pulszky, a treasure in itself.

A Pilgrimage to Egypt, embracing a Diary of Explorations on the Nile: with Observations illustrative of the Manners, Customs, and Institutions of the People, and of the present Condition of its Antiquities and Ruins. By J. V. C. Smith, Editor of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. Philada: Daniels & Smith.—In this elegant duodecimo we have a record of travel, in which all the newest discoveries in Egypt are recorded, and which is full, in addition, of interesting incidents of travel. Mr. Smith has that rare combination of talents for a traveller, accuracy of observation and great felicity in description. His volume contains also much useful information respecting the different routes from England to Egypt, their advantages and disadvantages, and their cost. Mr. Smith is very severe on American consuls abroad. The volume is handsomely illustrated with numerous engravings.

The Illustrated Tower of London. By William Henry Ainsworth. 2 vols. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a new edition of what is, perhaps, the best of Ainsworth's historical romances. The illustrations are most copious, being more than a hundred in number, and convey to the reader an excellent idea of the Tower of London, that grim old fortress-palace of the Plantagenet and Tudor Kings of England. We never ourselves fully understood that ancient structure, until we saw the ground plan of it, with the engravings of each several part, as given in these volumes. The misfortunes of Lady Jane Gray form the theme of the novel, which we need scarcely say follows truth in every material part. The type of these volumes is large and clear; and altogether they are very cheap at fifty cents a piece.

Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. Number One. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This enterprising publishing house has purchased the exclusive right to an advanced copy of Dickens' new fiction; and we have here accordingly, the first number elegantly printed, and graphically illustrated. The fiction promises to be the best "Box" has ever written. We presume, however, that our readers have perused the number before this, as it has been already extensively pirated, and published in dozens of newspapers.

Rural Architecture. By Lewis F. Allen. 1 vol. New York: C. M. Saxton.—This is the work of a practical farmer, who combines taste with utility in his designs for farm-houses, rural cottages, &c. We recommend his plans as superior, on this account, to those of professed architects. The volume is elegantly illustrated. No resident of the country should "begin to build" without having first procured and studied this very able book.

Appleton's Popular Library of the Best Authors. "Essays from the London Times," "The Yellowplush Papers," "The Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterward Mistress Milton." 3 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.—We have here the three first volumes of a series of books, which the Appletons are publishing, at fifty cents a piece, for a Popular Library. The idea is an excellent one, and so far has been carried out admirably. No better selections, for variety and value, could have been made, indeed, than the three works with which the series begins. The "Essays from the London Times" are on the life of Howard, the loves of Dean Swift, the career of Lady Hamilton, and other popular subjects, and are all written with great ability. The "Yellowplush Papers" are by Thackeray, and, like everything he writes, are full of wit. The "Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell" is an autobiography, excellent alike for its air of truth and for the beauty of its general tone: we have read it with deep interest. Each volume is neatly printed, in clear type, and bound substantially in muslin. We cordially commend this series to popular favor.

The Way to Do Good. By Jacob Abbott. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In this beautifully printed and beautifully embellished book, we have the third volume of Abbott's popular and useful "Young Christian Series." We have already spoken so favorably of its predecessors, that there is little left for us now, except to reiterate what we then said, and to add that "The Way to Do Good" is inferior to none of the series. Those persons, who have procured the two former volumes, will of course add this immediately; while those who have neglected it, will, if they take our advice, lose no time in purchasing all three. For family reading we know no better volumes. The fact that they have been translated into numerous languages is sufficient proof of this.

Darien; or, The Merchant Prince. By Eliot Warburton. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a well written historical romance, and is founded on the attempt to establish a Scotch colony, at the Isthmus of Darien. The novel derives an additional interest from being the last work of this amiable author, who perished in the conflagration of the Amazon.

Richardson's Arctic Expedition in Search of Sir John Franklin. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We have here a narrative of Richardson's late abortive expedition in search of Sir John Franklin. The volume is full of authentic "perils by field and flood," and abounds with valuable scientific information. To a large circle of readers it will be invaluable.

A Story Without A Name. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—One of the best of James' novels, which the public owes to the enterprise of Stringer & Townsend, who paid Mr. James a large price for it. The book is cheap at thirty-seven and a half cents, which is all that is asked for it, though a copy-right novel.

Marcus Warland. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol. Philada: A. Hart.—We have not read, for a long time, so fascinating a fiction as this, the scene of which is laid in the Southern states. It appeared originally in that very superior family journal, Mc-Makin's Saturday Courier.

The Two Brides. By T. S. Arthur. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Arthur's novels are always agreeably written, morally instructive, and full of naturally drawn characters. This is not the least interesting of his fictions. It is issued in a neat style, for the low sum of twenty-five cents.

The Swamp Steed; or, The Days of Marion and his Merry Men. A Novel. 1 vol. New York: Devitt & Davenport.—A romance of the Revolution, which is full of striking scenes and thrilling incidents; and which is published in a neat style, at the low price of fifty cents.

The Brothers of Wyoming. A Romance. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brothers.—This is a novel of great interest, crowded with hair-breadth escapes, and is published for twenty-five cents. It is an agreeable book for travellers.

Examples of Life and Death. By Mrs. L. H. Sigourney. 1 vol. New York: Charles Scribner.—It is enough to say that this work is by Mrs. Sigourney, to win it a place on the centre-table of our fair readers.

The Standard Speaker. By Epes Sargent. 1 vol. Philada: Thomas, Cooke & Co.—This is destined to become, as its name imports, a standard work of its kind. It is full of labor and research.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—A DRESS OF LIGHT FAWN COLORED CASHMERE, skirt full, and trimmed down the front with eleven rows of narrow black velvet ribbon. Pockets on each side, finished in the same way. A vest of white Marseilles over a chemisette of rich embroidery. A polka jacket of the same material as the dress, and trimmed to correspond with it. Bonnet of black French straw and yellow silk.

FIG. II.—A WALKING DRESS OF LIGHT SLATE COLORED SILK, skirt long and very full. Mantilla very small, and trimmed with two rows of black lace, the lower row deeper than the upper. Bonnet of white chintz, trimmed with a wreath of pink flowers and white lace—the cape covered with white lace also. Straw colored kid gloves.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Some of the new dress materials have appeared with the front breadths *en tablier*, that is—having the pattern running across the breadth instead of down it, as those described in a former number. Others of tissue and other thin materials are trimmed with three tolerably deep flounces, each flounce having a woven border. These dresses are all plain, such as dark blue, dark brown, drab, chocolate, &c., with a rich white vine or arabesque pattern at the bordering of the flounce.

BONNETS.—The recent fine bright weather has brought out many very elegant spring bonnets. The most fashionable are decidedly those of Leghorn,

which, during the approaching season, is likely to recover the favor it enjoyed some years ago. The shape of these new Leghorn bonnets is extremely elegant and becoming—the brim is wide and circular, and the crown gently sloping backward. The bavouet at the back is made of the Leghorn itself, instead of being composed of silk or ribbon, as in bonnets of straw or other materials. The most favorite style of trimming Leghorn bonnets is with fancy straw, tastefully intermingled with velvet or ribbon, or some dark rich color. On one side may be placed a small ostrich feather, of the color of the Leghorn, or shaded in the hues of the bird of Paradise. As the season advances, flowers will be employed for trimming these bonnets. We have seen one elegantly trimmed with a wreath of oak-leaves, and on one side a bouquet of the same leaves, intermingled with oak-galls.

In addition to these, we have now to mention the new bonnets of Dunstable straw; they are chiefly trimmed with white or colored ribbon, the bavouet being composed of silk of the same color. We have observed a few of these bonnets trimmed on the outside with velvet flowers; and nearly all have under-trimming, consisting of small white or colored flowers, with leaves of brown or dark green velvet. Bonnets of fancy straw, lined with colored silk, lilac, blue, or green, of rather deep tints, are included among the preparations for the spring. These bonnets are trimmed with ribbon of the same color as the silk which lines the bonnet. Other bonnets are very plainly trimmed. Some have only a bavouet or cape at the back, made of ribbon, cut bias ways, and edged with some kind of narrow straw trimming. The ribbon may be simply crossed over the bonnet, or disposed in a small bow or rosette on one side, without any ribbon passing across the bonnet. The strings rather long and tied under the chin. The bonnets are very open just in the front, but rather less round than they were some time ago. One called *chapeau ecosse* is particularly adapted for the early spring, its brightness affording a relief to the winter garments, which the cold winds of this season compel us yet to retain. This Scotch bonnet is composed almost entirely of plaid ribbon and black lace, only a small portion of open straw being visible: it is remarkably pretty, and a little coquettish. A white veil is perfectly consistent with slight mourning, but it can be worn with a white bonnet only.

SILK ARROWS, either to contrast or correspond with the morning dress, are little likely to go out of favor. Those of rich black silk, either watered or moire antique, trimmed with velvet or *dentelle de laine*, or embroidered in silk and bugles, are generally preferred, although colored ones are also worn.

HIGH-HEELED BOOTS are a necessary accompaniment to a visiting toilette. The most fashionable shoemaker of Paris makes his exquisite little boots of various dark colored silks, with a pointed heel of a half inch in thickness, which adds great beauty to the form of the foot, raising the instep and improving the walk. Boots of English kid made in the same manner, are much worn, as becoming and comfortable.

As the subscription of many persons expire with this number, they will please remit immediately, if they wish to renew; for no name is continued on our books after its time is up. OUR TERMS BEING INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE. It is only by a strict adherence to this rule that we can afford to publish so elegant a Magazine.

PETERSON'S LADIES NATIONAL MAGAZINE

JUNE.--VOL. XXI.

EDITORS.

MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS,
CHARLES J. PETERSON.



1852

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1852.

CONTRIBUTIONS IN THIS NUMBER.

1. The Hopeful Heir,	-	-	-	-	By MRS. PETER PERIWINKLE,	-	-	273
2. Moss on the Sill,	-	-	-	-	By REV. SIDNEY DYER,	-	-	274
3. My Return from California,	-	-	-	-	By A. L. OTIS,	-	-	275
4. Morning and Night,	-	-	-	-	By JANE GAY,	-	-	279
5. Awakening Life,	-	-	-	-	By FRANK LEE,	-	-	279
6. Rose Morrison,	-	-	-	-	By MARY L. MEANY,	-	-	280
7. Days Gone,	-	-	-	-	By MRS. WHITE,	-	-	286
8. A Legend of the Rhine,	-	-	-	-	By HELEN FAWCETT,	-	-	287
9. Song of a Caged Bird,	-	-	-	-	By E. K. SMITH,	-	-	288
10. An Offering,	-	-	-	-	By KATE GROVES,	-	-	288
11. The French Seamstress,	-	-	-	-	By VIRGINIA PEYTON,	-	-	289
12. Lines on Seeing a Likeness of Mrs. Ellis,	-	-	-	-	By GRACE NORMAN,	-	-	295
13. Our Work Table,	-	-	-	-	By MLLE DEFOUR,	-	-	296
14. The Tulip and the Lily,	-	-	-	-	By W. L. SHOEMAKER,	-	-	296
15. The Gipsy's Legacy,	-	-	-	-	By ANN S. STEPHENS,	-	-	297
16. The Sunbeam,	-	-	-	-	By S. E. JUDSON,	-	-	302
17. Eros and Anteros,	-	-	-	-	By CHARLES H. HITCHINGS,	-	-	302
18. The Village Beauty,	-	-	-	-	By ELLEN ASHTON,	-	-	303
19. The Heart's Awakening,	-	-	-	-	By MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND,	-	-	304
20. A Star She Moved Amid the Crowd,	-	-	-	-	By MISS ELIZABETH M. ROBERTS,	-	-	304
21. Equestrianism for Ladies. No. VI.,	-	-	-	-	By FRANK HOWARD,	-	-	305
22. The Rover,	-	-	-	-	By E. F. HAWORTH,	-	-	305
23. Editor's Table,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	306
24. Review of New Books,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	307
25. Fashions for June,	-	-	-	-	-	-	-	308

EMBELLISHMENTS IN THIS NUMBER.

No. I. THE REAPER GOING HOME, an exquisite mezzotint, engraved originally for this Magazine by Illman & Sons.

No. II. FASHIONS FOR JUNE, the prettiest plate of the season, in advance of all others, and colored *a la mode*.

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THE HOPEFUL HEIR.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXI.

PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1852.

No. 6.

THE HOPEFUL HEIR.

BY MRS. PETER PERIWINKLE.

MR. PERIWINKLE fancies that he knows how to manage children; but, like all the men, he only spoils them. Says he to me, as we were waiting for breakfast lately, "you are ruining those girls. If I was to pet Harry half as much—"

"I pet the girls as you pet Harry," I said, interrupting him, "now that's good."

Harry, I must tell the reader, is our only son, and his father believes there never was a child like him, though, for my part, I think either Jane or Helen are better behaved. That child had a pair of boots, almost before he left off long clothes, though to this day Periwinkle has never given the girls the first scrap of a present. Harry's last gift was a whip, which was the terror of his sisters, for if either refuses to do just as master tyrant wishes, they get a blow; and though I reasoned with Periwinkle again and again, he objected to my punishing the boy, because he said it would break his spirit.

"I pet the girls as you pet Harry," I said, "now that's good. I tell you, Periwinkle, you will be the ruin of the boy. Why, the lad hasn't come to table for a month, without having a cry about something."

"That's not my fault," said Periwinkle, a little staggered. "Jane or Helen are forever teasing him."

"I'm sure its not mine," I retorted sharply. "If I had the management of him for awhile, I'd make him behave himself."

Periwinkle smiled incredulously.

"I tell you what, Periwinkle," I said, losing patience. "The very next time he undertakes to make a noise at dinner, I'll take him in hand, for then you'll not be by for him to appeal to; and I'll bring him down, I assure you."

Periwinkle winced a little. He would have liked to object, but he knew I was right, and he did not dare to. So he only said,

VOL. XXI.—18

"Well, well, have your way; you always will; only don't lose your temper, Jane."

I lost my temper at this, as the reader may suppose, and gave Periwinkle in consequence a piece of my mind. I had a good deal still to say, when suddenly he seized his hat and left the house, nor did I see him again till evening. He did not even wait for breakfast.

I was in no humor, therefore, for Master Harry's tricks. He began as usual, almost before he was seated.

"I won't have a cup without a handle," were his first words.

"You'll have whatever I choose to give you," I said. But as all the cups, that morning, had handles, no difficulty arose on this point.

"Mother, Jane's making faces at me," Harry cried, directly.

I looked at Jane. "He was winking at me," she said, "and I'll make faces at him if he does it again."

"No you won't."

"Yes, I will. There, and there, and there."

"Silence, both of you," I said. "Take that," and I boxed Jane's ears. "And you, that," and I boxed Master Harry's.

He threw himself back in his chair, kicking the table till cups and plates danced, and the urn itself was almost overturned.

"Stop that," I cried, across the table, for I had returned to my place. "If you don't be quiet, this instant, I'll send you away, and you shan't have a mouthful till supper."

"No you won't. I'll tell father," he roared, and leaning back still further in his chair, he elevated his feet on the table, on which he hammered with his heels, staining the clean damask cloth with mud, for he had been running in the garden already that morning, instead of learning his lessons like Jane and Helen.

I rang the bell, and summoned a servant.

"Take him out, lock him up in the empty room up stairs, and let me know when he is ready to ask my forgiveness," I said. "He is to have nothing to eat till I say so."

He screamed, he kicked, he tried to bite, he nearly upset the table; but it was in vain: for the servant finally succeeded in carrying him up stairs, the last words of the young tyrant being that he would tell his papa.

The girls sat thunder-struck, their milk and water untouched. "You see," I said, resolved to improve the occasion for their benefit also, "what comes of being naughty. I hope never to have to punish either of you in the same way."

They both looked down, but tears were in Helen's eyes; and, after awhile, she said, "oh! mamma, brother will be better if you let him come back; hear how he cries: he must be so hungry."

He could, indeed, be heard over the whole house. But I answered. "No, my dear, your brother must stay there till he asks my forgiveness. Eat your breakfast now, and then hurry off to school. I want still to see my little Helen a nice, intelligent girl, and not a tom-boy." And I glanced at Jane, who was fonder of play than of books, and who hung her head, at these words, with shame.

All that morning, Harry held out. He kicked against the door, screaming at the top of his lungs: then, when physically exhausted, he would be quiet for awhile; but if I knocked to know if he was ready to submit, he was sure to begin again, kicking and screaming louder than ever. At last, toward noon, he fell asleep, I suppose; for I heard no more of him.

When it came dark I went up and opened the door. He had just woken up. I asked him if he

would be a good boy, but he only pouted, and turned pettishly away: however as he did not say no, and as I disliked to leave him in the dark, lest he should go into fits, I took him down stairs, and gave him some bread and milk, after which I put him to bed. If it had not been for fear of having him sick, he should not have had a morsel till he yielded entirely.

When Periwinkle came home, I told him of my success.

"Why, Jane," was his reply, "it seems a drawn battle, even on your own showing. But since you have begun, go on in your own way; for there's nothing worse than having one parent interfering with another."

"Nothing will do for him," I said, decidedly, "but conquering by main force: and I intend to do it."

Periwinkle meekly went to look for his slippers. Since that day he has not interfered* openly between me and Harry, but he continues to pet the child himself: so what success can I expect? However, whether he is present or not, I make Master Harry obey me. The child has ceased to threaten appealing to his father, and does not make a noise at table half as frequently as he used to. I have burnt his whip, and given his boots to the sweep, in both cases to punish him for insolence to his sisters; and have got him, at last, so improved that he trembles if I only speak to him.

He always runs to his father, as soon as the latter comes in; and then there is noise and romping enough, to be sure. As I can't box Periwinkle's ears, I am forced to let Master Harry alone, though often my head aches as if it would split. And so, in spite of all I can do, as I often tell Periwinkle, the boy is being spoilt. But what do men know about children?

MOSS ON THE SILL.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

SWEET home of my childhood! my heart hath
enshrined thee,
All fresh in thy beauty and light,
And the cords of affection that evermore bind me,
Are strong in their earliest might;
But now, as I view thee, a sadness comes o'er me,
And memory's soft tear-drops will gleam,
For, though thou art radiant as ever before me,
I know 'tis the light of a dream:
I see the old mansion stand lonely and still,
With windows dismantled and moss on the sill.

The garden with weeds rankly growing, betrayeth
The hand that once cultured is gone,
And none but the stranger in loneliness strayeth
Up the unbeat path of the lawn;
The vine at the doorway is withered and blighted,
The bat in the hall finds her nest;
I turn from the home where my young head de-lighted,
Decay only welcomes the guest;
For the old family mansion stands lonely and still,
With windows dismantled and moss on the sill.

MY RETURN FROM CALIFORNIA.

BY A. L. OTIS.

I WAS returning from California rich in gold, but a poor, miserable, rheumatic invalid. At my age, I should have been a lusty fellow, doing justice to the fine constitution nature had bestowed upon me, and able to do any work among men, like a man. As the ship neared New York, as we passed Governor's Island, and I could almost distinguish my own home, I began to think, not without remorse, of a meeting with my father. Headlong and obstinate, I had run off seven years before to be a sailor, without his consent, against his will. I left a most delectable epistle upon my table, saying that I found myself miserable at the prospect of entering college, and leading a sedentary life for some years. That as I knew if my father wrote to me it would be to command my return, and as I was sure my sisters would fill their letters with entreaties to the same effect, I should not inform them where I was going, nor what I meant to do, lest I should be moved from my mighty purpose, or ignominiously captured.

I went out in a South Sea whaler, before the mast, and while she was at California was taken suddenly ill, and left there. No one dreamed then of the hidden treasure, the mighty load-stone which has since drawn nations to it. I found the country pleasant, and considered it my home, though my time was spent cruising about the delightful islands of the Pacific, generally as a common sailor. After the discovery of the gold, and when untold multitudes, like the herrings in spring, were flocking to the shore, I went to the mines and completed the ruin of my health, by washing the glittering gold in unimagined quantities from the river bed—sleeping in the cold nights exposed upon the ground, only too happy to be the much-envied possessor of one thick blanket—which was often lent, however, to some over-persuasive wretch of a companion—and living upon, a sailor's fare is a feast to it. But enough of these times that have little to do with my story.

With my eyes fixed upon the nearing city, I was dreaming of my reception at home, of how I should be received as one from the dead. I knew that I should be welcomed, forgiven, and loved more than ever—that my father would do, as did the father of the prodigal son. My sisters had always been so indulgent to their little, troublesome, meddling brother, that again

and again in my absence, had I longed to write but the words "forgive me," to them. I remembered that on leaving home, I had not even left them an adieu in my father's note, and that now for years they had borne a heavy sorrow on my account. I could not bear to think of the kind of welcome I should receive, so much would it condemn me, yet memory would place each sister before me, with some familiar words of kind greeting, some remembered flash of joy at my return. Strange that I never thought to find them changed, though I had grown from boyhood to manhood.

On landing I went immediately home, and I am sure there was in my face but one color—whitey brown—as I stood on our doorsteps. I did not immediately ring, but when I raised my hand to the bell, I missed my father's name, which had been engraved below it. The natural ruddiness rushed suddenly back to my countenance as I hastily rang. They did not even know where my father lived.

The disappointment was too bitter, and I was walking moodily down street, not caring where I went, when a hearty clap on the shoulder made my heart jump with the hope that it was my father. No, it was but Charles Weston, a friend I had met in California, and who had returned a short time before me.

"You here already?" he asked, giving me a hearty welcome. "You haven't been to the old house? ha! ha!"

"Where do they live?" I asked, anxiously.

"Out of town, at Yonkers, and they are not at home now. I saw them off for St. Anthony's Falls, last week. Why didn't you let them know you were coming, Ned? They assail me with such minute inquiries concerning you, that I positively don't know what to say. Miss Sarah won't forgive me if I can't tell her how many times you have been in a gambling-house; Miss Jessie is indignation itself, because I own I did not nurse you through your last illness; and Cherry, charming Cherry, pouts because I cannot for the life of me remember exactly how you look when you are not before my eyes. Do satisfy them all, for pity's sake. I expect to find your tongue worn to a fine thread the next time I see you. But, my dear fellow, you can't go after them now, so you must come with me to the sea-shore, and recruit a little before they

come home. I go to Rockaway to-morrow. What do you say to it?"

I was too much disappointed to care where I went, as I was not well enough to travel rapidly and overtake my father's party. I let my friend arrange all matters for me, and we went to Rockaway together.

On the evening of our arrival I was too ill to leave my room, and I lay upon my bed enjoying the cooling breeze which blew from the ocean, amazed by the buzz of human life in the populous hotel, or amused by the remarks of passers by, as they walked on the balcony before my window. Suddenly I felt a quick emotion at my heart, caused by a new delicious music in my ears. It was the laughing and chatting of a party of girls, silver voiced angels they seemed to me. I was entranced, and dared not stir lest the heavenly sounds should take flight and ascend beyond my hearing. Probably not one of you, dear readers, can begin to imagine my exquisite sense of enjoyment, but should you go several long voyages without a single woman on board, should you spend years in the company of men almost exclusively as I had at the mines, should you be absent so long as to have the charm and mystery of civilized woman a novelty to you, you will feel what I felt when I heard the gentle rustle, the sweet words in my own tongue, and, above all, the light-hearted, merry laugh. They passed on, and left me dreaming deliciously.

I remembered how before I left home I was the most ardent beau in our circle of acquaintance—how brought forward by my sisters, and courted by my cousins, I was audaciously free with all ladies. Now—I felt convinced that if one of the divine creatures should speak to me, I should reply with my forehead in the dust. I arose and looked out in ambush as I heard the voices again approaching. The glare from the drawing-room windows showed me their slender forms, their graceful heads, and their delicate vapor-like dresses. As they entered a window, leaving the balcony silent, I threw myself again upon my bed in delight and slept, dreaming of being surrounded by airy creatures, beautiful as angels, but wicked and teasing as demons.

The next day my friend informed me I was to take possession of a larger, and more convenient apartment, which he had secured for me as an invalid. I could not bear to leave this room lest the other should not look upon the balcony, and I professed myself perfectly contented with this little ten feet square oven, until I heard some of my friend's reasons for wishing to remove me.

"These rooms," he said, "are generally taken by single gentlemen, a noisy, frolicsome set. Now, Ned, I want you to be in that part of the house where ladies 'most do congregate,' and silence

(comparative) reigns supreme. The room next to yours is occupied by three charming girls, and the one on the other side by two old maids. There are no children at present in the whole gallery—in short, it is the very place for you."

I consented to go immediately.

A severe attack of rheumatism confined me to my room for two weeks, and during this time the only thing which kept me from despondency, which cheered many a lonely hour, and made music in many a solitary night, was the hum of gentle, or it might be merry voices, next door. The walls were so thin that at first I could hear every word they said. In order to give them warning I frequently coughed, and I soon heard a dear voice say, with nervous solitude,

"Who is that coughing so?"

"Some one next door," was the reply, and in another voice,

"I don't know; suppose you ask."

The chambermaid was summoned.

"Who occupies the next room to this, Biddy?"

"A sick gentleman from California, Miss."

"What is his name?"

"Mr. Clinton."

"Hem! Is he an old man, Biddy?"

"Oh, no, Miss—he's young, but quite broken down, and awfully tamed. His sufferings is dreadful."

"What's the matter with him?"

"Rheumatiz—very acute, the doctor says."

"He must be rather old then, Biddy."

"Oh, no, Miss—not at all. He got it scraping gold out of the minds in that awful wearsome country."

"What did you say he looked like?"

"Why, tall-like, and sunburned."

"You didn't say handsome, then?"

"Oh, Miss, he's handsome, to be sure, but broken-like. He don't look made to be sick, neither, &c."

After Biddy was dismissed I gave an admonitory hem, which one of the ladies said frightened her horribly, whereat I felt due regret. They conversed in whispers for some time, but I distinctly heard the words "Cherry's guardian." So they knew my little playmate, and perhaps my sisters. They were tolerably guarded after this, not, I do believe, from a wish not to be heard, but in the feminine mercy of their hearts that they might not disturb the invalid. Several times when noisy companions entered their rooms I heard them say, "hush, hush, some one is sick next door," or "you will disturb the sick gentleman from California." Heaven bless woman!

I had not thought of asking my incommunicative friend about Cherry Ashton. She was a little girl when I left home, and often came to spend a week or so at our house. She and her

fine tall brothers were my father's wards, and they resided not far from us, with their mother. I asked about them the next time I saw Charles Weston, and learned that Mrs. Ashton, having been dead four years, Cherry now resided with my father. To my astonishment, I heard that she was a young lady introduced into society, and quite a belle. Charles said everything in her praise he knew how—that she was charming, fascinating, bewitching, pretty, engaging, &c.

I was so impatient to be at home, that I resolved to go there and await the return of my friends. Upon arriving at Yonkers I engaged a horse, as I had still a ride of six miles before me, and though the evening was darkening I set out, riding leisurely along at a pace befitting a rheumatic. It was very late when I reached my father's house, and I rode round to the stable in order to give directions about returning the horse. Then I approached the house through a little copse of woods, which led quite to the windows of a brightly lighted room. I dreaded to enter and receive no welcome but that of servants, so I approached slowly. I saw from some distance that the lighted room was not the kitchen, for rich curtains shaded the windows, and as they were not lowered, I saw the gleaming of the picture-frames and the glass drops to the mantel-lamps. It seemed like fairy land to me, like the enchanted palace of the White Cat. I went quite close to the windows, and looked in. They were all there! I saw my father's head leaned back in his easy-chair, his eyes closed from excess of comfort; while one of my sisters, whom I supposed the oldest, Sarah, combed his white locks soothingly. Three other sisters were gathered round a table; and there were several gentlemen in the room, not one of whom I recognized. I stood in a dazzled, delirious confusion for some time, and then with a violent prompting of love for them all, ran round to find the door. As I emerged from the wood, a little white cloud seemed to float before me, but suddenly out started a pair of arms like white wings, the cloud fell from a fairy-like head and shoulders, and I saw my father's ward, who had drawn the skirt of her muslin dress over her head as a pretence of shelter from the rain-drops. The light of a window flashed full upon her as she glided swiftly along, and I stood with my hands clasped looking like some fanatic enthusiast after her. She was gone in a minute, vanishing in the woods, and I again sought the entrance, which finding, I was soon standing in the midst of my dear friends, receiving those civilities which would be offered to a stranger.

I could not find words to make myself known. I feared the suddenness of the shock, and I was about to offer some apology for intrusion at that

hour, and invent some business to talk about with my father, when the little white cloud floated into the room, and actually advanced timidly to me, smiling and blushing. I took her proffered hand in amazement.

"Don't you know me, Edward?" she said, and added, a little pettishly, "do introduce me then, Sarah, for I want to be as good friends as ever, and see I must begin at the beginning." All stared at us in silent wonder a moment, and then Sarah suddenly cried, doubtfully, "Ned—is it Ned?"

I spare the reader further. Miss Cherry had supposed the recognition, and salutations over. She was shocked and provoked by finding out that she was the first to recognize me. She said they were all very dull not to have been expecting me, not to have guessed who I was by my untimely arrival, and not to have seen enough of my original lineaments to have known me at once. She knew me when she first saw me looking, with such a tender countenance, in at the window. I had almost touched her as she stood behind the lilac bush at the very window I approached, bent upon the naughty trick of acting the ghost which was said to haunt the wood.

I could not be brought to believe that my youngest sister Jessie was not my eldest. The other two were married; and I was introduced to two new brothers, their husbands. My noble, generous father did not even speak of forgiveness, only of joy at my return; and I had no words, nor was it a time to tell him of my repentance.

Home was heaven to me. It was even unimagined delight to be the companion of my father; the patient of Sarah and Jessie, the object of Miss Cherry's playful solicitude. A heart so full of perfect contentment as mine must reanimate the sinking body. I grew rapidly well, yet did not strive to emancipate myself from my imperative nurses. It was too new and delightful a feeling—that of being so cared for—to be soon tired of. So I was coaxed to submit to the most delicate nursing, thereby delighting the "woman-kind" as much as I pleased myself. But alas! I grew saucy, and by too much self-conceit deprived myself of my pet nurse. My arm, which was the part most effected with rheumatism, generally reposed quietly in a sling, but twice a day my sisters attacked it furiously. I dreaded rubbing time. I was not spared—the pain was necessary to a cure, and with wise promptness they acted. But one day my sisters went to the city, and left particular directions with Cherry not to forget one of the usual remedies. She appeared before me, therefore, and desired me to prepare for a rubbing, with as much coolness

as if she had done it every day of her life. . I thought of refusing, not caring to have her white hands oiled with liniment, and reddened with hard rubbing; but when I saw a pertinacious little blush struggling with real solicitude I could not resist. I began hastily to unroll the long flannel bandage. She helped me and was rather clumsy.

"There, take care, Miss Cherry," I cried, with prompt fretfulness.

"Ah, I hurt you," she said, leaning suddenly toward me most pityingly.

"Hem—not the least consequence," I said still more sullenly.

"I am sorry," she replied, humbly.

And when the rubbing came—ah, how different from the practical Sarah's energetic movements! Her hands glided as gently over my rough skin as if she were caressing a butterfly.

"Ah," I said, crossly, "I see I shall have to rub myself, my kind creature. You are rather more afraid of hurting than you were just now."

Instantly she rubbed with zeal. I made a wry face. Her under lip was drawn in with a little shiver as if she felt a sharp pain herself, and she rubbed softly, but hurriedly.

"Oh," I said, withdrawing my arm, "I see I have made you so nervous—pray, forgive me, I should not have permitted you——"

"Now, Edward," she said, most persuasively—"do let me."

"Well," I answered, with pretended reluctance, and she proceeded to replace the bandage with a fresh one. In drawing it tightly round my arm, by a really nervous movement that I could not control, she saw that she had again given me pain. Excited and troubled before, this was too much. She burst into tears. All my pretended ill-nature vanished. By way of making amends for cruelly playing with tender feelings that I could not understand, I threw my arm round her! my lame one entirely forgetting itself, and poured forth a torrent of gratitude and self reproach. My heart did not stop there, though my words did, unluckily. She sprang from me with a laugh.

"Pshaw!" she said, "your arm is well enough, and now I shall do it properly; I have not hurt you a bit, but I intend to."

So saying, she took off the bandage again, rubbed somewhat more like my sister, and notwithstanding my exclamations, proceeded to bind it up with energy.

"Now I have done my duty properly, Mr. Edward," she said, as she hastened away. Some-how after that I never dared to do again as I had done. I saw she would suffer no nonsense. How much that act cost me! The little lady

was upon her dignity, and all her playful, almost child-like attentions were at an end.

I grew moody, rebellious, and soon found myself free from my sisters' authority. Cherry's coolness made me despair. A thousand times I wished I had dared to say I loved her, when I held her so closely pressed to my bosom. Then I thought she might have given me hope of a return of the affection I avowed, but by speaking only of gratitude *then*, I had given her to understand I did not love her, and now she was unapproachable. In vain I tried to meet her in the woods or garden, or even to speak a word with her alone in the parlor. She was a most artful little witch and eluded me skillfully, till I found home so intolerable that I determined to leave it. I announced my intention, and behold that very evening chance favored me, for I saw the same little white cloud floating about under the trees just after tea. I immediately pursued it, but it fled no further than the summer-house under the pines, and there I overtook it. It might have been invisible air, however, for all the notice I took of it. I seated myself in the full moonlight, and placed my long limbs across the doorway. Then began a play of patience. I could hear the restless and frightened little being trying to stifle every sigh—but I appeared unconscious. Why a teasing spirit so possessed me I do not know. Perhaps I wanted to enjoy having at last captured the little wild bird—perhaps I wanted to punish it. Sooner than I expected Cherry came forward, and said, "please let me out." I started as if terrified.

"Are you the ghost that haunts this wood? Avant! Out through the lattice whence you came, perturbed spirit!"

"No nonsense, Edward—please let me out."

"Ha, it knows my name! It may be no good spirit. It may work me ill. It is in woman's beautiful form, and one shaped like it has already given me sorrow. Had I better let it pass, and not provoke it? No—I scorn the action. Too long has it haunted these forests. I will try to daunt it. Pertinacious spirit, avant—nor trouble more these beautiful shadows!"

"Oh, Edward, do let me go. I hear them calling me."

"Hem! Who! Ugh. Am I a man and tremble so? No—I am a very coward and superstitious fool—ghosts do not speak till questioned. This can be no ghost. Now I know it is some mischievous person who takes advantage of the old superstition. I would have you know, whoever you are, that such audacity must be punished. Therefore I shall proceed to catch you, and take summary vengeance."

A merry laugh was the reply. My long limbs were drawn back, and I was about to rise, seize

the fair intruder, when by a swift flight she had nearly escaped me. I caught her hand just as she cleared the door.

"Flesh and blood!" I cried, "I thought so; but did I expect to find such a tender, soft hand as this? Oh, you cunning, malicious ghost, where did you find this graceful, charming body to inhabit? Stay—I have you fast—if hands cannot detain you, arms will—you must answer me. You have committed a theft, wicked ghost! When I came here, I found so lovely a spirit in just such a form, that after bending to worship it I looked up and loved it. But one day suddenly the lovely spirit fled, and another entered the dear form, which I now perceive to have been you by your fail me then.

wildness, your coldness, your coyness—I recognize you, ghost. Heaven help me to exorcise you.

"Oh, hard and cruel spirit fly, and let soft, tender, lovely Cherry re-enter—I conjure you fly!

"Cherry, Cherry I love you, if you are yourself do not deny my most earnest, most passionate, and last appeal. If you refuse me now, I shall never dare to ask again. I love you—I entreat your love."

The spirit was quelled by my conjuration, and I was enabled to draw the beloved form where it had rested once before. Words of love did not

MORNING AND NIGHT.

BY JANE GAY.

On the shore of a dim and misty sea,
With a broad green field before him
Stood a childish form, in the early morn,
With the blue sky hanging o'er him!
And his heart leaped forth to the glad green earth
Like a fountain to freedom springing,
For blossoming trees waved there in the breeze,
And birds in the boughs were singing.

But a voice from behind fell on his ear,
"Though bright the sunshine o'er thee,
Oh, child! beware of the lurking snare
That lies in the path before thee;"
Then the youth went forth to the field of Life
With a high soul's firm endeavor,
And that warning word, in the morning heard,
In his heart was treasured ever!

Years were gone—and an old man stood
On the verge of a swelling ocean;
And the foamy spray on his locks of grey
Was toss'd in the wild commotion!
The morn was past—and the glorious noon—
At the twilight hour we find him,
With its shadows dim encircling him,
And the field of Life behind him!

But he looked not back—his eye was fixed
On the misty sea before him—
For he knew if the sun of life were gone
Heaven's starlight still was o'er him!
So he gazed with a clear, untroubled brow
Till the mist grew an angel's pinion,
And it bore him away to a brighter day
In the spirit's high dominion.

AWAKENING LIFE.

BY FRANK LEE.

No more
Shalt thou, my soul, pour forth thy flood of song,
Careless as Summer breathings on the wind;
Achieving naught as echoes float along,
Culling a wreath for passing fame to bind—
No more.

No more
Shalt thou, my soul, be idly sighing
O'er faded hopes—and beaming hopes of yore,
While ever to thy cry a voice replying—
They shall return—they shall be thine no more—
No more.

No more
Shalt thou, my soul, be mourning o'er thy lot;
Rouse up, and drive thine aching dreams away!
Look proudly up, my soul, and droop thou not
Till brighter sunlight round thy path shall play—
Droop not!

No more
Shalt thou tread falteringly onward to the goal
That glimmers faintly in the distance far;
Bear nobly up, though dark the waters roll,
And that faint light shall be thy guiding star—
Droop not!

ROSE MORRISON.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

It was the bridal night of Rose Morrison; the pride and toast of Oakdale—the life of its social circles—the sunbeam of a happy cottage home—the darling idol of her aged grand-parents, to whom, by her artless, untiring affection, she supplied the place of the dear departed ones who slept peacefully beneath the drooping willows of the neighboring church-yard.

Sweet Rose! How beautiful she looked in her simple white dress, her bright hair smoothly braided, and twined with a garland of pure, white blossoms, as she stood beside the handsome youth who had won her girlish heart; the blush of beauty deepening into a richer shade as she felt that all eyes were turned upon her—a bright though subdued glance sometimes stealing from beneath the long-fringed lids, full of hope and love. Oakdale had sent forth its inhabitants, the old and the young, the grave and the gay, to witness this important scene in the life of one who was known and loved by all; and a larger crowd had never assembled in the village than was now gathered beneath old Mr. Morrison's roof.

What is it that makes the bridal hour one of such deep and touching interest? Why does a sad emotion sometimes steal across the mind, and cause the eyes to fill with unbidden tears; as the few, simple words are spoken that bind two young and trusting hearts, through weal and woe, through joy and sorrow, for all future time? Is it that doubts of that future—that fears for the final happiness of those to whom life is all so bright and joyous now, fit like shadows across the mental vision, scarcely perceptible as they pass, yet leaving a momentary darkness in their train? Ah! it is a solemn scene—the plighting of heart and hand—the union of two loving natures, over whose sunny pathway no shadow has yet lingered; who fondly dream of unalloyed felicity—recking not of the storms and tempests they may have to encounter as they journey onward. Yet few such thoughts were indulged at Rose Morrison's wedding. To the young, who formed the greater number present, this was but one of the joyous hours of which they imagined life composed; and as they congratulated the fair bride, they dreamed of nought but happiness in her future career. And even the older portion of the company, to whom experience had taught that there do exist such things as care and sorrow,

and trial, and affliction in this world of ours, perhaps never gave them less thought than on this occasion. They looked from the sweet, blushing face of Rose to the bright, animated features of young Lindsay, and the smile that had half vanished again illuminated each countenance: for all knew his worth; and there was none who did not acknowledge that he was worthy to wear their brightest jewels in his bosom. The merry laugh and cheerful song went round; and when at length the happy crowd dispersed, all pursued the way to their respective homes, forming the brightest anticipations of the future life of the young pair at whose union they had just assisted. And these prognostications were as well grounded as they were pleasing.

Alfred Lindsay, who had resided in Oakdale several years, was a young man of rare intelligence and considerable personal attractions: uniting to a manly independence of character such unalterable good-humor, and frank, pleasing manners as soon made him a general favorite. Many prudent mothers wished to secure such a partner for their daughters; and many fair ones turned their fascinating glances upon him: but he had from the first been captivated by the "belles" of the village, and to her his heart obstinately persisted in rendering its homage; notwithstanding the deep-laid schemes to divert its fealty. And Rose—the merry, light-hearted, bewitching Rose—whose loveliness rivaled the fair flowers that adorned her home—whose voice was joyous as that of the feathered minstrels who trilled their matin song beneath her window—yet whose careless mirth concealed a nature of the deepest affection and purest devotedness; what was more natural then that she should lend a willing ear to his fond vows, and ere long yield her young heart to one so worthy of its affection?

Rose remained with her grand-parents after her marriage; for the old people could not bear the thought of her leaving them; and Rose gladly joined in their entreaties to her husband, that one house should be the home of all. Alfred consented the more readily as he had no intention of settling permanently in Oakdale; and was yet undecided as to his future plans. While in this state of uncertainty an opportunity offered of buying a small, but productive farm at a mere nominal price; the present owner being anxious

to leave that part of the country. This was an opportunity which Lindsay had long desired. He repaired at once to the farm, and finding it exactly suited to his wishes, immediately became the owner.

Rose found it a hard trial to leave the happy home of her childhood, a home endeared to her by every scene of her innocent, joyous life; and above all the kind, old people who had been to her as father and mother from her earliest years; and whose feeble age she longed still to enliven and render happy by the kind offices of affection and gratitude. Yet this trial it was hers to endure. She had given her future in keeping to him on whom she leaned with confiding, devoted love; and five or six months after her marriage she set out for her new home, which was more than a day's journey from Oakdale. Hope and love were her companions on the way; and when she reached the farm and surveyed the beautiful scenery around, and turning to the dear one beside her met his fond, admiring gaze, she prepared for her new duties with alacrity and cheerfulness, interrupted only by an occasional feeling of regret as memory pictured the old homestead which she saw no more. Time passed on, and seemed in its rapid course only to strengthen the love and sympathy that existed between her and her husband. A fair, fragile bud had also blossomed beneath their roof-tree: and when Alfred sat within their neat parlor, holding the prattling babe on his knee, or watching its merry gambols on the floor, while his fair wife sat beside him livelier and more blooming than ever, he felt a thrill of happiness and delight which he would not have exchanged for worlds of wealth, or ages of fame.

Three years had passed since her removal from Oakdale, and Rose, joyfully embracing the first opportunity of returning thither, was busily making preparations to leave home for a brief period, when a letter arrived from the old physician of Oakdale, kindly but hurriedly written, informing her of the serious illness of Mr. Morrison, and urging her to come immediately if she wished to give him the only comfort he seemed to desire, that of beholding her once more and blessing her infant boy ere he died. This was a terrible shock to Rose, but she did not allow her grief to delay her return to her early home, where with her husband and little one she arrived in time to see her venerated grandfather—to hear his last feeble words of kindness and affection—and behold the little Morrison clasped in his arms for the first and last time, ere the spirit left its earthly tenement.

Bitter were the tears shed by Rose over the lifeless remains of him whose paternal love and solicitude for her had never known a change;

but she was soon recalled from the indulgence of her own grief to the remembrance of her duty to the aged mourner, thus deprived of one who had been her partner and companion—the sharer of her joys, and the soother of her sorrows for more than half a century. Truly did Rose feel how insignificant was *her* sorrow compared to this; and zealously and untiringly did she devote herself to the pious task of soothing and comforting her bereaved grandmother. She had the satisfaction of finding her affectionate cares appreciated; but they were not long needed. The feeble constitution of old Mrs. Morrison could not bear up against the anguish of this bereavement; and ere many weeks had passed the grave was reopened to receive the form of the lonely widowed one: and the spirits of these, who, for so many years had lived and loved together, were reunited in the better land.

The old homestead (little Morrison's legacy) was left in charge of the old housekeeper till he should be of age to claim it; and Lindsay led his weeping and spirit-saddened wife homeward from the scene of her first sorrow.

"Well, I declare, this is a surprise," exclaimed Lindsay, going to the window as he saw the stage stop at the door. "Rose, come here, quick;" Rose sprang eagerly toward the window, and the next moment stood on the porch, folding in a long and warm embrace the favorite companion of her childhood—Alice Green. Mr. and Mrs. Green had been induced by the repeated solicitations of their only son to remove to Albany, where he was engaged in a prosperous business; and were now on their way thither.

"But I could not go so far," continued Alice, "without seeing you once more, for I may not have the opportunity again: so I left father and mother and all the rest to pursue their journey, while I came in the stage, to spend a few weeks with my dear friend."

Rose welcomed her guest with mingled smiles and tears: for at the same time that she rejoiced to receive one of her early companions, her presence brought back more vividly and distinctly the remembrance of her loss. But she did not allow herself to indulge these gloomy feelings; but exerted herself to make her friend's visit an agreeable one. Miss Green was delighted with all she saw. Lindsay was gay, frank, and pleasant, and as attentive to his pretty wife as in the days of courtship—little Morrison, now in his fifth year, was a beautiful, gentle child, whom it was impossible not to love—and everything within and without the house was neat, handsome and comfortable.

Yet, after a few days it seemed to Alice that the expressive countenance of her hostess wore an aspect of uneasiness, for which she could in

no way account. She thought there must be some secret cause of sorrow thus to cloud the brow that had always been clear and joyous; then she would laugh at her foolish thoughts, for she felt convinced that Rose had everything calculated to ensure happiness. But still something would cause a recurrence of her fears, and whisper that they were not altogether imaginary. Sometimes if her husband remained out longer than was usual, the agitation and uneasiness of Rose were not to be mistaken; and though when rallied on her anxiety regarding him, she would try to turn it off with a laugh, yet the starting tear, and then the look of relief when he appeared, told how deep was the source whence that anxiety flowed. But the day of Alice's departure drew near without anything recurring to warrant her friend's feelings, and she concluded that it was but the consequence of her deep, devoted affection, rendered probably more fearful for its object since the grave had closed over the last of her kindred.

One beautiful evening Rose and her guest sat on the step of the little porch, their arms fondly twined round each other's waist; while Morrison, at some little distance, amused himself by throwing his ball along the road, after which a little, mischievous pup regularly bounded and returned with it to his master.

The night was one of the loveliest of the golden month of June. The moon and stars gleamed with soft, mild brilliancy from the clear blue sky; bright flowers bent their dew-spangled heads, gently waving on their fragile stems; the fresh, balmy air stole softly among the clustering vines that entirely covered the front of the house; while the lofty trees around seemed fairly dancing beneath the silvery moonbeams.

"Oh, what a sweet, lovely home is yours, dear Rose!" said Alice, as she looked admiringly round. "How often shall I think of you with envy when dwelling amid the confusion and excitement of a large city. If you love the country as I do how happy you must be here—how highly you must value your privilege in calling this sweet spot your home."

Alice thought that Rose sighed slightly as she replied,

"You are right, Ally; the country is by far a happier dwelling-place than the town; and I can only wonder how your parents could be induced to give up their pretty cottage in Oakdale—they will never be so happy elsewhere."

"I fear not; and indeed when the time came for leaving it, I think they would rather by far have remained; but it was then too late."

"And you leave us to-morrow, dear Ally? Oh, how I shall miss you!—and then if you had a more pleasant prospect in view; but perhaps

you may like Albany better than you anticipated."

"Never will I be as happy as I have been; never. But I must be contented, I suppose, as the evil cannot be remedied, yet I shall feel very sad and lonely; and I know I shall often weep over the remembrance of the happy days I have passed here with you—oh, I wonder if we shall ever meet again, dear Rose!" and the gentle girl pressed her lips fondly to the cheek of her friend; but how was she shocked and bewildered by the wild burst of agony with which Rose returned her embrace; while her whole frame trembled as if with overpowering sorrow. Alice, though almost speechless with surprise, strove not to notice her friend's emotion; but went on talking of her brother's plans for the future: and after a little time Rose became more composed, and entered with friendly interest into the subject.

They were suddenly startled by loud talking and laughing, which though at a distance, sounded distinctly on the quiet, evening air. Morrison stole quietly to his mother's side, and nestling his little head close to her bosom, looked up anxiously in her face. "Why, Morrison, are you afraid? Oh, you little coward," said Alice, laughingly, "it is only some poor drunken man returning home after a frolic; even here there is vice and folly."

"Come, Morrison, dear, you must be sleepy," said his mother. "It is past your usual bed-time." They re-entered the house, and she asked Alice if she thought of retiring, with, as the latter thought, a seeming desire that she should do so. She therefore replied in the affirmative, saying that she believed she would pack her trunk that night; and was just taking a light to retire to her room, when she heard some one enter, and turning beheld Alfred Lindsay.

But in what a state! She stood bewildered like one in a dream, scarcely believing the testimony of her eyes. Alas! she was soon convinced of its truth; for, after the first vacant stare about him, as he sank into a seat near the door, Alfred perceiving her, addressed to her a few stammering, incoherent words; and the voice, even had she not beheld his face, would have told her that he was deeply intoxicated.

Rousing herself from her momentary stupor, Alice looked around and beheld the tearful eyes of Rose fixed upon her—the deathly pallor of her face was succeeded by a burning blush of mortification as their eyes met; and Alice, with trembling steps hurried from the room, regardless of the loud voice of Lindsay, who continued to call after her as well as he could utter the words, "to come back and have a talk about old times!"

"Old times, alas! old times!" repeated Alice,

as she reached her room, and setting the lamp upon the little stand, sat down to ponder over the strange scene of the last few moments, almost persuading herself that it was a dream. But the sounds which ever and anon reached her ears told that it was a sad reality; and long and bitterly the warm-hearted girl wept over the trials and sorrows of her early friend. This then was the cause of the uneasiness and anxiety of Rose—this was the solution of the strange mystery of her demeanor.

"Oh, how my thoughtless words to the child must have pained her," murmured Alice, through her tears, with a sensation of half-reproach and sorrow.

It was late that night ere Alice sought her couch; and her slumbers were so broken and disturbed, that in the morning she found herself unable to rise. This she scarcely regretted, for she preferred the violent headache which she now suffered to another meeting with Lindsay; and she felt much relieved, when in the course of the morning she was informed that he had gone out. That afternoon she took her seat in the stage which was to convey her some miles on her journey homeward. Rose had told her all—how happily the first years of her married life had passed—how one by one other farm-houses had sprung up about their once lonely home—how at length a tavern—that bane of society—had been opened a few miles distant—and how, little by little, it succeeded in luring Alfred from his own fire-side, while each visit lessened his power to resist the temptation. Oh, with what different feelings did Alice now turn from the place which she had fancied the abode of pure, unalloyed happiness! How often, when enjoying the pleasures of her own quiet home, would the tears start to her eyes as she thought of the sad, lonely hours her friend might then be enduring.

Two years passed away—two weary years to our poor Rose, who saw her husband yielding more and more to the terrible demon who was fast banishing happiness and content from her home. Many were the resolutions made by Lindsay during this period to turn aside from the downward course he was pursuing; but, alas! these resolves were never followed by corresponding actions: and the poor wife, sometimes buoyed up by a gleam of reawakened hope, seen herself cast down to a darker depth of despair, till at length hope comes no more to cheer her sinking heart.

But now a sadder trial awaited her. She sat beside the bed of little Morrison, watching him day by day slowly passing away from earth, while she was forced to repress every accent or look of the agony which was wringing her heart,

in pity to the gentle child whose tears ever flowed with hers. One morning the physician's grave look and solemn shake of the head as he gazed on the suffering child, told the disconsolate mother all that her fond heart had dreaded, yet strove to disbelieve. There was then no longer room for hope that her only child, her only source of comfort and consolation would be spared to her. Oh, what intense agony was in that thought! The doctor did not attempt to deceive her with false hopes: but he left a prescription to allay the child's sufferings, with which Lindsay immediately started to the apothecary's, which was in one compartment of the country store.

Since the commencement of his son's illness, he had left home as rarely as possible; and now happening to meet one of his boon companions, he was hailed with many exclamations of surprise and delight, and pressed to come and spend an hour with his friends. He endeavored to excuse himself on the plea of his little boy's illness, and the anxiety and loneliness of his wife.

"Oh, nonsense—she won't miss your company for an hour, I promise you not to keep you longer—some of the neighbors will be at your house, so come along, Alf, don't be so obstinate—come."

Alfred hesitated; he knew that his wife would miss his presence, that none of her neighbors would be with her, for she held no intercourse with them beyond what mere civility required: but the persuasions of his friend had their customary effect: and the apothecary's boy was despatched with the medicine, and a message that Mr. Lindsay would be home in an hour.

The sad features of Rose became more gloomy as Bridget repeated the words to her; but her every care was needless to little Morrison, and she had no time to indulge the fears that at once rushed through her mind. The hour passed—another—and yet another—but he came not.

Twilight spread its sombre mantle around the sick chamber, but the tearful watcher was still a *lonely* one. When Bridget appeared with the light, she asked if Mr. Lindsay had not yet come; and the whispered "no, ma'am," sounded dismal as a funeral knell. With a sigh she turned again to the crib, and resumed her efforts to relieve the scarcely conscious sufferer. At length the fever seemed to abate, and he sank into a dreamy stupor, from which he only aroused at intervals when she moistened his parched lips, and then the gentle child would strive to look up smilingly to the beloved face that bent over him, ere he relapsed into his previous insensibility.

No longer constantly engaged with her child, her thoughts reverted to the absent father, and well she knew that no cause save that she most dreaded would detain him; yet could it be—oh,

could it be so? But she was not to be left long in doubt. At a late hour in the evening he returned, and oh! how she shuddered as she listened to the echo of his unsteady steps through the house over which death was even then hovering! Staggering to the bed of the child, he bent over him a moment, and then told the now sobbing Rose that the little fellow was in a fine sleep, and would be well as ever in a few days—what was she crying for? "Yes, he will be *well* indeed, in a few days," she murmured, as her husband with some difficulty gained his couch, and throwing himself upon it, was soon wrapt in heavy slumbers, and the inconsolable mother was left alone to watch beside the dying object of her fond affection. Wearily passed the moments. Morrison no longer understood the words of endearment she whispered to him; a short, gasping moan was the only token that he yet lived; and Rose crouched timidly to the crib, afraid to cast a look around the darkened, dreary-looking room. She would not (had her neighbors offered to remain with her) have accepted their kindness; for her sensitive feelings revolted at the thought that they should know in what state her husband lay even while his child was dying; and Bridget had retired to rest by her positive command; for Rose, always thoughtful and self-denying, remembered how many new duties devolved upon the faithful creature, during this season of affliction, and she would not deprive her of her needful repose. And thus she spent the long night alone; while wearied and worn out by long watchings and her many sorrows, she started nervously at every sound, and the spring rain that pattered heavily against the windows and upon the rustling trees, sent a shudder through her exhausted frame.

Who is so happy as not to have known that mysterious awe which creeps slowly over the night-watcher beside the fluttering spirit lingering upon the threshold of another world?—the icy chill that seems reflected from the wing of the death angel as it hovers over the object of fond, undying love—the strange aspect of even the inanimate things around, as if even they took a semblance of gloom from the hearts that sorrow there—the deep, solemn silence—the holy quiet of the death chamber, so beautifully expressed by the poet:

"We watch'd her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Kept heaving to and fro.
So silently we seemed to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lost her half our powers
To eke her living out."

But a night watch such as Rose Lindsay kept—with no one near to whom her fainting spirit

might turn for a look of sympathy—what but a mother's unconquerable, devoted love could have supported her through its terrors?

When the first faint gleam of another day illumined the eastern horizon, Morrison suddenly looked up with a bright smile into his mother's face, and throwing his little arm around her, murmured her name in sweet, thrilling tones. "My own darling," said Rose, in her loving accents, as she bent closer to him listening for other words from those dear lips; but with that last fond effort of childish love the spirit had taken its flight to the bright regions of immortality.

The wild shriek of long-suppressed agony awoke the wretched father, and oh! how bitter was his remorse as he stood beside the beautiful corpse of the child he had idolized, deprived, through his own means, of the consolation of receiving his last sigh.

Once more did Rose Lindsay's former friends circle around her in the little church-yard of Oakdale—once more was the grave of her family opened, and the precious remains of her dearest earthly treasure deposited with their kindred dust; and then the stricken mourner turned sadly from the grave-yard without one ray of light amid the dense clouds that shrouded the horizon of life that had erst beamed so cloudlessly and joyously above her. She listened without reply to the fervent promises of reform which her husband poured into her ear; and when he spoke of the contentment and tranquillity that might yet be theirs, though the sunbeam of their home had departed, she shook her head mournfully as if she trusted not to his words. Alas! she knew too well his weakness to credit the protestations and promises wrung from his awakened conscience; and not all the tender attentions that he lavished upon her could bring back the light of former days to her sunken eyes, from which the tears constantly flowed as they journeyed slowly to their now desolate home. And yet, though she knew it not, perhaps they were not without some effect on her crushed spirit; perhaps they awoke unconsciously some faint hope—else how could one of her tender and affectionate nature bear up against her many and bitter trials?

The bright summer and golden autumn have gone by, and it is now cold, bleak, stormy winter. The bitter blast is howling over the snow-covered earth, and large feathery flakes are still falling thick and fast upon the shrinking forms of the few persons who are abroad. In the room where we beheld her lonely vigil beside her dying child, Rose Lindsay is sitting, alone—paler and more wasted than ever, with a look of such hopeless misery as makes the heart sick to witness. Hath

then the glimmering ray of hope that rose amid her night of sorrow set again in darkness and in gloom?

Alas for those whose happiness depends on the promises of the inebriate!

Poor Rose! The glowing fire-light reveals with startling distinctness her attenuated form, and the death-like pallor of her hollow cheeks as she turns her glassy eyes around, until they rest with a long, sad gaze upon the vacant crib. Mechanically she opens a work-box near by, and takes therefrom a little ringlet of soft, glossy hair. And now the expression of cold despair has passed away, and gushing tears fall from the mourner's eyes as she presses the sunny curl to her quivering lips. "My child—my child—would I were laid beside thee now." Long and fearful was that wild burst of convulsive sorrow; but at length she became more calm; and taking up a carefully folded letter on which had rested the precious relic, she proceeded to read its contents. It was from Alice Green, written on hearing of little Morrison's death, and breathing in every line the warm sympathy and tender friendship so dear to the gentle mourner. Often had she perused it, and never without tears—but soft, soothing tears that relieved her bursting heart.

She now dwelt on the concluding paragraph, which reiterated the oft-made request that she should visit her friends at Albany. "Come at once, dear Rose; leave for a little while the home that is now desolate and lonely—every part of which can but remind you of the dear lost one. Come and spend at least, a few weeks, with the friends of your childhood: you will find all sympathizing in your bereavement. Years of separation have not chilled the love which we ever shared with our dearest Rose; and now, when the destroyer has entered your little household, and taken away its sweet blossom of beauty and innocence—oh, how our hearts long to weep with you, to comfort you—to soothe you! Do come! We will talk together of your angel boy—you shall tell me about his sad illness—and perhaps we may plan a visit to his dear resting-place, when the flowers of spring will bloom above it. Ah! when I think of the dear child—his angelic beauty, his winning ways, his gentle disposition, I wonder not that God saw fit to transplant so sweet a flower to His own bright bowers; but I sorrow the more for your bereavement, and beseech Him that afflicted, to comfort you in your loneliness. If we could but mingle our tears—I know your aching heart is pining for friendly sympathy, for those around you are not congenial spirits—but were they even so—were they kind and cherished friends. I would still say come—for none can feel for you—none can love you as does your own unalterable Alice."

"And I have never answered this letter," said Rose, in a tone of self-reproach, and making a resolute effort to control her feelings, she hastily took her pen and began:—"Do not ask me to come to you, dearest Alice—do not wish for my presence within your peaceful, happy home. You would not find in me now the Rose you once knew and loved—but a moving, breathing statue—a heartless, selfish thing, incapable of anything but the remembrance of my own sorrows. Dear to my heart is still the voice of friendship, but I have no power to respond to its tenderness—no interest in the present, no thought or care for the future—the last gleam of hope faded from my darkened spirit beside the death-bed of my heart's treasure. Yet I do not mourn that he is gone, nor would I ask his presence here again could the boon be granted—for ere long I also shall pass away, and then how could I leave him here? No! there is sweet comfort in the thought that my precious angel will soon welcome me to the abode of peace and tranquillity. Could I but see you once again before I die, my own Alice, could I but embrace for a moment my early and dearest friend, my every wish would be gratified. No, I seek no sympathy with these people—my heart is not of them—yet they were kind to me in my trouble and I should not be ungrateful, but I know they look on me as a hardened, selfish creature, on whom their kindness is but thrown away—when they stand beside my cold, unconscious corpse, perhaps they will pity and forgive the errors of a broken heart, which refused to twine its shattered chords around new associations. To you my kind and true-hearted friend, the recollection of whose love will be grateful to my spirit even in its parting moment, I send a precious token of remembrance, the dearest legacy I can bequeath. This little curl! When I took from my darling's head one little tress to lay upon my bleeding bosom I thought of you who so loved my sweet Morrison, and severed this ringlet for you. Accept it as a proof that even in that trying hour *you* were not forgotten—it is the last gift you will receive from your poor friend, and will, I know, be regarded as of some value by one who knows how my heart esteems this relic of one who has passed to a happier home. Farewell, dear Alice! playmate of my infancy—companion of my girlhood's years, farewell, forever! I know that ere this shall reach you I shall be numbered with the silent dead, for my business with this world is finished. To-night, for the first time I could nerve myself to write to you, strange that affection should make me neglect its object, yet to all the world could I write more easily than to one who is dearer to me——"

A sudden bustle in the house caused Rose to

turn from her writing-desk. She listened with an undefinable dread which chilled her heart; and cold and motionless as marble she sat with her glassy eyes fixed upon the door, which the next instant was opened by Bridget, who cast a terrified glance around the room. Several men with cautious steps followed. Rose tottered to her feet, and advancing a few paces, beheld them bearing in the lifeless body of her-husband! With a low moan, as if the last chord of existence had snapt asunder, she sunk senseless on the floor.

When the stricken one awoke from that death-like swoon, she found herself on a bed in the room adjoining her own, with the weeping Bridget eagerly watching her return to consciousness; the lingering beams of day were reflected from the surrounding snow with dazzling splendor. Hours had passed in that suspension of life's faculties, but with the first return of consciousness, Rose remembered the awful scene which had deprived her of it: and in spite of the expositations of her terrified attendant, immediately rose, and with a strength that seemed supernatural, went into her own apartment. Mrs. Ainsley (the physician's wife) and five or six neighbors stood around the bed, in which lay the inanimate form of Alfred Lindsay, now arrayed in the snowy garb of the grave. One of the women stepped forward to prevent her entrance, but Rose calmly motioned her to stand aside; and the doctor, who at that moment entered, took her hand, and led her forward with an expression of deep sympathy. A shudder passed through her frame, and a low, gasping moan broke forth as she pressed her lips to those which, with all his faults, had never uttered other words than those of kindness to her: but this was all: no tear rose to the glassy eye, no quivering of the pale lip betrayed her feelings; but she quietly took a seat near the corpse, and held one icy hand between her own,

while her eyes never wandered from those marble features. More than once the compassionate Mrs. Ainsley was obliged to urge the necessity of caution to those present who were detailing to each the circumstances of his death; dwelling with minute exactitude on the fracas which had occurred at the tavern, in which Lindsay, while endeavoring to shield one of his companions, was stretched lifeless on the floor by a stone aimed with terrible force at his temple. But their conversation did not reach the ears of the mourner. Hers was the fearful calmness of one accustomed to wrestle in solitude with her anguish, turning to none for sympathy or consolation. And thus, also, she returned from her husband's lonely grave; (for the deep snows which had fallen rendered it impossible to convey his remains to Oakdale) with the same quiet apathy she re-entered her home, and calling Bridget to her room, bade her return thanks in her name to those who had returned with her, and not allow any one to disturb her for the night. Mrs. Ainsley and one or two others remained down stairs, thinking that they might be wanting through the night, but no sound came from the chamber of the lonely widowed one; and in the morning, finding all silent, they softly crept up stairs. The door was fastened within, but Bridget led them through the adjoining room, and finding the door unfastened they entered. The sunbeams rested brightly on the widow's form, as she lay with her head upon the writing-table, the letter to Alice Green, now sealed and directed, in her hand. Mrs. Ainsley moved forward, and gently laid her hand on the sleeper's arm. The sudden start with which she drew back revealed the truth. Rose Lindsay's business with this world was indeed finished; the long-tried and suffering one slept that dreamless slumber which knows no waking, save in *eternity*.

D A Y S G O N E.

BY MRS. WHITE.

We sometimes sigh, that hours once seen
Over the threshold by old Time,
May never more come back again,
Except in thought, or poet's rhyme.
Days gone! days gone! how sadly sounds
This echo of the heart's regret,
Above the grave where youth's warm joys
(Like fallen stars forever set)
Lie darkly down, beneath the flowers
That sweetly strew those vanished hours.

But when the alchemy of grief
Converts Time's golden grains to sand,
And there is laid upon the heart
The ice touch of her trembling hand—
When fiery bars of trial glow
Upon the path we have to tread,
And but for Hope's supporting band
Our feet had stumbled in their dread,
We gladly cry, with grateful tone,
Forever pass'd—days gone! days gone!

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

BY HELEN FAWCETT.

TOWARD the end of the seventeenth century, when the city of Bonn had just recovered from the effects of a heavy siege, a young locksmith, having just learned his business, was about to settle in the neighboring village of Endenich, where his father held a municipal office. However, the father's house was destroyed by fire in the course of the war. His eldest son lost his life in his endeavors to save the property from the flames, and he was obliged to depend on the exertions of his younger son, the locksmith Conrad. The repairs which were everywhere required after a period of devastation, gave abundant employment to Conrad; but his happiness was embittered by a hopeless love for the daughter of Herr Heribert, another municipal officer of the village, who would not hear of him as son-in-law. Heribert's property, like that of many others, had been utterly destroyed during the siege; but, to the astonishment of every one, his house rose from its ashes more splendid than before, and he seemed more opulent than ever. The neighbors looked suspiciously at this unaccountable prosperity. Some thought that he had found a treasure—others that he had sold some advantage to the enemy; but most were of opinion that he had made a compact with some fiend, especially a demon named Lapp, who was the terror of the village. The haughtiness of Heribert increased his unpopularity: he despised all his neighbors, and declared that no villager should ever have his daughter's hand, but that he intended to unite her to one of the chief residents of the city.

Gretchen did not share her father's pride, but was deeply attached to young Conrad, with whom she had secret interviews. Heribert surprised the lovers at one of these meetings, and not only felled Conrad to the ground by a sudden blow on the head, but from that moment entertained a grudge against him and his father. At Heribert's instance the old man was persecuted by creditors and brought to the brink of ruin, but still he had not succeeded in preventing the interviews of the lovers, who contrived to meet every midnight. On one occasion when Conrad had climbed up the branches of a vine, and was conversing with Gretchen, who stood at a window, another window suddenly opened, and the angry voice of Heribert ordered him to depart, threatening to fire upon him if he remained any

longer. Conrad sprang from the tree, but still boldly avowing his love for Gretchen as the cause of his intrusion, declared that he as well as others could become rich by a compact with Lapp. A bullet, which missed its aim, was the only answer he received.

The clock struck twelve, when Conrad, on his way home, passed the church-yard. In his despair the thought occurred to him of invoking Lapp, who was supposed to dwell among the graves, and he thrice repeated the dreadful name. A terrific form with fiery eyes at once appeared, and in answer to his demand for wealth, conducted him to a deep forest, where it pointed out a particular spot, placing its finger on its lips to indicate the necessity for silence. Conrad fled the wood in terror, and was for many days confined to his house by a strong fever. However, the first night after his recovery he returned to the spot designated by Lapp, where, after digging for some time, he found an iron chest full of gold and silver coins of various ages and countries. The chest being too heavy to remove, he filled his pockets with as much gold as he could carry, and repeated nightly his visits to the spot, having in the meanwhile purchased a house in the city of Bonn, where he could more conveniently carry on his business. When he had paid his father's debts, redeemed his mortgaged lands, and had generally shown himself equal to Heribert in point of wealth, he renewed his offer for the hand of Gretchen, and shortly afterward married her, for her father would not refuse such a wealthy son-in-law.

One evening when he was at home with his wife totally unsuspicous of danger, his house was suddenly entered by the officers of justice, who threw him into prison, where he was questioned as to the source of his sudden wealth. For awhile he kept silent, but the pains of the rack forced him to confess that he had found a treasure. This answer, given without further circumstance, appeared to satisfy the judges, who left him without troubling him further. However, when his wife visited him, and, in compliance with her entreaties, he told her every particular about the chest, spies were at hand who conveyed all the new information to the judges. Conrad's position did not at first seem dangerous. The elector had indeed a claim to

the chest as *treasure trove*, but it was only a claim to be urged by civil process, and Conrad was not only released, but the elector was generous enough to assert that if the young man would make good his explanation he might retain all the money.

In the meanwhile the Jews of Bonn had raised a great outcry, on account of the supposed murder of Abraham, one of their brethren, who had amassed much wealth, by acting as a spy during the war, and had not been heard of since his departure on a journey. The nocturnal expeditions of Conrad had been watched by the neighbors; and he was suspected of committing the crime, which seemed more probably to account for his wealth than the tale of a discovered treasure. He was again arrested—the rack was again applied, and under the influence of the institutions.

torture, he not only confessed his guilt, but on being desired to denounce his accomplices gave up the name of his father-in-law, Heribert. The rack caused the old man to confirm the accusation, and both he and Conrad were condemned to death. However, just as they were about to suffer the extreme penalty of the law, the Jew Abraham, whose death had been falsely assumed, made his appearance in the crowd, and as he was at once recognized, the prisoners were immediately released. Nevertheless, the danger which Conrad had passed, made a deep impression on his mind; he ceased to take any interest in his pursuits, and he retired to Endenich, where he led a life of seclusion with his wife, endeavoring to compensate for his dealings with Lapp, by devoting his money to religious insti-

SONG OF A CAGED BIRD.

BY E. K. SMITH.

On, could I gain yon woodland grove,

How light would be my wing!

How would I gaily, wildly rove

Amid the flowers of Spring!

And, oh! how jocund were my song,

How free my bounding flight;

Roving my native hills among

And fluttering with delight!

And with the rosy peep of day,

From waving branch I'd rise;

My blythesome song from spray to spray

Should echo thro' the skies.

But no!—the gay and happy band,

Singing in careless glee,

And wandering free in sunny land,

Have no fond thought of me!

In flow'ry mead, and forest glade,

Sad should I sit alone;

E'en in the hawthorn's silvery shade

My song would be my moan.

And where would be the kindly voice

That cheers my lonely hour,

If it were my ungrateful choice

To fly her fav'rite bower?

But the fair hand that tends me here,

Is kind and constant too;

Ah! would those distant shades be dear

If from that hand I flew?

Ah, no!—the heart that fondly beats

With Gratitude's sweet chain,

Tho' smiling freedom kindly greets,

Would ne'er be free again!

AN OFFERING.

BY KATE GROVES.

SHALL I bring thee glowing language,

The subtle slave of mind,

That talisman whose mystic sway

Is over all mankind?

The master of the passions,

The mystery of old,

Half real, half ideal,

That Time has yet unfold?

Shall I chain the light-winged Fancy

In its aerial flight,

Whose presence is a fragrance,

Whose vesture is of light?

With the bright and beautiful

That haunt the longing heart,

With their ideal loveliness,

Then silently depart?

THE FRENCH SEAMSTRESS; OR, CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

BY VIRGINIA PEYTON.

"Come, my beautiful pet, my white lily!" exclaimed a young mother, extending her hands for her little one as the child sprang from its nurse's arms. "Only see her! she will fly! what a flutter my little bird is in! But there—mamma has got her baby—mamma has indeed." And then she clasped the baby to her bosom, and almost smothered it with kisses, calling it a thousand pet names that you never would have thought of, nor anybody else but a young mother spoiling her first born; looking all the while so delighted, so proud and happy that a stoic might have envied her girlish felicity.

And girlish she was, seeming almost as fresh and child-like with her fair, unshaded brow, her sparkling eyes, her blooming cheeks and round petite form as the very baby that tried to say "mamma" to her! It was laughable any way, to see her important air as she fondled that plump, blue-eyed child now almost a year old, and she herself scarcely eighteen. There she sat, patting the dear little dimpled hands, and counting rhymes on the sweetest little toes that ever baby had; singing occasionally snatches of Tennyson's "Cradle Song," and wishing as she lingered over the line,

"Blow him again to me"—

that the wind, or something else, would "blow" that tardy papa of little Carry's home again. It was too bad, certainly it was, for him to stay out so late—now that the dews were so unhealthy; she had laid her commands on him that very morning to return early, and he disregarded them in this manner! How inconsiderate in people to get sick and call the doctor at any and every time—they must think a *doctor* can *never* be ill himself. Besides little Carry and the little wife were both dressed so sweetly just for him:—but really if he did not appear soon, little Carry would be asleep, and she herself very cross, and only in the humor to quarrel roundly with him when he did come. So said the little wife, the spoiled child, shrugging her white shoulders with a graceful petulance, and winding her beautifully uncovered arms round the baby as she whispered mutinous words against papa to it.

It was a very sweet little tableau; so papa thought as he entered the ante-chamber softly,

and peeped in upon them while he listened to his wife's complaints against himself.

It was a summer evening, and the mother sat in the deep window-seat with the casement thrown open, while the light evening air swept back her curls from her fair forehead, and waved them softly as they lay in large, dark ringlets upon her beautiful bare neck: there were her white arms twined around the baby, and she bent over it chattering all sort of nonsense to keep it awake. Both mother and child were clad in robes of snowy white that gleamed lustrous in the darkness. I say the husband thought it was a very sweet picture, and he thought he was the happiest man alive to possess two such treasures as that little wife and that little Carry; but he wished the first greetings were well over, for the good doctor was very tired, and he rather dreaded Maggie's tongue when she opened the full battery upon him. Well he might too, for she had a full right to reprobate him when he kept her waiting so, and having so much trouble to prevent Carry from dropping asleep—after all, she did almost go to sleep any how, the sweet, beautiful pet! How he stopped her mouth I won't say; with sugar kisses, perhaps, though baby would have had a right to quarrel in that case.

Next morning he put his hand in his pocket, and found a parcel there which he had bought expressly for Maggie, though like an absent-minded man as he was, he had quite forgotten it the night before. It might have saved him a scolding, too, if he had only thought to present it as a peace-offering. But men are all blunderers, they have no tact, and (if I must say it downright) no sense! However, the parcel was just as acceptable to Maggie now as then; and very soon the brown paper covers were rent away, and some of the most beautiful embroidery—two exquisite collars, and the daintiest, sweetest little baby's-cap imaginable, was revealed.

"Oh, that is lovely!" exclaimed Maggie, with childish delight, pushing aside the collars, and holding up the baby's-cap. "My baby's curls will peer out so bewitchingly from this dainty cap," she continued; and then nothing would do but Jenny must bring the child there immediately to have the cap tried on. So Carry was brought, and the delicate texture of lace and French

embroidery was put on over the yellow curls—making the pretty child look very sweet, it must be confessed; though Dr. Emerson declared it was all nonsense, putting caps on children's heads, when it was a thousand times prettier, and as healthy again to leave them uncovered.

They were sitting at the breakfast-table, and the morning papers were scattered around. The doctor had been quietly reading while Maggie was indulging her raptures. Now he said,

"If you have admired that embroidery sufficiently, Maggie, I have something to read you." Maggie sent the embroidery away with Jenny and the baby, and pushing her cup away, she bent forward, listening to a sketch which he read from a newspaper. It was an anecdote of a Parisienne—*une pauve couturiere*—of her sufferings and strivings with hard and gnawing poverty, till she was finally called away in mercy from her life of weary, miserable labor; though her death was none of the easiest, for it was by starvation, simply starvation for want of the commonest food. The anecdote purported to be true, and indeed it bore the air of simple, honest truth, but it presented a miserable picture of the sufferings of that class of females in Paris. This one endeavored to procure subsistence for herself and her old mother by embroidering muslin, and carrying it to one of the great shops for sale. But the pittance which she received for her beautiful work failed to procure bread for her—while the shop-keeper obtained exorbitant prices from his customers for the embroidery. A mournful story of suffering and injustice it was, and Maggie's womanly sympathy was deeply excited. Her husband looked up from his paper and glanced at her as he concluded:

"Now, Maggie!" he exclaimed; and directly the "child-wife" hid her blushing and tearful face in her little hands—ashamed that he had seen her weeping. Maggie's sympathy was easily aroused, a sorrowful story readily excited her pity, and the poor and needy never left her door unrelieved. Yet with all this, Maggie's philanthropy was more theoretical than practical. She knew nothing of actual suffering; all her life she had been lapped in luxury, with every wish of her heart gratified. She had never seen real, griping, pinching poverty, suffering, and starvation by slow degrees—never looked upon woman's patient, uncomplaining, self-sacrificing toil, and labor wearing life away—never seen the mother disregarding her children's cry for food because she had not wherewithal to give them. No, no, in "poor men's houses" had Maggie seldom been found. Though never was the beggar's petition disregarded by her; though she freely subscribed to charitable institutions: yet she herself rarely, if ever, "visited the poor and fatherless in their

affliction," or devoted any time to seeking out worthy objects of charity. Thus while she gave unsparingly to those who asked, her gifts were most frequently undeserved, unneeded, and misapplied, while those who suffered in uncompaining misery were unrelieved. Moreover, Maggie had a sympathy for foreign objects, which was very useless and unavailing—ending where it began, in tears of pity.

I have said Maggie was a little ashamed of her ready tears, but she soon lifted up her face, now smiling and looking like sunshine through a rain-cloud; and commenced to talk of the poor seamstress, and wish that it had been in her power to relieve the poor girl, or that she might now aid some of the many sufferers who yet wore out life and strength in that great city. Maggie grew earnest and eloquent on the subject of French seamstresses; she could not sufficiently pity the poor *lingere*, sufficiently abhor the unjust *boutiquier*, and she was actually concocting a plan for the relief of others of the class who might be in his employ! Her husband smiled at her excitement, and said simply but significantly,

"Charity begins at home, Maggie."

"What do you mean? Who would have expected such a heartless common-place from you?" and then she sang softly—

"Let more than the domestic mill
Be turned by feeling's river;
Let charity begin at home,
But not stay there forever."

"Oh, you misunderstood me, you have not my meaning," said the doctor.

"Then what is it?" urged Maggie, and he was about to explain to her in his roundabout way—why cannot men remember that woman's perception is quick and intuitive, and speak to her without so much circumlocution?—when the door opened, and Jenny entered with a note for Dr. Emerson, saying that a boy on horseback was waiting in the street for him. He tore away the envelope and read a brief note, purporting that his presence was required at the residence of Isaac Scott, Esq., in the suburbs of the city, where a critical and difficult operation was to be performed; and it was desirable that he should make one of the physicians. So the good doctor ordered his horses, and prepared his case of surgical instruments; then he kissed his little wife and his little Carry, and hurried away.

"Oh, it is too bad!" exclaimed the spoiled child, with a petulant expression, flinging herself into the velvet depths of an easy-chair. "Just whenever I want him to talk to me, then some of these messengers of evil come and drag him away! I wish people would never be sick—I am never sick."

"That's a very charitable wish, Maggie, but one the doctors would not thank you for," said a voice at her elbow, and Maggie sprang up in bewildering surprise at the sound of a voice which she had thought to be many a mile away.

"Where did you spring from, Adelaide? When did you return? Who would have thought of seeing you this morning!" exclaimed Maggie, pouring out a shower of questions and exclamations, and eager welcomes upon the lady who stood before her—her cousin, nay, almost sister, Mrs. Maurice. They had grown up together under one roof as dear sisters and constant companions, and the union had remained unbroken until Adelaide's marriage, which took place two or three years before Maggie's. Then they were separated for two years, until Maggie became Mrs. Emerson, and removed to the city where Adelaide resided. Mrs. Maurice had been absent from the city, spending July at Capon Springs, and had returned but the day before.

"You have taken me so by surprise, Addy," said Maggie, as she led the way to her dressing-room. "And it is such a joyful surprise, too, to see you here when I thought you so far away. Oh, I am so glad you have come, for the doctor has gone away, and I had made up my mind to feel very lonely and forsaken; but now you are here you will stay with me all day, and we shall sit and talk together, and it will seem so like old times—won't it, Addy?—old times, 'when you and I were young!' What a pity we are growing old now!" she said, with a gay laugh.

Adelaide laughed too, and then as if in echo of their mirth there came a cheery, gleesome, baby chirrup from within the dressing-room; and when they entered, they saw the little Carry elevated in Jenny's arms to the glass of a dressing-bureau, with the new cap tied over the bright curls, its delicate lace border shading her sweet infantile features—and she laughing with infinite glee at the reflection of herself in the mirror.

"Just look at my baby!" exclaimed the young mother, snatching her child from its nurse, and half smothering it with rapturous kisses. "What a vain little puss! laughing at its own pretty face! Addy, don't you wish you had a little darling like this?" she said, turning to her cousin.

Mrs. Maurice sighed, and her eyes grew heavy with unshed tears; she was thinking how,

"Her life had yielded its dearest part
With the bud that perished upon her heart,"

and the sad tears welled up for "her baby boy, her beautiful dead." But with a selfish thoughtfulness she checked the feeling of sorrow; and crushed back the tears that Maggie's gaiety might not be clouded by her sadness. She took little Carry in her lap, and kissed her fondly;

then she noticed her new cap, and admired it very much, the embroidery was exquisite, she said, and the soft shading of lace peculiarly becoming to Carrie's delicate features. Then very naturally the conversation turned upon the story of the French seamstress which Maggie had heard that morning; and very much surprised was the little lady when her enthusiastic expressions of sympathy and indignation, and her visionary plans of philanthropy were interrupted by her cousin, with the very same common-place that Dr. Emerson had used on the same subject.

"Charity begins at home, Maggie."

"How provoking you are, and how strange that you and Dr. Emerson should say the same thing," said Maggie. "He made use of that trite proverb—of which, in the present instance, I cannot see the aptness. Do explain to me what you mean, for in my home there is no room for charity."

"I mean simply that it is very idle and useless to waste sympathy on foreign objects entirely out of your reach, instead of applying active sympathy and energy to the relief of the thousands of poor and suffering in your own country, your own city, at your very door almost. I mean that the charity which you wish to send to the French seamstress, would be better bestowed upon her sister of America, whose only song is the song of the shirt."

"Certainly, Adelaide, if there were such persons in America; but you do not really believe that in our happy country, the land of the free, the asylum for Europe's starving emigrants, that women die of want and starvation, or linger out lives of wretchedness over the needle. You cannot believe it."

"I can, and do believe it, more than that, I know it, Maggie. No, you need not look so obstinately incredulous—you know nothing at all about the matter, but I do. I have stood among scenes that made my heart sick and faint at the sight of so much wretchedness—and in particular among the seamstresses of this city has my inclination prompted me to go. I have seen young girls—so pale, so shadowy, so consumptive! bending over the needle, straining the enfeebled eyesight in dark, cheerless dens where it was almost impossible for a ray of sunlight, or a breath of sweet air to steal in—I have seen young mothers, not older than you or I, Maggie, and with children so unlike your little one, starving gradually because even work was denied them—and others, who though not in the lowest depths of poverty, were saved from it only by a deeper degradation, a darker disgrace than ever poverty alone could bring upon them!"

Maggie shuddered with a sickening sensation: "Oh, it is horrible, Adelaide! so dreadful it is

hard to believe even you. Indeed, I think you must be mistaken yourself," she said.

"Not at all," was the quiet answer. "I could show you in the space of an hour twenty illustrations of my remarks."

"I challenge you to a proof of your ability," cried the gay Maggie, springing up from her chair. "Come prepare! you shall show me some of your imaginary illustrations immediately."

"With much pleasure," said Mrs. Maurice; and she too arose, and commenced to put on her bonnet and scarf in preparation for the walk.

"But you are not in earnest, Adelaide—I was only jesting," said Maggie, in surprise.

"Entirely in earnest—I wish you to go with me, Maggie, to convince you of the truth of my words. And I feel in the humor of teaching you a practical lesson in charity, my little cousin. Your charity is too much a thing of theory, your sympathy is too passive, Maggie."

Maggie's face flushed with something of indignation, and she exclaimed reproachfully,

"That is very unkind of you, Adelaide, I did not expect such an insinuation from you."

Mrs. Maurice put her arm caressingly about her cousin, saying, "do not be angry, *ma chere*—you did not quite understand me, but I think you will before we return. Get your bonnet now, and let us go; we have yet several hours before dinner, and can be back in time to dress, and to meet your good husband."

"Then if we are to stay so long I must take my baby," Maggie replied, her good humor quite restored. "Jenny can draw her in her little carriage. Dress her for a ride, Jenny."

So the little one was dressed in her hat and cloak, and took her seat like a little queen among the crimson silk cushions of her little carriage; and Maggie and Mrs. Maurice walked before. Leaving the fashionable street in which Maggie's home was, and avoiding the crowded thoroughfares of the city, Mrs. Maurice led the way through shabby, dirty-looking streets crowded with mean-looking houses. She seemed to be perfectly acquainted with the locality, and drew Maggie on farther and farther into back streets and lanes each meaner than the other, until the little lady's delicate sensibilities were thoroughly disgusted. She regretted having come herself, and regretted that she had brought Carry with her—"for who knows," she said, "what disease my baby might contract from breathing this pestilential air?" But Adelaide walked on still further down the narrow, dirty street, surrounded with fumes by no means pleasant to nerves olfactory, and upon a *pave* so broken and filthy that one had to look narrowly to find a foothold for French gaiters. Ragged, dirty little children crawled about the doors, or gathered with curious inquisitive eyes

about the little carriage and its occupant, wondering much at both. Maggie sickened with disgust as she looked at the poor little things: "Suppose my baby should ever be like one of these! God in mercy let me die first!" she said, inwardly.

By-and-bye Mrs. Maurice approached the door of a little low house at the end of the street; she told Jenny to remain outside with the baby, then she entered the house without knocking. A door on the left side of the passage was slightlyajar, and within the room a low, sobbing sound was heard like a child crying. Adelaide tapped at the door, and waited a minute, but no one came; then she pushed it open and entered without further ceremony. The room was miserably furnished, the bare necessities of life were wanting—that Maggie saw at a glance, though her eyes were immediately riveted upon another object. In the centre of the small room was a child's coffin upon tressels: of no costly wood was the poor little receptacle formed, no silken cushion pillow'd the head of the dead infant, no delicate shroud wrapt its attenuated form. Yet it had been a pretty child, and even now, upon its white and wasted features lingered an expression of infantile loveliness, mingled with look of patient suffering that was indescribably touching. Maggie looked a moment at the dead child, and turned away with an irrepressible gush of tears. She was affected beyond expression. In a corner of the room was another child, crouching by its mother's side, and wailing sadly to itself. The woman sat with her apron thrown over her head, and wept bitterly. One hand still grasped a half made shirt of delicately fine linen—as though she had little time to spare from her toil even for the indulgence of natural sorrow. She took no notice of her visitors until Adelaide came near and spoke to her. Then she started up, exclaiming with a burst of grief,

"Oh, Mrs. Maurice, you have come at last, but my baby is gone! Oh, my darling, my poor little baby!" She wept bitterly with all the intensity of a mother's sorrow, and Mrs. Maurice with delicate feeling suffered her to weep undisturbed, while she tried to soothe the little girl by her side with gentle words and caresses.

"When did your baby die, Mrs. Hantly?" she asked, when the mother grew more composed.

"Last night," the mother replied, with a trembling voice. "And the man that brought the coffin has but just gone away. They will put her in the ground this evening; and God forgive me! I wish this one and myself were both to lie down with her."

"I am sorry to hear you say so," Adelaide replied, much affected. "Do not despair, but trust in Him who has so kindly encouraged us to

call upon Him in our time of need. Be assured that 'He will not leave you comfortless'—that beyond this dark cloud the sunshine of His love is waiting to be shed upon you."

"Ah, it is easy for you to tell me to hope and trust," exclaimed the poor mother, sorrowfully. "But here I am with one child dead, and the other starving. I have nothing for her, I work my fingers to the bone, but the pitiful pay for such work as this"—and she glanced with ineffable scorn upon the linen shirt—"will not keep us alive. My little one starved for want of the mother's milk—want and care and work has dried it all up!" and the poor woman wept again.

Maggie's tears flowed simultaneously. "Do let us go!" she whispered, convulsively, to her cousin.

"Will you let your little girl go with me for a short distance up the street?" asked Adelaide. "Will you go with me, Sophie, to get some rolls for your mother?"

The child turned to her mother with an eager look; she received a sign of permission, and she left the house gladly with the two ladies. At the corner of the street was a baker's shop, they entered it, and Mrs. Maurice caused a basket as large as Sophie could carry to be filled with rolls of bread. As they left the little shop, Maggie took a half eagle from her purse, and bending over the basket, she made an incision with her pocket pen-knife in the topmost loaf, and slid the piece of gold in. The basket was delivered to Sophie, and she was told to hasten home; while Maggie smiled inwardly as she thought of the poor woman's joyful surprise when she found the money in that place.

"This way, Maggie," said Mrs. Maurice, taking her cousin's hand as she turned around the corner. "In that one house, the central one of the row, four seamstresses live. I have been there more than once, and two of the four are now at work for me. In one of them particularly I think you will be interested, Maggie. She is a young and pretty girl."

They approached the front door which lay open, and several children were playing about it. Mrs. Maurice spoke to one of them, and asked where its mother was: "up stairs," was the answer, and then the ladies went up a flight of crazy old stairs without balustrades to a room on the second floor. Adelaide's knock was answered by a woman very tall and spare in figure, with a thin, sharp face, and very poverty-stricken dress. Her face brightened with a glad smile when she saw Mrs. Maurice, and she welcomed the ladies into her poor apartment with humble courtesy. Maggie looked around her wonderingly—poverty, want, and care seemed written everywhere.

Two half grown girls were sitting by the

window, binding hats, and a little child on the floor was knitting a baby's sock. The bed was in the corner—a simple pallet covered with very old bed-clothes; and some one lay asleep upon it. Adelaide crossed the room to look at the sleeper; bending over the pallet she lifted a thin wasted hand from the cover, and the slight motion awoke the sick boy. Opening his large, melancholy eyes, he fixed them full upon the lady, and when he recognized her they seemed to brighten with joy, and a faint flush as of pleasure stained his wan cheek. She spoke softly to him, and he whispered with an effort—

"I am so glad you have come, mother has been wanting you so much, and I am so sick."

"How long have you been so sick, Harry?"

"I don't know—a long time," answered the boy.

"And have you had no medicine, no doctor?"

"No, ma'am," came from the half closed lips of the boy, and an expression of pain contracted his brow.

"We are not able to have a doctor," said the mother, with a sigh. "Harry must do without one."

"But no, he must not!" exclaimed Maggie, impulsively. "My husband is a doctor, and he shall come to see your son to-morrow. I promise you that he shall indeed."

Eager words of thanks sprang to the mother's lips; and the girls by the window looked up with a smile of pleasure. After giving the woman some directions about work on which she was engaged, and paying her liberally for some already completed, Mrs. Maurice left the room, and crossing a narrow passage, knocked at the door of another apartment. A child came to open it—a squalid, pinched, wretched-looking creature, who stared in extreme astonishment at the two ladies, but uttered not a word. No one else was in the room, except indeed, a dirty little baby.

"Where is your mother?" asked Adelaide.

"I don't know—gone away somewhere," was the sullen answer.

Other questions were asked her, but she was stupid and sullen, and refused to answer, and Adelaide went down stairs again. "Her mother is a drunken and degraded woman, and she knows no father. They are in a state of miserable poverty," explained Mrs. Maurice to Maggie. "The mother knows me, because I have assisted her several times, and I rather think the girl does too, but she is sullen and stupid. The mother works for a tailor, and might command good prices if she were not so idle and drunken."

Reaching again the ground floor of the house, Adelaide tapped for admission at the door of a room next to the street. A remarkably sweet

voice said, "come in," and when they entered, a young girl, certainly not more than seventeen years of age, rose up and welcomed them with a grace of manner above her position. Maggie looked at her with interest: her figure was very slight and graceful, her face was wan and pale; certainly, from constant confinement and toil, but the features were small and delicate, the soft blue eyes full of loveliness, and her temples shaded by bands of beautiful hair. Her dress was delicately neat if it *was* poor, and the room bore an air of refinement rarely discovered in such habitations. Every article of furniture was poor, everything faded and well-worn, but so well kept. Not a speck of dust upon chair or table, or mantel, not a soil upon the simple, snow-white curtain, whose scanty folds protected the inmates from the rude gaze of street idlers. Upon the little table by her side lay her work just laid aside—a beautifully embroidered infant's cap about half completed. On the same table sat a glass of flowers, a few roses mingled with clusters of mignonette, placed where the sunlight could fall upon them—and such a beauty, such a radiance those simple flowers shed through the humble apartment. Nothing else could have so fully attested the innate refinement and purity of that young girl's mind, as the act of purchasing those few flowers to make glad and beautiful her desolate home. Several books lay there too, and when Maggie took them in careless curiosity, she was surprised to find with a few religious tracts, a Bible, a prayer-book, and volumes of poems by Hemans and Sigourney.

The young girl—Mrs. Maurice called her Annie—greeted her visitors with graceful politeness, and Mrs. Maurice, who was well known to her, with grateful and affectionate reverence. There was something very beautiful in her timid, shrinking attitude, and her lowly humility, not unmingled with certain native dignity, as she placed the best chairs for her guests, and seated herself upon a low stool at a little distance from them. Taking up her work again, she apologized to Mrs. Maurice for it, saying that the lady for whom she was working wished to have the cap to-morrow, and it was as yet but half finished. Maggie admired the beautiful embroidery, and she could not but admire and wonder at the remarkably delicate hand which plied the shining needle so swiftly. So very small and fair was that hand, and so slight and tapering the fingers, that many a lady of fashion might well have envied it. But she in her lowliness seemed all unconscious of possessing any beauty or grace.

Presently Maggie heard the clear, chirruping laugh of her baby, and a moment after the nurse appeared at the door with little Carry in her arms. Maggie took her, and removing the warm

hat and cloak, left her little head uncovered except for the cap Dr. Emerson had bought.

"Lend me your work a moment, Annie," said Mrs. Maurice, to the young seamstress; and then comparing the unfinished cap with the one on Carry's head, she declared them to be exactly alike.

"It is strange," she said, "for Carry's cap is of Parisian manufacture. How very delicately you imitate the French embroidery! I would like to have the skill of your little fingers, Annie."

The girl blushed warmly at this praise, and she smiled with irrepressible mirth as she examined the baby's cap. The smile passed away, and the girl said calmly, "more than one lady has been deceived in the purchase of *so called* Parisian work. That little cap was the work of American hands, framed and fashioned by the same fingers which are fashioning this"—and she bent over her work again.

Adelaide and Maggie exchanged quick glances of admiration and surprise; and Maggie determined to make a *protegee* of this American seamstress, who was every way so worthy, instead of exhausting her sympathies in favor of the Parisienne. She had fancied in her little romantic heart, that perhaps Carry's cap and her collars had been the work of the poor French girl whose story had affected her so much, and the little romance pleased her, but after all she was better pleased with the affair as it was. That delicate young girl thus exposed to rude poverty and scorn, yet toiling so patiently and cheerfully through all, was a romance in herself; and Maggie was, as Mrs. Maurice had expected she would be, deeply interested in her. They sat talking with her for a long time, so kindly and sympathizingly that they won her to unfold the simple history of her young life—to tell of the many trials, and the abject poverty, and the rude scorn that had been her portion since she was thrown an orphan child upon the cold charity of the world; of her struggles and strivings, and bitter sufferings, until finally she became able to earn a subsistence, and of her thankfulness to God for allowing her a home and protector now when so many poor girls were so very desolate. There was a simple eloquence and pathos in the girl's language that more than once caused sudden tears to spring to Maggie's eyes; and her cheek burned as hotly with indignation as Annie's with shame, when the girl told of the temptation to which she had been exposed, and the insult and persecution she had endured from those around her so steeped in vice and iniquity, because she would not become as vile as they. A fearful ordeal for one so young and delicate! and a marvelous wonder that she continued innocent and pure through all.

They spent more than an hour in talking with Annie, and did not leave until her fellow lodger, a matronly-looking woman who shared her room with her, and acted the part of counsellor and protector to the motherless girl, came in at one o'clock for her dinner. Poor Annie felt from the warm clasp of Maggie's hand, and the look of interest and esteem in her eye, that she had gained a new friend; and a new hope and gladness was upspringing in her breast as she watched them depart.

"We have left the most respectable lodging-house in the neighborhood, Maggie," said Mrs. Maurice, as they trod the dusty pave once more. "Upon this very street, in houses not twenty yards from us, I have stood among frightful scenes, scenes to fill one with horror and disgust—among women, the very touch of whose garments you would consider pollution. But oh, Maggie, you have to-day learned something—a very little, but still something of what a poor and defenceless girl has to pass through in great cities like this—and all have not the true courage and the moral rectitude and refinement of Annie Gordon."

"Let us go home," said Maggie, sadly. "I cannot go any farther to-day."

And so they went:—but it was not the last time by many that Maggie penetrated through those close and crowded alleys, those narrow, dirty streets. She had learned a lesson of infinite importance, she had received a new interest, a new aim, a new purpose, and now she tore away the

veil of selfishness which had been gathering around her heart, making her careless and neglectful to others, because so happy in her own domestic relations, and learned to remember "the poor and needy." She could not now rest contented in her own luxurious home without a thought of those who were starving at her very door; and remembering only that "God loveth a cheerful giver," she went with a gentle heart and a single, earnest desire to do good among the habitations of the desolate; among the hiding-places of want and wretchedness, yielding aid and comfort everywhere, and oft-times reclaiming by her gentle and earnest counsel and direction, many a poor wanderer from the wide path of sin back to peace and virtue. Oh, there were many to "rise up and call her blessed"—many to whom the sight of her young and beautiful face brought a thrill of marvelous joy—many to whose weary hearts her gentle words came like refreshing dew.

Let none think the love and gratitude of a fellow creature, however humble, a worthless thing—God will bend from His high throne to hear the "prayers of the poor" as readily as those of the highest in the land. And oh, if you would win "the blessing of Him that was ready to perish," with a willing heart and a free hand pour forth abundance of the plenty which God has given you, remembering that for all these things you shall have your reward. And be assured that you will learn even upon this earth the truth of God's encouraging assurance—

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

LINES ON SEEING A LIKENESS OF MRS. ELLIS.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

I HAVE not known thee, but my heart
Beats warmly at thy name;
I feel that thou deservest all
Awarded thee by fame.

I've look'd into thy dove-like eyes,
And o'er me there hath come
A longing wish to ask thee of
Thy childhood and thy home.

It may be fancy, but I think
They childhood hours were pass'd,
Where scenes of fairy beauty made
Each lovelier than the last.

And there, perhaps, thy girlish voice
Rang through Arcadian bowers,
While round the flow'rs of varied hue
Fell in luxuriant showers.

Where 'midst some tall and stately trees,
Thou dream'd of hope and love,
And wonder'd if the things of earth
Could perishable prove.

Methinks there came a change, and yet
I cannot tell divine,
I cannot read it in the eye
That looketh into mine;

So mournful in its loveliness,
So earnest in its gaze,
As though thou carest not to have
Man's censure or his praise.

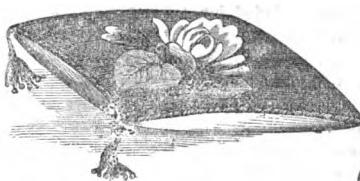
A blessing warm and pure be thine
From each true woman's heart,
Thou councilest them with loving words
To choose the better part.

OUR WORK TABLE. CUSHION AND HAND SCREEN.

BY MLLÉ. DEFOUR.

No. 1.

No. 2.



No. 3.



CUSHION.—The cushion, number 1, is worked on canvass, and is about a quarter of a yard square. The flower is white, shaded with stone color, and the outer petals are blue. The largest leaf is worked with olive green, in four shades. The other two leaves, which are partially hidden by the flower, are worked in shades of common green.

HAND SCREEN.—Numbers 2 and 3 represent the opposite sides of a very beautiful hand-screen, which is worked on canvass, in the new raised cross-stitch. The canvass must be placed in a frame, and worked the same as common cross-stitch, with this exception, that the cross-stitch on the right side must be left loose, about half an inch from the canvass, then cross it on the wrong side, which completes the stitch. It must be worked with double wool, and, when finished, cut according to taste. Finish the screen with a flexible handle and tassel.

THE TULIP AND THE LILY.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

In a garden fair a tulip grew,
And flaunted in crimson pride,
And haughty glances around she threw
On the flowers that grew beside.

She scorned them all; but most she chid
A lily of the vale,
That deep in her leafy nunnery hid
Her face so pure and pale.

The lily meekly bore her taunts,
Nor dared to make reply,
But breathed her grief to the humbler plants,
In a soft and odorous sigh.

Then through the garden walks there roved,
In search of a floweret fair,
The flower of flowers I long have loved—
A maiden debonair.

Of the tulip proud she little thought,
Though in gorgeous beauty dressed,
And only the fragrant lily sought,
To grace her own sweet breast.

Oh, may my lot like the lily's be!—
May the maiden silent shun
The flaunting and proud, and seek but me
As her loved and her chosen one!

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 255.

My mother paused—she had talked herself out of breath—but her eyes, her mouth, the very position of her person were eloquent still. She had spoken rapidly and in broken sentences; her language was graphic, and more like an inspiration than I can give it in cold English; her very ignorance gave picturesque effect to her fancies. I have done her injustice, because my set phrases have tamed her vigorous wildness with conventionalisms. The pictures that she placed before the wondering Englishman in her own wild fashion were vivid as a star.

She was silent awhile, and he could see the bright inspiration fading from her features; her eyes drooped, the shy reserve, half shame, half exhaustion which follows the inspired moments of genius, crept over her. She dared not turn her eyes upon the young man, he was so still, and she thought that he must be smiling derisively—strange sensitiveness for one of her class—but genius is of no class.

"Ah, if these dreams did not fade so soon," she said, at last, in a timid voice, as if apologizing for her late abandonment, "but they last scarcely longer than the sunset which brings them. Do these sweet thoughts ever haunt you?" she continued, still with downcast eyes.

"They have!—yes, they have!" replied the young man, in a voice so stirred with feeling that the gipsy started, and the blood left her cheeks.

"And did they die thus?" she questioned.

"Briefer, shorter—my dreams—but why talk of them? We are in Spain, alone—here in the Alhambra—the Alhambra! the very realm of fancies! Why talk of dreams that I may have had in other times, other lands? Indulge in yours, poor child, this is the place, the time, oh, if you could only dream on forever: I have lost the power!"

"Dream on forever!" cried the gipsy girl, lifting her eyes and her voice. "What, here, and with that in view?—my dreams here! my life there!—here all is life, grace, beauty, love! There, burrowed in the earth, stifled, struggling, fierce, the miserable *Gitanilla*—there is no waking from that!"

Her little form was drawn to its height; she { doubt. It seemed as if with a single wave of the

pointed with one hand toward the gloomy *Borranco*, and with the other dashed away the tears that sprang, like great diamonds, to her eyes; then flinging both hands into the air, she sunk upon the floor, buried her face in the crimson folds of her says, and broke into a passion of sobs.

The young man looked down upon her, almost calmly, quite in silence. Those who have suffered much naturally shrink from any exhibition of strong passions; besides it was the first evidence of the fierce spirit of her race that he had witnessed. This new phase in her character astonished and repulsed him, it was the first time that she had seemed to him absolutely a *Gitana*. So as she wept out her bitter passion, he stood over her, if not irritated, at least painfully thoughtful.

"Aurora," he said, at last, stooping toward her with gentle coldness, "get up; cease weeping thus. It annoys me; I do not love you so well!"

She started up, choked back the sobs that were swelling in her throat, and stood before him with downcast eyes like a culprit.

This self-power, the gentle submission that followed reassured her lover. He smiled cordially again, took her hand, and drew her gently from the colonnade—moving downward partially in darkness—till they reached the Court of Lions.

The *Gitanilla* and her companion entered the Court of Lions through one of those incomparable pavillions that enrich each end of that marvelous spot. No dream could be more heavenly than the beauty that surrounded them; the gorgeousness (that time and siege had swept away) was more than replaced by the luminous grace shed over what remained by the moonlight.

On either hand stood a line of shaft-like columns, delicate beyond all our ideas of usefulness, yet with a superb flagstone peristyle resting lightly as so much snow upon their exquisite capitals. These capitals, so full of varied art, each fragment of marble a marvel of itself—each faded leaf the richest fancy of an artist. The arches rising between these graceful pillows were half choked up with shadows, leaving all the gorgeous apartments to which they led in misty

hand you might sweep away those curtain like shadows—with a step enter those saloons, and find the moon sleeping upon their silken cushions.

It chanced that the Englishman had never visited the Court of Lions before when the moon was at its full. He stood within the portico, spell-bound, those noble masses of filagree work rising up from the supporting pillars like ocean foam frozen into shapes of beauty. The pavement glittering with azulejos broad golden tints, rich blue and red prevailing. The noble fountain of lions filling the air with diamond flashes, rushing in floods of crystal over its broad alabaster basin, which gleamed through the falling torrent like a solid mass of ice raining itself away, but never diminishing—how those shining water-drops idealized the twelve marble lions, upon whose backs the alabaster basin rested, flooding them with sheets of crystal, wreathing their huge legs with pearly froth, sending a shower of bubbles into their scaly manes, eddying, leaping, whirling around them, a fantastic storm of light, through which no deformity could be discovered. Nothing but the rush of these falling waters could be heard in the Alhamra—everything else was still as death, and oh, it was such happiness to breathe in this wilderness of beauty. After all there is such a thing as being intoxicated with mere physical harmony. In a scene like that which my parents gazed upon, I once crept away alone and cried like a child. With me great joy always rains itself away in tears. To my fancy, no person ever experienced perfect happiness who has not felt the blissful dew leave his heart in tear drops.

But to know this, the bitter feelings of our nature must not have been recently disturbed. Neither the Gitonilla nor her lover were sufficiently tranquil for a thorough appreciation of the scene, their thoughts were too much occupied with each other. Still it was impossible to look upon this wonderful scene, and not yield themselves up to it for a time, and this had a softening influence upon him; she, poor thing, required nothing to subdue her, for there is not a being on earth so gentle as a high-spirited woman when her strong passion is once surrendered—I will not say subdued to the influence of the man she loves.

There had been no absolute disagreement between Aurora and her lover; yet with that keen intuition which belongs to love, and which becomes almost superhuman when love blends with genius in a woman's heart. She felt that he was disturbed; that she had done something to arouse painful thoughts, if not against herself, yet which led him, for the time, away from her. She did not weep, he had told her that grief annoyed him; but in the shadow of that beautiful portico

her little heart might heave, unnoticed, beneath its velvet bodice, and, spite of herself, tears would swell up into her great, mournful eyes.

"You seem weary, little one," he said, at length, taking heed of her drooping attitude. "Let us find a place to sit down! I also begin to feel tired; we have been wondering around the ruins these three hours!"

He moved on, and she kept by his side, with her face averted that he might not see her tears. They crossed an angle of the court, and entering one of the arches, passed through an open door into the *Sala de los Abencerrajes*. The marble basin of a fountain, now dry, occupied the centre of this room, and upon its rounded edge the two seated themselves.

Here the moonbeams came more faintly, penetrating the open work cloister, and thronging fantastic shadows on the pavement; beautiful stalactites hung over them, peering downward, as were, from bed of shadows. Portions of the walls were dim, the rest gleamed out, with all their delicate tracery revealed, like luminous frost-work such as you, of a colder climate, find upon your window-panes when the mornings are unusually cold.

They had been sitting there some minutes—yet I do not think they had spoken. His arm was around her, and it is impossible that he should not have felt the swelling of her heart, for, as I have said, it was flooded with a tender grief brought on by—that hard, hard thing to bear—the first reproof from beloved lips. He was a man of strong feelings, but not one to utter those feelings much in words. A degree of proud reserve followed him even in his moments of deepest tenderness. No man ever guessed half that was going on in his heart, and, what is stranger still, no woman ever knew the whole. There might have been something of pride in his sensations when he saw the entire control that he had gained over that poor, wild heart. For what human being is above pride in that conquest which sweeps the entire life of another into his bosom? But he was touched also with a feeling of sadness, of regret for having moodily reproved her for what was, after all, the spirit of her race. Still he did not speak these regrets, but drew her closer to him, and taking her little brown hand in his, pressed it to his lips.

He felt her heart-leap against his arm, but she only crept a little closer to him, trembling all over, and smiling through her tears.

"And do you indeed love me so much?" he said, with a tone of sadness in his voice, for he was asking himself where must all this end, and the answer that presented itself made his better nature recoil.

She drew his hand toward her, and pressed

her lips upon the palm. There was something peculiar and child like in this act. With all her unreserve, it was the only outward proof that she had ever given him of the passion that was transfiguring her whole nature.

While her lips were still upon his palm, he felt her start, listen, and shudder all over. Then clinging to his arm with one hand, she turned her head and looked backward over her shoulder. It was in this chamber that the Abencerrages were supposed to have been beheaded, and a deep, broad stain, which, tradition marks out as their blood, discolors half the marble fountain on which the lovers sat. Feeling her shudder, and remarking that her head was turned that way, he supposed that it must be this blood shadow which suddenly occupied her thought. "Nay, how childish," he was beginning to say; but she broke from his arm, rushed by the fountain, and seizing hold of a slender pillar at the opening of an alcove, laying all in shadow, as if stricken by some sudden fear, stood peering into the recess, still supporting herself by the column.

He arose and was going toward her, when a little object, scarcely larger than a child of ten years old, and so thin that it seemed but the shadow of something else, passed slowly by him. He would not have believed it human, but for the snake-like glitter of two eyes that gleamed upon him, and gave vitality to the shadow as it passed.

Aurora still clung to the pillar, waving to and fro as if she must have fallen but for that support. She turned her face to his as he came up, but the pallor that lay upon it, the fear that quivered over limb and feature, had utterly changed her. He would not have known the face again.

"Aurora, what is this? What terrible thing has happened?" he exclaimed, reaching forth his arm to support her. But she shrank away, shuddering, and still clinging to the pillar; she writhed herself behind it, whispering hoarsely,

"It is my grandmother; she has heard us!"

The Englishman was enough effected by this to hasten into the court, and satisfy himself that the person who had passed him was indeed Aurora's grandmother. He saw her gliding away through the shadowy side of the cloisters, and it seemed to him that muttered wrath and shrill curses were blended with the silvery rush of the fountain.

The sound struck him with strange terror. Still ignorant of the exact danger that might threaten him or the poor Gitanilla, he could not account for the cold thrill that passed through him as the curses pursued to his ear through the sweet fall of those waters.

He went back into the *Sala de los Abencerrajes*,

and found my mother crouching down by the marble basin, with her wild eyes turned toward the entrance.

"Was it she? Did she speak?" whispered the poor child, rising with difficulty and moving toward him.

The young man was shocked by this wild terror, so disproportionate, as he thought, to the cause. He took both her hands in his and shook them gently, hoping thus to arouse her from the trance of fear that seemed to have benumbed the very life in her veins.

"Sit down by me, Aurora—sit down, child, here in your old place, and tell me what all this means."

He spoke with gentle authority, and without a shadow of the terror that shook every limb of her body. The sound of his clear, bold voice seemed to reassure her. She came toward him with timid hesitation, and allowed him to place her by his side.

"Now tell me, child, what troubles you thus? If that vicious shadow was indeed your grandmother; she has gone away quietly enough, no harm has come of it."

"You little know," said the Gitanilla, still keeping her eyes upon the entrance—"you little know our people or her."

"But what is there for me to learn? Tell me what this fear means?"

"It means," answered the poor thing, locking her hands hard, and pressing them down upon her trembling knees—"it means that they will poison me."

"Poison you! this is the madness of fear," exclaimed the young man, impatiently.

"Or perhaps stone me to death in some dark hollow of the mountains; the whole tribe hunting down one poor creature for her love of the Busne, Chaleco among the first."

"Aurora, are you mad? Has this miserable little witch crazed you?"

"You will not believe me—you have not seen the poison drew scattered into the wholesome food which an enemy is to eat—or a poor girl strangled in her bed, and buried in some rude pass of the mountains, on the very day when she was to have danced at her own wedding festival."

"But this is murder!" cried the young man. "The laws of Spain will not permit men to kill their females in cold blood."

"Our laws are older than those of Spain," answered the Gitanilla, with a certain degree of pride in her tone, as if she gloried in the antiquity of the very custom that was to crush her. "Our laws are older and better kept than those of the Busne; traditions do not run so far back as their origin. They are better regarded too, for he who breaks them dies!"

"But what have you done—innocent child—that these laws, however strengthened by antiquity, should fall on you?"

"I love you, a Busne—one of the race we hold accursed—our enemies—our oppressors—I am alone with you, and have been for hours, here in these vast ruins, but that is nothing; that they approve so long as it brings gold—but I love you! I have said it in words, in my looks, every way in which love can speak when it burdens the heart with its sweet joy. She, my wierd grand-dame has seen this. Did I not feel that she was close by in the ambassador's hall?"

"But they dare not kill you for that—for the innocent affection which you could not help—affection that has dreamed of no wrong."

"She has seen us here sitting together; she has heard me, heard you. They will believe me an outcast of the tribe, and kill me as they would a viper!"

The young man arose, walked out into the court, and began to pace up and down the glittering pavement, hurriedly, as one seeks rapid motion when some great mental or moral struggle is going on in the mind. Gradually his steps became more rapid; his brow flushed, and with an impetuous movement of one hand, as if thus dashing aside all further consideration of a harrassing subject, he sought the Gitanilla again.

"Aurora," he said, in a hurried manner, "you shall never go back into that nest of fiends—look up, child—you are mine now. They shall not touch a hair of your head, or even look upon your face again! Come, what have you to fear? I am powerful—I am rich, and I love you. I struggle against it no longer—it is a duty now, I love you! Go with me to my own country—I cannot give you this sky or these fairy ruins, but you shall be surrounded with beautiful things nevertheless. You shall study, learn; forget that miserable ravine burrowed with human fox holes and swarming with murderers. Come, Aurora, look up, I long to see that cold, dead color swept away. Smile, smile my bird, we will not part again."

When a nation has but one virtue, how powerful that one must be. There is much good in every human heart that God has created, and when all that good pours itself into a single channel, it has a power and vitality which men of more diffuse cultivation little dream of.

Aurora knew nothing of her lover's rank, of his wealth, or the thousand barriers that lay between his condition and hers. She was aware that sometimes, when a Gitana becomes wealthy—a rare case—he had been known to wed a Busne wife, but that such unions invariably made the Gitana an object of suspicion and dislike to his own people. If this privilege were permitted

to the women, it might be—she could not tell, no case had ever come beneath her observation—extended to the females also. But then a betrothed female like herself—the promised wife of a count—how was this to be hoped? All these thoughts, full of doubt and trouble, came upon my poor mother while the Englishman stood impatiently—for his restrained manner had entirely disappeared—waiting her reply.

"They would not let me go, I am betrothed. No one of our females have ever married with the Busne," she said, at last, in a voice that betrayed the utter despondency that possessed her.

The young man started, and a flush swept over his forehead. At first he found it difficult to speak. How very, very hard it is for a man whose impulses are all honorable, to express a wrong wish in words! But after a brief struggle he became cold and grave—she must understand his full meaning. He would not deceive—would not even persuade her. If she went with him it must be with a full knowledge of her position, of the impossibility that any marriage could ever exist between them.

Some men would have glossed this over, covered it with transcendental poetry, smothered the sin with rose-leaves, he did nothing of this; knowing the wrong, he would neither conceal this conviction from himself or her. Therefore it was that, with a cold, almost severe conciseness, he explained himself. True, there was little merit in this; it was rather a peace offering to his own pride than a homage to truth. From all that he had heard of the gypsies, he did not believe that anything he was saying could make much difference to the Gitanilla. But it was due to himself, and so he spoke plainly.

She understood him at last. It was with great difficulty, for the idea entered her mind as a proposition of murder would have done. It dawned upon her by degrees, arousing and kindling the wild Gitana blood in her veins with every new thought. She heard him through, not without attempting to speak, but the effort seemed strangling her. He saw that she writhed, faintly, once or twice, but heeded it not and went on.

At length she sprang up, her cheeks in a dusky blaze; her eyes full of lightning; her little tawny hand was clenched like a vice, and, stamping her foot upon the pavement, she struggled for voice. It broke out at last, loud and ringing, like the cry of an angry bird.

"I am a Gitana—a Gitana. Did you take me for a Busne?"

Before he could answer, or had half recovered from the surprise into which this storm of passion threw him, she had gone. He saw her dart into the cloister, and caught one glimpse of a shadow that seemed to leap across the court, but

even that had disappeared before he could reach the broad moonlight.

He stood in the Court of Lions—absolutely bewildered by the suddenness of what had happened—as he listened the sound of a footstep, heavier than the one he sought, but of this he did not think at the time, reached him from the lower end of the court. He moved hurriedly in that direction, and just as he reached the azulejos pillars that still retain their first beauty in that portion of the ruin, a man came toward him, not boldly, but still keeping behind the pillars with a sort of cowardly ferocity, like one who was seeking an opportunity of striking in the dark.

The Englishman paused, there was something in the appearance of this man, closely as he kept to the shadows, which reminded him of an unpleasant adventure that he had met on his route to Grenada. The idea was enough, he darted forward and stood face to face with the leader of a prowling band of gipsies who had robbed him, not two months before, on his way from Seville.

The gipsey seemed to recognize him also. At first he slunk away as if with a hope of concealment, but a slight jingle of the numerous silver tags on his jacket, and a stealthy movement of the right arm downward, while his eyes followed the Englishman like a basilisk, were significant of some more vicious object.

Slowly, and as a weary man might change his position, the gipsey drew up his figure, and a gleam of moonlight shooting through the network of an arch close by, fell upon the blade of a Manchegan knife which he held with a backward thrust of the arm, slowly raising the point to a level with the heart he wished to reach.

Few strangers are mad enough to go unarmed in Spain. The Englishman was bold as a lion too, but with all this he could not have drawn the pistol from his bosom before that knife had done its work. Still he made the effort, keeping his eyes steadily on the man, and with something of the effect which such looks have upon fierce animals. But the point of that murderous blade rose higher and higher, in another instant it would have been sped; but on that instant a sharp clutch was laid on the assassin's arm, and the gipsey Sibyl thrust herself between the combatants.

"Back, Chaleco—begone, I say—how dare you step in between me and my right. Think you Papita wants your knife to help her?" cried the fierce old witch, grinding her sharp teeth together at each pause of her speech.

"But the wrong is mine," answered Chaleco, fiercely. "Aurora was my betrothed: let her die

—let her die; but he, I will send him before!"

He struggled with the old woman who had

clutched the knife with her tawny fingers and clung to him, hissing her wrath into his face like a wild cat.

"Die! who says Aurora shall die? Is she not mine, the grand-daughter of a count? Who shall condemn her but myself? When I have said she is guilty then you may talk of wrong, not before. Go home—how dare you follow my grand-daughter when she goes about her work!"

But the gipsey shook her off, wrenching the knife from her clutch with a violence that flung her to the ground.

She started fiercely up. The red turban had fallen from her grey hairs, and they streamed around her like a torn banner that has once been white. Her eyes gleamed and flashed with lurid fire; she flung up her long, sail-like arms, and shrieked forth curses that seemed absolutely to blast the sweet air around her like a simoon. She spoke in Romanny, but the curses that came scathing from her heart were more horrible to the Englishman than if he had understood the words. They cowed even the gipsey chief; he gave up his knife abjectly, and casting a fierce, sullen look on the Englishman, slunk away.

This sullen submission appeased the Sibyl's fury. She followed him into the darkest portions of the cloister, and seemed to drop suddenly down from threats to expostulations, which ended at last in low, wheedling tones, which gradually died away in the melody of the fountain.

The Englishman looked around like one in a dream. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he sat in the *Sala de los Abencerrajes*, with the Gitania so close to him that he could hear every full throb of her heart. Had she gone forever? That storm of fiendish passion which he had just witnessed, was it real? How still, how deliciously tranquil was the Alhamra! Had that soft moonlight looked but a moment since on the assassin's knife close to his own heart? It seemed an impossibility. He could not realize the terrible danger which even yet threatened him.

It was long before he could, by all the efforts of his strong will, bring his thoughts under any degree of control. Still he did not leave the place, for the first reasonable reflection aroused the keenest anxiety for the Gitania. Her fears of death were not all fancies then. He remembered the old Sibyl's words, she had only claimed the right of vengeance as her own. The proof which he held in his own person was enough to convince him that no laws could prevent crime in a people to whom most crimes are held as virtues. Had he not been plundered of property, and saved from death almost by a miracle, in spite of the Spanish laws?

His anxiety regarding the poor gipsey girl became tormenting; where could he seek her?

Not at the ravine, surely she would not go there, knowing the fiendish inhabitants so well, and fearing all that she feared. The storm of her passion had been so violent it could not last; the poor child to save her own life would come back again—he would wait.

He did wait, hour after hour, till the moon went down, and nothing but the bright, holy stars kept watch over the Alhamra. He traversed the saloons, explored the cloisters, and, leaving all that was beautiful behind him, wandered off among those dark red towers that harmonized better with the gloomy fears that possessed him.

Still he continued the search, clambering up those broken walls, tramping his way over wild flowers and weeds alike—called to a distance, sometimes, by the rustle of a bird, and mocked every instant by shadows that proved unreal as

his hopes. But he would not believe that Aurora had left the ruins; besides rest was impossible. Alone in the little fonda he must have gone mad with anxiety.

Twenty times that night did he pass hurriedly through the gate of Justice, hoping to find her returning from the woods. He searched the whole uneven sweep of those walls, clambering up the declivities, and finding relief in the physical exertion which covered his forehead with perspiration, and saturated his hair with moisture.

When the first rosy light of morning quivered on the snows of Alpujarras, he returned to the little fonda so weary, so hopelessly dejected that he could hardly stand. His fate day had come round again.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SUNBEAM.

BY S. M. JUDSON.

Gray dawn followed night, then a sunbeam bright
Peeped roguishly over the hill,
Tinting clouds pearly white with its own rosy light,
And rousing dull sleepers at will.
It woke happy birds, and filled the pure air
With a clear melodious strain,
And kissing the dew from buds, fresh and fair,
Left nothing their beauty to stain.

Then it checkered the wall of the rich man's hall,
And a flood of radiance poured,
Sweetly cheerful on all, but most playful its fall
Round the lonely festal board;
It colored the goblet that stood half filled
With beautiful rainbow dyes,
It gleamed where the blood red wine was spilled,
But flashed in no revellers eyes.

Then dispelling the gloom, through a small, low room
Stole the beam, with its laughing light;
'Twas a student's home, and a living tomb,
Where he studied by day and by night.
The beam rested bright on his high, pale brow,
And searched his dark restless eye,
But brightly there burned the fever glow,
And the dancing ray left him to die.

A child knelt in prayer, with long golden hair,
And its face upturned to the sky;
Sorrow rested not there, and no shadow of care
Ever darkened that innocent eye.
The sunbeam shot in flashing cheerful and bright
Round that beautiful angel form;
It robed the sweet child in garments of light,
And found rest in its heart pure and warm.

EROS AND ANTEROS.

BY CHARLES H. HITCHINGS.

S AID a light little Fay to a Dew-drop that lay
On the breast of an opening flower,
"Would thy soft couch were mine for a slumber
divine
But for only one short merry hour!
Oh! what dreams of delight, through the calm of the
night,
O'er this tremulous bosom would steal!"
"Silly trifler, away!" said the Dew to the Fay,
"This is folly, not true love you feel."

"Not for joy of my own, on this bud newly blown
Through the calm of the night-time I lie,
But to add to the store of her beauties yet more
With my life—for at noon tide I die.
And the love that would give, and the love would
receive,
May be known for the False and the True—
'Tis the True that, as I, for its object would die:
'Tis the False that self-seeketh, like you."

THE VILLAGE BEAUTY.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

MARY GORDON was the beauty of Lonsdale—and she knew it! Her whole time was monopolized on herself. Every look and gesture, and even the carriage of her head was a subject of study with her. When she was at a party she was continually thinking of the effect she produced, and when she was at home she was planning some new ornament to wear in public. At church she spent her time in glancing from under her bonnet, to see who was admiring her, and if any one was not.

Of course she had many beaux. She could never walk half the length of the principal street, without being joined by some gentleman; and at a dancing assembly she was sure to be engaged for every set, before she had been in the room ten minutes. In the summer, there was always a brisk competition for the honor of her hand at a pic-nic. In a word, she had five beaux where other young ladies had but one.

And yet, somehow, she was still unmarried. Her school companions, one after another, settled in life, and most of them advantageously; but she was left single, alone of all the number; if we except Esther Raymond, who from shyness and excessive plainness was generally set down as certain to die an old maid.

If truth must be told, Mary was excessively particular. Her notions of herself were so high that she thought but few suitors good enough for her. At last, however, when Horace Delaney returned from Europe, and settled down, in the large old mansion of his family, the village agreed that the beauty had found at last a lover equal to her ideal; for he was both rich and talented, and belonged beside to the most aristocratic set of the county.

Horace seemed to have been conquered, by her charms, the very first night they met. He danced with her as frequently as he dared; and when not dancing stood apart stealing glances at her: he hung over her when she sang, and he accompanied her home. The next day he called at the Gordons as soon as etiquette permitted, and on Sunday appeared with Mary at church. Everybody said it was an engagement, for if he was fascinated, she appeared not less so.

But, all at once, Horace Delaney ceased his attentions to the beauty of the village, and was soon beheld as assiduous in his attentions to Esther Raymond, as he had ever been to her

more beautiful rival. Everybody was astounded, except a few elders of the place, with whom Esther had always been a favorite, who shook their heads, saying it was just what they expected, for that Esther's amiability was a thousand times better than Mary's beauty. Let us look in on Horace, however, as he sits chatting with a confidential friend, and hear the real cause of the change.

"You must know Esther," he said. "She is modesty personified, yet her talents are extraordinary, and her amiability and accomplishments as great. Indeed her modesty, by causing shyness, makes many think her plain; but plain she is not, at least to those who know her; for in familiar conversation, the enthusiasm of her soul kindles her countenance into a spiritual beauty that is indescribable."

"You were soon off with the beautiful Miss Gordon, of whom you wrote so rapturously the first week you spent here."

Horace blushed a little, for he felt how foolish he had been, as he replied,

"Yes! She dazzled me for awhile, but I soon found my error; though I cannot yet forgive myself for being duped, even for a week, by a pair of fine eyes and a coquette's artificial manner."

"Is she a beauty merely?"

"Merely and entirely a beauty, never was woman more so. All she thinks about is how she looks. Her mind is a mere blank. Or rather a shallow stream of which one gets the plummet immediately."

"Yet you seemed so enraptured at first, that I fear she may have begun to like you."

Horace laughed. "No fear of that, my good fellow. She loves herself too intensely ever to love any man. Ah! what a contrast between her and Esther. It is like passing from a crowded, close ball-room, with its glare of gas and its hum of meaningless conversation, to the free air of heaven, with the birds singing, the waters gurgling, and the sunshine sparkling around you."

"You are poetical!"

"And so you will be too, when you know Esther. But come, put on your hat, it is time to go there; and I want you to be quite intimate before you return to be my bridesman."

A month from that time saw Horace Delaney married to Esther Raymond. The bride really

looked beautiful on that auspicious morning; and, what is more, has been growing more lovely ever since. Would you know why? Because an intelligent mind, united to a generous heart is the creator of beauty, even where it does not originally exist.

Miss Gordon is now a faded old maid, with

sunken eyes, a skin like parchment, and the sharpest of sharp shoulder-blades. Her face has a sour and discontented look, which increases with her years. Ever since she lost Horace Delaney she has been, in fact, secretly at war with the world. Which is the better, to be plain and good, or merely a BEAUTY.

THE HEART'S AWAKENING.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

ONLY yesterday a child,
She the little rosy maiden,
Hers the glee of laughter wild!
Now her brow with thought is laden.
From behind her eyes there gleams
Light which tells of stranger-dreams,
Faint, like Summer morning breaking,
With the shadows warfare making;
It is wakening—it is wakening!

Gone for aye the childish pace,
Bounding, trotting at our call;
Slowlier, with a sweeping grace,
See her tiny foot-prints fall:
Silenter the babbling tongue,
When her elder friends among;
Yet her speech new music making,
And her words new meaning taking,
Now her girlish heart is wakening!

She hath opened Nature's books,
Leaf by leaf they turn for her;
And her soul, as still she looks,
Heaveth with a gentle stir.
Stars—that were but stars before

Shown by scientific lore,
Off such prosy fetters shaking—
Are with spirit-lustre breaking
On the heart that's newly wakening!

She will sit in listless thrall
Gazing on a dreamy cloud:
Or upon the waterfall;
Or upon a flowery crowd;
Or on bee and butterfly;
Or on birds that climb the sky;
As she were dull earth forsaking—
Life from dream-land only taking,
Meet for young hearts just awaking!

There is yet another change
For the pensive little maiden:—
Now good Angels near her range;
Be their white wings wisdom-laden!
She no longer solely looks
Into Nature's extern books,
Though she musing sits apart:
She hath found a subtler teacher,
And a more impassioned preacher,
In her Waken'd Woman's Heart!

A STAR SHE MOVED AMID THE CROWD.

BY MISS ELIZABETH M. ROBERTS.

A STAR she moved amid the crowd,
That queenly maid and fair;
Paler her brow than the white wreath
That bound her long, bright hair.

Her eye was calm, serene and clear,
As passion's self were fled;
Yet 'neath those pale lids lay a tear—
A tear she dare not shed.

When mirth was 'mid the joyous throng,
Sweetly her clear laugh rung:—
They led her to the harp—her voice
Was music when she sung.

She stirred no pensive string to wake
The thoughts she might not breathe;
And clasped her bosom's folds to still
The sigh that heaved beneath.

A star she moved amid the crowd,
The bright, the pure, the fair;
Veiled from the gaze that strove to read
The secret slumbering there.

And man, with all thy searching art,
With all thy gathered lore,
The mysteries of one feeble heart
Dey, my boasted power.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. VI.

In other situations also it is sometimes advisable to force a horse to have his own way, in order to baffle his attempts. Restive horses sometimes attempt to crush their rider's legs against walls, gates, &c. An inexperienced lady under such circumstances would endeavor to pull the horse away, bat the animal, knowing his own strength, would feel he could overcome the rider, and turn the knowledge to her disadvantage on a future occasion.

We cannot too often repeat, that, although a rider should not desist till she has subdued her horse, she must as seldom as possible enter into an open, undisguised contest with him. Never attack him on a point he is resolute in defending; the assault should be directed to the weaker side. The more he fortifies himself in one place, the more he diminishes his powers in another. He prepares to resist any attempt to conquer him on his strong side, and the success with which he is attacked on the other, on account of his weakness in that quarter, goes far to discourage and subdue him. If he plant himself in a position of resistance against being forced to advance, it is a matter of very little difficulty to make him go back. If he appear determined not to go to the right, the rider may, on account of the mode in which he disposes of his body and limbs, turn him, with great facility, to the left. If he stands perfectly still, and will not move in any direction, his obstinacy may be made his punishment; the rider should sit patiently until he shows a disposition to advance, which he most likely will in a short time, when he discovers she is not annoyed by his standing still. Nothing will subdue a horse as soon as making his vices appear acts of obedience to the rider's will, and turning his attacks against himself. When, therefore, a horse runs on one side against a wall, pull his head forcibly in the same direction; and if by the aid

of whip or leg, the rider can drive his croup out, she may be successful in backing him completely away from it. It is by no means impossible, that when he finds the rider is inclined to go to the wall as well as himself, he will become obedient. Should this not be the case, his croup can be so turned outward as to prevent his doing mischief to the limbs of the rider.

In shying, the same principle may be acted upon more advantageously, perhaps, than in any other case. Should the horse be alarmed at any object, and, instead of going up to, or passing it, turn around, he should be managed as under the directions given for restiveness. He should be soothed and encouraged to approach or pass an object which alarms him, not urged by correction; the attempt to force him up to it would be both unavailing and dangerous. If a horse swerve from an object and attempts to pass it at a quick gait, it is folly to force him toward it, for if you succeed in bringing his head on one side, his croup will be turned outward, and his legs work in an opposite direction. The greater the exertions made by the rider, the greater the resistance of the horse. The mode is dangerous, for the horse may in this manner fly from imaginary into real danger, for he cannot see what he may run against, or where he is going. Tightening the rein, therefore, on the side from which the horse shies is wrong; it should be slightly slackened, and the horse's head turned away from the object which terrifies him. By this mode much advantage is obtained; in the first place, the animal's attention is diverted to other things; in the second, the dreaded object loses most of its terror, when he finds no wish on the rider's part to force him nearer to it; and lastly, he is enabled to see and avoid any danger, on the other side or in front of him.

THE ROVER.

BY E. F. HAWORTH.

SUMMER wind, Summer wind,
Roving and roaming,
What seekest thou to find
In all the earth's blooming?

O'er buds and blossoms rare
Thou wanderest lonely;
Sighing here, seeking there
One, and one only.

Which is that fairest flower;
Where is she growing?
In what deep hidden bower
Are her buds blowing?

Summer wind, Summer wind,
Carelessly roving;
Content thy light heart;—find
One flower worth loving.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE GARDEN IN JUNE.—Almost everything is now to be done, and that quickly, or weeds and insects, and grass-plate, will all run riot. The grand rule is, to do every day's work as it occurs, and to have no arrears. Annuals will require transplanting, and vacant spaces can be filled in by them advantageously; for this work, dull weather should be preferred. Another sowing may be made of those kinds of annuals which flower quickly, for autumn use. Those plants which are removed to the open air from the green-house must be placed on boards or stones; or else turned about frequently, to prevent the roots growing into the soil beneath the pots. If they do this, the plants will be injured when it becomes necessary to destroy the connection thus secretly formed. All flowers should be removed as they decay, that no strength may be lost by the process of forming and ripening the seed. The benefit of doing this is very manifest in the case of Mignonette, which, if allowed to grow unpruned, becomes rough and straggling, and soon ceases to flower freely; but let the seed-vessels be removed as they appear, and the plant will continue in health and beauty for the whole season. Box-edgings should now be cut, and also hedges clipped. When heavy rains occur, or when, in dry weather, watering is necessary, the rake must be freely used, or, the surface of the soil being rendered hard, a healthy growth of the plants will be prevented. We have before observed, and now repeat, that amateur gardeners err in nothing more than watering. In some gardens, all through the summer, wells are pumped dry, and all hands occupied, from the idea that water must be applied every night. This is a mistaken fancy. One watering in a week, made to penetrate to the roots, will be better than a daily sprinkling. Beds of scarlet Geraniums, if properly managed, are very splendid objects in gardens. The plants should be shortened in their shoots at this time, to induce a shrubby growth: and, treated in this manner, and occasionally pegged down, they require no stakes. Of all out-door exotics, this most surely repays the care which may be bestowed on its cultivation. Its foliage is massive and rich in color; it blooms profusely; and it will stand more cold than most green-house productions. It will grow anywhere, either in rock-work or the rich soil of a flower-bed. Mignonette sprinkled among the plants will blend nicely with them, and give out perfume all the summer without further training. By the way, this is almost the best way to grow Mignonette, namely, to mix it with other more showy plants, as it is itself insignificant, and a bed of it alone soon has a literary look.

Roses.—Many of these flower in June, and an

application of manure-water will be beneficial as the blooming time arrives. We have found stable manure, put in a tub and well diluted, answer very well, for Roses are coarse feeders, and will bear liberal applications of almost any fertilizing materials. The gardener is often annoyed by the Rose-buds displaying an inordinate growth of the seed-vessels instead of the petals, by which the flower is quite spoiled. No specific remedy has been discovered for this, since the cause is not ascertained. The only available course is to cut off all such monstrosities as they appear, and there will then be a chance that the latter crop will be more perfect. But insects prove the greatest pests in the Rose-garden at this season, and must be kept under by all possible means. The aphis, or green-fly, often, by the way, of various shades of brown on Rose-trees, must be washed off by syringing; and where the garden is small, each bud may first be pressed all round with the finger and thumb, to destroy as many of the enemies as possible. Another foe is the caterpillar, whose tricks in concealing himself are very amusing; this must be removed by hand-picking. A beetle also is destructive; it is called the green Rose-chaffer, and commits its ravages among the anthers and finer petals. This may be shaken out into a can of water when the weather is dull, as it flies away in the sunshine. But all gardeners should study entomology, as by that means alone the proverb will be applicable to the insect tribes, "prevention is better than cure."

PINKS AND CARNATIONS.—This beautiful tribe of flowers deserves every encouragement, although somewhat in danger of being neglected in the attention paid to new candidates for public notice. They must be carefully tied up as the flower-stems advance; not tightly, but so as to allow freedom of movement. A little liquid of manure, very mild, will be of service. Where fine sorts are required for exhibition, the number of buds left for flowering must not exceed three or four; and as the calyx swells, its regular development must be assisted by incisions, equally all round, by a fine penknife. This will prevent the petals from bursting open the cup, an accident of constant occurrence, by which the flower is disfigured. This excessive *embonpoint* is the result of high cultivation, for a rent calyx is seldom found in the single varieties of this tribe of plants. If it is wished to form a collection next year, the nurseries should be visited while the plants are in bloom, that the flowers may be chosen which are most liked. This remark will apply to every other garden production.

DAHLIAS.—The important place occupied in the garden by this flower requires that attention should be paid to its growth. The stakes should be put to each plant this month; indeed, as soon after they are

turned into their places as possible; for if inserted later, the roots will be injured, and the stem acquire a wrong direction by being blown about by the wind. Dahlia-growers know that the stakes are often too short, and, therefore, this evil should be provided against. Tie up every few days, and prune away those shoots which cannot be brought into a symmetrical form. Dahlias require much moisture, and, as frequent watering washes the soil too much and carries away its fertilizing properties, it is desirable to prevent evaporation by a process called mulching; that is, by laying the cuttings of grass around the stem, about a foot wide every way. Manure-water should be applied to Dahlias about once a week.

WHAT ALL SAY.—If we have received one, we have received many letters, similar to the following, from subscribers and friends.

"Allow me to express for your journal the preference which I feel for it over the other three Magazines of your city. While yours scarcely contains an article which is not worth reading, the others hardly ever contain one which will repay for the perusal. For the sake of Philadelphia Magazines, if not of American letters, never make your journal such a 'frog in the fable' as are some others."

This reputation, of being the "most readable of the monthlies," as well as being the *most thoroughly national*, we shall labor to keep up; and we think we can promise, from articles already on hand, that, during the ensuing volume, our literary contents will be better than ever.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lyra, and other Poems. By Alice Carey. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber. The time has passed to call in question Alice Carey's genius. Her claim to be ranked among the very first of our female poets is now acknowledged by all. We welcome the present volume as a valuable accession to our library. The principal poem, from which the collection takes its name, has verses that would scarcely be out of place in Milton's "Penseroso." The following lines, for instance, embody similes alike beautiful and original.

"Maidens whose tresses shine,
Crowned with daffodil and eglantine,
Or, from their stringed buds of brier roses,
Bright as the vermeil closes
Or April twilights after sobbing rains,
Fall down in rippled skeins
And golden tangles low
About your bosoms, dainty as new snow;
While the warm shadows blow in softest gales
Fair hawthorn flowers and cherry bosoms white
Against your kirtles, like the froth from pails
Over brimmed with milk at night."

Many other poems might be quoted as admirable, in whole or in part; and we regret that our limits preclude our gratifying ourselves and readers. With her many merits, however, Miss Carey has two faults: she is too uniformly sad, and she often writes carelessly. These are errors which may be easily corrected, and we hope that, in her next volume, we

shall notice their absence; for where so much has been achieved, one is naturally anxious to find ultimately a complete triumph. The book is from the press of Redfield, the Murray of America.

Isa, A Pilgrimage. By Caroline Chesebro'. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—Our readers are not unfamiliar with Miss Chesebro', who has been a frequent contributor to our pages. The present work, however, is the most pretending of her efforts, and we are free to say, in many respects the best. The heroine is a girl of beauty and genius, who, having met with some infidel books, becomes a convert to their principles, turns authoress, and finally, making the acquaintance of their writer, sacrifices her all to him, receiving no recompense for her blighted name, unless a love as passionate and faithful, but as guilty as her own, may be considered such. We think the theme badly chosen, and doubt whether such fictions do good; but Miss Chesebro' has done her best, both as a novelist and artist, with her subject. The book is full of striking passages, giving us an even higher opinion of the author's talents, than we had before entertained; and we hope, at no distant day, to welcome a second work from her pen more worthy, in every way, of her heart and head. Mr. Redfield has issued the volume in his usual elegant style.

The Old Country House. By Mrs. Gray. 1 vol. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—This is undoubtedly genuine, a fact that cannot always be stated of books printed in this country in Mrs. Gray's name; for it is not long since we saw a novel of Mrs. Trollop's circulating under the endorsement of this author, who is among the most beautiful of English female writers. But Stringer & Townsend, we know, get their copies, by purchase, from the lady herself, and a charming volume this one is, full of interest, and rich in that touching grace peculiar to most productions from the same pen.

Mr. Dalton's Legatee. By Mrs. Stone. 1 vol. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—The leading female character in this volume is drawn with great truth and vigor. Mrs. De Snabin may be found in many a fashionable circle all over the world—the sufferings of poor Mrs. Meredith are told with great pathos; and if Miss Prabble were not so very like Miss Pratt, in "The Inheritance," she would be original as she is cosy. This lady—the author—has something of Mrs. Gore in the style of her writings.

Self-Deception. By Mrs. Ellis. Complete in three Numbers. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—Besides its other attractions this work is prettily illustrated, and, if required, can be obtained handsomely bound. Perhaps for deep research into human nature's feelings, faults, and virtues, Mrs. Ellis has written no book to equal "Self-Deception." There is more excitement than one usually finds in her books, and altogether is among the best of her always fine productions.

Arrah Neil. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A cheap edition of one of the best of James' novels, handsomely printed and bound in paper covers.

Count-Monte-Leon. Translated from the French of H. de St. George. New York: Stringer & Townsend. Exciting as Monte-Cristo, and rich with the same powerful handling.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—A DINNER DRESS OF BLUE SILK TISSUE, woven in satin stripes, which run around the skirt. These stripes are of a darker color than the rest of the dress, and graduated. Corsage made full at the waist, and half high, and cut square on the bust, showing a richly worked lace chemise. Sleeves tight to the elbow, from which they flow loosely, and are finished like the skirt of the dress. A sash of broad blue ribbon of the color of the satin stripes. Hair dressed in front in full, waved bandeaux. The back hair is twisted, and fastened with a comb, and then the plaited ends are carried over the front of the head. This is a most becoming style to most faces, and exceedingly fashionable in Paris and London.

FIG. II.—A DRESS OF WHITE CAMBRIC, trimmed up the front of the skirt “en tablier,” with heavy worked insertion. Corsage made open in front, and with a basquine, and that like the sleeves finished with a trimming to match the skirt. Straw bonnet, trimmed with a dahlia colored and white ribbon, put on the side of the bonnet in loops.

GENERAL REMARKS.—No new material has appeared for dresses since our March fashions, and but little alteration in the style of making them. The figure No. I. in the fashion plate, shows the latest style of making the corsage, as well as the way in which the designs on the skirt are formed. Many corsages, however, are made as they have been worn for the last year, tight on the back, and high, and opening half way down to the waist in front, over a lace chemise. For the fronts of morning gowns, a sort of apron rounded at the ends, and trimmed all round with a deep black lace and bows of ribbon, begins to appear; but the effect is rather heavy. Basques are as much in vogue as ever, and likely to continue so. In almost all materials with patterns, the design is made expressly for each gown. Where there are flounces, the stripes, flowers, or other drawings border the flounce itself, and are repeated on the skirt above, on the basques, the front of the corsage, and the ends of the sleeves. Where there are no flounces, in muslin, jackonets, &c., a small, delicate, chintz pattern covers the gown, and a larger design in the same style and colors, goes down the front, and is repeated on the corsage, basques, and sleeves: the effect is extremely novel and pretty; indeed, all the morning dresses in cotton materials are singularly beautiful as to patterns and coloring this year, and from their elegance cannot fail to be exceedingly popular. If the dress is of white muslin and intended solely for morning wear, we recommend tucks in preference to flounces, or the skirt finished merely by a broad hem. The corsage may be made high and full; the sleeves in easy fullness, and

finished by bands at the wrists. A very fashionable style for the corsage of a morning dress is in the form of a pardessus with a basque at the waist; the basque edged with two or three narrow frills. The sleeves loose at the ends, and edged with frills in corresponding style.

For WALKING OR DINNER DRESSES, rosettes of ribbon or bias silk, are much used as a front trimming for skirts. Caps or top sleeves are not so much worn as formerly, but are exceedingly convenient for those dresses which are to be worn with short sleeves, as the usual pagoda sleeve can be taken out, and the cap forms the short sleeve needed.

With regard to under-sleeves, no alteration of the fashion which has so long prevailed is likely to take place at present. For demi-toilette, pagoda under-sleeves trimmed with double or treble rows of lace will be worn; but in walking costume close under-sleeves fastened by a wristband, will always be preferred.

QUITE a new, or rather quite an old fashion revived, is beginning to make its appearance in the dress sleeves. This is what our great grandmothers used to call *slashing*, that is, puffing of cambric, net, lace, &c., coming through the gown sleeve all the way down. The effect is so light and pretty, that we do not think it can fail to become extremely popular in summer costume. The details of the trimming may be varied to the taste, the openings being decorated with black lace, quillings of ribbon, &c., and fastened with fancy buttons.

BONNETS continue to be worn very open, very much trimmed inside and out, and in some the *brides* or bonnet strings are exceedingly wide; though these are not so much worn by the really fashionable.

The STRAW BONNETS are made as light as possible, imitating laces, *guipure*, &c. The front is sometimes of crinoline or horse hair, black or white, embroidered with straw, and lined with silk or double crape. The more simple ones are trimmed with *ruches*, some with a large bow across the centre: the dressed ones are to have flowers and *folllettes*—that is to say, bouquets imitating feathers, foliage, &c., all in straw. It is perfectly inconceivable how a material apparently so intractable can be made to produce these beautiful trifles. Imagine sprays of lilac, hawthorn, roses, honeysuckles, and lilies of the valley, tufts of feathers, leaves, and grasses, composed entirely of straw!

IT IS SAID that in almost all head-dresses stars will be a prevailing mode; gold and silver stars glitter on the ribbons, hang from the centres of flowers, are embroidered on *tulle*, gauze, &c., confine bands of gold braid, which form a network for the back of the head, and are worked in straw for bonnets, which are really beautiful for lightness and elegance.

CORAL is much worn in ornaments, and it is made into an endless variety of forms.

IN ADDITION to the many beautiful morning slippers which have already appeared, a novelty has been introduced in the form of worked muslin slippers. They are lined with colored silk, pink being the most effective, and are edged round with a narrow ruche of lace.

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THE CAT AND THE FISH.

BY MARY HARRIS.



THE FROG KING; OR, THE GOLDEN COAT.

Engraved Expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

By W. Wallace, Jr.



FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

CONTENTS

OF THE

TWENTY-SECOND VOLUME.

FROM JULY TO DECEMBER, 1852, INCLUSIVE.

August, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>) - - - - -	112	Marriage, the Stolen—By Miss Jane Strickland, - - - - -	144
Antonia, the Song of—From the German of Hoffman—By C. S. Mowbray, - - - - -	209	New, the Old Love and the—By J. T. Trowbridge, - - - - -	77
Books, Review of New - 71, 111, 151, 190, 238, 296		Now, Look at Yourself—By Carry Stanley, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	153
Bride, the Mariner's—By James H. Dana, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	75	Not," "Judge—By Jane Weaver, - - - - -	195
Bachelor, How to Manage an Old—By Ella Rodman, - - - - -	163	November, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	240
Baby, Mrs. Ellis's—By Fanny Smith, - - - - -	223	October, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	191
Colors, On the Harmony of—By Mrs. Merrifield, - - - - -	51, 106, 126, 184	Problems, the—By E. W. Dewees, - - - - -	9
Cave, Two Days in the Mammoth—By Charles J. Peterson, - - - - -	155	Princess, the Crown—By Miss Jane Strickland, - - - - -	179
Chest, the Pain in the—By Ellen Ashton, - - - - -	161	Right? Was He—By Rev. H. Hastings Weld, - - - - -	19
Curl, Cousin Mercy's—An Extract from "Les Larmes"—By Ella Rodman, - - - - -	249	Rhine, the Fairy Region of the—By Helen Fawcett, - - - - -	98
Daughter, the Blacksmith's—By Sybil Hastings, - - - - -	129	Ramble, the Moonlight—By Mrs. Mary V. Spencer, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	123
Daughter, Jephthah's—By Mrs. Mary V. Spencer, - - - - -	241	September, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	152
December, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	297	Stockings, How Anne Darned—By Fanny Smith, - - - - -	280
Fashionably, How to Write—By Smith Jones, Jr., - - - - -	230	Table, Our Work—By Mlle. Defour, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	56, 177, 238, 295
Gray, Gertrude—By Mary L. Meany, - - - - -	27	Trials, Margaret Caswell's—By A. L. Otis, - - - - -	57
Genova, the Legend of—By Helen Fawcett, - - - - -	49	Table, Editors' - - - - -	70, 110, 150, 190, 238, 296
Gratitude, the Orphan's—By Mrs. Caroline Stark, - - - - -	197	Vernon, Alice—By author of "Valley Farm," "Dora Atherton," &c., - - - - -	12, 82, 115, 172, 216, 288
Girls, Physical Education of—By Charles J. Peterson, - - - - -	232	Visit, My Cousin's—By John R. White, - - - - -	220
Housekeeping, Lina Thornton's—By Carry Stanley, - - - - -	88	Visit, Lilian Floyd's Christmas—By Carry Stanley, - - - - -	243
Jar, That Indian—By Ella Rodman, - - - - -	43	Words, the Careless—By Carry Stanley, - - - - -	24
July, Fashions for (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	72	Wallace, Harriet—By Anne Kingley, - - - - -	66
July, Ellen Cameron's Fourth of—By Agnes Linwood, - - - - -	169	Worker, the Dreamer and the—By Miss Alice Gray, - - - - -	92
Law, Mrs. Morgan's Maine—By Jones Smith, Jr., - - - - -	41	Waltz," the "Sophie—Translated from the German, - - - - -	187
Ladies, Equestrianism for—By Frank Howard, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	69, 100, 149, 189	Wife, the Slip-Shod—By Ellen Ashton, - - - - -	207
Legacy, the Gipsy's—By Ann S. Stephens, - - - - -	101, 137, 225, 252	 <hr/>	
Lakes, Niagara and the—By C. J. Peterson, - - - - -	113	P O E T R Y.	
Life, the Game of—By Ella Rodman, - - - - -	203	Asleep, Still—By Ernestine Fitzgerald, - - - - -	162
Leslie, Caroline—By Mary L. Meany, - - - - -	271	Adele—By Henry J. Vernon, - - - - -	176
Lindsay, Ellen—By a Lady of Kentucky, - - - - -	282	Artist, the Young—By Henry J. Vernon, (<i>Illustrated</i>), - - - - -	206
Alone, Never—By H. W. Payson, - - - - -	242	Autumn—By Irene Norwood, - - - - -	219
		Autumn, A Storm In—By Egbert Knowles, - - - - -	229
		Autumn—By I. Warner, - - - - -	235

Bodensee, the Rider and the—From the German of Schwab, - - - - -	50	Musings, Wayside—By H. W. Payson, - - - - -	294
Brother, Envy Not Thy—By Anne Maria W. Ward, - - - - -	65	More, No—By G. L. Parsons, - - - - -	294
Bride, the Song of the—By E. K. Smith, - - - - -	76	Near, I Feel Thy Spirit—By Clarence May, - - - - -	81
Brother, the Boy and His Dying—By Frederic Cooper, - - - - -	99	Noon, A Summer—By Catharine Allan, - - - - -	103
Clay, Henry—By Ann S. Stephens, - - - - -	108	Now, I'm Lonely—By Ira B. Northrop, - - - - -	188
Child, to A—By Grace Norman, - - - - -	109	Pilgrims Life's—By W. R. Cassel, - - - - -	87
Chamber, the Lonely—By Robert H. Brown, - - - - -	189	Print, A "Saw" Long Out of - - - - -	100
Connecticut, to the River—By D. Ellen Goodman; - - - - -	201	Peace—By George Hart, - - - - -	128
Dreaming, I Am—By George H. Banister, - - - - -	91	Picture, the—By Richard Coe, - - - - -	154
Death, the Butterfly's—By Horace Johnson, - - - - -	237	Queen, Pleasure's—By Frank Lee, - - - - -	202
Epicedium—By Charles H. Stewart, - - - - -	148	Ring, the Coral—By Maria M. Bowen, - - - - -	76
Excelsior—By W. Lafayette Hubbell, - - - - -	196	Song—By W. L. Shoemaker, - - - - -	11
Echoes, Heart—By E. K. Smith, - - - - -	215	Stanzas—By J. A. Turner, - - - - -	23
Earth, Heaven and—By H. J. Beyerle, M. D., - - - - -	231	Sonnet—By E. K. Smith, - - - - -	56
Eve, Christmas—By Smith Jones, Jr., - - - - -	279	Song—By E. F. Haworth, - - - - -	65
Earth, What a Sweet Spot is—By Lucy Wharton, - - - - -	281	Song—By W. L. Shoemaker, - - - - -	97
Friend, Lines from An Absent—By Mrs. A. H. Corey, - - - - -	99	Swing, the—By Rev. Sidney Dyer, - - - - -	122
Fancies, Summer—By Frank Lee, - - - - -	149	Song—By W. L. Shoemaker, - - - - -	143
Fancies, Lilla's—By Mary C. Derwent, - - - - -	186	Sonnet—By E. K. Smith, - - - - -	171
Feelings, Old—By E. R. Bowen, - - - - -	224	Shadow, A Sunbeam and A—By J. R. Brown, - - - - -	178
Flowers, Autumn's Last—By Mrs. Newton Crosland, - - - - -	287	Sunset—By Mrs. T. K. Hervey, - - - - -	208
Guard, Keeping—By Catharine Allan, (<i>Illustrated,</i>) - - - - -	18	Sex, A Hint to the Fair - - - - -	251
Gone," Our Willie, Too, Hath—By Lilian May, - - - - -	55	There! Lead Me Not—By Frank Lee, - - - - -	171
Hermite, the—By H. J. Beyerle, M. D., - - - - -	20	Tree, the Christmas—By Maria Norris, - - - - -	242
Hatty, to—By Jesse Cone, - - - - -	42	Thee," "I Loved—By Clarence May, - - - - -	248
Hope—By George W. Bennett, - - - - -	68	Up, Never Give—By Charles L. Porter, - - - - -	188
Hagar, the Departure of—By Catharine Allan, (<i>Illustrated,</i>) - - - - -	114	Voices, Spirit—By G. L. Parsons, - - - - -	122
Heaven, Alice In—By Rev. Sidney Dyer, - - - - -	168	Wanderings, Spring—By Edward D. Howard, - - - - -	143
Housatonic, the—By S. E. Judson, - - - - -	222	Willie, Our—By Ellen Louise Chandler, - - - - -	178
Ideal, the Poet's—By W. Lafayette Hubbell, - - - - -	68	Wife, the Dying—By Miss E. St. John, - - - - -	183
Iris, the—By Grace Norman, - - - - -	208	Water, A Thought on the—By Charles H. Stewart, - - - - -	187
Infidel, Epitaph On An—From the Latin, - - - - -	295	Walk, the Evening—By Mary Powers, (<i>Illustrated,</i>) - - - - -	241
Julia—By Catharine Allan, (<i>Illustrated,</i>) - - - - -	202	Winter—By Frank Walters, - - - - -	248
Lines—By Emily Herrmann, - - - - -	42		
Lines—By S. P. D., - - - - -	48		
Lines—By Julia Day, - - - - -	125		
Life; the Lessons of A or, The Last Words of Abderamus—By William P. Mulchinock, - - - - -	136		
Lonely, I Am Sitting Sad and—By Grace Norman, - - - - -	160		
Lines—By W. C. Bennett, - - - - -	160		
Lines, Presented with A Superb Azalia, February 19th, 1852—By M. L. Rutenbur, - - - - -	186		
Mine, Mother—By Virginia Peyton, - - - - -	23		
M—, to—By Kate Groves, - - - - -	26		
Me, A Home for—By C. Chandler, - - - - -	128		
Maiden, the Bee and the—From the German of Gleim, - - - - -	168		
Music, For—By Henry Symmes, - - - - -	231		
Mother, Child and - - - - -	287		

FULL PAGE ENGRAVINGS.

- Keeping Guard.
- Fashions for July, colored.
- Hunting the Nest.
- The Pet Bird.
- The Mariner's Bride.
- Fashions for August.
- The Departure of Hagar.
- Fashions for September, colored.
- The Moonlight Ramble.
- Look at Yourself Now.
- Fashions for October, colored.
- Christ Blessing Little Children.
- Julia.
- The Young Artist.
- The Evening Walk.
- Fashions for November.
- Tam O'Shanter.
- Fashions for December, colored.
- Christmas Eve.
- Little Red Riding Hood.
- The Cedars of Lebanon.
- The Frightened Thimble Rigger.
- The Parting.

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THE MARINER'S BRIDE.

BY JAMES H. DANA.

It was a night of tempest. The wind roared, the rain dashed, and the neighboring surf thundered on the iron bound coast, till the frail cottage seemed to rock in the strife of the elements.

The young bride stood by the window, pressing her face against the pane, and vainly endeavoring to pierce the darkness with her dim eyes, from which the tears fell hot and fast.

She had been married but a fortnight, and this was the first absence of her husband. The belle of an inland town, she had refused every admirer, till the frank manners and handsome person of a young fisherman, who had already won a reputation in his pursuit, accomplished the conquest of her heart.

But of the perils of his avocation she had never thought, up to this day, except to take pride in the courage and skill which braved them. Now, however, the dangers that encompassed him came home to her soul in all their magnitude. Every fresh wail of the wind seemed his dirge. She was beginning to learn what it was to be a mariner's bride.

"Oh," she cried, wringing her hands, "if he would only come back—if he had but staid at home—I shall never, never see him again."

Once or twice, in the earlier part of the evening, a neighbor had come in to console with her, knowing she was unaccustomed to this suspense and hoping to cheer her up. But their words as often increased her alarm, as diminished it. Insensibly their conversation would turn to tales of wreck and disaster; and, at such narrations, the young wife's tears would flow afresh. Some of these well-meaning, but injudicious friends were widows, whose garments still told of a recent bereavement; and at the sight of their dark attire, the sufferer turned away with a shudder.

Her husband should have returned, early that morning, and ought, by no means, to have delayed beyond the afternoon tide. His continued

absence, therefore, coupled with the gale that had been raging all day, was well calculated to alarm her; and her neighbors, even when they uttered words of consolation, felt there was more to fear than to hope.

"James, James," she cried, passionately, as the night wore on, "do you yet live, or are you already numbered with the dead? Oh! is my short dream of happiness to be thus broken forever?"

The hours wore on. About midnight the gale began to abate. When the rain had ceased, and the clouds began to dissipate, the young wife, unable longer to endure her suspense, left the cottage and hurried down to the shore. The little land locked bay was comparatively still, but the noise of the surf could be heard on the rocks outside; and her heart quaked as she listened to the sound. Sitting down on a piece of fallen cliff, her shawl thrown loosely around her, she watched the entrance of the tiny harbor, where she knew his sail would first appear, if it ever appeared at all: but her anxious watch was in vain.

Hour passed after hour. The swell at her feet subsided; the wind sank to a calm; the clouds slowly dissipated; and the crescent moon, heralding the approach of day, hung in the western sky. Yet still the mariner's bride watched unrewarded. Her once bright eyes were now sad with many tears, and her hair hung damp and disheveled over her shoulders.

"It is in vain—it is vain," she sobbed, at last, after a silence of hours, "he will never come back. God help me!"

She flung herself exhausted on the flinty beach, as she spoke, and for a few moments almost prayed to die. But the sinful wish was conquered, and after an agony of woe, she rose feebly to her feet, intending to return homeward, for the rosy dawn was beginning to redden, and

she wished to escape observation and sympathy, in order to weep alone.

As she cast a last look seaward, something danced for a moment between her and the glowing horizon. Was it a sail? She sprang upon a rock, and shading her eyes with her hand, gazed eagerly for the reappearance of that dim, distant speck.

It was a sail. Yes! there it rose. And now it dipped again, beautiful as the wing of a sea-gull. Already she had learned to distinguish objects on the water, and she knew that this was a fisherman's sail.

"Oh! if it is but James," she cried, eagerly, clasping her hands. "Father in heaven," and she raised her streaming eyes above, "let it be my husband."

Nearer and nearer the sail approached, and was now observed heading straight for the harbor. Half an hour more of suspense, and then—joy!—she recognized her husband's craft.

He saw her, as she stood there, and steering directly for the spot, was soon at her side and clasping her in his arms. "Dear one," he cried, "were you so anxious? The storm blew us to sea, or we should have been home yesterday. But you see I am safe now."

"Thank God," she said; and then fainted away.

It was the first of many similar trials. Alas! how little do wives, whose husbands pursue their avocations on land, know of the anxieties of a MARINER'S BRIDE.

THE CORAL RING.

BY MARIA M. BOWEN.

On, for a home on a "Fairy Ring,"
Where birds of the brightest plumage sing;
Where the cocoa bends, and the palm trees wave;
And the fragrant Pandanus the waters lave;
'Tis a ring that no jeweler's hand hath wrought,
Of gems with which Eastern mines are fraught;
It circleth the deep with a verdant zone;
It repelleth the surf with a dirge-like tone;
That is onward borne to the mariner's ear;
And a warning gives of the danger near;
The ring is formed by a myriad band
That hath planted the ground-work on sinking land;
As countless its hues as the stars of night,
As lovely its shades as the bow of light,
From the delicate green of the glad Spring-time,
And the verdant robe of a Southern clime,
And the glossy Crowfoot's golden dress,
And the orange hues of the Indian cress,
To the blue that dwells in the violet's eye;
And the gorgeous purple of Italy's sky;
From the roseate tinge of the almond flowers,
And the showy white of the orange bowers,

And the blush that hides in the rose-bud's heart,
Ere its petals ope and its hues depart;
All finely contrasting with shadows deep;
While far, far down where the sea-weeds sleep,
The brilliant fish 'mong the branches glide,
Of the coral bowers where the rushing tide,
With its constant ebb and a ceaseless flow,
A sustenance gives and a livelier glow,
To the puny builders, whose matchless skill
And unceasing labor a work fulfil;
So wondrous in form, in extent so vast—
So countless the rings 'mid the waves they cast;
Triumphantly crowning old Ocean's brow,
'Neath chaplets of coral the wild waters bow;
Where the light cancer 'mid the islets dart,
With their precious freight from a distant mart,
Where the tribes repose 'neath the spreading palm,
And the sea-breeze comes with its freight of balm,
Where the cocoa gracefully bendeth down,
With its drooping clusters of chestnut brown,
Where the flowers bloom in an endless Spring;
A home! a home on a Coral Ring.

THE SONG OF THE BRIDE.

BY E. K. SMITH.

On! merry are the bridesmaids
Among the silk and gold,
And some admire the orange flowers,
And some the veil unfold;
And some try on the magic ring
And fancy it too wide;
Oh! wedlock is a merry thing
For all—except the bride!

She leaves her home of childhood
For land, perchance, unknown;
She must lay by her girlish plays
To sit and care alone,
For rover swayed by fancy strange
Or tyrant numb with pride:
Oh! wedlock is a glittering change
To all—except the bride!

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

BY J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

"Ha! what's here?" cried the joyous Isabel Vane, snatching up a letter which fell from her lover's hat. "A billet-doux, I am sure!"

Mr. Elvington hastened to seize the letter, but Isabel was already looking curiously at the superscription.

"A beautiful feminine hand—ah, Victor!" murmured Isabel, turning her sweet face to her lover, and raising her soft blue eyes to his. "I am horribly jealous! Let me read the letter!"

Mr. Elvington changed color, and in an embarrassed manner extended his hand to Isabel.

"I would rather you would not," said he. "Give it to me, Isabel—and, take my word for it, that it is nothing of which you have reason to be jealous."

"Dear me!" sighed Isabel, "you forget that I am a woman, and that women are more curious than men!"

"But I assure you——"

"Take your letter! Don't make any explanations, for I know I shall not believe you. For my part, I would never receive a letter from a gentleman which I would not show to you."

Isabel pouted charmingly.

"Come here, my pretty witch!" cried Elvington, fondly. "You must not be jealous. Come, you shall see the letter. It was to avoid making explanations that I refused you before."

Isabel's face brightened.

"Ah! it is from one of your old flames!" she exclaimed. "I knew it was! But who is Diana? You never told me about her," added Isabel, reproachfully.

"I knew I should be called upon to explain," replied Elvington, with a sad smile. "I don't know why I never told you about Diana; but the story is not one which I can relate with much satisfaction either to you or to myself."

"Oh, let me hear it! Dol!"

"And you will promise not to be jealous?"

"Ah! you loved her then?"

Isabel fixed her soft eyes upon her lover's face with an expression of tenderness.

"Yes, I loved her; but I do not love her now; Bol—so do not be jealous. It was before I saw you that I was in favor with her."

"Then tell me all about her!"

"Well, since you wish it. But how shall I begin?" said Elvington. "It is the story of my first love—a story of boyish passion—that I

am about to relate; and I have scruples about opening my heart even to you."

"I am listening," said Isabel, folding her hands demurely.

"Six years ago," pursued her lover, "I commenced my struggle for distinction. I was then in my twentieth year; poor, but ambitious. In all the ordinary branches of education I was proficient, although my advantages had been limited; and confident that, if health was spared me, I might go on as well as I had begun, I resolved to undertake the study of Greek. I was a tolerably good Latin and French scholar already.

"In a small, pleasant village I taught an English school for a livelihood, devoting all the time I could spare to my favorite studies. The clergyman of the village—a man of sound learning—kindly offered to assist me in my Greek, and every day I used to go to his house to recite."

"And there you saw Diana!"

"Yes, Isabel. He was her father. She soon became my companion; for she was a girl of more than ordinary intelligence, fine accomplishments, and agreeable manners."

"Beautiful!"

"Very! She was taller than you, Isabel, but not so graceful; with black hair, dark, flashing eyes, and a proud, handsome lip—not so sweet as yours, Isabel!" said Elvington, with a laugh.

"I know you loved her!"

"I am sure I did! She made me forget my Greek, I soon found myself more attracted by the clergyman's daughter than by his learning."

"And she loved you?"

"Ah! that is another thing! I at first thought she hated me. She was proud, and she certainly affected to despise me for a time. But I was proud, too; and I treated her with such apparent indifference, that she never could have suspected my devotion had this state of things continued."

"But I made Diana my study; and I soon saw that she was not indifferent to me. Half a dozen young men of good families and prepossessing appearance were paying their addresses to her at that time. But I was not jealous. I knew that she did not love either of them. It was with perfect indifference that I saw them come for her, in their fine carriages, and witnessed the nattering smiles she bestowed upon them for their

pains. In the winter she went sleigh-riding, to balls and parties—always without me. Still I was not jealous; nor was I, even when she would come and sit down by my side, during her father's absence, and praise the accomplishments of her splendid beaux.

"My apparent indifference cured Diana of her pride as exhibited toward me; and we became in time very good friends. As her pride vanished, so did my indifference; and I was soon well aware that she read my heart. We loved each other in silence, but not in secret."

"You did not tell her you loved her?" asked Isabel.

"No. At that time I could not think of marriage, and I thought myself very wise and generous to hold my peace, and make no *declaration* of love before I could offer her my hand.

"Thus things continued, until I one day found Diana in tears. I had surprised her, and I saw that she was angry with herself because I had seen her weeping.

"I have good news for you," she said, with an unnatural laugh, almost before her tears were dry. "Sit down. You find me crying on my good fortune."

"She fixed her dark eyes upon me with a strange look, which made me shudder with fearful expectancy.

"But perhaps I ought not tell of the honor which has been thrust upon me," she continued, with the same unnatural laugh. "But I may tell you since you are a friend. Ha! ha! what would you think if I should say Mr. Melvin has proposed?"

"Has he?" I asked, with a calm smile. "What an honor!"

"Mr. Melvin was a plain, good-natured sort of man, possessed of great wealth, and entirely devoted to Diana. But of all her admirers I had been least jealous of him. I was not alarmed, nor even startled when she told me the news.

"And you have accepted, of course," said I, laughing.

"Not yet," she replied, casting down her eyes.

"You are wrong," I continued, soberly. "Mr. Melvin is an excellent man."

"So I think."

"Very wealthy, and he would make any woman a good husband."

"I have been thinking of all that," said Diana, compressing her lips. "So you think I had better accept?"

"Certainly."

"I thank you for your good counsel. I shall follow it, Mr. Melvin," said she, with a proud toss of her head. "He will be here this evening; and in three months you will see me his wife."

"Diana!"

"Mr. Elvington!"

"You are not serious?"

"I am."

"But," I said, beginning to be alarmed, "you are not decided?"

"I was not until I had your opinion," replied Diana.

"And you will marry Mr. Melvin?"

"I shall."

"Diana! you did not think *I* was in earnest," I cried, eagerly. "I was not. I spoke playfully."

"You think then I ought not to marry him?"

"I know you ought not."

"I like your first opinion best," said Diana. "I am sorry you have altered it. But what objections can *you* have?"

"You do not love Mr. Melvin," I exclaimed.

"How do you know that?"

"Do you think I am blind. I am as confident of it as of my own existence."

"But he is a good man, and I can learn to love him."

"No, Diana! You deceive yourself. You can never love him!" I exclaimed, warmly.

"And why not, pray?"

"Because you love another."

"Sir!" cried Diana, turning deathly pale, then flushing crimson.

"Do not be angry!"

"What do you mean, sir?"

"I mean what I say; and I speak the truth. It will be a sin to marry Mr. Melvin. You love another."

"You read my heart then better than I can read it myself!"

"She spoke contemptuously, but I saw by her quivering lip and burning cheek that she felt no contempt."

"Diana, pardon me!" I said, carried away by the torrent of feeling which the occasion caused—"I do not mean to offend. But you *ought not* marry Mr. Melvin. I forbid it!"

"You, sir!"

"Since if you will, Diana! although this is no time to sneer. I know your heart—"

"Perhaps, then," she cried, with a hollow laugh, "you can tell me who that *other* is whom you say I love."

"I can!"

"Well, sir?"

"I know not how I had the audacity to answer her as I did; but love, fear, and a consciousness that I had her affections inspired me, and I exclaimed,

"You love me!"

"I almost expected to see her rise before me in all her majesty, with an angry brow and eyes flashing with indignation, and spurn me from her sight. But it was my audacity itself which saved

me from the disgrace. She bowed her head and turned away her face, trembling with emotion.

"In an instant I was at her feet. Ah, Isabel! I need not repeat to you the language of passion which poured from my heart. I offered to give up everything for her—to labor and to wait with patience—if she would promise to be mine.

"She wanted time to consider—my declaration had been so sudden. That day I was called to visit the death-bed of my father. I was absent three weeks. When I returned Diana had made up her mind. Her father was poor—I was poor—and she probably put no faith in love in poverty!" said Elvington, bitterly. "With all her love for me she married Mr. Melvin!"

"And you loved her so well," murmured Isabel, scornfully, "you saved only a piece of your heart for me!"

"Ah! you know better than that!" cried Elvington, tenderly. "Diana was never so dear to me as Isabel! But hear the sequel to my story.

"I will not say to you that I did not feel most deeply the blow which destroyed all my hopes of happiness in Diana. I went no more to her father's house; but I avoided her scrupulously from the time she made choice of Mr. Melvin.

"One day I received a check for five hundred dollars, accompanied by a brief note, stating that a friend, interested in my welfare, and anxious to see my talents secure a worthy field, begged me to accept that small sum. There was no name to the note—but the handwriting was the same as this," said Elvington, playing with Diana's letter. "I sent the check back to her without a word of thanks. I was furious.

"Mrs. Melvin was a very fashionable lady, and she made free use of her husband's wealth, I assure you. They travelled, visited watering-places, and gave magnificent parties in their house in the city. But I heard from Diana through a confidential friend; and I felt a secret, wicked joy at knowing that in all her splendor she was unhappy, and said that she considered the advantages of her wealth and position dearly purchased."

"And how long did you feel this sort of triumph?" asked Isabel.

"More or less until I saw you," replied Elvington. "I do not love Diana now, and I wish her happiness."

"And is she not happy now?"

"Listen. Six months ago I received a newspaper from some unknown person. There was no mark upon it, except a cross made with a pen over an obituary notice. I read the paragraph with natural interest. Mr. Melvin was dead."

"Ah!"

"Do not start, Isabel, nor be alarmed, although Diana is dead now."

"She loves you still!"

"Well, I don't blame you for feeling a little jealous, my little charmer! But when I assure you that I do not intend to visit her, notwithstanding the delicate hint contained in this brief letter—"

"And she is rich, and beautiful still, no doubt!" interrupted Isabel, nervously. "But do you call this a delicate hint? I wonder at you!" she exclaimed, with jealous spite. "Here is only one line—'have all my old friends forgotten me?' What does that mean? Then why does she sign herself 'Diana'—as if she had forgotten the name of her late husband? It is no delicate hint; it says, 'come and see your old sweetheart,' as plainly as words could say it! A delicate hint!"

Elvington laughed, and expressing his warm admiration of Isabel's "spunk," coolly dipped one corner of the letter into the flame of the lamp, and held it in his fingers as it burned away.

"There!" he said, pleasantly, "this is the last of Diana. I shall not go to see her, nor do I think it probable that I shall hear from her again."

Elvington was mistaken. Not many days had elapsed before he was surprised in his office by a tall, majestic figure, richly dressed in black and closely veiled, that stood before him on the threshold almost before he had heard the sound of a footstep.

The young lawyer bowed politely, and offered the veiled lady a chair.

"I saw your name at the door, and could not resist a sudden fancy I conceived to come up and see you," she said, seating herself without removing her veil. "You appear surprised!"

"Mrs. Melvin!" articulated Elvington.

"I am glad I found you alone," pursued the lady, without appearing to notice his agitation. "I should not like to have the world see me call upon an old friend who has slighted me as you have done. I am called proud by the world, Victor—I should say Mr. Elvington—does this look like pride?"

"You do me an honor, madam," replied Victor, recovering his self-possession. "It certainly does not look like pride—that you should condescend to notice so humble a man as myself."

"Humble?" cried Mrs. Melvin. "You are prouder than I ever was!" she exclaimed, with vehemence.

"I!"

"Yes, you, Victor Elvington! You have scorned me."

"Madam—"

"You refused with disdain a small sum of money, which I hoped would do the world some good by helping you on in your studies. You

have refused to visit me—and even now you will not take my hand!"

So saying, Diana threw aside her veil, and revealed a face of startling beauty, and brilliant eyes that looked as if they would pierce Victor's heart.

The young lawyer, happy in his love for Isabel, and fearing to place himself again within the magic influence of that singular woman, turned away his face as children turn their faces from the dazzling sun.

"Victor!" cried Diana, with a smile of conscious power, "you once had the audacity to tell me I loved you! Now I have my revenge by telling you that you love me! I know—I know you love me, Victor. Deny it if you can!"

Victor arose with solemn slowness, and turned his white face toward the beautiful being who had thus come to tempt him.

"I will not say I am indifferent to you," he replied, in a deep voice. "No, Mrs. Melvin; remembrance, if nothing more, forbids that. But—I love another!"

Diana started as if she had been stung.

"Impossible!" she exclaimed, wildly, "you could not forget me! I will not believe that. I understand such natures as yours. You can never love but once. And you *did* love me——"

"You knew it—you loved me—and still you married another!" interrupted Victor, almost angrily. "I wonder how you can look me in the face again!"

"I excuse this rudeness," she replied, with a bitter smile. "I deserve it—but consider how I dreaded poverty! Now I am rich, Victor. If the mightiest potentate on the globe should ask to make me his queen to-day I would refuse him. I did not know my own heart *then* as I do now. Victor, Victor! you love me! I know it! You tremble—you cannot look me in the face! Now can you doubt my love, when after living in splendor six long and wretched years, I come and offer myself to you?"

Elvington did tremble. He was violently agitated by the presence of that strange, passionate being. He thought of the gentle, devoted Isabel, in whose pure love he was so happy, and for her sake he wished himself beyond the influence of the tempter.

"You are still poor," pursued Diana, as he stood before her, with his hand pressed upon his brow. "You are beginning to be distinguished; but it will be years before ease and wealth will be your reward. Then let not pride cause you to refuse my offer; take my heart and hand—and it will be some consolation for what I have suffered during the past six years, to think I am at last able to bring you a fortune."

Victor's hand fell to his side, his face flushed, and his eyes flashed out with indignation.

"And do you think," he cried, "that I would accept a fortune purchased by such a sin? No! I despise the offer. I feel that I do not love you. Tempt me no further. You wrong yourself as well as me; and you wrong her who is dearer to me than riches and fame. And I wrong you both to listen to you!"

"I have deserved this punishment!" murmured the pale and trembling woman. "You have triumphed over me—well! I cannot complain. Excuse my want of modesty in coming to you in this manner. It is because I care for none but you; and because I would sacrifice any thing for your love. Forgive me, and I go!"

Elvington was much affected; but he was strong now in his pride, and in his love for Isabel; and the wretched woman went from his office, humbled by his noble resolution and manly self-respect.

But Diana recovered something of her pride, when she remembered Victor's agitation.

"He does love me," thought she; "he may still be brought to yield."

She sought out the object of his second love; she learned that she was the daughter of a merchant in moderate circumstances, and that she could bring her lover no fortune.

The worldly woman, deeming that nearly all young persons may be actuated by such motives as had caused her to marry the rich Mr. Melvin; and hoping that her last effort to regain her influence over Victor might not be in vain, sought an interview with Isabel.

"Ah, Victor!" exclaimed the young girl, as her lover entered the parlor one evening—"there has been such a strange woman here to see me to-day!"

"Indeed! what was she like?"

"She was tall—dressed in black—very handsome—about twenty-three or twenty-four years of age—and very elegant and lady-like in her appearance."

"Well? What was there strange about her?"

"Why, she talked so strangely! Ah, Victor! now I want you to be a little jealous when I tell you what she said!"

"I'll try!"

"You laugh! I wonder what you would say if I had been carried away by her flatteries! Would you think, Victor, she came to tell me that some gentleman—she did not say who—had been goose enough to fall in love with me!"

"Indeed!"

"And one, she said, whose agreeable manners and wealth—she laid particular emphasis upon his *wealth*, Victor—were sufficient to win any lady—provided her heart was not already engaged."

"Ho—ho!"

"Are you jealous?"

"Tell me first what reply you made."

"Well—the lady appeared so serious and respectful that I believed her; and so I told her candidly that my heart was already engaged, and that no beauty, fine manners, or fortune could tempt me to marry any one but you."

"Of course I'm jealous now—you little witch!" exclaimed Elvington, fondly. "But what did the lady reply?"

"She wanted me to consider; she spoke of the advantages of wealth; she drew romantic pictures of fashionable life, which she contrasted with love in poverty. But I repeated what I had said before, and told her that all her arguments were useless, at the same time giving her to understand that I did not wish to listen to her any longer."

"And she?"

"She seemed disappointed, and went away appearing very sad—as if reluctant to give up the cause of the young man in whom she was so much interested."

Elvington smiled.

"And have you not suspected that the young gentleman in question might be a 'being of the mind' and 'not of clay?'" he asked.

"What do you mean?"

"That the story of your unknown lover was a fable—"

"So," cried Isabel, pouting, "you think no

body but you would ever fall in love with your silly girl!!"

"Oh, no! But hear my reason, Bel. That woman wished to *buy you* from your allegiance to me."

"Victor—"

"Had she found you tractable, her fine promises would have finally resolved themselves into a bribe of several thousands. And to keep her word, she would probably have hunted up a husband for you whom she would have thrown into the bargain. I know her nature—"

"Ah!" cried Isabel, "I begin to see! That woman was—"

"Diana!"

Isabel pressed her pretty hand upon her brow.

"How she must love you, Victor!"

"And how I must love you—and how you must love me—since nothing can separate us!" exclaimed Elvington, clasping the lovely girl in his arms.

Three months afterward they were married. Victor, happy in her love, was contented still to labor for fortune and fame; and she was never jealous of Diana.

They heard from the latter frequently. She was an altered woman. Sorrowing for her past follies, but resigned to her fate she secluded herself from the fashionable world, and devoted her life and fortune to deeds of charity without ostentation and pride.

I FEEL THY SPIRIT NEAR.

BY CLARENCE MAY.

When the dewy ev'ning falls,
Oft a voice from dream-land calls,
Soft as streamlets murmur low,
'Neath the sun's departing glow;
Sweet as zephyrs 'mong the flowers,
Whisp'ring to the dreaming hours;
Gentle as a harp's low swell,
Breathing music's deepest spell;
Calming all the cares and strife
Of this weary, weary life;
Come the tones so sweetly clear—
"Dearest brother, I am near!"

When the midnight, holy, still,
Lulls the rippling, laughing rill
To a slumber sweet and mild,
As that of a dreaming child,
While the moon's pure, silv'ry beam
Rests upon the dimpled stream;
When the stars look down with love
From their glitt'ring homes above,
And each thought would wing its way
To those realms of endless day;
Soft come whispers to my ear—
"Brother, pray, for I am near!"

When temptation with its guile,
And its soft, voluptuous smile,
Strives to win each chorish'd truth
Of my wayward, ardent youth;
When desires fill my soul
With a winning, strong control,
And the cup of pleasure, bright,
Sparkles to my 'raptured sight,
And my glowing, burning lips,
From the goblet fain would sip;
List! a low and plaintive sigh—
"Do not, brother, I am nigh!"

Lov'd one, yes! tho' far away,
Thou art near where'er I stray;
Fate may sever and divide,
Thou art still my angel guide—
Thou art treasur'd in my soul,
And "the love-tide scorns control."
Other friends are 'round thee now,
Other kisses for thy brow;
Yet I know I'm dear to thee,
Aye! from dream-land comes to me—
"Brother, brother, thee I love,
Meet me in your home above!"

A L I C E V E R N O N .

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18.

ISABEL did not have to wait long to put her plan into execution. At a comparatively early hour, that morning, Randolph called. Leaving him alone with Alice, she repaired to the library, where, soon after, Mr. Vernon came in from his forenoon walk.

He missed immediately the light form of Alice, who was usually at hand to give him his slippers, and wheel the large chair to the glowing fire.

"Where is Elsie?" he asked.

The father never called his eldest daughter anything but Isabel, but nearly always employed pet names for Alice.

"Where is Elsie," he repeated, "the idle little baggage?"

"In the drawing room with Mr. Randolph."

Something in the tone of the speaker made him turn and look at her intensely: and the look by no means removed the suspicions so suddenly aroused.

"With Mr. Randolph! Pray did he not ask for you too?"

"No, sir!"

"Isabel, what does this mean?" And he spoke excitedly. "Is he trying to wheedle Alice into an engagement? I have noticed his being here a good deal, but I thought you were his favorite, and so gave myself no concern about the matter; for I knew you were able to take care of yourself. But Alice, young, susceptible thing!—I will go into the drawing-room immediately."

Isabel, however, interposed.

"But, papa," she said, "don't, for your own sake, do that. It hasn't gone as far as you think. If you disapprove of his visits leave me to manage the affair. We women, you know, have a tact in such matters."

"You are right. I should only make a fool of myself."

"No, papa, not that. But you might get entangled in a quarrel."

"The young scoundrel. Trying to entrap that poor child, and all for her money."

"Perhaps not, papa."

Mr. Vernon glanced keenly at his daughter from between his shaggy brows. But the dissimulation of Isabel was perfect.

"You need not attempt to defend him," he said, testily. "He has fascinated all of you, I believe."

"Not me, papa."

The smile of scorn, the contemptuous tone—how well acted they were!

He looked at her fixedly, and smiled in turn.

"I believe you. A poor man *you* would never marry, though he talked poetry by the hour." And he remained silent for awhile, gazing abstractedly into the fire. Isabel looked at him, from under her drooped eyelashes, and her countenance grew sinister, for she divined something of his thoughts. He was musing, in truth, on the difference between his daughters; and the result was not complimentary to the elder.

At last he looked suddenly up.

"I leave it to you, but you must act at once," he said, decidedly. "Go into the drawing-room. Alice must not be left alone with him."

Isabel rose, and departed. She had no sooner left the room, than Mr. Vernon started impatiently from his chair, and began walking nervously up and down the library.

"Poor Elsie, poor child," he said, "I hope she does not like the fellow. And yet she is so impulsive, and the scoundrel is really clever. What a fool the old judge was to invest his all in that bank stock! These sons of families once wealthy are fortune-hunters, every one of them, and this fellow is no better than the rest, for its Isabel he loves, only he knows he can't get her, the sneaking villain!"

For half an hour, the excited old man continued muttering, walking to and fro: but finally he flung himself again into his chair, and moodily gazed into the fire. Once or twice he looked at his watch impatiently.

At last Isabel entered the room, calm, and beautiful as ever.

"Well!"

"Alice has gone up to her room."

"Humph! And did you tell him?"

Isabel smiled.

"Not in so many words, papa. But he understands nevertheless."

"And Alice!"

"She is crying, I suspect."

Isabel knew her father's character well, when she hazarded these words.

"Crying! So she has made a fool of herself. Curse the dog."

"Nay, papa."

"Well, I can't help it: he's a pitiful scoundrel: couldn't he let the poor child alone? Do you think she loves him?"

"You ought to know, pa, how it is with young girls, especially susceptible ones like sis. They think fancy is a passion: but in a week they forget all."

"Do you say so?" He spoke gloomy. He did not like to think this of Alice even to console his fears. In his secret heart he had believed that his darling loved him better than did Isabel; but if this was true of her, she was deceiving herself. He was not convinced however.

"Do you say so?" he repeated.

"Sister belongs to the demonstrative class, you know, papa. She feels, or thinks she feels acutely, for a little time. But when she grows older, her character will become steadier of course."

Again he winced. And yet the words had their effect. They hardened Mr. Vernon's heart against his offending daughter, and determined him to disregard any grief she might exhibit: and this was what the speaker desired.

But had Isabel really spoken to Randolph? Not a word. With Alice, however, she had exchanged a few short, sharp sentences, which had sent the poor girl in tears to her chamber; for it was part of the scheme to make her embarrassed in her father's presence, which nothing would effect so well, she knew, as a consciousness of his displeasure. With her usual manner, Alice would have been prattling at her father's knee, and would have destroyed all: there was nothing Isabel dreaded more than a mutual confidence between them.

"He is very angry," she had said. "Don't trust yourself with a word, or it may lead to an outbreak: and if he was once to say that you should not have Randolph, I could not, in conscience, go on."

"Oh, no, no. I won't speak at all. And yet how shall I go in to dinner, and he looking angry? It will almost kill me." And she burst into tears.

"Tut, tut, little one," said Isabel. "Cheer up, for all will yet go well. Only follow my advice. I have told Randolph to come, after dinner, when pa is out; and then he and I will settle what is best. Pa can't be angry long with any one, you know," and she added, gaily, "hurricane-like, its soon over."

Alice smiled faintly. "I hope it will be so," she said, timidly.

"Little coward!" And Isabel playfully tapped her sister's cheek. "There, go up stairs and wash your eyes. I'll go back to pa and talk him into a good humor."

When Alice came down to dinner, her father looked up at her at first in his natural manner, but her inflamed eyes seemed to recall something he had forgotten, and his face grew stern and cold. The poor girl shrank back, and silently took her seat, instead of kissing him as was her custom. The meal passed in constraint. Isabel pretended to make efforts to keep up a conversation; but it was in vain. Her father answered shortly, and scarcely looked up from his plate. Alice could hardly restrain her tears. Once or twice she glanced timidly at her parent, but his eyes never met hers, and well it was so, for the stern face alone almost made her sob aloud.

As soon as the meal was concluded, Mr. Vernon left the table, instead of lingering over his wine as usual. The outer door had not closed on him when Alice gave way to hysterical weeping.

"Oh! sister," she sobbed, "will he forgive me? Do you think he will? Oughtn't I to give up Randolph at once?"

"What a foolish child! Don't you know papa? It will all be over in a week, or would be," and she spoke, as if hesitatingly, "were anger useless."

The tone, more than the words arrested Alice. She checked her sobs partially, and looked earnestly at Isabel.

"What do you mean?"

"If I was in your place I should elope with Randolph."

"Oh! Bella."

Alice was white as death.

"Yes, for when the thing was done, pa would forgive you. But his consent first you never will get."

"But it would be so wicked."

"And yet, if you don't do it, he'll maybe forbid the thing positively, and then you'll have to disobey him openly, or give up Randolph."

"Oh! I'll give up Randolph." And she clasped her hands.

"Can you?"

Alice burst into tears afresh.

"What shall I, shall I do? It seems so wrong. And yet give up Randolph! Do you think he would care much, sister? Would it break his heart?"

The question was so sudden, so unexpected, that Isabel started; and again that livid hue overspread her face. It was gone, however, in a scowl.

"He would never forgive you. Nor, if I were he, would I. Only think of it. His happiness depends on your faithfulness; you have no right,

you see, to consult yourself solely: pa, too, will forgive, which Randolph could not, and should not."

"But would pa forgive? He has been so kind; and this seems so wicked: to marry, and not even ask him."

"There it is again. Going back over the old track. Alice, you were never intended to reason: you should leave that to others; and leave it now to Randolph and me. Don't you see? Its plain enough. If you elope, pa will be angry at first, but he'll soon receive you back, and we'll all live here happily together. But if you wait for his consent, you'll wait till eternity. Its his way."

"I know it." She spoke despondingly. Then, suddenly, she looked up. "Oh! if I wasn't such a coward, maybe if, I'd go to pa, and tell him my heart would break—his little Elsie's—he'd consent——"

"He'd tell you never to mention Randolph's name again. He'd forbid you ever thinking of him."

"So he would, so he would," sobbed Alice, burying her face in her hands, "I think I see him now."

Isabel regarded her for a moment.

"Alice," she said, at last, and she spoke soothingly. "Can't you trust your elder sister, your second mother almost? And if I should consent, in your name, to Randolph's pleadings, for I know he will plead for it, will you elope with him?"

"I will do what you think best. Yes, yes!" And the sobs became convulsive. "But oh! how unhappy I am."

"Then come up stairs with me, pet; lie down while I read to you; and when Randolph comes I'll talk it all over with him. I only want to see you happy."

"Oh! lying words. Oh! wily temptress. Oh! sister traitress to the holy tie of sisterhood.

They went up together: and, while Alice lay on the bed, wearied and weeping, Isabel read to her—what? Not the Bible. Not that sacred commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother." But the wild, impassioned poetry of Shakespeare's impassioned Juliet.

At last, exhausted by her mental and moral struggles, Alice slept, the soft murmur of her sister's voice rising and falling in her dreams like the low sound of a fountain by moonlight.

When Randolph was announced, Isabel, without awaking her sister, descended to see him.

She found him pacing the drawing-room, to and fro, in much excitement. He came forward immediately and eagerly seized her hand.

"I have been unable to keep still for a moment," he said, "since I left you. Of all things

suspense is most intolerable to me: I think I could meet death itself better than endure the doubts of a trial. But how is my sweet Alice?"

"She is sleeping. The poor child is exhausted. Suspense is killing her too."

"Ah!" And he began again to pace the room. Suddenly he turned to Isabel, took both her hands, and gazed eagerly into her eyes. "Tell us what to do, dear Miss Vernon," he said. "My own impulses are to go, at once, to your father; to tell him I will wait for Alice even as Jacob did for Rachel; but to beseech him not to forbid me to hope. These are my own impulses, I say. But dear Alice seems to think that if I do this, Mr. Vernon will forbid our meeting; and she declares that she cannot, and will not go in the face of a direct command of his."

At the clasp of those two hands, at the eager gaze of those eyes, Isabel's heart had thrilled, and all the woman trembled within her. But she remembered all, and hardened her soul. Ay! hardened it the more for what was to her, though unsuspected by Randolph, the mockery of that look and clasp.

"Alice is right," she said. "I did but hint to papa, this morning, something of the truth, and he would have broken into the drawing room at once. You may imagine what would have happened."

The eyes of Randolph flashed, and the hot blood mounted to his forehead. How Isabel exulted at these signs of the rage and shame of a heart only less proud than her own! He seemed about to speak, but bit his lip, and was silent, dropping her hand, however, and striding up and down, like a chafed lion, till he had partly conquered his anger.

"I am of as good blood as he is," he said, at length. "I was once as rich. In ten years I shall be famous, as I feel here," and he struck his forehead with his clenched hand. "God, what a curse it is to be poor!"

In a few moments, however, he grew entirely calm. He stopped before Isabel, who looked half displeased, and drew herself coldly up.

"Pardon me, dear Miss Vernon," he said. "I forgot that I was speaking of your father. But oh! you don't know, you can't know the tortures of a proud spirit, beset with poverty. There, you forgive me. I see you do. It is like your noble nature. And now complete your kindness," and he sat down by her again, "and advise us what to do. There is not one out of a thousand who has a clearer judgment."

She returned his gaze calmly and imperturbably, not a muscle of her face flinching. And yet what a whirlpool of emotions—love, revenge, hate, conflicting with and stimulating each other—raged in that relentless bosom! Only, for one

moment, a darkness passed over her face, like the shadow cast by the swift wing of the lost archangel.

How little Randolph suspected the truth! How sternly, if he had, he would have turned from her! But giving himself up, unsuspectingly, to her guidance, he listened, as she said,

"I cannot, you know, advise you, Mr. Randolph. Only this suspense, as I told you, will kill Alice if protracted. I think she and you ought to decide for yourselves. But," and she hesitated, then hastily resumed, "from what I know of pa, he is, I think, more likely to forgive an elopement than to grant his consent."

Again the face of Randolph flushed, and his eye flashed. He muttered as in a soliloquy,

"An elopement! And yet that seems so mean. To steal into a man's house and betray his confidence by running off with his daughter.

Isabel glanced at him covertly, triumphing in these visible pangs.

At last Randolph addressed her again.

"Won't it be better for me to risk an appeal to your father? Our families used to be intimate, and he ought to know," he spoke proudly, "that a Randolph could not stoop to be a fortune-hunter. I don't ask for Alice's hand now. She is willing to wait till I have earned fame and fortune; and with such a prize in view I will work as never man did before.

The exulting look, the lofty words, how grand they were! Isabel loved him more passionately than ever, and loving, hated him the deeper: and so grew deadlier in her resolution for revenge.

She shook her head; but said, "try pa, if you think best. Only, in that case," and she held out her hand, "let me bid you farewell now, for I shall never be allowed to see you again, much less poor Alice."

Randolph did not take the proffered hand. He gazed gloomily into vacancy, silent and abstracted for awhile, and then, suddenly starting up, cried, "it must be, after all. I see that you have the coolest judgment of any of us."

Isabel looked up with one of her old smiles.

"I do not advise this step, remember! I cannot, much as I love Alice, recommend it. At most I can only tacitly consent."

Randolph stopped before her, "I shall never forget your kindness," he said, feelingly.

He paused a few moments, and then resumed, "Will you talk to Alice for me? I hope she also will see the necessity of an elopement. And it ought to take place at once. Your father might, even to night, forbid her even to speak to me again. Dear Miss Vernon, will you complete the obligations, under which I lie to you, by closing this?"

"I really ought not. But I cannot see Alice poor Alice." And now only joy, and sisterly

killed outright. I can plead, too, for you, with pa, after the thing is done. Well, well, I suppose I must. Only," and she rose with a gay smile, "don't you and Alice look so sorrowful, for such things happen every day: 'the course of true love,' you know, 'never did run smooth.' I will be back directly."

She soon reappeared with Alice, the latter blushing and hanging back, the tears starting in her eyes. Isabel left the lovers together, first kissing her sister, and whispering in her ear, "cheer up, all will go right yet, only don't begin an engagement by disobeying your liege lord."

Half an hour after, Randolph left the house, and Alice tripped lightly up stairs. Isabel was waiting for her in their own room.

"Bella, dearest," she cried, flying in, and flinging her arms around her sister's neck, "it's all fixed, and so nicely too—I didn't think of the plan till George suggested it. The elopement I would not hear of; it seemed too wicked to pa; and George, I don't think, thought it exactly right either: so he proposed at last that we should be privately married. I to come home here immediately after, and the secret is to be kept: but, by-and-bye, when George becomes famous, as you know he will, he is to claim me. Pa, you see, can't call him a fortune-hunter then——"

"But," said Isabel, sharply, for this scheme threatened to thwart her revenge, "why a concealed marriage? You might as well leave things as they are."

"Oh! no," and Alice blushed rosily, even though she turned aside her face, "for George would not have been contented. But he says if I am married to him, he can do without seeing me, for a whole year at a time, if necessary—that he won't get jealous—you know, Bell, what men are!"

Isabel answered coldly, though she began to see already how this private marriage, properly divulged, would answer her ends as well as an elopement. "Well, Alice, you know best, and I am glad to see you happy. Only you mustn't ask my advice. For your sake and George's, I must be able to tell pa that I was not a party to it, or else, you know, all I can say will have no effect on him."

For an instant Alice looked earnestly at her sister. To her pure heart, to know of the affair, yet conceal it, was the same as being actively a party to it: and, for a moment, a half-formed suspicion, she hardly knew of what, flashed across her mind. But it passed as quickly as it came. Isabel, however, understood that fleeting expression; and it stung her with rage.

"That is just like you, always good to your poor Alice." And now only joy, and sisterly



affection shone in the face of the speaker. "But I must go. I promised George to meet him in half an hour, so that I might be back before pa comes home. Oh! if I could only have you with me."

Isabel assisted to arrange Alice's shawl, tied the bonnet strings, and then, telling the flurried girl, she never looked prettier, gaily pushed her out of the chamber door, jestingly saying she should send to the confectioner's, and have some private bride-cake ready for her return.

But when that light form had floated, like a summer cloud, from out the room; when Isabel, looking suspiciously around, saw herself really alone; then the smile faded, and a gleam of bitter, bitter hate rose to her countenance, gradually overspreading it. Not a word, however, passed the rigid lips. She did not move from her seat either. But there she sat, livid and stone like, scarcely seeming to breathe, with no outward sign of emotion but a nervous clasping and unclasping of the fingers of her right hand, which rested on a little work-table beside her.

The twilight was closing in, when Alice returned. The excitement, which had supported her when she went out, had now fled; her cheek was pale as death; and her large eyes had a wild, frightened look. She rushed up to Isabel, flung herself on her knee, and throwing her arms about her sister, burst into tears.

"Oh! its done, its done, but I wish I was dead," she sobbed. "I feel like a thief coming back here."

"You are nervous. All brides are, Alice. Come, look up, don't be down-hearted, bathe your eyes, here's my bottle of sal-volatile. Recollect, you have to meet papa at tea directly, and if you don't compose yourself, he may ask ugly questions."

And so, with words and caresses, the arch-traitress soothed her sister, till Alice only sobbed, now and then, like a child that has cried itself to sleep.

"Oh! if I had known how I should have felt," said Alice, "I never could have undertaken it. The church was so empty and cold; everything was so strange; it was away off in the suburbs, lest we should be known. And then the rector was so long in making out my certificate."

"I never saw one. Where is it?"

Alice drew it from her bosom. Isabel walking to the window, pretended to read it.

"It's too dark," she said. "I must wait till we retire. And there is pa's key in the front door." She returned the paper to Alice as she spoke. "I will hurry down to meet him, or he will be coming up here. Wash your eyes well, before you follow."

Alice entered the tea-room like a condemned

criminal, for she felt that her father's eyes were on her: and she could not meet them.

The evening passed miserably. On every side there was constraint. It was, therefore, a relief to Alice, when the clock struck the hour for retiring. Mustering all her courage, she approached her father, as usual, to proffer a good night kiss. But he only bent his forehead to her gravely, instead of offering his lips. Poor Alice restrained herself till she left the room. But the events of the day had been too much for her; her whole nervous system was shattered; and when she gained her own chamber, she flung herself on the bed and sobbed as if her heart was breaking.

Isabel hung over her, endeavoring to console her, now with words, now with caresses. At last, Alice grew more composed.

"I will leave you for a minute, dearest," said Isabel. "I left my work-box down stairs."

It was not for her work-box only that she went; but to execute a plan, which she had been resolving all the evening. She knew that her father's custom was to visit the smoking-room, after she and Alice had retired, and having smoked his cigar, to return for a few minutes to the library, to see that all was right before he himself sought his chamber. She had observed that Alice, in her nervous excitement, had returned her marriage certificate to her bosom. If this document could be obtained, and placed on the library floor, as if dropped there, it would meet her father's eye: and then the explosion, which Isabel calculated on, would be sure to occur, without any apparent agency of her own. But how was the certificate to be obtained without suspicion? From this dilemma, she was relieved by the hysterical emotion of Alice. While caressing her sister, she had extracted the certificate from the bosom of the unconscious girl; and it was to deposit the fatal document on the floor of the library, that she now descended.

In a few minutes she reappeared, work-box in hand. Alice was still sobbing on the bed, and did not observe the deadly pallor of her sister's cheek. Isabel knew that the denouement might be expected every instant, and her whole frame trembled with nervous excitement.

"Alice dear," at last she said, feeling that she must say something, or shriek.

Her voice was thick and husky. The poor, wearied girl, however, did not notice this; but looked up, with a sad, oh! such a sad air.

"You had better undress, love," continued Isabel, "sleep will compose your nerves. Shall I—"

But her words were cut short, by her father's voice, speaking loud and angrily, followed by his steps hastily ascending the staircase.

Alice seemed to have an intuitive sense of her peril, though ignorant of its immediate cause, and springing to her feet, fixed her large eyes in terror on the door, like those of a frightened fawn.

"Oh! Bella," she cried. But her tongue clung to her mouth; she could not go on; and pressing both hands on her heart, she stood pale and trembling, her lips parted, the perspiration starting on her forehead.

Isabel was unnaturally calm. The crisis, whose approach had so unnerved her, found her, now that it had come, hard as adamant.

Nevertheless she did not speak. It was but a moment before the angry parent, pouring forth a torrent of oaths as he came, reached the door, which he burst open with a single blow of his foot.

Neither of his daughters had ever seen him as he looked then. They knew he had violent passions, for he had occasionally been angry at the servants; but even Isabel caught her breath, on beholding him now.

He rushed up to Alice, thrusting aside the elder daughter, who would have interposed; and seizing the offender with one arm, rudely shook her, while he held her marriage certificate up before her astounded eyes.

"What—what—does this mean?" And he shouted, rather than spoke, stammering with rage. Indeed his whole demeanor was that of a maniac. "Speak—are you dumb—"

Alice's first action, on seeing the fatal paper, had been instinctively to place her hand in her bosom, where she had supposed the certificate to be. Not finding it there, her lips had parted as if to shriek; but no sound came from them, for terror paralyzed her.

Her father shook her more violently than before.

"Answer me—I'll have an answer—is this true?—are you really married?"

Still she could not speak. She only gazed, wild with fear, at the livid face of her parent.

Suddenly he flung her from him: and turned sternly to Isabel.

"I found this on the library floor," he said. "It is a certificate of marriage between that girl and her paramour——"

"Oh! father——" began Isabel.

But he silenced her by a gesture, and went on, after a bitter oath,

"From this moment I disown her. Hereafter she is no child of mine. I will not turn her into the street at this late hour, but to-morrow morning, the earlier the better, get her clothing together, put her and it into a hackney-coach, and send them to that mercenary scoundrel."

Alice started forward at these words, with a courage born by despair, and flinging herself at her father's feet, endeavored to clasp his knees.

"Oh! papa——"

But he hurled her from him.

"Damn you," he said, and the words were like the snarl of a wild beast, "do you think you can wrong me in this way, and then, with a few tears and pretty speeches, cozen me into forgiving. Never, so help me God!"

With a moan, as when the arrow pierces the heart of a dove, Alice fell back rigid, and apparently dead.

Isabel rushed toward her. Even the cruel heart of the elder sister, the author of all this misery, was moved.

"You have killed her," she cried, kneeling, and looking up at her father, "oh! how could you——"

Mr. Vernon had staggered, his hand on the door-knob, his face lately so livid now pale as a sheet. But seeing Alice stir, he recovered himself.

"Not a word." He scowled at Isabel, as he spoke, as though he would disown her too, if she gave him the slightest excuse for it; and then, after a pause, he added, "remember, she goes to-morrow."

Closing the door behind him with a bang, he descended the stairs and entered the library, where Isabel heard him walking to and fro, till long after midnight.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE'S PILGRIMS.

BY W. E. CASSEL.

The highway of this world is set with thorns,
O'er which poor pilgrims still must journey on;
There are who walk it shod with iron sense,
That crushes opposition like a vice,
And puts aside the ready points like twigs
Pressed backward in the woodlands by a child.
There are who seem buoyed upward by some power
Above the level of affliction's range,

Until their term be run, and then they fall
Into the bosom of the angel Death.
And there are some whose tender feet are pierced
Evermore deeper by the rugged path,
Whose softness and whose beauty high invite
The cruel spoiler to his unarmed prey;
As the swift hawk, high poised in the sky,
Swoops when the dove floats past on silvery wings.

LINA THORNTON'S HOUSEKEEPING.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

A HAPPY woman was dear, fussy Mrs. Wharton, as she walked over the magnificent velvet carpets, picking up a tuck here and there, left by the upholsterers; drawing the lace window curtains in more graceful folds; or arranging and rearranging the *bijoutrise* on the tea-ploys and *clegier*.

Yes, she was in the most blissful state of excitement. The grand wish of her life was accomplished, for Lina, her pretty daughter Lina, was actually married, and married too into "one of the first families." Upon the achievement of so great an object, the mamma had coaxed the papa into buying a handsome house in the fashionable quarter of the city, and to give her *carte blanche* for furnishing it.

Lina had plead in vain, in her sweet way, for a smaller home;—"what did Frank and herself want with such an immense place, and only two of them?" asked she, with a smile and a blush, as visions of a cozy little house, illuminated by the rays of the honeymoon, rose before her.

But it was of no use. Her daughter, without an effort, had here an opportunity of quietly stepping within the charmed circle of the aristocracy *par excellence*, which the mother had only dared to long for; so poor Lina was to be victimized with a big house, that it might in some degree compensate to the terrible world, for the *parvenu* blood she brought into it.

Lina had sometimes wished that Frank Thornton had been just a *little* poor, that she might have made some sacrifice for him, but unfortunately for Lina's romantic, loving, little heart, he was a lawyer with a handsome inheritance, and nearly as rich as herself. He had married her for pure love.

Mrs. Wharton was now anxiously awaiting the return of the young couple from their bridal trip; for she had a great surprise in store for Lina.

The pretty young bride at length arrived and declared the arrangement of the house perfect; "but," said she, with a rueful face, on her way to the kitchen, "oh, mamma, these servants, what shall I do?"

But as she opened the door, with what a cry of delight did she recognize black Nancy, her mother's cook.

Nancy's grey colored handkerchief was wound

around her head in the most picturesque folds; her dark blue dress was perfectly glossy with ironing, and her snowy linen apron had undergone all the complicated mysteries of folding, of a Newport napkin.

As Lina entered, Nancy dropped one of her best curtsies, and her deep, contented laugh could be heard over half the house, as she said, "I guess you didn't 'speak to see me here, Miss Lina, did you? But Misses thought you didn't know nuffin' 't all, honey; so you sees, she gied me up to you. How you like it, Miss Lina? ha! ha!"

Lina's heart was at rest now. There would have to be no ordering of breakfast, dinner, or supper. Nancy was as regular as clock-work, and knew everybody's appetites better than they did themselves.

In the midst of Lina's delight, however, she thought of her father. "But, mamma," said she, "what will papa do without Nancy? I am afraid he will never have another dinner to suit him, he is so very particular, you know. And then no one can dress terrapin or lobster to suit him!"

"It will be a great deal easier for me to instruct a cook than yourself, Lina, and your father seemed perfectly willing to part with Nancy," said her mother.

In the mornings, Lina might be seen through the open windows of the parlor, arranging the drapery of the curtains, altering the position of a lounging chair, or dusting the knick-knacks with a brush of gay feathers, her little hands encased in a pair of white, cast-off gloves, which she had worn at the Opera, or a party the evening before. And poor Lina called this housekeeping.

One morning, when Mrs. Thornton was dressing to go out, Nancy knocked at her chamber door, and as Lina admitted her, she observed with some trepidation, that the handkerchief around her head stood an inch or two higher than usual. This was ominous. Nancy's handkerchief always rose with her courage.

"Mr. Thornton and you 's going travelling this summer, ain't you, Misses?" said the cook.

"Yes, Nancy, but I cannot tell when, precisely," was the reply.

"Well, Miss Lina, I thought if you could 'range it so as to go next week 't would suit all hands; for you sees, honey, I wants to go to camp-meeting

then, over de river. There's been a great revival in our church, and Mr. Parker, he says we ought to do all we can to keep it up."

"Well, Nancy, but I do not know that Mr. Thornton can leave home then; I will ask him, though."

"Yes, Miss, if you please, Miss. I 'spose I could git somebody to stay in my place for a week, but then you sees they would be strange to your ways; and bless your heart, honey, you couldn't teach 'em; you don't know no more 'n a little kitten yourself."

Lina felt this to be true, and in despair said she would endeavor to arrange it so that they should be from home during Nancy's absence; for she found she was determined to go.

"Thank you, Miss; I believe Betsey, she's a going too; for we thought Jane might do the chamber work; for a waiter-girl don't have much to do."

"I have no objection, Nancy, if Mr. Thornton and myself go away."

Nancy made a deep curtsie and left the room, while Lina put on her bonnet and hurried to her mother's.

"Oh, mamma, what shall I do?" exclaimed she, "Nancy says she is going to camp-meeting, and Betsey too; and that Frank and myself had better go away at the same time. She seems to have made up her mind about it, so there is no use of endeavoring to bribe her out of it."

"Well, my dear," replied Mrs. Wharton, "if Nancy has made up her mind, she *will* go, so you had better give your permission the best way you can; she is too valuable a woman to lose. I had to compromise with her myself, sometimes. We are going out to 'the place,' in a day or so, or else Frank and yourself might come here, if his business detained him in town."

Lina went home, and nervously awaited her husband's arrival. He quieted her troubles, however, by saying he could easily leave his business at the time, so that Nancy and Betsey could go to camp meeting, and Jane stay and take care of the house.

But alas for Lina's calculations! Nancy and Betsey had but fairly started, and Lina put on her travelling-dress for her own departure, when Frank entered with a vexed air.

"Lina," said he, "I fear we shall not be able to go till to-morrow or the day after. There is some most unexpected business which must be attended to. I am sorry, dearest, but one day can't make much difference."

So reasons a man. Lina's face grew perfectly blank. What should she do? "Probably Jane can cook a very simple dinner," thought she, so down stairs she hurried.

But Jane looked grum. She did not fancy

being left at home, "when Nancy and Betsey were pleasureing."

"And as to a custard, Mrs. Thornton," said she, after Lina had given her orders, "I never made one in my life. If you will show me how, ma'am, maybe I could do it," continued she, insolently, for she well knew that Lina knew no more about making a pudding than Queen Victoria did.

Lina said she was too busy; so they went without a dessert that day, and dined off a salad; half cooked potatoes, and a burned beefsteak.

Frank's business still detained him in the city; and in a couple of days Jane was in open rebellion.

"She wasn't a going to be made a nigger slave of for nobody," said she to Lina, one morning, after she had been injudiciously asked to sweep the halls, scrub the front steps, go to market, do the chamber-work, cook the dinner, and run of errands.

Lina never for a moment thought she was giving to one girl the work three had been accustomed to do.

"I guess she thinks I'm a slave from Georgy," muttered Jane, as Lina left the room.

Frank entered at that moment. "Jane how dare you to speak so of your mistress," said he, "If you do it again, remember, you leave the house."

"I guess I'll leave any how. It's a most time when the men comes a cotting about," was the reply.

Frank almost choked with anger. "If you are not out of this house in ten minutes time I will kick you out," he said, with some effort of calmness.

"Oh, Frank, how could you?" asked Lina, with tears, after Jane had gone. "What shall we do? Mamma is out of town, and the house closed. And where to get a soul to do the work I don't know."

"Why, my dear, don't let that trouble you. There are hundreds of servants to be had. You know there are applications at the door every hour of the day."

But Lina had an instinctive idea that servants were not so easily to be had, particularly if they were wanted very much.

Mr. Thornton dined at a *restaurant* that day, and Lina's fare was nothing more substantial than a piece of sponge cake and some preserves.

At last the Intelligence Office was thought of, and, as Frank had predicted, scores of girls called in want of places.

But Lina was no better off. Some were unwilling to take a situation for so short a time. Another who "wasn't bounded to go to service," wanted "the privilege of two afternoons with

tea," in the week. Another said she couldn't think of cleaning the front. She had always lived with quality folks, who had a man to do that. Others had all the virtues under the sun, but when they found they would have all the work to do in so large a house, for four or five days, "guessed the place wouldn't suit."

There was no prospect of getting away either; for Frank's business became more complicated than he had anticipated; so poor Lina cried herself to sleep that night, after forgetting to close the house before retiring.

The next morning she arose, utterly sick with worriment. Her husband and herself had gone to a confectioner's and got coffee and muffins the night before, but she felt ashamed of not being able to get one meal herself. "I surely can make a cup of coffee," thought she, as she was selecting a dress suitable to play kitchen-maid in. Her wardrobe was full of morning dresses, which a countess might have envied, got up for a *déjeuner* at Saratoga, but there was not one which would look quite in place in her kitchen. At last she fixed upon a white cambric, elaborately trimmed with edging, worth at least a dollar and a half a yard, as the plainest of the set, and tying a black silk apron over it, she noiselessly slipped out of the room.

Lina had dressed very quietly in order not to awake her husband, yet she felt vexed enough to cry when she found he still slept on; it seemed such an utter disregard of her troubles.

But when she reached the kitchen she sat down in despair. The fire in the range had been neglected, and was entirely out; she knew as much about kindling one in Etna, as there. At length Lina espied in an out kitchen a small furnace, which had been bought for Nancy's preserving. She thought there was a barrel of charcoal in the cellar, and had a vague idea that it ignited easily.

She was not particular now about her hands, and after putting the coal on the hearth, she wiped them on her dress. A match was now applied to the charcoal, but of course without effect; it was repeated over and over again with no better success. Lina then got some paper, but the paper burned out before the coal kindled.

She gave it up in despair, and sat down on the hearth, white wrapper and all, and took a hearty cry.

The kitchen blinds were turned, and Lina had been watched from an upper window of the next house, by the chamber-maid, with both pity and amusement.

"Bridget, I say," called the girl to another servant, "can't you go in next door and make a fire for the poor little cratur thera, that's crying her eyes out, just? Sure she never did

a hand's turn in her life! The saints protect her!"

Lina overheard the conversation, and in a few minutes the good hearted Irish girl knocked at the back gate, and when it was opened she said, with the delicacy of good feeling, "I knew, mam, your girl had left you, so I thought I would just step in and see if I could make a fire, or any thing, as I thought you didn't look very strong, like."

Lina thanked her from the bottom of her heart, and stood watching the operation with more anxiety than she had evinced when trying to catch the Scottish step from her dancing master.

"Can you tell me of a girl I can get for a few days, till my own comes back?" she asked of Bridget.

"I know of one, mam, but she isn't just used to the ways in this country; she has never lived at service, mam."

"No matter for that," was the reply, "if she can only make fires and coffee, and do the roughest part of the work, I shall be satisfied."

"Now, mam, if you will tell me where the kettle is I will fill it, for it will be too heavy just for the likes of you to lift."

The kettle was filled and put on the fire; and Bridget departed, promising to send a servant to Mrs. Thornton that afternoon.

Whilst Lina was arranging the table the bell rung, and on opening the door the baker stared at the blackened face which presented itself to him.

Lina reached out her hands for the bread, but observing the color drew them back, and held up her black silk apron for it.

"The tally, too, mam, if you please."

"I do not know anything about it, you must wait till my girls come home," said Lina, ready to cry again.

The next ring brought the milk-man, and the worried little housekeeper flew into the kitchen, and got a couple of vegetable dishes to hold a quart of milk and a few cents worth of cream.

The closets were now rummaged for the coffee, and as soon as it was ground, Lina hastened to pour the water upon it, for she thought her fire was already showing symptoms of going out. The kettle upset on her feet, but as it was not nearly boiled there was no damage done. The pot was put on the fire, and Lina went up to awaken her husband. He did not notice her swollen eyes, but the white dress blackened with coal, and the black apron whitened with the dry flour from the bread, presented such a spectacle that he broke into a hearty laugh. This was too much. Hadn't he been sleeping comfortably whilst she was worrying her life out; and Lina cried again harder than ever.

Frank soothed her as well as he could; asked her why she had not called him; and said he had no doubt he should enjoy a breakfast without meat just as well as if he had it.

Now Frank loved a cup of good coffee above all things; so he watched it as Lina poured it out, with some anxiety. It did not look very promising, to be sure, and when he had tasted it he thought it better to take the whole at one swallow.

Lina's appetite had gone completely. Cooks are proverbially small eaters. She suspected, however, that the coffee was not remarkably palatable when Frank pushed his chair away, having taken only one cup. But he declared he "was not hungry that day, though the coffee was delicious."

Frank's dinner was again taken at a *restuarant*, and his wife's consisted of bread and butter, and fruit.

In the evening Bridget's friend made her appearance. She could make fires, boil potatoes, and "do the rough," but there her abilities

ceased. Very willing, but very stupid. The eggs for breakfast wouldn't cook soft for her; a delicious pudding, made by Bridget—who run in now and then to show her friend—was boiled in a pot of soup "to give it a flavor, jist;" peas cooked in the pod; and blunders enough committed to have driven Nancy mad.

Lina declared if she ever had a daughter, she should learn cooking before she did her letters; and when Nancy and Betsey returned, whom their mistress could almost have kissed for joy, Lina set busily, indefatigably to work to learn housekeeping.

When that great event was accomplished, and not till then, did Frank tell his wife that once upon a time he had been obliged to take a second breakfast at a confectionary, because neither the kettle nor the coffee had boiled at home.

Lina too became remarkably contented with her lot; she now had no wish to be "just a little poor;" for though she could take the care of the house upon herself, it must be confessed also that *she never did like it.*

I AM DREAMING.

BY GEORGE H. BANISTER.

I AM dreaming, fondly dreaming,
Dreaming o'er the blissful past,
Dreaming of those loves and fancies,
All too beautiful to last.

They are landmarks in my journey,
Down the fickle stream of life,
They were real once—those fancies—
For my heart knew naught of strife.

I am dreaming of my Angie;
How together we have strayed,
'Neath the silvery rays of even,
Down the vine-arched forest glade.

I am dreaming how the fairies
Danced within those eyes of blue,
Darting forth their love-lit glances,
Like the sunlight on the dew.

I am dreaming, sadly dreaming,
Of those happy hours by-gone,
But a spirit whisper tells me,
They have not forever flown.

Far away in climes Elysian
Are those hours of youthful love,
Treasured with angelic fondness,
By a myriad throng above.

Every day, and hour, and moment,
Every thought, and word, and deed,
Shall be treasured as a witness,
Till this spirit shall be freed.

Then our youthful loves and fancies,
Fresh from angel's care shall come,
And with words of sweet affection,
Bid us welcome to our home.

There mine own Irene will meet me;
There mine Agnes too doth dwell;
And the darling of my fancies,
Dearest, fondest loved Gazelle.
'Neath the shade of golden willows,
Where the chrystal fountains play,
Where the pearly notes of seraphs
Ride their echoes far away—

Where the daylight is but love-light,
Where the pearl-rose ever blooms,
And the dew-bathed silver lilies
Shed abroad their sweet perfume;
Where the streamlets ever glisten
In the mellow rays of love,
Heart in heart, by love united,
With my fond Gazelle I'll rove!

But I'm dreaming—wildly dreaming,
Visions fickle as the air;
Transient as the dews of morning,
Fair as Heaven, and false as fair!
Such is life; a dreamed existence,
Fraught with sorrow, grief and woe;
Fancies are our mental banquets,
Dream-land, all the Heaven we know.

THE DREAMER AND THE WORKER.

BY MISS ALICE GRAY.

"And when, my dear child, do you intend to quit building castles in the air?"

"Never, uncle, never! Ah! what would I do without dreaming! It seems to me I live in a world of my own."

"And pray, with what kind of creatures is your world peopled? Is the sentimental your forte, or do you prefer the heroic? You yourself are the queen in the realm, I suppose."

"Ah, no, dear uncle, that style of dreams is flown. I used to dream 'that I dwelt in marble halls,' &c., but now my visions come nearer my heart. Besides the floating shadows that form the amusement of a half hour, I have an orderly vision, if I may call it so, that I carry on from day to day. It is a very complex one, I assure you—embraces a great many characters. And oh! I am so happy in that world! All the tenderest, dearest blessings that I long for perhaps in vain, in this, are showered upon me there. But, uncle, you are laughing at me now."

"No, my dear child, but why not show us some transcripts of this glowing clime? write down some of their delightful imaginings for us."

"No, no, uncle, I could not do that. I could not, like Lamartine, give you a portion of my own beating heart."

"Well, well, I should have no objection to all this, even though it does waste a great deal of precious time, if you did not carry your dreaming propensity into actual life. You very often merely dream of things you ought to do."

"Oh, well, dear uncle, never despair. Nothing was ever done that was not first 'dreamed' of."

"Dreamed! dreamed! I am afraid, my child, you will meet with a rough awakening."

Sixteen—sweet sixteen—Isabel Barnes was just sixteen, and can you not imagine the world of feeling and fancy that filled her heart? Rare beauty of form and face was hers, and hers was that sweet gift

"Which answers only to the far bright stars,
Which answers only to the wind and streams,
The sweet wood blossoms, and the moon's pale
beams."

She was a dreamer in every sense of the word, and this gave no small uneasiness to her sober Uncle Everett, in whose affections the child of his dead sister held a place not less sacred than that of his own Mary.

Isabel's school vacations were generally passed with her cousin, as she cared not to return to her New York home, where her step-mother now was mistress. Her father was too much immersed in business to give much time to her, and readily consented to this arrangement. Her two brothers, Howard and Edward, usually paid a visit to their uncle at the time she was there.

Soon after the above conversation Mary Everett and Isabel returned to school. With sadness they went, for they felt that their last vacation was over. The next time they saw the lovely village of Morristown, they would be no longer school girls, but beings before whom lay the great problem of life, which each in her own way must work out—ay, *must*, for earth suffers not her children to turn back or shrink. When once the golden gates of childhood have closed behind them, they must plunge into the rushing stream and share the strife. I know not why it is, but much is said about the interesting position of young men at the opening of life's dream, and they themselves are allowed the credit of reflecting very deeply upon it, while all seem to forget that the other sex share the same circumstances, and, therefore, the same feelings. For the first time they look upon life as a whole—for the first time they trace a pathway through it with other eyes than those of vague and dreaming hope, and sad indeed is the heart that feels that the strongest link that bound it to childhood's careless days is broken, and feels too its own unfitness to meet that which is to come.

Many a plan for their future course did Mary and Isabel lay. The latter's path seemed very plain—it was pointed out by the wasted finger of a dying mother. For Isabel, volatile and dreaming as she was, had that knowledge which her sober Cousin Mary lacked—that knowledge taught by the first deep grief—by the sense of the eternal change that has then passed over the heart, which can never, nevermore be as that of those who has never known grief. Isabel had stood by a dying mother's bed, and heard the faltering words that told her of her responsibility as the only sister of two young brothers, and the only daughter of a care-worn father. And for a time she had not neglected to preserve and heighten the great influence she held over her brothers, nor relaxed in her affectionate attentions to her remaining parent. But soon

afterward she left home, and until now had had little opportunity to follow the sacred injunctions of the dying. But now—now!—how earnest were her resolutions—how bright her plans for the time when she should once more be at home.

"Well, Mary," she said, to her cousin, one day after she had been talking to her of some of these anticipations, "what are you going to do when we leave school?"

"Indeed I don't know, Bella. I can only answer you in the words of the apostle, 'do with my might whatsoever my hand findeth to do,' for I must do something. I have a perfect craving for action, Isabel. I long for the excitement of life—rushing life."

"Why, Mary?"

"I cannot tell you, Bella, but so it is, and yet how quiet is the life I shall probably lead."

Silently yet quickly the months flew on, and Isabel Barnes and Mary Everett bade farewell to school life. Mary was to spend the coming winter with her cousin in New York, and just as the cool winds of October were making Broadway bright again, they arrived there, Isabel with her dreaming plans, and Mary with her longing for excitement.

Isabel's twin brother, Howard, was then at home on his first college vacation, and eagerly did he welcome his darling sister. During his stay they were constantly together. Perfect confidence had always reigned between them. Howard's frank and generous disposition led him to confide everything to his sister, and Isabel, since her mother's death, had had none but her brother to whom she could impart her most sacred thoughts. When Howard went back to college, many were the promises exchanged of writing very frequently. "You'll have more time to write now, Bella," said Howard, "than when you were studying so hard."

"Oh, I'll write every week—tell you all the news, and you must tell me everything, every thing, Howard—all you see, and do and think."

They parted very affectionately, and Isabel sat down and spent the next half hour in building a castle in the air, as fair and glittering as the Crystál Palace—a vision of love and trust—a vision illumined with a light not of earth, a radiance beaming from a mother's grave, shedding its light on the daughter's brow by reason of her obedience to that mother's dying words. Ah, that it had been something more than a dream!

One morning, not long after Howard's departure, as Isabel rose from a late breakfast, her youngest brother came into the room with an unfinished sketch in his hand, saying, "Bella, please show me about this."

"Not now, Edward, not now," said she, playfully pressing her bright lips to his forehead, "I

have not time. I must go down to the mantua-maker's. Some other day I will."

The boy looked disappointed, but left the room without saying anything.

"It would not have taken me long though, would it, Mary?" said Isabel, turning half regretfully to her cousin, "I might call him back"—but she did not do it.

"Whither bound, Molly?" she said, as she met Mary on the stairs two hours afterward.

"To call upon that lady from Philadelphia. I can't wait for you any longer, Bell."

"Oh! to be sure, I ought to have been ready long ago. I wish I could go this morning, but I can't. What have you been doing ever since breakfast?"

"Practising, *cara mia*. Did you not hear me?"

"How much you do accomplish! I wish I could sit down and go straight through with any thing as you can."

In the afternoon of the same day Isabel had taken up a novel, and was going to her room to lie down for an hour preparatory to her evening's dissipation, when her father called her from the hall,

"Here, Bell, come read to me a little while."

"Oh, indeed, papa, I cannot. I'm very sorry, but I'm too tired."

"But I've got a new book, 'Dream Life,' here. Come, you love day-dreams yourself, you know."

"Ah, dear papa, remember I've got to dance all night."

"Ah, you think more of polkas than pages, I'm afraid, Bell."

"No, no, indeed," but she bounded on upstairs, and spent the next two hours half in reading, half in dreaming—dreaming of the flatteries and sweet whispers she would hear that night.

The season was an unusually gay one, and under the chaperonage of Mrs. Barnes, who had always been kind enough to her step-daughter, Isabel and Mary entered most fully into its allurements. Mary Everett, without possessing the striking beauty, or sweet, winning manners of her cousin, was still a very pretty girl, with a slight vein of sarcasm running through her conversation, which made her very piquant and attractive to the young fashionables that lounged on the sofas of Mr. Barnes, and talked of the new prima-donna, and the last fancy ball. Mary danced and flirted, and chattered nonsense as eagerly as any, acting on her usual principle of entering into everything with her whole soul; but this, even combined with her regular fulfilment of her few duties, satisfied only for a time her craving for action. She envied her Cousin Isabel the golden opportunities she was daily throwing from her. Isabel was carried away by

the stream of gaiety, and forgetting her fond dreams, wrote very irregularly to her brother. Howard felt hurt, and said so in his letters, and then Isabel would resolve to do differently; but on went the days and weeks, and still it was only in dreams that she did anything to retain the affection and confidence of her twin brother. Her brother Edward was younger than herself—a quiet, thoughtful boy of fourteen. He was naturally very reserved, but his motherless heart had sprung eagerly toward his sister, on her return home, and she could have won him to be almost anything she chose if she had only been true to herself and him. Her affectionate ways kept the door of his heart open to her far longer than it would otherwise have been, but he at last discovered that her affection produced no fruits. She was also fickle and capricious. Sometimes she would be very obliging, and again she would have a dozen excuses to prevent her complying with his requests.

The counters at Tiffany & Young's are beginning to be thronged—the pictures on Barnum's Museum are longer and more dazzling than ever—in Thomson's window is a more splendid display of confectionary—and all "the ruination-shops on the west side of Broadway," as Willis says, have put on their most brilliant air—the holidays have arrived! And with them came Howard Barnes for a flying visit. Isabel was very proud of her gay, handsome brother, and took him with her to every place of amusement. But Howard soon found that when he spoke to her of his own feelings and occupations her thoughts were not with him. He could no longer tell her everything with perfect assurance that she would understand and sympathize with him. Those ten days did more to lessen his confidence in his sister, and weaken her influence over him than he himself was conscious of. When they parted, Howard's embrace was rather cold, and he heard Isabel's renewed promises to write frequently with a strange smile.

But what of Isabel's poetry all this time? It had once been her dearest pleasure to prove her feelings in song, but fashionable life is to poetry as the frost to the tender plant—it withers away its life. Isabel's sacred gift had been long neglected, and now when she essayed to wake her silent lute, she marveled that it did not answer her again. Ah! her feelings were touched with worldly perfumes, and the trembling, shadowy strings shrank from them in dismay. She had formed many projects of writing much when she should be free from school, whither had they fled?

She now found flirtation much more agreeable. Among the many moustached exquisites who sunned themselves in her hazel eyes, or kept up

the ball of quick repartee with Mary, there were none whom gossip had fixed upon as Isabel's favored suitor. Almost the only trait of wiser feeling that there was left in the coquettish belle, betrayed itself in the blushes with which she received the attentions of Mr. Charles Morgan, a young lawyer, who boasted no exquisite affectations, but whose true, noble feelings showed themselves in his polished manners, his refined conversation, and the intelligence that lit up his handsome face. But Isabel smiled on all—flirted in the morning with Mr. Menteith—shopped at Stewarts with Mr. Hyde—walked in Fifth Avenue with Mr. Byron Chase—talked and glanced away the afternoon with Captain Allen, and polked with Mr. Edgar Merrill in the evening. The most recherché of all devoted himself to Mary Everett—the heiress—and Isabel often teased her about him. Mary curled her red lip, and shook her head; but one evening, near the end of that month when ladies talk least, Lieutenant Boyd entered the parlor, holding "his hat in his hand, that remarkably requisite practice." And before an hour had elapsed, he managed, looking from his patent-leathers to Mary's eyes, to offer his heart and hand to her acceptance. The hand was very elegant, and wore diamonds of the first water—Mary had not the least objection to that—but the heart—Miss Everett's tone was little haughty as she refused the gallant Lieutenant.

The winter is over at last—the winter to which Isabel had so long looked forward—and what are its fruits? She has time for reflection now, and what sees she as she looks around her? She sees, though he says nothing of it, how disappointed is her father. He had expected his daughter's society—expected her affectionate attentions—had longed to feel her warm breath on his brow—to trace in her eyes the likeness to her dead mother. Has Isabel been to him what an only and indulged daughter should be to such a father? has she been to him half what she once dreamed she would be? And her brothers—how slight was the influence she held over Edward now. And Howard's letters since his last visit home had breathed an altered spirit. They were constrained and much less affectionate. They alluded too to scenes and companions far different from those of other days, and still darker hints might be gathered from an occasional unguarded sentence. Howard's frank, social disposition made him particularly open to temptation, and Isabel wept as she thought how much the knowledge of her sympathy and constant interest might have done to guard him from such influences.

In May he obtained leave of absence for a short time, and poor Isabel saw with a burning

heart the change in his manners and feelings toward herself.

"Come, Howard," she said to him, one evening, "go round to Clinton Place and make a call with me on a very pretty young lady."

"Don't ask me, Isabel! I have a perfect horror of city young ladies. They're made for show. Everything is done for other people, and not for their own family—they dress for others—talk for others—live for others."

"Why, Howard, what possesses you! Come! go with me. I know you want to."

"Once for all, Isabel, I do not wish to. I have no desire to make the acquaintance of any more of the belles of New York. One is quite enough," and he left the room.

This was only a trifle, but Isabel heard him break forth at the breakfast-table, the next morning, in a tirade against the fickleness of woman, in which he only seemed to be checked by a sudden recollection of his mother—and she saw him every night depart alone for some scene of dissipation, from which he never returned till after midnight. At breakfast his blood-shot eye and colorless lip would bring fresh remorse to the sister's heart. One morning when she had heard him with heavy step descend the stairs after the family had dispersed, she ran down to pour out his coffee for him, and tried with her most winning ways to dispel the gloom that hung over his countenance, and get him to confide in her as of yore. But in vain. It was the last day, however, that he was to be at home, and she could not let the opportunity pass. Throwing at length her arms around his neck, she poured forth her full heart with mingled sobs and tears. Deeply did she condemn herself, and earnestly entreat his forgiveness. And Howard's affectionate nature fully, freely forgave all. But Isabel felt that evil had been done perhaps beyond her power to repair, when she heard his account of the last few months—heard him acknowledge that he had spent but little time in his studies—that he had connected himself with a set of dissipated young men who shunned not the gaming-table or the wine cup. He promised his sister, however, that all this should cease when he should once more have some one into whose breast to pour his difficulties and griefs, certain of interest and sympathy. And Isabel trusted and hoped, and with a heart filled anew with bright dreams, she sent her brother forth again.

She now turned to her Brother Edward, but she found that she could not break the reserve which enshrouded him. He was always gentle and kind, but into the inner depths of his spirit she might not penetrate. Her father was absent on a journey, and she contented herself with

regard to him, by dreaming of a different life when he came back.

The lofty resolves of Isabel's school days had been revived, and in their train came some of her old romantic visions of the chosen one to whom her fate should be allied. How different was the ideal she had then formed from any of the perfumed *elegantes* whose cards were daily laid upon her mother's table! Such thoughts made her receive with more interest the increasing attentions of Charles Morgan—and, to make the story short, when she left the city for warm weather it was as his affianced bride.

During her stay with her Cousin Mary in Morristown, she wrote frequently to both her brothers. But Howard's replies, though they came regularly, were not what they once were; and Isabel felt, bitterly felt, that the chain of confidence once broken can never more be renewed.

The band in the rooms of the United States at Saratoga was pouring its gay music forth—the belles from every state in the Union were flirting their fans—and the fortune-hunters were making the best use of their eye-glasses. Saratoga, charming Saratoga, was in all its glory; and mingling with the giddy throng were Mary Everett and Isabel Barnes. At the breakfast-table, the morning of their arrival, they met Captain Allen and Mr. Hyde, two of their New York cavaliers.

"How delighted I am, Miss Barnes," cried the captain, "haven't we good luck, Hyde? You look as charming as ever, Miss Bella," continued he, "why, your breakfast ought to be happy to be eaten. And, Miss Mary, haven't you a look to spare for your humble servant?"

Every evening during their stay at Saratoga, Isabel—the fiancee—accepted the quiet attentions of Mr. Hyde, the heir of a Boston millionaire, and sentimentalized with Captain Allen over her morning tumbler of Congress water. Mary gave herself up to the current of the hour, only now and then allowing herself to long for action.

Action, responsibility—did she long for those? Even in the midst of that thoughtless scene came a fearful summons to them. A letter arrived for her informing her of her father's sudden death. That same night saw her on her way to Morristown. With a face pale as ashes, but a tearless eye, she alighted from the carriage at the door of her home. That peculiar odor belonging to nothing save the casket of death, struck upon her senses as she entered the house, but still she shed no tear, not even when she was clasped to her mother's breaking heart. And not until she looked on the motionless features, upon which rested that strange beauty which death lends to the homeliest face, did her throbbing, burning heart find relief in tears.

Days, weeks passed on, and Mary saw that she must rouse herself from her grief. It was found that by an unfortunate speculation just previous to his death, Mr. Everett's property had become deeply involved, and instead of Mary and her young sisters being heiresses, the whole family were in danger of actual want. Mrs. Everett was utterly overwhelmed with the suddenness of her bereavement, and totally unable to think of anything save that. But Mary saw that with energy and decision something might yet be rescued from the grasp of her father's creditors, and very new and wonderful it was to those sober business men, to see that slender girl of nineteen assume a mien of dignity and firmness, and insist upon attending herself to the settlement of her father's affairs. She shrank from no difficulty or labor in the long and complicated process—bringing to the task a clear head and an accurate knowledge of accounts, together with a quick eye for any attempt at evasion or injustice, and a firm will to resist it. At the end of four months she had the satisfaction to find that by her energy she had secured for her mother a decent competence.

In the meantime she heard frequently from her Cousin Isabel, whose sympathy and affection were most precious to her. Isabel had her own sorrows, though she forbore to trouble Mary with them. Charles Morgan had pressed her to fulfil her engagement with him. He had only an humble home to offer her, but a love deep and fervent to hallow that home. Isabel contrasted it, however, with the splendid mansion of Mr. Hyde, which she knew was at her disposal. Once she would have called herself sordid to allow wealth to influence her in this respect. Not far distant too was the time when, with a heart filled with affection for Charles Morgan's many noble qualities, she had promised to be his. But still reason with herself as she might, she shrank from becoming a poor man's wife. She broke her plighted troth.

She was not happy after the deed was done. Many uneasy thoughts were busy in her breast. Howard too had long ceased to say anything in his letters about his resolution to avoid evil companions. He confided nothing to his sister, and she trembled for him. Her fears were not without foundation. Soon came a letter to Mr. Barnes from the president of the college, warning him of the dangerous course of his son, whose habits had become very inattentive and dissipated. Bitter, bitter and scalding were the tears that Isabel mingled with her father's over this letter. How differently did she now regard her Cousin Mary, whom she had once almost pitied for having no fair dreams to realize. Mary had now left home to fill the situation of governess

in a family at the South, firmly devoting herself to increase the comforts of her mother and sisters. In constant employment she had found the best balm for her bleeding heart, and cheerfulness had already begun to revisit her spirit. A part of her first letter to Isabel ran thus:—"I longed for action, dear Isabel—I have it now, far more sudden and severe than I had looked for. My task is a trying one, as weary heart and aching brow already testify. On the evening of my arrival at Mr. Collins', I was received by Mrs. Collins herself with an air of condescending kindness. Oh, Isabel, God grant that my proud spirit and rebellious temper may be subdued. After a while she told me that she would show me my room whenever I liked, and that she expected a little company in the evening, which she would be very happy to have me join if I desired, adding, 'if the children wish to dance, perhaps you might play for them.' After tea I was seated in the shaded corner of the parlor, when the first guest entered, to whom I was slightly named—Miss Everett. She bowed politely. To the next arrival, a tall, fine-looking woman, I was introduced in the same way. As the lady did not stumble over me, nor drop her chair upon my toes, I presume she was aware of my presence, but she gave no other indication of the fact. However, I soon took my place at the piano. I played some of our old polkas and mazourkas, Isabel. When the children and their companions were tired, which was not until long after my fingers were aching, I swallowed down my tears, and turned around to a room full of twenty people, all perfect strangers. I got up and walked to a table where a pile of engravings was lying. There for two hours I sat, turning over and over those dull pictures. Not a creature spoke to me. There were girls of my own age present, but an impassable barrier seemed suddenly to have arisen between me and them. I asked myself whether I was the same Mary Everett or not. These are only trifles, Isabel—trifles indeed, compared to the rest I have to bear—but yet—I have learned to endure them calmly though—to hear unconcernedly the usual reply to inquiries of who I am, 'oh! it's only the governess'—to repress without anger the too familiar attentions of the young gentlemen visitors at Mrs. Collins'. I devote my time and energies to the task of hearing grammar lessons, mending pens, 'touching up' drawings, teaching stupid children to drum on the piano, and learning patience. If sometimes my heart fails me, and I long for rest, I think of my distant mother and sisters, and new courage and resolve comes to the spirit of the lonely orphan."

Isabel Barnes read this letter with sadness, yet how much she would have given for the

consciousness of well-doing that dwelt in Mary's breast. She herself was now reaping the bitter fruits of her own folly. With the dawning of the New Year, Howard Barnes came home to die. His late reckless course had developed the seeds of consumption within him, and in his wasted form and haggard features, Isabel scarcely recognized her once joyous, beautiful brother. The physicians gave no hope—his constitution had been too much injured—and oh! how full of misery, how overflowing with agony was Isabel's heart, as she sat herself to the task of cheering and soothing his decline! Howard's every word was full of kindness and affection toward herself, yet keen were the pangs with which she heard him tell how with a heart lonely, slighted, thrown back upon itself, he had rushed to the gaming-table to drown his thoughts in excitement, and then how ineffectual had been his resolution to desert either that or its accompaniments, especially as he found it impossible to renew his old feelings toward his sister, or to repose his old confidence in her. On her knees, with every fibre of her frame wrung with anguish, did that sister implore his forgiveness, and Howard granted it eagerly, and entreated her to be calm.

But calmness was not for her yet. She had yet to listen to his dying expressions of deep love, each word sending new daggers to her heart—to witness his dying struggle—and to bend at last in speechless woe over his cold remains.

Weary months rolled on, and another drop was to be added to her cup of bitterness. Her Brother Edward, who was now fifteen years of age, declared his wish for a sailor's life. In vain Isabel wept and urged him not to leave her for a course so full of dangers. She felt that she had now no right to expect his compliance with her wishes, and at length mournfully bade him farewell. "But oh!" thought she, "if I had only made his home what it should have been, he would not have wished to leave it."

It was now her portion to lie awake in the

dreary night-watches, when the storm was abroad in the heavens, listening to the roaring of the tempest with an imagination conjuring up scenes of suffering and death on the broad ocean.

Isabel, oh! how sadly did she receive the proposal of the wealthy Mr. Hyde. For him she had broken solemn vows, and wrung a noble heart, and now she absolutely loathed the wealth offered to her acceptance.

The zephyrs of June were calling the roses out when Isabel refused Mr. Hyde, and before the last ones had faded she stood by the new-made grave of her father. "My Uncle Everett," she murmured, "said that ere long I would have a rough wakening from my dreams. If he could see me now he would say that the wakening has been rough indeed."

Three, four years passed on. Mary Everett had become the bride of a talented young physician, and was living near her mother in her native village of Morristown—content with quiet duties—when she received a few lines from Isabel, entreating her to come to her. She immediately obeyed the summons, and most precious to her dying cousin were her presence and love. Unspeakably mournful were the feelings with which Mary gazed upon the exquisite beauty so soon to be hid forever, and felt the wondrous fascination of Isabel's manner, and listened to the revelations of that spirit whose rare endowments had done so little for their possessor. One day Isabel gave into her hands a small manuscript volume containing her own poems. "Keep them, Mary," she said, with a sad smile, "they are the last remains of my dreams."

Paler and paler grew that fair face—clearer and clearer those bright, spiritual eyes. One cool October evening, Mary had risen to arrange the pillows under her cousin's head, when she noticed a quick change pass over her features—a smile of gentlest affection illuminated them—and then all was still. The dreamer was at rest.

SONG.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

Thou art fairer, Margaret,
Than the red rose in its prime,
Sweeter than the violet
At the sunset time.

Ever grace about thee lives;
From thine eyes enchantment flows;
And thy presence pleasure gives,
Like perfume the rose.

Pleasure undefinable
Springeth up within the heart,
When thy beauty, like a spell,
Doth its light impart.

Even when no longer near,
Feels the heart thy magic power,
As the fragrance still will cheer,
Though unseen the flower.

THE FAIRY REGION OF THE RHINE.

BY HELEN FAWCETT.

THE Lurlei rocks, which are situated a little above the Katz, form a striking contrast to the general scenery of the Rhine. During the greater part of his journey along the river, the traveller beholds a luxuriant country, and the ruins which stand on the mountain heights seem only like so many desolate specks in a region of universal luxuriance; but at the Lurlei, cultivation ceases altogether, and the traveller, instead of seeing countless vineyards, finds himself in the midst of wild, barren rocks. The Rhine is here contracted to half its size, and the masses being so disposed as to intercept the prospect, it seems reduced to a small basin. The echo of these rocks, which is very remarkable, adds to the effect of the scene, and it is the custom of the masters of the Dusseldorf steamboats, when they arrive here, to fire a small cannon, for the purpose of producing it.

Popular tradition supposes that the Lurlei, also called Lorelei, was once the residence of a water-fairy named Lore, and that the appellation of the place is derived from her name, "Lei," being a Rhenish word signifying "rock." This fairy used to appear to the boatmen on the river, standing on the summit of the rock, and clad in garments of a watery hue. Her long, fair hair hung down upon her shoulders, and her aspect was so beautiful, that those who had once seen her could never forget her. To the virtuous inhabitants of the district she acted as a benefactress, scattering good fortune around her; but she was a foe to the wicked, and those who, on passing the rock, ventured to scoff at her power, were swallowed up by the angry waves as a punishment for their temerity. It was deemed sinful presumption to ascend to her favorite spot, and those who erred in this respect, generally fell into some abyss, or were lost in pathless thickets, whence they could with difficulty extricate themselves.

It is said that Hermann, the only son of Bruno, an early Count Palatine, who inhabited a castle in the neighborhood, was seized with an irresistible desire to behold the fairy. Scarcely a day passed in which he did not approach the rock, of which he had heard so many wild stories, and he often expressed the emotions of his heart with the sound of his guitar. Late one evening, when he was watching the rock from a grotto near its foot, he suddenly perceived on its summit a light

of unusual hue and brilliancy, which, gradually condensing, assumed the form of the fairy. With a feeling of rapture he flung down his guitar, and extended his arms to the figure, who seemed to greet him with a friendly smile. He even fancied that he heard her breathe his name in a tone of affection; and so great was his delight, that he fell senseless to the ground, and did not recover till the following morning. From this time a change came over him, and he was a victim of a constant melancholy, which his father observed though he could not divine its cause. As a distraction to his thoughts the Palatine desired him to join the Imperial army, and earn his knightly spurs, and he could not, in honor, refuse this request. However, on the night before his departure, accompanied by a faithful attendant, he visited the spot whence he had beheld the vision. Looking up to the moonlit summit, he sang to the notes of his guitar, and was answered by the sound of the waters, in which something like a human voice was blended. Presently flames began to play about the rock, in the midst of which the fairy appeared, beckoning the youth with her right hand, while she seemed to control the waves with her left. The waters, as if by her command, rose to a fearful height, the boat was dashed to pieces, and the attendant escaped with difficulty, while Hermann sank.

The Palatine, as soon as he heard the news, was beside himself with grief and rage, and swearing to be revenged on the fairy, hastened to the rock with a chosen body of retainers. To his amazement he saw her sitting on a point exactly perpendicular to the water's surface, and eying him with a glance which made his heart shrink within him. In answer to his demand for his son, she pointed to the waters, and avowing that she had carried him away; and that he was now dwelling with her in a crystal palace at the bottom of the Rhine. She then flung a stone into the water, upon which a wave arose to the summit of the rock. Gliding down the wave, she vanished into the river, and has never been seen since, though it is said she is often heard to the present day.

A little above the Lurlei rock, and close to the village Oberwesel, which stands on the opposite bank, are seven rocks in the river, called the "Seven Virgins," a name which is explained by popular tradition. In ancient times the castle of Schonberg, now in ruins, was, it is said, inhabited

by a knight who had seven daughters. As, on his decease, these inherited all his wealth, and were, moreover, endowed with great beauty, they were eagerly sought in marriage, but they regarded every suitor with cold disdain; and though they treated all their visitors with kindness and hospitality, an offer of marriage was sure to be answered with scorn and insult. At the same time they caused many of the lovers to foster hopes of ultimate success, and hence these would not withdraw from the sphere of fascination. On one occasion two of the suitors engaged in a jealous quarrel, and as this threatened to have a sanguinary issue, and both were greatly esteemed, a general voice was raised in the neighborhood that the ladies should declare their intentions with regard to their suitors, and not create further mischief by alluring and repelling them. Thus urged, they promised to give their decision on an appointed day.

When the day arrived, the suitors came in

abundance, watching the castle door with anxiety. Presently a female attendant appeared, who told them that the ladies awaited them in a bower of their garden, which bordered the river. They rushed to the spot, but to their amazement saw the seven sisters in a boat at some distance from the bank. The eldest, who stood at the stern, informed them that they loved their liberty too much to submit to the slavery of marriage, and that they were on their way to the Netherlands, where they had an aunt, and where they intended to break the hearts of new admirers. However, while they were scoffing at the unhappy knights, a storm arose, the boat struck against a rock, and they all sank to the bottom of the river. Soon afterward seven rocks were seen peering above the surface of the waters; and as these are supposed to be the "Seven Virgins," in an altered form, they are regarded as a wholesome warning against female coyness.

THE BOY AND HIS DYING BROTHER.

BY FREDERIC COOPER.

"BROTHER, is't true that you must go
From this bright world away?
Where sweet flowers bloom, and rivers flow,
Can you no longer stay?

"They say you're going to realms of love,
To a land of peace and bliss,
But brother mine, where'er you rove
You'll find no land like this.

"The flowers are blooming fair and gay,
The birds are on the wing,
Brother, a little longer stay,
For it is sweet, sweet Spring."

"Yes, brother, from this earth away,
'Tis true that I must go,

I cannot, would not longer stay!"
"Dear brother, say not so.

"For all things here are sweet and fair,
Each hill is clothed with green,
And primroses and violets rare
On sunny banks are seen."

"But brother mine, in that sweet land
Myriads of angels sing,
Crowns on their heads, harps in their hands,
And all is beauteous Spring!

"'Tis there the blest of this world go
In peace and joy to dwell,
'Tis there through grace I shall go too,
So, brother mine, farewell!"

LINES FROM AN ABSENT FRIEND.

BY MRS. A. H. COREY.

LIKE the last hues of parting day,
Which linger on the Summer's sky,
So cleav'nly pure the mellow light,
So rich the beauty where they lie;
Thus may my memory in thy heart
Light up the joys of other days,
And chase away each gathering cloud,
With its serene, effulgent rays.

Far, far away! How many hours
I yet shall sigh to live again,
And weep for those whose hearts with mine
Are joined for aye, but weep in vain.
For stranger eyes, and stranger tongues
May wake a moment's passing thrill:
But home and friends, their welcome smiles,
Through time and change, I'll love them still.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. VIII.

THE TROT.—The trot is now becoming very fashionable, many ladies regarding it—however disconcerted by the majority, perhaps—as preferable from its vigor, liveliness and dash, to any other pace. It should be performed with great precision of step, and no concussion to the rider.

To make the horse advance from a walk to a trot, draw upward the little finger of each hand (or that of the left hand only, when the pupil has advanced enough to hold the reins in one hand) and turn them toward the body: an animation of the leg or whip should accompany this motion. The trot should be commenced moderately: if the horse start off too rapidly, or increase the pace beyond the rider's inclination, she must check him by closing the hands firmly; and, if that will not suffice, by drawing the little fingers upward and toward the body. This must not be done by a jerk, but delicately and gradually; and, as soon as the proper effect is produced, the reins are again to be slackened. If the horse do not advance with sufficient speed, or do not bring up his haunches well, the animations used at starting him are to be repeated. When the horse proceeds to the trot, the lady must endeavor to preserve her balance, steadiness and pliancy. The rise in trotting is to be acquired by practice. When the horse, in his action, raises the rider from her seat, she should advance her body, and rest a considerable portion of her weight on the right knee; by means of which, and by bearing the left foot on the stirrup, she may return to her former position without being jerked; the right knee and the left foot, used in the same manner, will also aid her in the rise. Particular attention must be paid to the general position of the body while trotting: in this pace, ordinary riders frequently rise to the left, which is a very bad practice, and must positively be avoided. The lady should also take care not to raise herself too high; the closer she maintains her seat, consistently with her own comfort, the better.

It is said, that when a lady, while her horse is going at a smart trot, can lean over, on the right side, far enough to see the horse's shoe, she may

be supposed to have established a correct seat, which, we repeat, she should spare no pains to acquire.

THE CANTER.—If the horse be well trained, a slight pressure of the whip and leg, and an elevation of the horse's head, by means of the reins, will make him strike into a canter. Should he misunderstand, or disobey these indications of the rider's will, by merely increasing his walk or trot, or going into the trot from a walk, as the case may be, he is to be pressed forward on the bit by an increased animation of the leg and whip; the reins, at the same time, being held more firmly, in order to restrain him from advancing too rapidly to bring his haunches well under him; for the support of which, in this position, he will keep both his hind feet for a moment on the ground, while he commences the canter by raising his fore feet together.

The canter is by far the most elegant and agreeable of all the paces, when properly performed by the horse and rider: its perfection consists in its union and animation, rather than its speed. It is usual with learners who practise without a master, to begin the canter previously to the trot; but we are supported by good authority in recommending, that the lady should first practise the trot, as it is certainly much better calculated to strengthen and confirm her in the balance, seat, &c., than the canter.

The horse ought to lead with the right foot: should he strike off with the left, the rider must either check him to a walk, and then make him commence the canter again, or induce him to advance the proper leg by acting on the near rein, pressing his side with the left leg, and touching his right shoulder with the whip. His hind legs should follow the direction of the fore legs, otherwise the pace will be untrue, disunited, and unpleasant, both to horse and rider: therefore, if the horse lead with his near fore leg (unless when cantering to the left—the only case when the near legs should be advanced) or with his near hind leg, except in the case just mentioned—although he may lead with the proper fore leg—the pace is false, and ought to be rectified.

A “SAW” LONG OUT OF PRINT.

For every evil under the sun,
There is a remedy, or there is none:

If there be one—try to find it:
If there be none—never mind it!

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 302, VOL. XXI.

ANY person who would have seen that old gipsy Sibyl tearing her way up the steep ascent of the Barranca, that night, must have fancied some evil spirit had broken loose, and was searching for prey among the gaunt aloes and ragged prickly pears. The sharp hiss with which she rent her garments from the harrowing thorns—the fiendish energy with which she broke away from each fresh grasp, betrayed a state of tormenting wrath which Dante, alone, could describe. There was a power in this bitterness, a concentration of gall that imbued her withered frame through and through with frightful power. Her aged limbs quivered with new life—she walked upright, flung aside her stick, and, grasping the thorny plants fiercely with her hands, drew herself up the hill. The sharp leaves cut her like a knife, tore her hands and drew long purple lines down her lean arms; but no blood followed. Her veins seemed withered up, or barely moistened by the gall that fed them with bitter vitality. The ravine was choked up with darkness—the fires were all out, and the caves closed up. Not a sparkle of the bright Darrow could be seen through the black mist that lay below; and the soft winds that scattered fragrance from a wilderness of blossoms on the *Sierra del Sol*, whose palace was crowned by a few rays of light from the dusky moon, only served to stir the stifling dust through which the fierce old Sibyl waded ankle deep.

With all her toil, the old woman held fast to her crimson skirt, which she gathered up in front and hugged to her bosom, attempting thus to keep a firm grasp on a mass of freshly gathered herbs, which protected here and there from its folds, scattering a fragrant odor upon the dusty air as she crushed them tighter and tighter in her ascent of the hill.

At length she reached the door of her own cave and entered. The lamp which she had left burning in its niche was pouring forth a faint volume of mingled flame and smoke, and a few embers glowed still among the white ashes that lay in heaps under the brasier. A rustle of garments, a faint, shuddering shriek came from a dark angle of the cave as the door was flung

open. The old Sibyl did not seem to heed it; but turned her eyes that way with a look of blank ferocity, and moved on without appearing to have seen my poor mother who sat cowering on the ground, her limbs gathered up beneath the gorgeous mass of her dress, and her great gleaming eyes following each movement of the crone with a seared and shrinking look, like those of an animal which feels itself bound hand and foot for the slaughter.

As if unconscious that any living thing occupied the miserable dwelling with herself, the old woman shook the herbs from her garments, crouched down by the brasier, and, bending her crooked fingers like the claws of a bird, began to rake the scattered embers in a heap from the ashes, blowing them fiercely with her lips till her face was lighted up by the glow like that of a fiend. Half stifled with the smoke, she began to strangle, and her cough sounded through the cave like the bark of a dog. Still she would not leave her work, but sat down on the floor, straightened a fold of her dusty saya between her hands, and commenced blowing up the embers thus, till her breath came again.

As the liquid in the bronze vase began to simmer, she gathered up the loose herbs, and after twisting them into fragments with a ferocity that sent their juice trickling through her fingers, she cast them into the vase. Sometimes when the stems were tough, she employed her sharp teeth, wrangling with the poisonous fibres like a wild cat over its prey.

This was a fearful proof of the insane wrath that possessed her, for she knew well the deadly nature of those herbs, and yet remained, as it were, insensible of the danger she ran even after her thin lips were swollen and tinged with the poison.

My poor mother, who had cowered in her corner watching all this, could endure the sight no longer; but rising slowly up, crept to her little bed room and softly closed the door. The old woman eyed her with a side long glance as she crept by, but preserved silence and occupied herself with her fire.

Thus an hour passed: huge drops of per-

spiration stood on the forehead of my great grand-dame, for the cave was becoming insufferably warm, and she still kept bending over her work, imbibing the steam and heat with the endurance of a salamander. At last she lifted the vase from its supporter, and placing a broken bowl upon the floor, drained off perhaps half a pint of dark liquid. This she held up to the lamp and examined closely. A gleam of hurried satisfaction was visible for an instant on her face, and she muttered,

"They think of distilling the drao—who gave them the secret? Let them boast—let them fancy that the old woman is of no further use. They must come to her for their poison. Yet who else of all the tribe knows the secret, or could distill death into one sweet drop like this?"

She bent over the bowl, her head drooped. For the first time she appeared to think steadily, and mingle her thoughts with something of human feeling.

The fire went out; heavy smoke, for which there was no outlet, gathered in a cloud of palpable darkness over her head. The poison stood cooling by her side, taking a thick, inky blackness, as it were, from her thought; and yet, for the first time that night, there was something of human feeling mingled with the bitterness of her nature. It might have been the pale, frightened face of my mother, as she glided by, that awoke a gleam of womanly regret in her fierce bosom—it might have been the memory of some foregone event which this poor child had shared with her, or the faint, low sobs that began to issue from the little bed room, like the stifled moan of an infant, might have softened the iron of her nature.

It is impossible for me to say which of the thousand strings in that seared heart thrilled to the touch of that guardian angel, that always finds some tone of music in a woman's soul while there is life. But one thing is certain, the lurid fire in those wicked eyes grew dull, and was smothered as they watched the poison drao curdle and cool beneath them.

And there was my wretched mother all this time shut up in the little stifled hole that she called a bed room. Up to this time a sort of wild excitement had kept her up. Indignation, terror, a conflict of feelings, which in her return from the Alhamra had given her the speed and strength of a reindeer, still burned in her heart like fire. But the stillness of the cave—the slow, silent preparations which that old woman was making for her death—all this had a power to chill even her burning excitement. The heart in her bosom seemed turning to stone: her limbs began to shrink and quiver with physical dread. She was but a woman, poor thing, nay, a child

almost, and death was terrible to her, for the Zincals have no bright dream of an after life—we who suffer so much in this world have no hope in death but that of black oblivion. Why should we wish to prolong misery so griping? Should we not be proscribed, crushed, trampled on through all eternity? Would the Busne grant us a place in heaven, they who have hunted us up and down till we have been glad to find shelter like serpents in the very bosom of the earth?

My mother was afraid to die: the torture that she then endured seemed preferable to that black, stony, eternal sleep, which the end of life was to her.

In her bed room was a mutilated lump of black marble. It was, or had been the body of a beast joined to a human head: though worn with time, hacked and broken, the grave, thoughtful beauty of that countenance, the solemn thought that seemed frozen into the stone and imbuing every fragment, must have won attention even from a person who only looked upon it as an antique of wonderful beauty.

This fragment of Egyptian art stood upon the base of a Roman pedestal, which the old Sibyl had found years before among the broken rubbish of the Alhamra. It was of a time coeval with the Roman altar, which you may yet find embedded in the Torre del Homenage, and had a value to the antiquarian of which my great grand-dame was fully aware. But though she would have sold anything for money, this had been an offering to her idol; and she, almost alone among our people, still kept a traditional hold upon the faith of Egypt. How she became possessed of this broken idol I never knew, but it was the only thing on earth which she held sacred, and to that she rendered a devotion of her own.

As my mother sat upon her pallet bed, feeling the unnatural strength ebb from her frame, her eyes fell upon this marble face turned with all its grand serenity of expression toward her. All at once it seemed as if she had found a friend; she remembered the old Sibyl's faith in this block of stone, and gazed upon it with strange interest. The tumult of her feelings was hushed. The natural yearning which exists in every female heart at least for something to adore, something strong and high from which she can claim protection, possessed her. She folded her hands in her lap and leaned forward, gazing on the marble face till her eyes were full of tears. She began to sob like a child, and this was the sound that had reached the old woman as she bent over her drao.

But that hard old heart soon shook off its human emotions. Brutus was not more stern in his sense of justice, nor did he show less of

relenting; the laws of her people must be carried out. She would yield the power of life or death over her grandchild to no inferior member of her tribe; she alone would be judge and executioner. Perhaps there was something of mercy in this; the death she gave with her drao was easy, almost delightful; a sleepy, voluptuous languor seized upon the victim, grew sweeter, deeper, and eternal. Such was the fate meditated for the poor girl who was sobbing in the next room. The tribe would have stoned her to death; that old Sibyl had a touch of compassion in her murderous designs, but she was not the less determined to kill. She took up the drao and set it in the same niche with the swaling lamp. Then she passed into the bed room softly as a cat, closing the door after her with great caution, as if they two had not been quite alone.

The poor Gitaniilla sat, as I have said, upon her miserable pallet, looking wistfully toward that antique relic of old Egypt; but she cowered down with a faint cry, as the old woman crept between her and the marble, lifting up one hand as if denouncing her for looking upon a thing that she held in reverence. What passed in that miserable little room I cannot say. My mother never spoke of it: and in her manuscript there was nothing when it came to this part of her story, but great inky scrawls that no one on earth could read.

When the old Sibyl came forth Aurora was upon the ground, her forehead resting against the idol, and murmuring some wild words through a passion of tears.

"Repeat," said the Sibyl, standing over her, and holding up the heavy iron lamp that flared vividly over the mutilated features of the marble and the wild face of the Gitaniilla. "Say it again, thus with your face where it is. If there is a lie on your lips that stone will sear them as with a red hot iron."

"Oh, grand-dame, I have spoken truth, nothing but truth. See!" and with a sort of insane awe she pressed her lips upon the broken mouth of the idol two or three times.

The old woman was silent. The lamp shook in her hand; her eyes were fixed upon the idol and the poor creature that clung to it, as if she really expected to see that healthy form fall crisped and withered away from the stone.

The girl turned, clasped her grand-dame around the knees, and lifting up her eyes, in which was a gleam of wild confidence, exclaimed,

"I am unhurt—I am unhurt—grand-dame will you believe me now?"

Still the old woman was silent.

"Grand-dame, mother of my mother, you will not let me die!" Terror and doubt again took possession of the poor thing—she clung closer to

the old woman, her eyes dusky with fear; her lips growing pale again.

"Chaleco must have your life—he will not believe you; no, nor will the women of our tribe!"

"But you believe me, grand-dame!"

"And if I do, what then?"

"You have great power, grand-dame, our people acknowledge it: the stars make you their mistress. You will save me from Chaleco—from our fierce women—"

"How, little one, how? I am old, they would wrest you from my arms. They treat me like an infant already."

"Let us leave them and seek the mountains, you and I, grand-dame. They will not follow us up into the snow peaks!"

"To-night I have clambered up to the Alhamra. It is the first time in ten years; to-morrow my bones will be stiff as rusted iron. How am I to drag myself up to the mountains? How am I, a count's wife, to leave his people?"

"I am a count's daughter, but they wish to kill me!" answered the poor girl, sadly. "You will not let them—say, grand-dame, that you will save me from the volley of stones!"

"They are many and strong—I an old woman feeble with years!"

"They will stone me—oh, they will stone me! and I am innocent of all they think against me!" still pleaded the Gitaniilla.

The old woman was evidently troubled. She shook her head, and cast wistful glances on her broken idol, as if interrogating the stone.

"Let me go by myself then," cried the girl, eagerly. "I am told that countries stretch far away beyond the mountains; there they will not know that I am an outcast, and my dancing will get bread enough to eat."

The old woman did not heed her; she was still interrogating the Egyptian stone. Quick flashes of intelligence shot across her face; some project was evidently taking form in her brain.

"He will not believe me—Chaleco will be first among them with his story. I have no power to brave the laws, but I can baffle them—leave old Papita alone for that."

Now she seemed all alive with eager cunning, shrinking from the force of her bitter wrath into a crafty old crone, anxious to save the life of her grandchild, it is true, but exulting as much in the thoughts of baffling all the keen hate and power of her tribe.

"Get up, little one: come sit down here on the bed by my side, and let us talk," she said, passing her hand over the head of my mother, and caressing her with a grim smile.

"You believe me innocent?—you will not let them murder me?"

"Yes, yes, my star, I know you are innocent—

else you see the drao yonder—by this time it had been curdling in your blood."

"Then you will save me?—who is so powerful?—oh, my grand-dame, your little girl will yet live. Who shall dare to contradict the will of Papita?"

"He, Chaleco! ha! ha! he almost braved me to night; but he shall be brought round—"

The girl turned faint, and grew paler than she had been before that night.

"No, not that!—oh, not that! Let me die, grandmother—let me die, I would rather a thousand times than marry Chaleco."

The Sibyl laughed till her teeth shone again.

"Marry Chaleco now—why, child, he would strangle me if I but hinted it! Oh, our people are wise in this generation, wiser than old Papita. We shall see—we shall see!"

"What shall I do, grand-dame? What can you think of to save me? They will tear me to pieces."

"What shall I do?—why take my right as a count's widow—murder you myself—bury you myself."

"Grand-dame!" exclaimed the child, with a cry of horror.

"And when they think your body deep in the Darrow," continued the old crone, without noticing the cry, "Papita will be sitting here with gold in her lap, and her pretty little Aurora shall be married to the Busne, and far beyond the mountains!"

Another cry, in which the love of that young heart leaped forth in almost an agony of joy that made the Sibyl pause; but it was only for a moment. "Then my little one shall think of the poor old gipsey in her cave, and send more gold—more and more, till power shall indeed return to Papita."

But my mother sat upon the pallet wringing her hands, and utterly abandoned to her grief once more. That one gleam of joy had turned upon her heart sharper than a sword. She remembered why she had fled from the Alhamra that night.

"What is this?" said the old woman, sharply. "Tears again, bah, I am tired of them—speak."

"Grand-dame," sobbed the wretched girl, gasping for breath, for she felt that her last hold on life was going, "the Busne cannot save me—he will not marry a gipsey girl!"

"He shall!" snarled the old woman. "By that he shall!" and she pointed toward her idol.

"Grand-dame!" exclaimed the girl, astonished.

"Get up," replied the Sibyl—"smooth that hair—put on the bodice of blue velvet, and the saya edged with gold, that was to have been the wedding dress with Chaleco. Quick, or the day light will be upon us."

Aurora obeyed almost hopefully: her faith in the Sibyl was unbounded. In a little time she appeared in the outer cave, arranged in the picturesque costume which should have been her wedding garments with the gipsey count. The old woman had been pouring a quantity of the poison drao into a vial, which she thrust into her bosom as the girl came in.

"Why do you take that?" she faltered out, struck with new dread.

"It is for him—the Busne, if he falters in doing what I shall ask."

"Be it so," said my mother, sadly, and pointing toward the bowl. "There will be enough left—I will go with him—"

"You must," answered the Sibyl, sharply. "Now come." They left the cave, closing the door cautiously. "Stay," exclaimed the old woman, going back, "you will want food and drink."

She was gone a little time, and returned with a bottle of water and some bread. These she handed to Aurora and walked on, moving down the ravine toward the Alhamra.

It was wonderful how much strength excitement had given to that old frame; it scarcely seemed to feel the great fatigue of the night. With a quick, scrambling walk she led the way in silence, only calling back now and then for Aurora to move faster, or the day would be upon them.

They entered the enclosure of the Alhamra by *La Torre del Pico*, and kept within the shadows, for, though the moon was down, it leaves a transparent atmosphere behind it in Grenada; and once or twice the Sibyl fancied that she heard footsteps amid the ruins.

Near *La Torre del Pico* stood, at that time, the grand mosque of the Alhamra, the most exquisite remnant of Moorish art in the world. An entrance to this mosque was easy, for sacred as it had been, all its rich beauty lay exposed to ruin like the rest.

Papita led the way, holding my mother by the hand. A dim light lay amid the delicate pillars innumerable as the young trees in a forest, but guided by far-off memories, the gipsey threaded them confidently as if she had been walking through her own cave. She paused before that portion of the mosque formerly the seat occupied by the Moorish Kings in their worship. Here, by the gleam of azulejos, richer and far more brilliant than any to be found elsewhere in Spain, and which even the darkness could not subdue, she found the *Mih-rab* or recess in which the Alcoran had been kept.

It was a deep vaulted recess set thick with azulejos, that burned like gems on a bed of gold. The door was a single slab of agate; and a belt

of precious stones had spanned the arch like a petrified rainbow. It was broken and partly defaced now, but the very fragments were a marvel of beauty.

Another might have looked with reverence on a spot so enriched, that it might be worthy to hold the treasure kept most sacred by a fallen nation. But to the old gipsy woman such feelings and such things were a scoff.

"Hide yourself in there," she said, thrusting Aurora toward the niche. "You will be driven out by no Moors coming to worship; sit close if any one enters the mosque, or if steps turn this way, stand up close to one of the porphyry pillars yonder, moving so that it will be placed between you and the entrance whichever way he may come."

"But where do you go?—how long must I wait?" said Aurora, placing her foot on the glittering pavement of the *Mih-rab*.

"I go to find him," was the terse answer. "Wait till he comes, or till I come. You have food, be patient, and on your life—let none of the tribe find you!"

Aurora shrank back into the recesses at this command, and stood there motionless as stone till daylight glittered upon the azulejos around her, and she was shrined, as it were, in a mass of living gems.

At length the terror that had kept her so motionless gave way; she changed her position; sat down, began counting the exquisite fragments that jeweled the wall, tracing the delicate lines of gold and silver that crept like glittering moss around them, with the tip of her fingers. At last emboldened by the silence, she stepped down from the recess, and wandered restlessly around the body of the mosque.

Notwithstanding the great causes for anxiety that beset her, and though she had been in that spot before, she wandered through its gorgeous mazes with a strange and delicious swell of the heart. Love, the great magician, had concealed her eyes to the beautiful. Never before had she distinguished the grand and varied richness of those columns. The deep, many-tinted greens engroined in the verd-antique, jasper of that rare kind which seems clouded with blood, grew beautiful in her eyes. She saw pillars of oriental alabaster rising among the forest of columns, like snow mellowed to golden richness by a meridian sun; and again with sweeping clouds of the deepest ruby tint, stained into a ground of dusky yellow. These mingled with columns of glitter-

ing black, or sheeted from floor to arch with gold, contrasted gorgeously with the snow white shafts that rose on every hand; some with capitals, dashed lightly with gold—others cut, as it were, from solid pearl, and all made precious with the most perfect sculpture.

Filled, as I have said, with a new-born sense of the beautiful, my mother wandered through all this Byzantine gorgeousness, amazed that she had never seen it before. With no knowledge of architecture, she *felt* without understanding the beautiful proportions of the building, even while her eyes were fixed upon its adornments. Rare pillars supported arches graceful as the bend of a rainbow, and enriched with a beauty hitherto unknown even to Moorish art.

Traceries of snow delicate as a spider's web, but yet of a pearly richness, linked with blossoms of silver, ran through these arches, chaining the pillars together with a gleaming network. The doors, the royal seat, everything around was one blaze of rich mosaic—the pavement of white marble, starred with gorgeous tiles, spread away beneath her feet. Broken, soiled by neglect, in ruins as all this was, perhaps it seemed but the more beautiful for that! for to a keen imagination these fragments of beauty were suggestive of an ideal perfection, which no art ever reached. But even the imagination will weary if overtaxed. My mother could not long be won from the great causes of anxiety that surrounded her. Her heart began to ache again, and with a weary step she sought the *Mih-rab*, and seating herself on the agate floor, sat pondering over her own miserable thoughts till the sun went down.

With strained eyes and a weary heart, she saw the rich light fade away from the pillars till the arches were choked up with blackness, and all the slender columns seemed like spectres crowding toward her hiding place. She grew feverish with anxiety; her lips were parched; a faintness crept through her frame. It was not hunger, but she remembered the food her grand-dame had left, and felt for it in the darkness.

She drank of the water, and tasted a mouthful of bread; but it was suspense, not exhaustion, that had taken away her strength. She could not endure to look out from her hiding-place, for now that crowd of pillars seemed like men of her tribe, all greedy and athirst for her young life.

Thus she remained, it might be hours or minutes, it seemed an eternity to her, and then she heard footsteps and a voice.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A SUMMER NOON.

The hot sun boils above the plain,
No breeze disturbs the yellowing grain,

Wood, hill and river pant for breath—
Can Nature be at point of death?

C. A.

ON THE HARMONY OF COLORS, IN ITS APPLICATION TO LADIES' DRESS.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55.

FROM the draperies we may pass to the consideration of colored bonnets, and caps trimmed with colored ribbons and flowers. And here the question, so frequently discussed, arises, namely, whether a colored bonnet, a pink or blue one, for instance, communicates by reflection as it is reported to do, a pink or blue hue to the skin? M. Chevreul decides from experiments made with colored bonnets on plaster casts, that the influence of reflection is very feeble, even where the bonnet is placed in the most favorable position, and that it is only perceptible on the temples and in a very slight degree.

With regard to caps, or other head-dresses, the question of reflection or contrast seems to depend on whether the cap is worn so as to surround and overshadow the face, or whether it is worn at the back of the head. In the first case the color of the trimming, if in sufficient quantity, as in some situations reflected on the face, unless prevented by the interposition of a thick border, or by the hair. Where, therefore, this effort is not desired, the color must not be suffered to approach too near the face, and those colors only should be disposed in contact with it which will not injure its color by reflection.

In the second case, namely, that in which the cap is placed toward the back of the head, the effect is produced entirely by contrast, in the same manner as in draperies, and no reflection takes place. In bonnets which are not transparent, the effect is also due to the same cause, and those colors should be selected, which by their contrast improve the color of the skin. The effect of color on the inside of a bonnet is modified and softened by its circular and hollow form, which produces a kind of shadow round the face, and by the interposition of the ruche and ribbons or flowers.

The colors of bonnets, and their accordance with the complexion, now claim our attention, and in making a few remarks on this subject, we shall avail ourselves of the experience of M. Chevreul, when it coincides with our own views.

We shall address ourselves first to the fair type.

A black hat with a white feather, or with white, rose colored, or red flowers, is becoming to fair persons. A plain (opaque) white bonnet is really

only suitable to red and white complexions. It is otherwise with bonnets of gauze, crape, and tulle, they are becoming to all persons for the reason before given, namely, that the transparent white produces the effect of grey. White bonnets may be trimmed with white or pink, and especially with blue flowers. A light blue bonnet is above all others becoming to fair persons; it may be ornamented with white flowers, and in many cases with orange flowers, but never with those of a pink or violet color. A green bonnet is becoming to fair complexions, or to those which are sufficiently pink in the carnations;—

whose red lips and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on;
it may be trimmed with white, and especially with pink flowers. A pink bonnet should not be worn in contact with the skin, and if the hair does not separate it sufficiently, it may be removed still further by means of white, or what is preferable, of green. A wreath of white flowers with green leaves, produces a good effect. A red bonnet, more or less intense in color, should be adopted, only with a view to diminish a too ruddy complexion. Neither yellow nor orange bonnets can be recommended, and those of a violet color should be especially eschewed by fair persons.

A black bonnet does not contrast as powerfully with the dark-haired type as with the blonde; it may, however, produce a good effect by means of trimmings of white, red, pink, yellow, or orange color. Next to black and white, and orange and blue, black and yellow is considered the greatest contrast of colors.

The same remarks that were made with respect to white bonnets for fair persons, are equally applicable to those worn by brunettes, except that, for the latter, it will be preferable to have recourse to trimmings of red, pink, orange, or even yellow, rather than to those of blue. Pink, red, and cerise colored bonnets are becoming to brunettes, when the hair separates, as far as possible, the carnations from the bonnet. White feathers may be placed in a red bonnet, and white flowers, with plenty of green leaves, are adapted for pink bonnets. A yellow bonnet is becoming to a brunette, and its accessories may be violet or

blue, according as the yellow inclines to orange or green, but the hair must always be suffered to interpose between the bonnet and the complexion. The same may be said of orange color, more or less lowered. Blue trimmings are peculiarly adapted to the different shades of orange. Green bonnets suit pale complexions; red, pink, and white flowers should be preferred to all others. Blue bonnets are only favorable to very fair and delicate complexions; they should never be worn by those of a brown orange. When suited to a brunette, they should receive orange colored accessories. The effect of a violet colored bonnet is always unfavorable, because there is no person to whom a yellow complexion is becoming. If, however, not only hair, but yellow accessories, be interposed between the bonnet and the face, a bonnet of this color may be rendered becoming.

Whenevir it is found that the color of a bonnet does not produce the expected effect, even when separated from the carnations by large masses of hair, it is advantageous to place, between the latter and the bonnet, such accessories as ribbons, wreaths, detached flowers, &c., of the complementary color to that of the bonnet—the same color must also appear on the exterior. It is generally advisable to separate the color from the face by the hair, and frequently by a *rache* of tulle also.

There are two methods of setting off or heightening a complexion, first, by a decided contrast, such as a white drapery, or one of a color exactly complementary to the complexion, but not of too bright a tone; such, for example, is a green drapery for a rosy complexion, or a blue drapery for a blonde. Secondly, by contrasting a fair complexion of an orange hue with a light green drapery, a rosy complexion with a light blue, or a canary yellow or straw color with certain complexions inclining to orange. In the last case the complementary violet neutralizes the yellow of the carnation, which it brightens.

Now let us suppose an opposite case, namely, that the complexion is too highly colored, and the object of the painter or dress-maker is to lower it. This may be effected either by means of a black drapery which lowers the complexion by contrast of tone, or by a drapery of the same color as the complexion, but much brighter; for example, where the carnations are too rosy, the drapery may be red; where they are too orange, orange colored drapery may be adopted; where they incline too much to green, we may introduce a dark green drapery, a rosy complexion may be contrasted with dark blue; or one of a very pale orange with a very dark yellow.

The color of the complexions of the red-skinned or copper colored tribes of America is too

decided to be disguised, either by lowering its tone or neutralizing it. A contrary course must, therefore, be adopted, it must be heightened by contrast; for this purpose white or blue draperies must be resorted to, and blue must incline toward green according as the red or orange prevails in the complexion.

Contrasts of color and tone are still more necessary for black or olive complexions; for such white draperies or dresses of brilliant colors, such as red, orange, or yellow, should be selected. It will be seen, therefore, that the fondness of the West Indian negroes for red and other brilliant colors may be accounted for according to the laws of the harmony of contrast; and that what has always been considered a proof of the fondness of this people for finery, is, in fact, as decided an evidence of good taste as when a fair European with golden hair and blue eyes appear in azure drapery. The partiality of the orientals for brilliant colors, and gold brocades and gauzes, are in accordance with the same laws, and are in fact the most becoming colors these people could have selected. In the articles of clothing and furniture imported from these countries, the positive colors, such as the primitive and secondaries, are generally prevalent; browns, greys, drabs, and similar broken colors are comparatively rare. The reason is now, we trust, evident, the glowing deep tinted complexions of the inhabitants of these countries require the contrast of powerful and decided colors; and the broken tints, to which the great European painters resorted with a view to enhance the delicate but bright complexions of their fair countrywomen, would not only have been inefficient for this purpose, but would have been actually inharmonious.

The usual dress of the Hindoo servants of the Anglo-Indians is white. The adoption of this dress was probably suggested by motives of cleanliness; but if the *becoming* only had been studied, a better choice could not have been made. We have been much struck with the picturesque and appropriate costume of an Indian Ayah, which consisted of a deep blue dress, while the head and upper half of the figure were enveloped in white calico, which contrasted forcibly with her dark complexion.

From the consideration of the contrast and harmony of different colors with the complexion, we now proceed to remark on the combination or union of different colors in the dress of one individual. It has been observed that the colors worn by orientals are generally bright and warm. The dresses in the Tunisian department of the Great Exhibition were formed of one color, and lined and trimmed with another. Lilac, for instance, was lined with green, green with crimson, and vice versa. In many instances the colors

were assorted according to the laws of contrast, but this was not always the case, and from the good taste displayed by the orientals as a class, it may be reasonably concluded that these imperfectly assorted colors were intended to be harmonized by the color of other articles, (the turban, or sash, for instance) necessary to complete the dress. In the dresses of our ladies we

find too frequently a variety of colors, without any pretensions to harmony of arrangement. Not only is the dress or bonnet selected without the slightest consideration, whether it is, or is not, suitable to the complexion, but a variety of colors of the most dissonant and inharmonious kinds may frequently be seen in the habiliments of the same lady.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HENRY CLAY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

DEAD! he is dead! the man of loyal mind,
Sharp lightning flashes wing the solemn news,
And a great nation, with one mighty heart,
Like the firm rock which broke when Moses smote,
Gives back a gush of tears.

The sorrowing West,
Veiling her forehead from the setting sun,
Folds darkness to her bosom like a pall,
And stretching forth her arms with mournful sobs,
Asks for her favorite son.

The genial South
Flings her bright garlands sadly to the dust,
And, cypress-crowned, draws near with tender wail,
Mourning a champion gone.

The North sits silent in her stony grief,
Bears down her pallid forehead to the earth,
And trembles at the might of her own woe.

Behold the goddess who unites them all!
Stooping majestic o'er the glorious dead;
Her starry eyes are full of gathering dew,
And, like a mother, guiding still her child,
She points along the pathway of his fame.

How grand, how broad that noble path is trod!
Along the beetling cliff of human life
It winds—a golden pavement—up to Heaven.
No stain of blood is there—no gleam of swords;
No tramp of armies wounds the virgin soil;
And every imprint of his pilgrim feet,
Since first he went a stranger to the West,
Is rich with peaceful flowers.

She weeps, yet smiles; pride mingles with her tears.
Far—far adown the still and misty past
She sees a slender youth in humble garb—
His eagle eye looks bravely on the sun,
Which seeks its couch—a bed of gorgeous clouds—
Behind the swell of a vast wilderness.
His feet is o'er the mountains. The bright glow
Of that rich sunset purples all his way,
Kindling the wild flowers 'neath his unshod feet,
Till every blossom seems a dewy star
Lighting him on to greatness.

Deep through the mountain pass he disappears,
Bathed in the twilight, following the sun.

Once more the golden mist is swept aside;
The eagle soul has proved its restless wing,
And where the fount of genius gushes free,
In the vast wilderness has slaked its thirst.
His eloquence, resistless as the wind,
Swept, spirit-like, through the dim forest glades,
And men came crowding from their cabin homes
To listen and to love.

He won their trust as sunshine ripens fruit,
Subduing it with bright and genial warmth,
Till each pulsation of his own great heart
Was answered by a thousand kindred throbs.

Again! again! beneath these marble domes,
Where centuries shall hoard their genius up,
He stands, God-gifted, greatest with the great,
Clothed in the might of his majestic will,
Where heart meets heart, and mind enkindles mind,
Brave in that god-like sense archangels share,
Choosing the right rather than purple state;
Truth sprang impulsive from a lofty soul,
And melted into music on his lips.

His voice was heard,
Clear, rich and clarion-toned, sweeping the seas.
Old haughty nations felt the noble thrill,
And learned to think how lovely freedom was.
Years rolled on years, each heaping glories up,
Till, like a monarch on the people's love,
He sat enthroned with more than regal power.
But age lay heavy on that noble one,
And like a patriarch pining for his tent,
He rendered back the nation's sacred trust,
And rose beneath its dome to say farewell.
Statesmen and warriors crowded to his side—
And strong old men in mental greatness wrapped,
Bent reed-like to the pathos of his voice;
He tottered as he stood, for the great soul
Within that panting breast, like a chained eagle
Shook its prison-house; the crowd looked on,
Thrilled with a tender awe, breathless and hush'd;
Then women broke the stillness with their sobs;
And rugged men grew child-like in their grief;

Great drops like rain, forced from a tempest cloud,
Filled even warrior eyes.
He paused, that magic voice forgot its power,
Its melody dissolved in unshed tears;
And with a gentle effort to be heard,
He whispered brokenly, farewell—farewell!
The sound was fainter than an angel's sigh,
But the whole country, with a listening heart,
Heard to the centre, and sent blessings back.
Repose! old eagles sleep not on their crags
When lightnings flash and thunders shake the sky?
Nor will the war-horse graze in peaceful rest
When battle shouts are wrestling through the air:
Can age quench genius? By her birth-right, no!
By her bright immortality. No! no!
In time, yea, death it is a quenchless flame,
The purest burns close to its native Heaven.
Our Union flag streamed to a troubled sky,
Audacious hands were lifted to the stars
That paled and trembled in their azure bed;
The nation called, he answered their behest,
And sprang upon her altar steps to save;
Snatching the glass from time, he scattered out
The last bright sands his fate had garnered there;
And, gathering up the remnants of his life,
He spoke—the stars shone out, and in the glow
Of all their constellated brightness, bent his way
In solemn faith down to the vale of death;
Close to the gates of Heaven he calmly sank,
Folding our love unto him like a robe,
And thus the angels found him when they came.
Republics are ungrateful—false the charge;
Angels that keep serene and holy watch
Above the sacred dead attest the truth;
Millions are mourning o'er a single man;
Sad beauty strews his dusky pall with flowers;
While little children weep amid their play,
And not an enemy but drops a tear;
Did ever sovereign, in his highest state,
Command a homage half so deep as this?

"Republics worship wealth."
Let Croesus come and say if all his hoards
Could wring such tears from a great nation's heart;
We worship genius, for it springs from God!
And goodness, for it has celestial birth;
Both, both we yield here with the glorious dead,
And Heaven grows brighter as it takes the gift.
What though the nation's chieftainship ne'er gave
Glitter and noise to his immortal fame?
The power which factions neither yield nor take
Centred immortality upon the man,
On him—who, with a loyal pride, exclaimed,
"Better, far better to be right than rule,"
Most glorious wisdom.

Go to ancient Rome,
Whose fallen greatness lives in marble still,
There, cold and silent in the capitol,
Behold each Consul with his pompous life
Shrink to a simple block of chiseled stone;
The stranger passes by, nor cares to read
The sculptured name, enough that such men lived
To cumber history with their marble dust;
But august heads are treasured in that place,
That fill the memory with a mental joy;
With eager glance seeks out great Cicero,
That grand idea frozen into stone;
Old Cato breathing sturdy eloquence
Through the cold art that petrifies his thought!
Their fame God-gifted swells adown all time,
And with her ruins Rome enshrines her sons.
Funereal guns call back our wandering thoughts,
We stand within the presence of the dead.
Virginia, noble mother of the great,
The glory of his birth-place rests with thee;
Kentucky claims his grave. Her hallowed sods
Shall pillow him in his immortal sleep,
But his pure spirit, his eternal fame,
The soul, the mighty genius of the man,
The nation shares them only with his God.

TO A CHILD.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

I CANNOT look upon thy face
Without a thought of sorrow,
Though on the present fortune smiles,
How changed may be to-morrow.

What of thine after fate, my child?
Shall hope and joy be blighted?
Shall cank'ring care disturb thy rest,
And love be unrequited?

My heart beats wildly when I think
That years may bring no pleasure,
That thou may'st madly offer up
On earthly shrines thy treasure.

I could not with my love and pride
Wish thee a life unclouded,
Sinful and vain were such a wish,
For life's in mystery shrouded.

To human ken is ne'er disclosed
The future's many changes,
The heart's deceitfulness that oft
Some dearest friend estranges.

I cannot tell thee all I wish,
But that my earnest prayer
Is daily offer'd up to Heav'n,
That I may meet thee there.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE GARDEN IN AUGUST.—In this month the attention of the gardener is imperatively called to the necessity of preparing a stock of plants for the following year, by propagating from those which are now in bloom. This advice seems a premonition of change, and decay, and coming dissolution; we know it is so, and most unwilling intrude the thought of autumnal frosts and wintry dissolutions in connection with a scene now so radiant with beauty. But "all that's bright must fade," nor are flowers exempted from the general doom, although some of them are called *amaranthes*; in this state of things we are consoled by the conviction that there will be a resurrection of these transient objects of our solicitude, as well as of others having a stronger hold on our affections, and that the means of their preservation and future life are placed within our power.

A gentle hot-bed with a frame over it will hold some thousands of cuttings if placed thickly in small pots, in a light sandy soil. Only as much water must be given as is necessary to prevent the foliage from flagging, as damp is the greatest enemy of cuttings before they are well rooted. As many ladies garden themselves, it may be well for us to explain a little as to what we mean by a gentle hot-bed. We have found the mowings of a lawn, mixed with a little stable litter, and built up at first about two feet high, do admirably well at this time of year. This heap, when leveled, should be covered about three inches deep with light garden mould, and the frame may be at once put on. In two or three days the rank steam and heat will have passed away, and the cutting pots may be safely put in. In regard to situation, a fully exposed aspect will be best, provided proper care is taken to shade the frame at first in bright sunshine. We have calico coverings, made with rings at the corners, to be fastened to the frame or removed at pleasure; but any substance put on in the middle of the day will do, although a permanent covering is neater, and is less in danger of being blown off by the wind. A general principle may be mentioned here as to shading plants, namely, that a covering is required in proportion as they are near to the glass of the frame, its necessity diminishing as they recede from it. Thus, in some very large establishments, tens of thousands of cuttings are put into frames with no shading at all, precaution being taken that they are about eighteen inches from the glass. The solar light and heat are diffused by this arrangement before the rays fall upon the foliage.

There are many plants which will strike root in the open air when slips or cuttings are properly put in. A shady situation must be chosen, not under trees, but against a north wall, and the same soil used as is directed for the cuttings in frames.

Fuchsias, Geraniums, Roses, &c., will do well in this way where a good many slips are available, and the loss of a portion is not an object. We should not have ventured to give instruction as to the proper mode of making a cutting, had we not been asked for aid recently by a lady who has had a garden for many years, and yet was ignorant of the principle that cuttings only root (as a general rule) at a joint, or at the point where the leaf is united to the stem. The wood should be firm, and yet as young as possible in combination with that condition, and the incision should be made with a sharp knife close below the joint. If a piece of the stem below this is left on, it will often rot and destroy the cutting, besides preventing the formation of roots at the only point whence, as a rule, they can proceed.

When rooted, the cuttings should be potted off, if their growth is required; or they may be kept three or four in a pot until the spring. It is evident that we can only glance at details in papers like these, and we are more anxious to exhibit the *rationale*, leaving our readers to apply it themselves. Roses may be left out until the spring, provided some slight covering is thrown over them in hard frosts, and no very tender ones are included among them. If they are wanted to pot off, they must have the aid of a hot-bed, as they form roots but slowly in the open air. Besides these methods of propagation, budding may still be performed, and layers put in of plants which do not present facilities for cuttings. In making a layer, let the rule be remembered which was laid down respecting a cutting, that roots will only form at a joint. Supposing that it is the branch of a rose-tree which it is wanted to remove, the knife must pass upward through its centre; and the tongue formed must be cut off at a joint; this cut part being firmly pegged down in the soil will produce roots, when the branch may be safely removed from its parent.

Propagation, then, must go on actively in August, if provision is to be made for a renewal next season of the interest and loveliness of the present one. So far, our task has had a shade of sadness upon it, because associated with the withering of the beds and parterres now so gay and healthful. But the gnomon upon the face of nature has not yet passed from the time of warm gales and bright suns, and we may return to summer occupations and pleasures, more prepared to enjoy them from having wisely provided for the future. All the directions of last month will be in force in this, as to neatness, and arranging the plants as they grow. The Dahlia will demand especial care, and will richly repay it, as one of our finest autumn flowers. Earwigs must be caught, and methods adopted to prevent their ascending the stem. The best trap is a small pot

with dry moss in it, placed at the top of the stake in the night time. The branches of Dahlias should be arranged and made secure as they advance, care being taken to hide all artificial aid as much as possible. Water must be plentifully supplied in dry weather. Gather the required seeds of all plants as they ripen (the *future* again, but we cannot help it); and may August be as productive of pleasure to you all as so lovely a month can be, when health and contentment, and a taste for natural beauty, are joined in one.

THE AZTEC CHILDREN.—The press of the cities of New York and Philadelphia have of late contained articles on the history and origin of these two diminutive and singular specimens of humanity. They are of both sexes, and of different ages. The young man is eighteen years of age, and weighs about twenty pounds. The girl weighs three pounds less, and is about half the age of the boy. When we first saw them they were surrounded by a large concourse of people, who were greatly amused at their peculiar agility and vivacity. We had heard a good deal about them before we saw them, but without having formed anything like a just idea of them. It is impossible for any one to realize the fact that humanity can exist in such a diminutive size. Tom Thumb is a giant by the side of them. His head measures twenty-one and a half inches in circumference. The heads of these folks measures twelve and three-quarter inches each. They have been on exhibition here three times a day for more than a month, and their levees are yet fully attended. They came, as is well known, from Central America, and they remind visitors of the quaint old idols of that country. They are very like and unlike any human beings ever before exhibited to the civilized world. They have been carefully examined by the whole medical wisdom of the state of Pennsylvania, and found to be entirely perfect in their organization.

THIS MAGAZINE THE BEST.—A gentleman, in remitting two dollars, writes as follows:—"My wife thinks she cannot do without 'Peterson's Magazine.' She says she would rather have it, than all three of the other Philadelphia Magazines; and she ought to be a good judge, for I am a subscriber to two of them, so that she reads them regularly every month. She says give her Peterson's Magazine, if she does not have any more." We might show scores of such letters.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

On the Study of Words. By R. C. French. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—The contents of this volume were originally contained in a series of lectures, delivered before the pupils of a public school in England; but the great merit of the compositions having led to a request that the author would print them, he consented to their appearance in the present form. The American edition is from the second and improved London one; and Mr. Redfield has done himself much credit

by the elegant manner in which he has issued it. To do justice to the work, in the limited space left us this month, would be impossible. We can only say, at present, that it is a most thorough discussion of the power, history, abuse and derivation of words. In some future number we hope to be able to speak more at large on the merits of this somewhat curious, but very important treatise.

Bronchitis and Kindred Diseases, in Language adapted to Common Readers. By W. N. Hall, M. D. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—The fact that this work has reached a seventh edition is conclusive proof of its merit. The author, in writing it, had the advantage of many years of observation of the disease, both here and in Europe; and he has discussed the subject with an ability only equalled by the perspicuity of his style. We are told that the most encouraging success has attended Dr. Hall's method of treating the disease. To clergymen, lawyers, or others liable to bronchitis, as well as to females in peril from consumption, the work is invaluable. It is, in fact, a perfect treatise on diseases of the throat and lungs; the mode of preventing them; and the best remedies to be employed.

Lilian and Other Poems. By W. M. Praed. Now First Collected. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—This is a volume which we can recommend enthusiastically to our lady readers. As is said in the preface, written by the editor of the poems, Praed is without an equal among English authors as a writer of *vers de societe*: in this respect, indeed, he rivals some of the best French poets. Strange to say, no complete collection of Praed's writings has been made in England. The only two extant are the present, and a much inferior one compiled several years ago. The charades of Praed are world-renowned, and we are glad to see have been added to this volume, which is issued in Redfield's best style.

California Illustrated: Including a Description of the Panama and Nicaragua Routes. By a Returned Californian. 1 vol. New York: William Holdredge. Philada: W. A. Leary & Co.—This is one of the best descriptions of life in California which has yet appeared. The volume is a handsome octavo, profusely illustrated with lithographs, from drawings made on the spot. This combination of spirited embellishments and graphically written letter-press, not only renders Mr. Letts' work unique of its kind, but gives it a lasting interest which few books of a similar character can boast.

The Old Farm Gate; or, Stories and Poems for Children and Youth. By Richard Coe. With Illustrations. 1 vol. Philada: Daniells & Smith.—This is just the book to place in the hands of children, for it is sure to interest, at the same time that it instructs them. There is a moral purity about every thing that Mr. Coe writes, which renders him peculiarly fitted for the authorship of juvenile books, because parents may safely rely that whatever has his name to it will improve, enlighten and elevate the young.

The Poetical Works of Fitz Greene Halleck. New Edition. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—Every admirer of true poetry will welcome this beautiful edition of Halleck's poems. Here are to be found the last touches of one of our most careful and finished writers, the Gray, in this respect, of American literature. No library, or centre-table even, can be considered complete without Halleck's poems, and as the present is, on many accounts, altogether the most desirable edition of them, we predict for it a large and permanently increasing sale.

Austria in 1848-49. By W. H. Stiles. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this work, having been the American Charge at Vienna during the Hungarian revolution, is peculiarly competent to speak of the men and incidents of that striking event. He has executed his task, we believe, with impartiality, and the result is a history, not merely of temporary, but also of permanent value. No person should undertake to discuss the Hungarian war without first having studied these volumes. The Harpers have issued the work in a very handsome style.

The Two Families. By the author of "Rose Douglass." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We always read the works of this author with pleasure. Not only are her descriptions of character excellent, but the moral purity of her stories is above all praise. In an age like this, when so much harm is done by improper fictions, a writer like this should be welcomed to every fire-side, and receive the thanks of every parent. "The Two Families" is a tale of deep interest.

The Knights of England, France, and Scotland. By H. W. Herbert. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: W. B. Zeiber.—In this neat volume we have a series of tales, illustrating the life, manners and history of the Norman Conquerors. Mr. Herbert always writes well, but never better than when his theme is the romance of chivalry, and this, therefore, is one of his very best works. We cordially commend the book to our fair readers.

Ivar; or, the Skjute-Boy. By Miss Carlen. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The author of this Swedish novel is considered, in her own country, not inferior to Miss Bremer. We have perused the present fiction with so much pleasure, that we incline to join in the opinion. If any of our readers want a good novel, to while away a sultry hour, we recommend the present one to their notice.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. No. 24.—This admirable book approaches its conclusion. No person should lose a moment in subscribing for it, if he has not done so already, for the price will be raised when the work is completed.

The Gipsy's Daughter. By Mrs. Gray. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—Always an agreeable writer, Mrs. Gray, in the present novel, has surpassed herself. We know no better fiction, for summer reading, to recommend.

Life and Works of Robert Burns. By W. Chambers. Vol. II. New York: Harper & Brothers.—In a former number, we spoke of this as the best biography of Burns which had yet appeared; and we now pronounce it, unqualifiedly, the best that could possibly be written. To the most untiring industry, and intimate knowledge of his subject, Chambers unites a true and lofty appreciation of Scotland's greatest poet. The work is, therefore, a labor of love. No admirer of Burns should be without this edition, which is published at a price to place it within the reach of all.

FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—BALL DRESS OF WHITE TARLETTANE, skirt trimmed with five flounces—each flounce scalloped and edged with a straw braid, with a chain-work of straw above the scallops. Corsage low, made in the shawl berthe style, and finished like the skirt. Head-dress, a wreath of wild flowers.

FIG. II.—AN EVENING DRESS OF BLACK TULLE, made with two skirts—the lower one of which is trimmed with four flounces, and the upper one being plain, reaches to the top of the highest flounce. Corsage low, made in the shawl berthe style, the opening, which reaches to the waist, being filled with falls of rich white lace. Head-dress of Honiton lace and flowers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Most of the new dresses have the skirts woven in patterns *a disposition*, that is large bunches or wreaths of flowers around the bottom of the skirt, diminishing in size as they rise toward the waist, or plain skirts trimmed with flounces, woven expressly for the dress. The flounces vary in number from three to seven. In the former case they are quite deep, and we think give the figure a much more graceful appearance than the latter number. The skirt of a flounced dress should be much narrower than a plain one.

THERE is but little change in the way of making corsages, except that all now have a slight fulness at the waist, confined by a belt or sash. No change is observable in the sleeves, except for travelling dresses, which are usually made on a wristband in the shirt style. White muslin and jaconet bodies are much worn with colored skirts.

A NEW style of neckhandkerchief has lately appeared called the *fichu Charlotte Corday*. This is made of clear muslin, crossed over the bosom, and tied behind. The dress with which this is worn should be low in the neck, with long sleeves, although short sleeves are worn as taste or convenience may dictate. This handkerchief improves the figure very much, giving the bust a full, round appearance, and diminishing the apparent size of the waist.

SCARFS of black or white lace are much worn in evening costume. They are generally small, however, and the ends seldom descending much below the waist.

FOR INDOOR DRESS, a beautiful addition is the slipper of grey taffeta, lined with blue or pink silk, and trimmed with a quilling of ribbon of a corresponding color.

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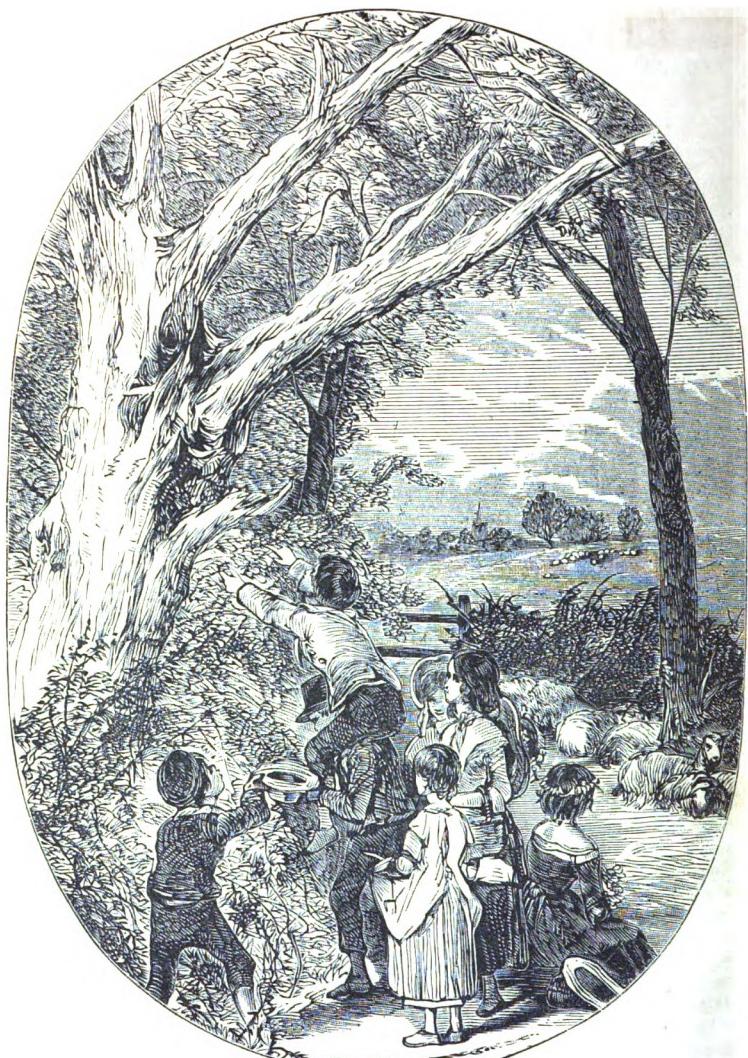
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HUNTING THE NEST.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1852.

No. 1.

THE PROBLEMS.

BY E. W. DEWEES.

I WAS very much in love with Miss Isadora Curren. I had met her at two balls—had danced with her twice at each, besides helping her to ices and cakes, and now I was making a visit to some friends in the country where Miss Isadora was also a guest—what happiness! what good fortune! Miss Isadora sang, and laughed, and flirted, and I had no eyes or ears for anybody but Miss Isadora. I was very much in love—so everybody said, and so I confessed to myself—and I was not too old not to be very much flattered at the idea of being thought in love with a girl who was so much admired.

One sweet, soft summer afternoon I sat at Miss Isadora's feet gazing into her pretty face, while she cast her eyes by turns on the charming landscape that lay before the window, and upon me. I was very happy. Other guests were sauntering up and down the room, or amusing themselves in various ways—by reading, working, or listening to the music of a fair performer at the piano. It was a pleasant scene—I was thinking about it, and connecting it all in my mind with Miss Isadora. Had she been absent, I was assured that not only I, but every one else would have been wretched, and I contemplated with delight the scene of happiness which the charming Isadora had created. As my eyes wandered round the room observing the various groups, they fell at last on the sweet, thoughtful face of the little daughter of my hostess—a school girl of sixteen. She was sitting alone in the recess of a window with her eyes bent on a volume, on which she seemed vainly striving to fix her attention. In spite of the resolute little frown with which she would turn her eyes on the pages, in a few moments the moving lips would become quiet, and a smile would steal slowly over her countenance as the gay remarks of some of the company fell on her ear. Again and again she turned resolutely to her task, and as often she failed in keeping

her mind to it. It was indeed an impossibility, under the circumstances, but I could not but be amused as I watched her. She did look like such a sweet, innocent, conscientious little thing as she sat there struggling with temptation, that for a little while I almost forgot my beautiful charmer—Miss Isadora. I rose and sauntered toward the little student.

"What is puzzling your head so, Miss Violet?" I said, pausing before her and smiling.

"Ah, Mr. Seldon, it is the forty-eighth problem! If you only knew how hard it is!"

"Geometry?" cried I, "why do people think it worth while to puzzle such charming little heads as yours with such abstruse matters? But let me see if I can help you."

I sat down beside her, and took one side of the book, while Violet's delicate little hand held the other. I had just begun my elucidations, when I heard Miss Isadora's voice calling me—"come, Mr. Seldon, we are going to walk." My first impulse was to drop the book and desert little Violet in the midst of her difficulties—but my better nature prevailed, and I said resolutely—"I cannot come just now, but I will follow you presently."

"Oh, Mr. Seldon, you shall not stay with me," cried Violet, earnestly, "indeed it would distress me. Please leave me, and my dull, old problem, and go with Miss Isadora, or I shall be quite vexed, quite grieved"—and she looked up in my face with pleading eyes. I thought I had never seen eyes of such a deep, heavenly blue, and altogether she looked so very sweet, innocent, and lovely, that I could not feel it a hardship to remain with her, even though separated meanwhile from the divine Isadora.

"No, no," I said, kindly and cheerfully, "I will solve your problem first, and there will be time enough afterward to overtake the party—so now for it."

VOL. XXII.—1

My pupil was apt, and in a few moments all obscurities were cleared up, and little Violet's face was bright with smiles.

"Thank you—thank you, Mr. Seldon—you have been *very* kind, and I hope it is not too late for you to overtake the walking party."

"Perhaps not," said I, carelessly; "but I want to know first why you were so very anxious about that problem."

"Why?—why don't you know that to-morrow is my last day at school, and that it is examination day? I thought everybody knew that to-morrow was examination day!"

"Not everybody," I replied, smiling, "for I did not know it. But tell me all about it."

"Oh, no, do not ask me—it would take too long; and Miss Isadora——"

"Never mind Miss Isadora," said I, becoming impatient at the frequent repetition of her name; "I find it is now too late to join the walkers, and if you please, I prefer taking a little ramble in the garden with you."

"Oh, delightful! with pleasure!" cried Violet, gaily, and, stepping from the low window, we walked down the shadowy garden walk together. The afternoon was uncommonly lovely, and as the glimpses of sunlight fell on the girlish face of my little companion, I thought I had never seen a being so fresh, innocent, and charming—but I added mentally, "she is nothing compared to the queenly Miss Isadora."

Ere long we heard the voices of the returning party, and with the consciousness of a duty pleasantly performed, I was again at the side of my charmer. I thought she was a little cool toward me at first, but that soon wore off, and I was the happy slave whom she selected to carry her fan, or to seek her forgotten gloves or handkerchief. I appreciated her condescension, and was, as of course I should have been, supremely blest. In the evening Miss Isadora sang, and sang the songs that I preferred. All radiant with smiles and jewels as she was she deigned to lean on my arm—to dance with me—to eat the ices I presented—to endure my adoring glances, and never was mortal more flattered and bewitched than I. That night, after going to bed, I rose, and for Miss Isadora's sake spoiled half a quire of good paper.

It was not till the next day, when little Violet returned smiling and happy from school, with a silver medal round her neck, that I again thought of her.

"So, Miss Violet, you have passed examination creditably, I see," said I, pointing to the medal.

"Ah, yes," she replied, blushing, and holding it up that I might see the word "Problem" engraved on it—"and I know whom to thank for it. Indeed, Mr. Seldon, I think this medal

belongs rather to you, than to me, but for you, I am sure, I should not have had it."

"Do you think so? Well then give it me!" Smiling she took it from her neck and handed it to me, saying—"I am sure you will not take it—you would not care for such a thing."

"Yes, but I shall, if you will yourself place it round my neck."

Violet hesitated and blushed, but did as I desired, and then turned hastily away. She looked so shy—so modest, and so innocent, that I was irresistibly charmed! I followed her down the garden walk.

"Is not this white rose beautiful, Miss Violet?" I said, gathering a half opened bud.

"Ah, yes, most beautiful," she replied, turning to look at it.

"Forgive me, Miss Violet," I continued, "but to me it looks like you—may I put it in your hair?"

"No, you would be too awkward," she replied, smiling; "I will do so myself."

She took the rose and placed it in her hair in so graceful a fashion, and so greatly did it set off her beauty, that I could not withdraw my eyes from her, and Bryant's exquisite lines rose to my mind—

"Innocent maid and snow white flower,
Well are ye paired in your opening hour,
Thus should the pure and lovely meet,
Stainless with stainless, and sweet with sweet."

So several weeks flew by, and had I not known that I was incontrovertably in love with Miss Isadora, I should almost have fancied that I was losing my heart to little Violet, so rapidly did she win upon me. I would not admit myself to have been so fickle as to have changed, but I could not deny that Miss Isadora bewitched and fascinated me, my heart was most full of tenderness when I thought of sweet little Violet. It was a problem which I could not solve, which of these two charming beings I was most in love with—and but that such a thing has been declared impossible by all persons skilled in such affairs, I should have cut the matter short by believing myself in love with both.

While in this undecided state of mind, events began to take a turn which soon let me see a little further into my own heart, and left me in no doubts as to my feelings. A young gentleman, Mr. C——, also a guest at the house, suddenly began to pay assiduous attentions to Violet. I was indignant—I felt as if personally insulted in the most flagrant manner—my blood boiled whenever the man presumed so much as to speak to "my little Violet," or to look in her innocent face. I wondered she should permit it—but she, poor child, seemed quite unaware of the

dangerous nature of this man. I longed to put her on her guard, and one day made up my mind to do so, in the course of the afternoon walk. I was preparing to accompany her, when I saw that Mr C—— was already by her side. I was in a horrible humor, and though Miss Isadora said with her sweetest smile,

"Come, Mr. Seldon, you shall be my escort." I excused myself, and would not walk at all. I went and sat alone in my room, indulging my jealous fancies—yes, I was jealous—I could no longer deny it. I had made that discovery, and before that another, which was, that little Violet was dearer to me than life itself. Miss Isadora, with all her brilliancy, had faded from my heart—all her charms and graces seemed worthless, compared with one innocent, child-like smile of sweet little Violet's—and she—she was now, perhaps, lost to me forever. I was wretched. After a time I heard gay voices below, and presently a voice singing. It was one I did not know, but very clear and sweet; its tones were full of freshness, purity and feeling, and, as though drawn by a magnet, I stole nearer and nearer to the enchanting sounds. I entered the drawing-room just as the voice ceased, and Violet rose blushing from the piano. "Charming! delightful! what a shame you have never sung before!" resounded from all sides, and one of the ladies explained to me—"Mr. C—— has at last prevailed on Violet to sing—I am sure we ought to be much obliged to him for using his influence to such advantage."

I bit my lip, and glanced toward Violet. Mr. C—— was bending over and whispering to her—her eyes were cast down, and a blush was on her cheek. It was a sight that was hateful to me, but as if fascinated I stood, and could not withdraw my gaze. Violet—my Violet listening to the flatteries of another! I saw her rise to dance with Mr. C——, and I could endure it no longer; in a passion of jealousy I hurried from the room. I found my way to the library, and mechanically

took up a book. It was Violet's geometry, and it opened to the forty-eighth problem. I sat at the table with it open before me, my eyes fixed upon it, while my thoughts wandered back to that first sunny afternoon, when I sat by Violet's side, so unconscious that she would soon be to me the being most dear on earth—the one to whose hands was committed my weal or woe. I took Violet's little medal, which I still wore, from my neck, and laid it on the book, and gazed in a reverie on the word "Problems." The door opened, and Violet hastily entered. Coming behind me she looked over my shoulder, exclaiming, "What! more problems?"

"Yes, Miss Violet," I answered, sadly, "but now they are too hard for me to solve."

"Indeed? then it is my turn to help you, as you once helped me," she exclaimed, laughing. "Pray tell me if I can help you."

"Ah, if you only would!" I replied, looking up searchingly and earnestly into her face.

She was silent, and cast down her eyes. Something in her blushing face and shrinking manner encouraged me.

"Yes, Violet," I said, hurriedly, "there is indeed a problem that perplexes me, and which you alone can solve. I hardly dare to ask you, for it seems impossible that you should—but do you think you could ever—in time, I mean—learn to love me? or," I added, with a burst of grief and tenderness, "must I give my little Violet up to another?"

Tears came into Violet's eyes, and she trembled.

"What you ask is impossible," she began, and paused. In bitterness of heart I bowed my head upon the table, that she might not see my agony. "Because," she added, laying her hand on my shoulder—"because I cannot learn to love you, when I already do so with all my heart and soul! Yes," she added, smiling through her tears at my bewilderment, "that lesson I began to learn with our first Problem."

SONG.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

O, thou art fairer unto me,
Than any else of mortal mould,
And dearer than to avarice are
Rich mines of virgin gold!
Thou art
The sunbeam of my heart—
The star
Whose light makes bright my dreams,
As those that shine nocturnally,
Illume the midnight streams.

For thee my soul doth ever pine,
At eve, and noon, and night, and morn:
Thy love to me were Paradise,
And worse than death thy scorn:
Then, sweet,
Let smiles my worship greet—
Thine eyes
With love-light look on me:
Then shall thy love with that of mine,
Be paid with usury.

A L I C E V E R N O N .

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

Ah! what a September afternoon.

How gaily the little red squirrels chased each other over the ground and along the fences. How longingly they looked up at the spicy walnut and hickory boles, and at the green burrs of the chestnut, around which a faint tinge of brown was already creeping.

How gloriously the sunshine came through the tall woods, giving a look of humanity to the grim old trees.

How beautifully the gorgeous Golden Rod and rich Purple Mist grew, side by side, embroidering the edges of the silvery stream, and fringing the skirts of the dark green forest. What soothing music the waters made as they gurgled over the rounded stones: and how like a strain of sweet harmony the dropping leaves and soft south wind came in and mingled with it.

Mr. Vernon and his two daughters sauntered on, as only those will saunter whose business is pleasure: stopping here to take up an empty bird's-nest and study it with idle intensity, or there to separate the fallen leaves with a foot, to look for a last year's nut.

The younger of the girls was lingering behind, breaking the grey moss from the trunk of a tree, when a loud crashing was heard in a neighboring thicket, as if some wild beast had broken loose from its keeper. She started, screamed, and then stood still, her eyes fixed in terror in the direction of the hidden noise.

At the moment, a huge Newfoundland dog dashed forward, panting and dripping as if from some aquatic excursion. His white and brown coat was matted and curled with the water; the large pink tongue was lolling out of the mouth; the breath came thick and fast; and the big brown eyes gazed up at you, like those of an intelligent, but boisterous child in its play.

"Down, Neptune—down, sir," cried a commanding voice: and, at the moment, a gentleman emerged from the thicket, just as Mr. Vernon and Isabel, who had turned back at Alice's shriek, came up.

The stranger took off his cap, and bowing to the ladies, addressed Mr. Vernon.

"I regret much, sir," he said, "that my dog should have alarmed your daughter. I fear, too,

that I am on private grounds. My only apology is the majesty of these old woods."

So rich and deep was the voice, and so evidently well-bred was the speaker, that Mr. Vernon and his daughters looked at him in some surprise. For, in truth, his slouched travelling-cap, loose blouse and dusty garments, together with a well-worn port-folio which he carried under his arm had, at first, led them to expect only some travelling portrait-painter.

He was about five and twenty years old, with a tall, lithe figure: and his well-set head, the dark hair curling around the open brow, and the finely chiseled profile, formed a *tout ensemble* that impressed the beholder instinctively with the idea of genius.

It was with marked respect, therefore, that Mr. Vernon answered,

"My daughter's health is delicate, and she is rather nervous," said he. "But she must learn," and he glanced proudly, yet archly at her, "to become accustomed to surprises, for the woods, though belonging to my place, are open to all. A remarkably fine animal, that of yours: you should be proud of such a dog."

The stranger's eye rested with admiration on the fine figure of Mr. Vernon, as the latter spoke. The tall, soldier-like form was unbent by trouble, and seemed untouched by age; the eye was kind, almost loving in its expression; but the mouth and jaw were firmly set, and unyielding even to obstinacy. The "crowning dignity" was the thick, white hair over the broad brow.

"Yes," replied the stranger, turning to the dog with the look of an old friend, "and I have reason to be proud of him, for he saved my life once."

"Ah," said Mr. Vernon; and his face expressed well-bred curiosity.

"I sometimes think," continued the stranger, with a smile, "that animals understand language. Here is Neptune now looking up at me as if he knew every word I said. Is it not so, old friend?" and he stooped and patted the dog. And then noticing that the eyes of Mr. Vernon and his daughters were still directed inquiringly on him, he told how, when, swimming, he had once been seized with the cramp; how no human being was

in sight; and how he had given himself up for lost, when suddenly Neptune, hearing his voice, plunged into the water, hastened to his assistance, and assisted him to the shore. The tale was told simply, yet eloquently, and when the narrator, at its close, glanced toward the ladies, he saw the liquid eyes of the younger full of tears.

Both Mr. Vernon and Isabel had seated themselves, when the stranger began; but Alice, child-like, had slid down at the foot of a tree, where she reclined half leaning against the trunk. A stray sunbeam, breaking through the foliage, poured a shower of liquid gold around her, bringing out her graceful, undulating figure, and playing on the little foot that peeped from beneath her rumpled dress. Her right arm, carelessly supporting her head, around which the brown hair was circled in a heavy roll, Madonna-wise, threw one snowy shoulder out into the light. The fair and lovely face was turned toward the speaker, its large, soft eyes, unconsciously humid; and its small mouth tremulous with pity. "She is one to love and treasure forever," thought the young man; and his look, perhaps, revealed this; for Alice, catching his earnest gaze, blushed over cheek and neck, and with sudden embarrassment, sat upright and began to rearrange her dress.

"You sketch, I suppose," said Mr. Vernon, after a pause, glancing at the stranger's portfolio.

"A little," was the reply. "I have always loved nature, and been fond of art. I have here-tofore sketched for amusement, but must now do it for a livelihood."

"You are not, I think, a resident of this neighborhood."

"No, I am from ——. My father was the late Judge Randolph."

"Ah! I knew him well. But that was many years ago. I count it a fortunate chance," he added, blandly, "which has introduced me to his son."

"Pray," said Isabel, speaking now for the first time, "will you allow us to look over your portfolio? I am extravagantly fond of painting."

The two girls sat down together to the sketches. What a contrast to the pure young face of Alice was that of her sister! The heavy black hair; the dark cheek; the calm, cold eye; the scornful mouth—how self-supporting they seemed. Isabel was not over twenty-five years of age, but her face wore the sated look of one who had weighed all pleasures in the balance and found them alike wanting. If passions she ever had, they seemed to have worn themselves out.

The elder sister looked over the drawings with the eyes of an appreciative critic: the younger,

with a rising color and brightening eye, as some favorite nook was recognized.

"Have you ever been in Europe, Mr. Randolph?" said Mr. Vernon.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Thank heaven, that is a pleasure I have not missed."

The Vernons had spent two or three years abroad: and now, in the dim old American woods, with the green trees swaying above them, and the autumn sunset about them, what pictures were recalled of the shrouded Alps, the golden rivers of Spain, the rose-tinted sunsets of Italy, and the wondrous purple atmosphere and thyme-clad hills of Greece.

How the time sped! How little Alice said, but how she trembled, even now, with ecstasy at the memory of those beautiful things of nature! And as the eyes of Randolph, as they looked over the sketch-book, together, often met hers, he felt that his soul and hers thrilled with sympathy.

The acquaintance begun on this day soon ripened into intimacy. At Mr. Vernon's request, George Randolph accompanied the ladies home, and it was not long before he became like one of the family. Not a day passed without his dining at Vernon Hall. The mornings were generally given to walking or riding with the ladies; and the evenings were spent over music, or in conversation, with now and then a moonlight walk.

Occasionally Randolph, feeling ashamed of this idle life, was seized with a fit of industry; took his sketch-book; and resolutely spent a morning in professional labor. But when he next made his appearance at the Hall, he was sure to be rallied by Isabel on his want of gallantry. At such times, Alice, to whom he always turned, said nothing, but her mild, half reproachful look, was more potent than all her sister's words.

It was not often, indeed, that Alice spoke at all. She seemed too diffident to join in general conversation; but sat listening, usually occupied with some pretty piece of needlework, her long lashes resting on her cheek, and rarely looking up except when Randolph addressed her. Occasionally, however, when he was in the midst of some eloquent sentence—and no man could talk more eloquently than George Randolph—she would gaze at him, as if spell-bound. Once he turned suddenly, for he had been addressing her sister, and detected those earnest eyes drinking in his words. Instantly the long lashes fell upon the cheek, which became crimson: and for the next half hour, Alice neither looked up, nor spoke.

Had Alice desired, she could scarcely have played a principal part in the conversation, for Isabel, as the elder sister, seeming to consider that on her rested the task of entertaining their guest, monopolized Randolph herself. To do

Miss Vernon justice few, even of her own sex, could talk as brilliantly. Her intellect was vivacious, and her mind well stored. She possessed tact also in an uncommon degree. Whatever subject was started, she took the direction of the conversation speedily into her own hands; and by her judicious management of it completely engrossed the attention, if not the heart of Randolph.

Her guest would have been better pleased, had it been otherwise. It was Alice, not Isabel, that drew Randolph, day after day, to Vernon Hall. The sweet, retiring modesty of the younger sister was infinitely more lovely in his eyes, than the brilliant wit and thorough bred self-possession of the elder. He compared the one, in his secret reveries, to the meek violet, and the other to the flaunting rose; and the violet was a thousand times the dearer.

At times, however, when her spirit was deeply moved, Alice broke through her usual coyness. An instance of this happened about a fortnight after Randolph's introduction at the Hall.

It was a beautiful moonlight evening, and the sisters, with their guest, had stepped out into the piazza. The Hall stood on a gentle elevation, which sloped down, over a grassy lawn, to a small lake, about a hundred yards distant: and the opposite side of this sheet of water was overhung by a thick wood. The moon was just rising over the top of the dark trees, so that the front of the wood was buried in shadow; but a bridge of silver spanned the gulf, and the hither shore was flooded in light.

"How beautiful," exclaimed Isabel, as this fairy-like scene burst upon them.

Randolph turned to Alice, but she was silent. Was it insensibility? No, for her kindling eye and heightened color showed that her emotion was too deep for words? And yet, with all the rapture of that gaze, there was something melancholy in it.

Randolph, after a pause, drew nearer to her: and his low voice, as he spoke, unlocked her heart.

"You seem sad," he said.

She looked up at him. His eyes, full of infinite sympathy, melted her spirit, as it were, into his own; and, yielding to the sweet mastery, she spoke, thinking aloud.

"A moonlight landscape always makes me mournful: it seems so cold and unsympathizing. Ah! how one's spirit, on a night like this, goes longingly up to heaven! I feel as if I should like to die on a moonlight night, earth is so chill and unsatisfying then."

"Positively, my little sister is growing poetical," said Isabel, with a gay laugh, approaching the two.

The spell was broken. Randolph felt as if discord had suddenly dashed the harmony of the spheres. Alice drew back abashed, and was silent for the rest of the evening.

Randolph, dissembling his chagrin, yielded himself up politely to Isabel's lead in conversation, and was soon rattling away as if nothing had occurred. Ah! how Alice suffered. "He despises me," thought she, shrinking back into the shadow of a vine, and gazing out on the lake with dim eyes. "How foolish I must have appeared to him going off into such a rhapsody. And Isabel is so talented."

If Alice was miserable, Isabel was happy. Ever since their first meeting, she had admired Randolph, and, within the last few days, this feeling had been deepening into love. Hence one reason why she monopolized his conversation. She knew she had talents, and she resolved to dazzle Randolph: here he should be, she secretly vowed, if beauty and brilliancy could win him. It was the first time Isabel had ever loved. But love, instead of abashing her, as it did Alice, only stimulated her to a greater exertion of her powers.

Once or twice, when she had seen Randolph regarding her sister, a suspicion had shot across her heart that he loved Alice. There was something in his look, at such times, which she had never observed directed on herself, and which she felt instinctively would have made her soul thrill to its profoundest depths. Such a meaning had been in his eyes, on this night, while Alice was speaking. It was, with bitter jealousy, and something of anger also, that Isabel had approached them. The words she uttered would sting Alice, she well knew, and silence her for the rest of the evening: but she had not been so certain of the effect they would produce on Randolph. The readiness with which he devoted himself, however, to her, seeming totally to forget the presence of Alice, completely deceived her: she fancied that her sarcasm had disgusted him with her sister; and in this belief she surrendered herself to a whirl of blissful emotions, the sweeter for being so strange to that cold, haughty heart. Her exulting happiness inspired her, for the time, like a Corinne, so that Randolph, in admiration of her brilliant conversation, listened with even increasing interest and wonder.

The autumn days sped on rapidly. The iris-dye was stealing over the maple; the gum tree wore a deeper red; the little squirrels were gathering their nuts from the yellow leaved hickory; the vivid green of the oak and hemlock gradually became sombre; and the brightness of the Golden Rod, and the royal color of the Purple Mist grew deeper, as the strong south wind carried off the last of the aster flowers.

How intensely the party at Mr. Vernon's

enjoyed the weather. Isabel's sketch-book was always in requisition: a dozen times, each morning, she would ask Randolph's advice, by one device or another, always keeping him at her side. Alice, on these excursions, strayed off by herself, or sat gazing vacantly into distance. Sometimes, however, she remained listening to her sister and their guest, and though she rarely spoke, her soft eyes were always the mirror of Randolph's sentiments.

October melted away at last, like one of its own bright sunsets, and chill, dreary November came in. The few brown leaves, left on the branches, whirled downward through the grey, drizzling rain; the tall, skeleton-like trees swayed and groaned in the moaning wind; the lake became turbid; the lawn was covered with broken twigs and sodden with water; hill-side and valley wore the same unvarying russet; and the skies, even on the brightest days, were dark with wild, ragged clouds, foreboding bleak December.

Randolph had torn himself, at last, from the Hall, and was now busily at work in the city, composing pictures from some of his finest sketches. Isabel, from being gay almost to girlishness, had suddenly become silent, moody and cross. The country, she declared, was unbearable. She could not understand, she said, why papa persisted in staying out of town so late. The lanes were fetlock deep in mud, so that walking, or even riding was unpleasant; there was no society to be had: for her part she should die if they remained there.

Alice said nothing. But she would sit in a deep reverie, then suddenly recollect herself, color, blush, and perhaps rise and walk to the window, where she would, not unfrequently, fall into a second fit of musing.

Mr. Vernon's life, however, went on as usual. He had seen comparatively little of Randolph, except at dinner, for he always liked a nap in the evening, and the young artist's mornings, when not devoted to sketching, had been monopolized by Isabel. But the ill-humor of his eldest daughter became finally so decided, that he gave orders for returning to town, though he had half promised himself he would, for this year at least, keep his Christmas at Vernon Hall.

The Vernons had been nearly a week established in the city, before Randolph became aware of their return; for he kept close to his studies, working hard to make up for lost time. One evening, however, as he took a hurried walk for exercise, he saw a fair hand wave out of a carriage window toward him, and immediately the dashing equipage drew up to the curb stone, and Isabel Vernon, leaning forward, invited him to enter.

"We are going to drive into the country, and

you look jaded," she said. "It will do you good to breathe the fresh air." And she bestowed one of the most winning smiles on Randolph. "How d'ye do?" The words were addressed carelessly, almost scornfully, to two elegantly dressed young men, the *elite* of the "upper ten," who bowed profoundly to the heiress and belle.

Randolph was on the point of declining, but he saw the sweet face of Alice behind Isabel, and fancying that her dove-like eyes looked the invitation she was too timid to speak, he sprang into the carriage. The astonished exquisites gazed, as if a miracle had been worked before their sight. Never had they seen the haughty Miss Vernon so conciliatory even to one of their own set, and this affability to a penniless artist, for Randolph was known to one of them by sight, bewildered them.

From that time Randolph became again a frequent guest at the Vernons.

Occasionally he met the father, but not often, for the old gentleman liked his game of chess at the club too well to be frequently at home. Mr. Vernon was entirely ignorant of what was going on.

Randolph's evenings were spent in listening to Isabel's harp, an instrument on which she was a proficient, principally, perhaps, because she was aware it displayed her fine person to advantage. Alice was still mostly but a listener. Yet Randolph never left the presence of the sisters, without remembering every word and look of hers: and if he dreamed of either of the coveted heiresses, it was of Alice.

One evening, while at the tea-table, the servant brought in a superb bouquet for each of the ladies. Isabel ordered the footman to hand them to her, when she examined both attentively. Having noticed, with some chagrin, that there was no difference between them, she gave to her sister the one marked Alice.

Mr. Vernon seemed to feel a sudden curiosity. "Pray, who had the taste to send those?" he said.

"Mr. Randolph, papa," replied Isabel. "We are going to the opera with him to-night, to hear Mrs. Wood's Norma."

"Rather an expensive pleasure for a young man who has to paint for a living," drily said Mr. Vernon. "I should think these bouquets, at least, quite superfluous. His purse is not as long as mine, remember, young ladies."

The quick crimson flushed over the brow and neck of Isabel, who immediately took up her bouquet and left the room.

But Alice, stealing up behind her father's chair, passed her cool, soft hand over his forehead, and kissed him with a low, "good night, papa," as if deprecating his anger. Mr. Vernon

patted her cheek, drew her to him for a kiss, and saying affectionately, "I hope you will enjoy yourself, butter-cup," rose from his chair, took up the newspaper, and left her for his library, with his eye soft as a woman's, for the moment, beneath its shaggy brows.

For Alice had always been his favorite child. She was so like her dead mother, so gentle, so affectionate, so submissive! The elder daughter's character had too many salient points for him; her cool, indomitable will came too often into contact with his own: perhaps, for such is human nature, she too much resembled himself.

When the young girl entered the drawing-room, she found Isabel gaily chatting with Randolph, so, after selecting a half blown rose and some geranium leaves from her bouquet, she walked to a large pier-glass to arrange them in her dress.

"Why, Alice," said Isabel, "you pay a poor compliment to Mr. Randolph, to pull his bouquet to pieces in that manner."

Alice blushed crimson. Of late she had begun to comprehend her sentiments toward the young artist. But she did not dare to hope for such happiness as his love. And she would not have had him know her secret for the world. Often she repeated to herself the words of Helena.

"Thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun that looks upon his worshipper,
Yet knows of him no more."

The words of Isabel conveyed a censure; and, for an instant, Alice trembled lest Randolph might agree with her sister. How inexpressibly was she relieved when he spoke.

"She could not have paid it a greater compliment," said he, and with so much *empressement*, that the sharp flash of Isabel's eye, unusual in one so immovable, made Alice look at her in astonishment.

But no sooner had the dread of offending Randolph been removed, than a new subject of anxiety arose for Alice. She had noticed his manner when speaking: and it puzzled her, novice as she was. Had he penetrated her secret? The thought was humiliating. Better death than that. And yet what else could his conscious demeanor mean, both then, and when, after shawling her for the carriage, his hand clasped hers perceptibly for a moment?

Poor Alice, ignorant as a child, even in matters of the heart, of which the sex usually has an instinctive knowledge—what mental tortures she might have spared herself, if she had known that Randolph valued one of her smiles above all the attentions of Isabel!

The opera house was crowded. It was a

benefit night; and the dress circle blazed with beauty and diamonds. Until the curtain rose, a loud hum of conversation filled the house, but among the topics of the evening, none commanded more remark than the intimacy of the Vernons with the poor artist. "The old judge actually died insolvent, ruined, root and branch, by speculations in coal lands," said an elderly gentleman, "and yet that haughty girl actually courts the son. I wonder if Vernon knows what is going on."

Isabel had a finely educated ear for music. She was most fastidious, and could coolly criticize a false note or a broken shake, in the midst of the most passionate scene. But poor little Alice!—how foolishly natural all seemed to her. The small hands were clenched, when Norma so fiercely defied the recreant Pollione; and her eyes were wonderfully humid, when the mother, in her mad anguish and insulted love, staggered up to take the lives of her sleeping children.

"For heaven's sake, Alice, do not give us a scene," whispered Isabel, noticing this agitation, "nothing can be in worse taste. You will mortify Mr. Randolph, by such an *expose* of your childishness." And she drew the crimson crepe shawl around her shoulders.

The younger sister retreated into the corner of the box, and the tears, which had stood in her eyes before, now fell silently; while she wondered what made the usually indifferent Isabel so cross.

The winter was passing rapidly away. Alice sometimes accompanied Isabel on her round of wearisome gaiety; but oftener remained at home to talk or read with her father. Randolph frequently met them in company, and more frequently dropped in for a morning call; but, as they had been out several times when he came in the evening, he no longer appeared at that period of the day.

Isabel was restless and dissatisfied: often excessively out of humor; nor could Alice discover the cause. Of the truth of the matter, of the secret jealousy that gnawed her sister's heart, the unsuspecting girl had not an idea. Isabel now went out more than ever, and not unfrequently spoke of having met Randolph, when Alice had remained at home.

It was rarely that the younger sister saw the artist now. In the mornings, his calls were always hurried, and when Alice met him in society, he seemed laboring under a strange restraint. She feared she had offended him. Yet she dared not ask.

One evening a headache detained her at home. Isabel had gone to a large party, and Mr. Vernon was at his club. Alice felt low in spirits, almost to shedding tears, so she opened the piano, and

strode to cheer herself with music. But it would not do: and she gave up in despair. She was still sitting, her fingers listlessly running over the keys, when the door opened behind her; and looking hastily around, for she had expected no visitor, she recognized Randolph.

She started with embarrassment, and, as she welcomed him, her voice quite trembled. Strange to say, it was the first time they had ever been alone. But this was not sufficient to account for her agitation: she felt that it was all very childish, but in vain she tried to appear more composed. She stammered out something, she knew not what, regretting her sister's absence: but Randolph interrupted her.

"It is not your sister I came to see, but yourself," he said, his own voice slightly trembling, and still retaining her little hand. "All this dreary, long winter I have been watching for this opportunity. Alice, dear Alice, I love you."

Did she hear aright? Was it really Randolph before her? Or was all this a dream? She gave one hurried glance at that manly face, and then, reading all in the frank, yet anxious look, she burst into tears.

At a late hour George Randolph left the house, with a firmer tread and lighter eye than usual; while Alice glided up to her chamber, with smiles and tears glittering over her flushed face.

What a change in her destiny three little hours had caused! Her despondency was gone: she wondered she had ever had any: she pressed her hand to her heart, the weight of happiness seemed so painful.

Having reached her room, she walked to her dressing-table, drew off a bracelet and some rings, seated herself in a lounging chair, and fell into one of those long sweet reveries, which are known but once in a life-time. Alice certainly was never before so long making her *toilette de nuit*. One article was laid aside; then followed a walk across the room; then there was a pause by the dressing-glass; and all this while glittering smiles intervened between steadfast looks as if gazing into futurity.

At a late hour Isabel returned. Alice had not slept yet, and, as she quietly watched her sister, as with a wearied "oh, dear," Isabel slowly laid aside her ball dress, she wondered how it was possible for any human being to be so long preparing for bed.

At last Alice could contain herself no longer: besides the bright gas-light annoyed her.

"Are you not tired, and ready for bed, Bella?" she said.

"I shall be there directly," sharply replied Isabel, who was more ill-humored than ever; for she had gone out expecting to meet Randolph at the ball and had been disappointed.

Alice said no more, but nervously watched Isabel, as the latter placed piece after piece of jewelry in the velvet cases with a nonchalance that almost drove Alice wild.

At last the gas was turned down, and Isabel retired to bed. There was silence for a few moments, during which Alice crept closer to her elder sister. Suddenly she said,

"Mr. Randolph was here this evening."

"Ah," said Isabel, with a slight start, as if a serpent had stung her. Then, with a sneer, she added, "I suppose your headache is cured now."

For a moment the confiding heart of Alice was chilled. But, in a short time, she stole her arm around her sister's waist, and whispered, "Bella, dear, I have something to tell you."

Could Alice have felt the heart that was beating beneath her arm, she would have found it growing cold, so cold: for Isabel, at these words, instinctively divined the truth. But Alice, simple child, never suspected her sister's emotion: so she went on, as she drew still nearer to Isabel, "you know I said Mr. Randolph was here to-night, and—sister, he asked me to marry him."

"Pshaw, you choke me," said Isabel, and she rudely flung the arms of Alice from her, turned quickly away, and said no more. She had, indeed, been choking, but not from the white arms of Alice. She was even yet choking; but it was with mortification and rage. He did love Alice then: it was as she had feared: and she—who had never stooped to love man before—was despised. Oh! if she could but have given vent to her feelings. But she dared not, for there beside her was her successful rival. It was enough to stifle her. She tore the throat of her night dress open, gasping for breath, her heart convulsed by these terrible and conflicting emotions.

All this was as unknown to Alice as if it had been going on in another sphere. Still she wondered why Isabel did not speak. So, after a few moments of silence, she resumed.

"Are you not glad, dear Isabel? You always seemed to like him."

The elder sister felt that she must speak, or be betrayed. But she could not counterfeit entirely. She answered sharply,

"I care nothing about it. What is it to me. I am tired and want sleep. Do leave me alone, will you?" This was because Alice, at hearing her speak of being fatigued, had laid her soft hand on her forehead, as if to soothe her.

The young fiancee drew back hurt and disappointed. She found that even as bright a love as hers could be clouded. After a few restless turnings, and some vain wonder as to what had made Isabel so cross, she fell asleep with smiles on her red lips, and pleasant dreams in her heart.

But the elder sister slept not. While Alice continued awake, Isabel remained immovable as stone, but, when the young girl slumbered at last, the sister, rising on one arm, sternly regarded the calm, innocent face. Hate was in every lineament of that haughty countenance, as it thus gazed down on the sleeper: and not only hate, but revenge. The pale moonlight—for the winter moon had now risen—struggling, in faint gleams, between the thick curtains, gave a ghastly aspect to that agitated face, so that it looked not unlike that of some ghoul contemplating its lifeless victim.

What a tempest of emotions swept, to and fro, in that haughty woman's heart. Rejected!—and for whom? A mere child, with a baby face. And by whom? A penniless artist, an adventurer. Was it for this she had lavished on him her love? Was it for this she had gone out everywhere to meet him, even on this very evening?

The young girl stirred. The exclamation of her sister half aroused her. But she still lingered in the realm of dreams. Her red lips half parted, disclosing the little pearly teeth; her cheeks flushed with a warm blush; her fingers closed softly as if pressing some loved hand; and murmuring "George," she smiled rapturously, and then sank again into deep sleep.

It was gall and wormwood to the watcher. She had been frightened, at first, lest her sister had understood her words. She was now maddened, almost beyond control, by this little scene. She fairly gnashed her teeth. Oh! it is terrible, when a haughty soul, like hers, after abasing itself before another, is spurned, and thrown back on its own contempt.

The very restraint which she exercised over the outward shew of her feelings, and which gave her such a cold, immovable aspect, now avenged itself on her, by increasing the fury of this mental hurricane. For hours, during that night, it is not too much to say she was almost beside herself. Morning found her still awake, looking haggard and wan, but composed at last, at least to the eyes of others.

While dressing, Alice, turning away her head, recurred to the subject that engrossed her thoughts.

"Bella," she said, "you seemed so tired last night, that I could not talk to you, as I wished."

It was well for Isabel that the young girl's eyes were bashfully turned away; for, notwithstanding the strong will of the elder sister, her whole face was blanched at these words. But she bit her lip, though the angry gleam of the tigress still lurked in her eye.

"Do you think," continued Alice, still looking away, "that papa will be very angry with me for my engagement? I never thought of such a thing, but George said he was afraid papa would think I ought not to marry a man, whose dependence was so precarious. I told him I knew papa would give his consent willingly. But, this morning, I do not feel so sure of it. Do you think, Bella dear, that he will object?"

Isabel's mind had been in a whirl, from the first word uttered by Alice. Mr. Vernon would certainly refuse his consent!—why had she never thought of this before? Or, if he inclined at last to yield, he could easily be persuaded otherwise. Then, if Alice married Randolph, she would be thrust from the old man's heart; and that, that would almost kill her. All this could be brought to pass: all this, and perhaps even more. Isabel saw already the way. Oh! what devil from hell, in that little minute, for it was no more, put these thoughts into that cruel, haughty heart.

It was over. The resolve was taken. And now Isabel calmly answered her sister.

"There is no doubt of it. You know papa hates adventurers."

Alice turned pale: reflected a while: then approached her sister and kissed her.

"Isabel dear," said she, "you can talk to papa much better than I can, for I get frightened when he looks so sternly:—will you not tell him all about it? I know I am a coward. But you can persuade him to anything, and if he once denies me, I have not courage to mention a subject again."

Ah! words too true. Had that little heart of thine but been braver, Alice!

Isabel, controlling herself, returned the kiss and answered,

"I will do all I can for you, Alice. You had better say nothing to papa yourself. Leave everything to me. I have no doubt I can win his consent."

"You are the best sister in the world," was the reply, and tears of gratitude dimmed the eyes of Alice. "George is coming, this morning, to see papa; but I will persuade him to say nothing till you have prepared the way."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

KEEPING GUARD.

Thou keepest guard, old friend and true,
Thy master's child above.

May others watch, his life-time through,
With equal faith and love!

C. A.

WAS HE RIGHT?

BY REV. H. HASTINGS WELD.

IN a recent number of "The Ladies' National Magazine" I contributed a sketch, entitled "Was She Right?" which has elicited the following story of a somewhat parallel case. The sketch is also from the life; and by a lady. I give it in her words.

The gallantry of men—or I am sometimes inclined to suspect, their reserve or insincerity when the conduct of women is in the question, induces them to treat the sex with anything but impartial justice. They praise us at the expense of themselves, and fill the heads of the young and giddy with impossible notions of woman's prerogative, and woman's rights; woman's virtue, and her constancy—that is to say, on paper. Who, for instance, ever read of an inebriate, in a temperance tale, who had not a wife of perfect character? In real life, it is true men often exhibit more selfishness, and quite a capacity for taking care of themselves and their own interests. They educate us to think ourselves angels, or at least to imagine that they think us such; and when the trial comes, and something of consequence is at issue, our angelic attributes are all forgotten, and they disappoint us most cruelly.

But I must cease writing a preface, and come to the point; for prefacing only leads me further from my purpose. Your correspondent says that common sense views of duty in matters of love and matrimony are the true ones. I am about to tell the story of a young man who followed the dictates of sound reason.

Mabel Stanley was amiable, engaging and beautiful. Her auburn hair and gentle eyes—her fair, broad forehead and clear skin, were in such harmony with her kind manners, that she seemed more a mild vision than a human being of actual flesh and blood. Perhaps my description does not convey the reader's best ideal of beauty; but as I am describing a person who really lived, and no mere ideal, I shall be pardoned if I adhere to the truth. There were indeed those who would not concede her claims to strict beauty. Even such, however, admitted that without the right to be pronounced beautiful, she was "charming." And if such be the general effect of a person's presence, certainly we need not go into an analysis of lips and eyes and brows. So that the *tout ensemble* pleases,

the strict requirements of classic elegance may be overlooked.

Mabel was often in little difficulties; but then it was a pleasure to forgive her. Her disconsolate air was so very pitiful that you could hardly pardon yourself for having blamed her and caused her tears; and when you had repaired all by a kiss, and the assurance of reconciliation, the sunlight which came over her face was as delightful as the cheerful sky after a summer afternoon shower. There was a reason, and generally the same reason for all her dilemmas; but if I tell it now, it will spoil my story.

We were of the same age, and left school together. Of course we promised a life long friendship; and what is most remarkable, boarding school Misses as we were, we kept our faith. And thus it happens, that although we lived many miles apart, I am so well acquainted with every passage of her life. It seems to me now almost a troubled dream as I look back upon it; and but that it is so fruitful in admonition, I would not disturb the past.

At first we were frequent correspondents—so frequent that my father good humoredly declared that I was a much better daughter of the republic than daughter of his, inasmuch as I impoverished him to enrich the post-office treasury. Still he was as fond as a child, of hearing portions of Mabel's letters, and very much admired the air of charming romance which she could throw over the most common-place themes. Her descriptions and narratives were delightful, and he said if he were only young again he could fall in love with her by post, marry her by proxy, send for her home, and cherish her, without one preliminary look at her face and form. Any face and any form must be engaging, animated by such a mind as Mabel's.

You may be sure I was delighted that my father was so much pleased with my friend's letters. After a year or two of correspondence the epistles grew less frequent. I might have regretted this more, only that as they became fewer in number they increased in interest; and this interest was not a little enhanced by a spice of mystery. Mabel was "engaged;" and from the earliest steps in the affair she made me her confidant. She gave me the minute history of all her emotions, and all his advances, from

the hour of her first suspicion of his attentions, until she became really and formally *fiance*. As through this interesting period I was charged to secrecy, and as there was scarce a line in her communications which was not tinged with some allusion, direct or remote to the one thought of her heart, my father maliciously declared that Mabel must be in love, and rallied me upon my fidelity, while "he warranted there was not a person of her acquaintance who had not the same confidence as I." I could only smile evasively; for it was part of my education never to tell a falsehood, even in jest.

At length the injunction was removed, and I told my father that "Mabel was engaged." And I confessed, moreover, much to his glee, that she had some time since apprised me of the turn affairs were taking. "I knew it!" he said. "And now I *must* see this couple. Write to Mabel to spend a month with us, for of course you will be her bridesmaid. Let him accompany her here, and leave her with us."

This proposal fell in too completely with my desires not to be immediately communicated to Mabel, and father actually added a postscript to a young lady whom he had never seen, insisting in the most mandatory terms, on Mabel's accepting the invitation. Our joint request was complied with; and an early answer was received from Mabel, designating the day on which we might expect her.

I never shall forget my flutter of expectation as the time drew near. I was *so* anxious to see Mabel's choice! I painted him mentally, from her description—and dwelt, much to my father's amusement on his perfections of form and face; on the rich stores of his mind, and the charms of his conversation and accomplishments. Papa was so provokingly incredulous, with his wise proverbs about seeing through lover's eyes, and hearing through charmed ears, that I was quite vexed with him, and determined to like Mr. Milman, if out of sheer opposition only. They came. The man was certainly well enough. And better than that—though I have never quite forgiven him—I must own that he was conscientious and upright—a very Spartan. Perhaps he had too much unbending integrity for this shuffling world. But his error, if it were one, was on the right side.

I may say I was not disappointed in him; but I must confess I did not find Mabel what I had pictured her. And I caught myself absent and wondering, on the very evening of her arrival, whether it were possible that I could have changed so much in three years, as I saw she had. I had girlish as I was, arranged a most ardent embrace in my mind, but when she was handed out of the coach by a stout, fine-looking man with great whiskers, I could not throw myself into her arms.

Our meeting was refined into the most polite of well-bred kisses, and I showed the bride elect to her chamber with awful deference, leaving papa to do the honors to the bridegroom. The girl had grown—gracious me! But all her growth of person was nothing to the *je ne sais quoi* which had come over her—the womanly development I suppose it must have been—the conscious but unconscious consequence of a young woman really engaged, and actually to be married in the spring. This meeting was in early autumn.

Well—Mr. Milman went in the morning, leaving Mabel in our charge. His departure seemed to relieve us from a cloud. Mabel relapsed into the pleasant, artless school girl of yore, and her laugh rang out again. I wondered if Milman did not like laughter, and that, therefore, it was that she had been so constrained before him. But my better sense suggested that marriage is really a very serious affair, and that one cannot at once become so accustomed to the thoughts of it, as to feel quite at ease, before an old friend, at the first meeting under such circumstances. Milman came again and again during the six weeks that Mabel remained with us, and we all grew at last to feel quite at our ease with him. Still I observed that Mabel was not the same person when her affianced was with us that she seemed when he was away; and papa, who is sometimes quite in haste with his likes and his dislikes, conceived quite a prejudice against Mr. Milman on that very account. He thought that he had an undue, and quite a tyrannical influence over his intended, and argued thence that they never could be happy together. For my own part I was troubled; and I can confess now, that it was more through fear of her deficiency than for any fault which I detected or suspected in him. One day I was an accidental listener to a sentence or two which passed between them—no more. I heard not what preceded or what followed; but the words, almost unmeaning in themselves, had to me a dreadful weight, for they brought up reminiscences which I would gladly have forgotten. He said in tones of grave vexation, "why, my dear Mabel, I thought you told me thus and thus, when I was here before." "Oh, no," she answered, "you must be mistaken." "But, now I think of it, Mabel, I am *sure*." "Then you must have misunderstood me." They passed out of hearing, and I went to my chamber oppressed—and with these simple words. For they were a key to many earnest colloquies which I had before partly perceived, and now constantly observed. They explained to me all her constraint, and all his distrust. I feared for her. I longed to talk affectionately and earnestly with her. I once ventured to ask, "have you had no lovers quarrels?" "Not the semblance of one," she answered.

"Not a word of difference?" She looked me full in the face—but she did color, as she answered, "no, not a word!" Shall I own it? I did not believe her.

When Mabel left us, at the end of her six week's visit, all was sunshine. Everything was definitely arranged for the following spring when the nuptials were to take place. Mabel had never before looked to me so beautiful—full of hope and happiness, and Milman had succeeded at last, in establishing himself completely in our good graces. His fine manly form and commanding presence compelled our respect, and I could but acknowledge that Mabel needed a director and guide in her husband. My father now pronounced him a young man of great promise, with a character matured beyond his years, and natural talents, and acquired knowledge which could not fail to give him an enviable position. I rejoiced for Mabel that she had been so happy as to obtain the preference, and win the affection of a man whose love would do any woman honor.

Through the winter which followed, Mabel and Milman were frequently the subject of our conversation, and as for me, they were constantly in my thoughts. It occurs to me here to state a fact—of no consequence to be sure to the story—my mother had been long since dead. I mention it only to explain why my father is so often spoken of, and she never. My dear father! He has been many years too, in the silent land, but the teachings of his advice and of his example, his exact and excellent principles have left an influence which I trust will never leave me, and which I hope, moreover, will be perpetuated to my children! I do wish you gentlemen who have the direction of the public press, and the ladies who are your correspondents—aye, and even the clergy who speak under a higher warrant—I do wish, I say, that you would talk to fathers about their duty to their daughters? Tell them to make companions of them—to develop their minds by knowledge—such knowledge as books do not contain—such as even mothers cannot well impart. Let them be brought forward by the masculine strength of a father's mind, and teach them that "accomplishments" are only the gilding of a character. I know that fathers are always more indulgent to their daughters than their sons; but *indulgence* is not *education*. Nor is it education to pay large bills without a murmur, or to heap expense upon paid teachers. An hour of the father's time were worth a day of that of any paid instructor; the encouragement of a father's judicious care is all important; even if it were only to dissipate the impression that while sons are always welcome, daughters are pitied, petted and tolerated.

We had ceased counting months and weeks, and commenced counting the days that intervened before our visit to H—, to be present at Mabel's marriage, when, one morning father brought from the office a letter which caused me much anxiety, and father many ejaculations upon the fickleness of lovers. It was a long, long, letter, in a forced style of composition upon indifferent subjects chiefly; but the pith of the communication was that "they," meaning Mabel and Milman, had decided to "postpone" their wedding for a few weeks, or months. No reason was given for this, and no clue to any, though the three sides of letter post which were covered with close penmanship showed that whatever was the cause of this reserve, it was not want of time. You lady readers will understand that this late notice of a change of purpose had permitted me to take a great deal of unnecessary trouble, and had imposed upon my father some expense which might have been spared. However, we had nothing to do, but to wait. I suspended my personal preparations with a feeling of presentiment. But papa only laughed at this, and urged me to have all ready, and my trunks packed, for he said, we should be summoned away at a short notice. Men never will learn that ladies toilet cannot be kept "packed." It is destruction to them.

Weeks passed, and months even, and we heard not a word from Mabel. I wrote and received an answer, but as in my letter I carefully avoided all allusion to the postponed marriage, so in hers the subject was not referred to even in the most distant manner. I had foreborne to speak of it, not knowing what to say, or how to inquire—but her silence was inexplicable. "Now," said my father, "you may unpack your trunk. The match is broken off." I thought so too.

Gradually all correspondence ceased between us. I wrote the last letter, and as it remained unanswered, there was no course for me to take but to forbear writing to one who, by her silence, evinced a disinclination to hear from me. Months passed thus, and my first feeling of half anger had subsided into deep and doubting regrets. I was on the point of writing again, and waiving the point of pride and etiquette, to beseech her to tell me something respecting herself, when I received a letter. It was very brief, and I did not at first recognize the hand, but turned to the signature to ascertain if this could be Mabel's writing. She said, "I have been very sick—oh, I don't know how long, and this is the first time I have taken a pen in my hand. The doctor says I may write you a few lines, if I will ask you to come and spend a few weeks with me, for he says I need a change of persons and associations to rally my forces. Do ask your good papa to spare his housekeeper for a short

time, and come on such an errand of charity and friendship."

I need hardly say that I complied with all possible expedition with this request. I pass over the incidents of the journey; though they would seem almost a romance to the present generation of rail-road travellers—for travelling in those days had incidents, if only in the study of stage advertisements, and the watching of baggage in the various changes. I reached H—— after a weary ride, and was safely landed at the house of the uncle with whom Mabel resided; for she, poor child, was an orphan. I felt how ill she must have been, and still probably was, when I was told that I must wait until the morning to see her, as she must first be prepared for my arrival.

What a night of anxiety and suspense was that! On the morrow I was up with the sun, and looked abroad on a landscape glorious in its autumn beauty. It reminded me of the mornings in which Mabel and I had rejoiced the year before, and I wept at the contrast which her present state presented. From the window I turned to the table, and saw the little evidences of Mabel's hand in the furnishing of this, the guest chamber. A Bible lay there, my father's gift, in which he had half pleasantly, half seriously told her, she must keep her family record. I strove in vain to fasten my thoughts on its pages, and leaving my apartment, descended to the lawn.

At breakfast I met only Mabel's aunt. The husband had been called away by some business appointment. I did not regret this; for I hoped that the lady would give me some clue to the cause and nature of Mabel's illness. And so she did. I need not repeat her precise words. The substance of her communication was that Milman broke his faith with Mabel, and deserted her—without so much as assigning a reason. Mabel never would say what was the difficulty, and she was sure she could not imagine. She knew, however, that the Milmans must be disagreeable people, for Mabel had some trouble with his mother and sisters, before he disagreed with her. She bore up, poor girl, wonderfully, and would not acknowledge how much the affair had distressed her; but it was that which had made her ill, and nothing else. There was much more, but this was the purport; and I need hardly say that much as I desired to hear, I did not commit myself by asking any questions.

In a few hours I was admitted to Mabel's room. There was a change indeed! I could hardly conceive it possible that in a few months my friend could have become so wan and wasted—her cheeks so pale, her fingers so transparent. She was propped in a chair with pillows, and smiled gladly but faintly as she took my hand. I seated

myself beside her—she dropped her head upon my breast and sobbed audibly for some moments. Not a word had been said, but I was greatly constrained by the nurse to leave the room, and Mabel was placed again on her couch.

A day or two passed, before I was again admitted to the invalid's chamber. Now she was more composed, and I spent little time with her in cheerful conversation. On the next day I quietly took my place at her bedside, without formality, the doctor only stipulating that we should not talk too much. And in a few weeks I had the happiness to find her decidedly convalescent, and out of danger. It may seem surprising to the reader, but never, in all this time did the name of Milman, or any reference to him pass our lips. I returned to my father, and left the once blooming Mabel restored to something like her former health and beauty. She was indeed a beauty still; more ethereal, and more, I suppose, to the fancy of the other sex; for never was lady put to the task of declining more overtures than Mabel Stanley was when she recovered her health, though she never quite regained her former bloom. She died a few years since at a respectable age—what age I will not say since it would be a revelation of my own, and all witnesses are excused from betraying themselves. And since I flatter myself that the reader has some interest for her, and sympathy with her, I will state that her last years were cheerful and comfortable; that she was notable for doing good; and took rank with those excellent women, who, having been "disappointed" themselves, spend a life-time in serving others, and making the circle in which they move happy by a thousand little kindnesses and many sensible benefits. In a word, Mabel Stanley lived and died a kind "old maid."

And now comes the question, "Was He Right?" I will not say how I obtained the knowledge, but I can state the reason of her separation from Milman. In her youth, from timidity, carelessness, a presumption on a pretty presence, or all these causes combined, Mabel Stanley had too slight a regard for strict truth. Milman noticed these little divergences, as the reader will now remember. He tried not to perceive—then to overlook—then to excuse them. At last by a little chain of events, which are not worth raking from oblivion, she seriously embroiled poor Milman with his own mother and sisters. A little falsehood led to great consequences; not the least afflicting of which was, that poor Mabel, beautiful Mabel, stood before him in all the deformity of an absolute falsifier!

What could the man do? She dismissed him in a fit of half bravado, and he took her at her word. Any overture at reconciliation would have

been at once met by her. She would even have confessed her fault, and made her old school days reparation, by a passion of tears, and a beautiful look of humiliation. Milman's friends—his own mother entreated him not to sacrifice her to that little difficulty—and not to make himself unhappy to avenge their difference. But he thought she had sacrificed herself, and that he could not be more miserable than with a wife whose word he could not confide in. He left H——, and never returned there to reside. He never accounted to the world for his conduct, but magnanimously bore the reproach of sickleness to spare her name. Now, again we ask, "Was He Right?"

He did not even sentence himself to celibacy.

He lost the romance, and perhaps saved himself some of the follies of early marriage, but at a ripe age, when "the story of his love" had passed into forgetfulness he married a woman every way worthy of him. Even Mabel Stanley heard of the match without visible emotion. Nay, they sometimes met, and the observer who knew nothing of their past history, would think of nothing in their style of addressing each other, except that being slightly acquainted, they were formally polite. Those who knew could better solve the riddle.

Was He Right? My father always maintained that he was—and I believe him against the world in a matter of conscience.

M O T H E R M I N E.

BY VIRGINIA PEYTON.

Nor in the sunny light of Summer morning,
When the wild mock-bird trills his sweetest lay,
And pearly dew the crimson blooms adornning,
Reflects the glitter of the sun's first ray;
Not with the fragrance of the flowers ascending,
Not with the murmur of the honey bee,
And the light breeze with tuneful cadence blending—
Come mournful thoughts of thee.

I am more glad, my heart more freely boundeth,
A keener sense of life is in me stirred,
When on my list'ning, rav'shed ear resoundeth
The sweet wild notes of some melodious bird:
And when the fitful Summer wind is flinging
The shadow of the vines across the lea,
The trembling shade unto my soul is bringing
No mournful thoughts of thee.

But oh, when evening darkness round us falleth,
And gentle twilight like a shadow lies,
Sad memories the lonely heart recalldeth,
And bitter tears swell up to mournful eyes.
And then the tide of recollection swelling,
A thousand saddening thoughts roll over me,
With sweet but agonizing memories telling,
Dear mother! all of thee.

I then remember other years have found me
Cheered with thy blessed presence all the day;
The mantle of thy love was flung around me—
Why was that mantle ever reft away?
Why am I left within life's pathway lonely
Without thy love to make the passage free,
To gladden all my life with joys which only
Could emanate from thee?

Night is around me with its darkness dreary,
Shrouding the stars within its curtained breast;
Unto my soul with sin and sorrow weary
Night bringeth not its sweet accustomed rest.
Up to the rifted clouds my eye-balls streaming
Strive, longing one remembered face to see,
While from my heart swells forth a mournful plaining,
Oh, mother, mine! for thee.

But all in vain! the grave I long to enter
Hath bound her in the sleep that knows no stir,
And still my strong, enduring love will centre
With wild intensity of woe on her!
Father, forgive me! though Thy love will chasten,
Do Thou in tender mercy bind for me
Upon my lonely, orphaned heart the lesson
Of changeless trust in Thee!

S T A N Z A S.

BY J. A. TURNER.

THROUGH yonder curtain slyly peeps
The rising sun to see my bliss;
The blazing fire morn's vigil keeps,
While I Louisa's forehead kiss.
She softly slumbers on my breast;
Our baby in her cradle sleeps,

While holy angels guard her rest,
And bliss her little bosom keeps.

Why wish for other wealth to find,
Why seek for gold beyond the seas;
Why covet all the gems of Ind,
When I have jewels such as these?

THE CARELESS WORDS.

BY GARRY STANLEY.

VARIOUS were the comments of the good people of A—— when the sign of Alfred Keith, M. D., was first nailed upon the window shutter. The old ladies wondered if his cures were as infallible as Swain's Panaceas; the young ones if he was married, or handsome, loved pic-nics and sleighing parties; whilst the gentlemen of the village positively declared that if he was a young physician, it was presumption in him to endeavor to compete with old Dr. Smith.

But alas for the interest hanging around Alfred Keith. Had he enveloped himself in mystery, his office would soon have filled with patients, but it was quickly known that he only came to A—— in order to increase, if possible, a very small income; that he had never prescribed a dozen times in his life, and that he was too poor and too agreeable for mammas with marriageable daughters to care about cultivating his acquaintance.

Popularity, however, came faster than patients. Dr. Keith could play backgammon and chess with the old gentlemen; pick up balls of knitting cotton, or tie up stray flowering stalks for their ladies; and ride, dance, quote poetry, and sing with the daughters.

But with none did Dr. Keith's voice harmonize so well as with Clara Graham's. Clara was the belle of the village. Her father was the richest man, her mother the proudest lady, and Clara the prettiest and sauciest girl in the place.

The summer time sped on gaily, and rumor said that the doctor and Clara were engaged. The white jessamine flowers over a certain vine-covered piazza, at the side of Mr. Graham's house, might have confirmed the report could they have spoken, but Mr. Graham was supposed never to trouble himself with anything of less importance than money, and his lady was entirely too haughty a dame for the curious to risk the fear of her displeasure by prying questions. Had Clara been asked if the report was true, she would have undoubtedly replied "yes," with such a comically serious face, that no one would have for a moment believed her.

Not that she was ashamed of marrying a poor man, as Alfred Keith undoubtedly was, but the sensitive delicacy of the young girl shrunk from having her love talked and jested about.

One afternoon a party of village gossips happened to assemble at Mrs Jackson's, where the doctor boarded, and the conversation turned upon

the visits of a gentleman to the place, who was supposed to be an admirer of Clara Graham's.

"They do say he is very rich, but one can't tell now-a-days whether a man has money or not; fine feathers make such fine birds," said old Mrs. Patterson.

"Well, then, he need not be coming to see Clara Graham, for, take my word for it, she will never marry a poor man," replied Mrs. Jackson, putting the half knit stocking up toward the window, in the deep evening twilight, to take up a stitch.

"I thought the doctor here had his eye on her," said another, looking at him and laughing; "but you cut your wisdom teeth before you came here, didn't you, doctor? She would have dismissed you with a smile and a bow like a queen."

Alfred Keith laughed, and said there was no danger of Miss Graham's discarding him, but at the same time he felt rather uncomfortable.

"Could Clara be ashamed of the engagement, that she insisted upon its being kept so quiet?" asked he, mentally. He had told her frankly of his small dependance, but old Dr. Smith was nearly superannuated, and his own practise was increasing daily. Clara had declared herself perfectly willing to share his small fortune, but her lover's pride had often chafed that he must ask such a sacrifice from her. The evening after the tea drinking at Mrs. Jackson's, Clara met Dr. Keith at a party. She was the gayest of the gay, and constantly attended by the stranger to whom allusion had been made the afternoon before.

"What do you think, Clara? Mary Hay is going to marry young Abbott," said a friend at her side.

"Poor Mary! how she is throwing herself away. Why he is as poor as a church mouse, and as to this love in a cottage, it is more romantic than comfortable," was the laughing rejoinder.

"I think Mary will be very happy though; she is not ambitious, and is accustomed to making sacrifices. If she loves Mr. Abbott all those petty trials will be light," replied her friend.

Clara gave a groan, threw up her hands and eyes with much earnestness, and said,

"Poor little innocent thing! You know nothing at all about it. How can love exist through the soap-suds of washing day? And where is the romance of sweeping from garret to cellar with

a white pocket handkerchief tied around one's head, or burning one's hands and arms preserving time? Oh, no! let me marry a rich man, who can afford to keep servants for all this. A poor man indeed! he would be the death of me."

Careless words, carelessly spoken, but how bitter the fruits!

Dr. Keith was standing near Clara at the time. The gossip of the afternoon before, had made him suspicious. He feared these feelings *did* influence Clara, and that she repented her promise to him. He drew near to her, and said in a low voice, "are you serious, Miss Graham?"

"As a judge," was the laughing reply.

The annoyance of the lover increased, and he said with some asperity, "if I was engaged to a young lady who really entertained these sentiments, I should be most happy for a release."

Clara looked up in surprise, but seeing how seriously he had taken her trifling, she answered, as the haughty flush mounted to neck and brow, "and I should be too happy to release him."

A moment after she would have given anything to have been able to recall what she had just said in the impulse of anger, but it was too late. Dr. Keith had moved to another part of the room, and the conversation was soon changed by the party around.

In a short time the chafed lover bowed his adieus to his hostess, saying there was a sick child whom he must visit that night. A few hours before, he had assured the distressed mother that it was but a cold ailing the infant, but now one might judge that it was threatened with an incipient scarlet fever. Mrs. Jones' baby received one visit more that night than it would have done, had it not have been for Clara Graham's careless words.

And how fared it with Clara? She was unusually gay after her lover's departure, but one might judge that she expected some one by the anxiety with which she watched the opening of the door. The flush which had mounted to her brow died away, leaving only a bright spot on each cheek, and an unusual brilliancy in her eyes.

"Why, Miss Graham, are you ill?" asked the lady of the house, as Clara's hand touched hers in putting down a vase of flowers. It was icy cold, whilst the fever spot on the face burned hotly.

"I do not feel well, but a night's sleep will restore all, I hope," said Clara.

But there was no sleep for Clara that night. She reached home in a fever of anger and excitement. She could recognize no reason why Dr. Keith should take her jesting words so seriously. In her indignation she forgot how much reason she had given for offence, though unintentionally;

VOL. XXII.—2

how sensitive a poor man is, who loves. Clara was one of those peculiar natures, the very depth of whose affection makes them undemonstrative. She forgot that he did not know as well as she, how bravely her strong heart would battle out the world's trials with him by her side.

The night passed in this conflict between resentment and love, and the morning found her wearied out and weeping. After an hour or two of unfreshing sleep, she arose and hurried through her toilette. But Clara's haste was unnecessary. The leaves of all her music books had been turned; the plants in the window had the dead leaves plucked off, and placed toward the sun; one piece of sewing after another thrown aside, and still Dr. Keith did not make his appearance.

Clara felt angry again. A few hours before, had he come, she would frankly have acknowledged her thoughtlessness, but now, at the ring of the door bell, the old haughty spirit rose up as she thought, "he has been giving me time to repent, I suppose," and her manner chilled to iciness.

Although she knew the voice and step perfectly well, Clara sat unmoved in her room till the servant announced Dr. Keith.

She arose with the most imperturbable calmness, and brushed off the snips of zephyr worsted which clung to her dress as if to her own heart, she would not acknowledge her excited feelings.

When Clara entered the parlor, her lover was standing looking out of the window, with his back to the door. Whether it was that her light footprint was unheard, or that he was determined that she should speak first, Clara could not determine. For the moment her impulse was to go up and place her hand on his shoulder, but pride forebade, so she only said, coldly, "good morning, Dr. Keith."

He turned and bowed, but made no effort to advance, or take her hand.

Clara drew up her tall figure, then took her seat, and carelessly turned over the sofa cushion against which she was leaning. "Will you not be seated, sir?" she said.

"Thank you, no. I called, Miss Graham, to release you from an engagement, which, by your own avowal, was irksome to you. It is not so great a curse after all, this being poor; one finds out so soon how much such a petty thing as a heart is worth," said he, bitterly.

Clara sat with her eyes fixed unquailingly on his face, and except that at this last taunt, the bright spot sprung to her cheek, and the lines of her flexible mouth grew wonderfully rigid, she gave no signs of the death-throes in her heart.

"You will remember, if you please, sir, that I have before said I should be most happy to be

released. I see no chance of happiness in our union;" and she arose and bowed haughtily to her lover.

He had hoped when he went in that Clara would have made some apology, but now that was all over, so coldly bidding her good morning, he departed.

And Clara, poor Clara! she was not one to give way to violent weeping, but she threw herself on the sofa, buried her head in the cushions, and after one deep groan, lay like one dead.

A long time after she arose and went up stairs, but to both dinner and tea she excused herself on the plea of a severe headache.

When her mother stopped in her room before retiring, that night, she was alarmed at Clara's appearance, and sent for Dr. Smith, who pronounced her dangerously ill.

Day after day she lingered in a violent fever; and when she rose from her sick bed, her mother asked no questions as to the absence of Dr. Keith, for she had gained intelligence enough, not from Clara's ravings, but from the heart-broken voice and look of her sick child.

Years have passed, and Dr. Keith, the bachelor, is a rich man in the village, and the once gay, proud Clara, is Clara Graham still, because of those CARELESS WORDS.

TO M

BY KATE GROVES.

FLY from the tempter,
There's death in the path,
Tho' the syren that woos thee
Seems fairest on earth;
Tho' the rose-footed hours
Be winged with delight,
And the voice of the syren
Whispers, come back to-night.

Fly from the wine cup,
Tho' pleasure may swim
In the bright rosy bubbles
That float round the brim;
Far down 'neath the depths
Of the red wine that flows,
Lurks the syren that lures
To the vortex of woes.

Fly from the tempter,
From the brow of the brave,
She has torn the bay wreath
And made him a slave;
E'en the pride of the statesman,
The fame of the just
The syren has humbled
And trod in the dust.

Fly from the tempter
Who has led thee astray,
From the high aspirations
Of life's early day;
Ere the hopes of thy mother
Have faded in gloom,
And her grey hairs dishonored
Are laid in the tomb.

THE HERMIT.

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

WHERE a thousand Summer flowers
Deck and ornament the lawn,
And the birds in Nature's bower
Sing a hymn at early dawn,
There will I join the songsters,
There will I raise my voice,
And, undisturbed by mortal man,
Within myself rejoice.
There shall no worldly care intrude,
There will I, all in solitude,
Live but for Him who died for me,
And saved the world on Calvary.
Where the high and cliffy mountains

'Mid the azure Heavens tower,
And the sparkling crystal fountains
From the rocky summits shower;
Where Nature in her beauty,
Enchants the earth and sky,
There will I raise my humble cot,
There will I live and die.
There will I, on the verdant sod,
Erect an altar to my God,
And unreserved His praises sing
Until my soul assume its wing
And cheerfully from earth doth rise,
To dwell in worlds beyond the skies.

G E R T R U D E G R A Y.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

C H A P T E R I.

A RATHER large and pleasantly situated room, with two windows draped with blue flowered damask and embroidered lace, looped up with silver cords; a soft, thick carpet of the most brilliant dyes, a handsomely carved bedstead, with rich curtains and counterpane, and heavily ruffled pillows; ottomans with luxuriously soft cushions; a pretty work-table, covered with various scraps of elegant needle-work, begun, but probably not soon to be completed; a marble-top washstand, with toilet service of gold band china; and a mantel profusely decorated with little "nick-nackeries" of no meaning or use, save perhaps to evidence the taste of the purchaser; such was the room of which Gertrude Gray reigned mistress and queen. There was not much similarity between the appearance of this and the other apartments of the household; and, considering her father's limited means, and the necessary economy visible in other matters, a casual observer might have deemed the display here somewhat out of place: but that mattered little to Miss Gertrude. "Her father was so fond of money," she said. Poor man! behind the counter of his retail drygoods store his life was wearisome and irksome enough to impress him with a high estimate of every dollar. She had labored in vain to persuade him that the parlor furniture (bought at the era of his marriage) was too old-fashioned to be ever genteel; he was deaf to all arguments, and blind to all defects in this matter; but he willingly allowed his youngest daughter a little pocket-money now and then, which, he thought, was spent usefully; but which in reality the thoughtless, vain girl spent in adorning her room; heedless of the numerous trifling wants it might have supplied —of the many little comforts and luxuries it might have procured for her delicate, but ever toiling mother. Ah! such is but too often the case.

And yet with all this vain show Gertrude is not happy. See her now as she enters her chamber, and closes the door behind her with something of unnecessary noise, and with a not very gentle action places a pretty little lamp upon the work-table. It is a rainy autumn evening, and the luxurious apartment looks all the more bright and comfortable from the noise of the storm without; but its beauties have no effect upon the

fair owner. Throwing back the raven tresses from her frowning brow, she draws forth from a recess a richly cushioned arm-chair, and throws herself haughtily upon it in an attitude of mingled grief and passion. Tears of vexation fall slowly from her large black eyes, and her lips are firmly compressed, and her daintily-slipped foot taps the flower-wrought foot-stool impatiently, as if the unquiet feelings within were seeking some outlet. Fair Gertrude, what can have brought this storm across thy sunny path?

The door is softly opened, and a middle-aged woman enters slowly, and with some hesitation. Her calico dress and apron, and care-worn brow, damp with the fatigue of domestic labors, present a strange contrast to the young lady's silk dress and sparkling jewels; and yet she is the mother. You could tell it by the soft, beautiful light of her eyes as she approaches her daughter, and the look of anxious tenderness that shades her furrowed face as she sees that daughter's grief. "Gertrude, my child, why those tears? it grieves me to the heart to see you thus;" and the voice faltered with emotion. But Gertrude only tossed her proud head, and turned peevishly from the anxious face that bent over her.

Ah, wilful girl! Turn not so fretfully away, nor requite with gestures of impatience or anger the fond solicitude of a mother's heart. Mayhap thou'lt see the day when thou wouldst give the gems of Golconda for a token of affection—for one word of love—unwearying, disinterested, long-patient love, such as now thou deem'st wearisome. Thou may'st see the hour when—thy own kindness unvalued, thy feelings outraged, thy affections scorned and slighted—thou wilt kneel upon a lowly grave, and long for the gentle love that once blessed thee—long to be folded for but one moment to a mother's sympathizing bosom—to feel her tender hand upon thy throbbing brow; but from the unpitying tomb in answer to thy yearning sobs and wailings, will come up only the remembrance of that unselfish heart which thy waywardness might pain, but could not change—that deep, devoted love which thou didst repay with indifference, with heartlessness. Turn not, then, idly away from thy mother's feeble form; nor view carelessly those purest, holiest drops that ever bedew mortal cheeks—a mother's tears. "Gertrude," continued Mrs. Gray, after a pause, during which she combated her emotion,

"I cannot express the pain you give me. Here with no trial to vex you, with no sorrow worthy of the name to lessen your happiness, you are daily repining because your father will not, cannot sanction a silly attachment; insulting by your unwarranted murmurings a God who has bestowed upon you every needful blessing."

"I cannot help it," was the hasty reply. "I would give them all up to obtain that greater blessing, without which I can never be happy."

"You would, Gertrude!" said the mother, in sad and slightly reproachful tones; "you would give up your parents love, your sister's affection, the artless endearment of your little nephew and nieces; you would relinquish your comfortable home, the plenty that surrounds you, the good health you enjoy—these and a thousand other advantages you could yield up for a man like De Lancey—a vain, idle, senseless fop, with nothing to recommend him but his fine person, his graceful manner that shows you off to advantage when waltzing—a flippant tongue that charms you by what you consider eloquence, and a pretty style of complimenting that flatters your vanity. Ah, my poor child! I fear that you will one day regret the infatuation that misleads you, and prevents your bestowing a proper degree of attention on a more worthy object."

"Yes, I know what you would say, but I hear enough from father about that dull, awkward booby he thinks so much of, and—"

"How can you speak so, Gertrude? There are few young men of your acquaintance less dull or more sensible than Charles Elmer; and if he has not the easy appearance and unblushing impudence of De Lancey, he is as far from being disagreeable in his manners as he is."

"Oh, I know you are all strangely prepossessed in his favor, so there is no use in my saying a word on the subject; though considering I am the person most interested, I think I might be allowed a voice. But if I cannot speak I can act; and I will never marry a hum-drum character like Charles Elmer; too poor and too miserly ever to make a figure in the world."

"Charles is neither poor nor miserly," said Mrs. Gray, with some sternness. "He is in good business as you know full well; and both able and willing to set out in life in a respectable style, such as should satisfy any sensible——"

"Oh, yes!" interrupted the wilful girl again, with a contemptuous sneer. "Very respectable, like father! I am ashamed to ask any one to come to the house, it is so shabby and mean; I have no idea of having my own house the same."

"You have really acquired ridiculous ideas for one in your sphere of life, which is merely that of a person in moderate circumstances; nor could all the grandeur you could pile around you make

you any more; but, on the contrary, would serve to render you a laughing stock in the estimation of those who know your father's circumstances. Neither could it add to your happiness since the little ornaments you have, at unnecessary expense, collected here, do not make you more contented than if you inhabited an unfurnished attic."

Gertrude cast a glance of something like contempt around the room. The novelty of her possessions had passed, and they were no longer valued. She returned, however, to the previous subject.

"On one point I am resolved, and no arguments nor persuasions can alter my determination. I shall never marry Charles Elmer, nor any one like him; and, if I cannot have Rupert De Lancey, (of which now I have no hope, since he seems deeply wounded by father's unaccountable rudeness to him) I at least will never bestow my hand upon one less richly endowed by nature, birth, education, and fortune."

"It is easy by a multiplicity of words to render our language impressive in our own opinion," replied Mrs. Gray, calmly. "Mr. De Lancey's gifts from nature are limited to a handsome face and fine figure; he gives us no reason to suppose that the nobler qualities of head or heart, which, alone, are truly valuable, are his; as to birth, we have only his own representation of descent from a noble French family; allowing this to be strictly true, I cannot see that it renders him the better or more worthy; he has a superficial education, which enables him to appear eloquent and learned to a girl like you easily caught by high-sounding words; and as to fortune, like birth, we must take only his own words; there is no other proof."

"I don't know what you call proof; the appearance he makes is a sufficient evidence of his wealth to all unbiased persons; but when people will persist in their prejudices one might as well expect the blind to see. A little while ago you said wealth did not contribute to happiness."

"But you seemed to think it essential to yours, Gertrude. Yet if he had the wealth of the Indies; were he the most talented and learned man of the age; descended from the proudest family on earth, still would I deem him unworthy of my child, so long as his character is such as can be branded with censure."

"Yes, by the envious and malignant."

"The persons who informed your father of some incidents in his past life are neither one nor the other."

"Well," persisted Gertrude, seemingly not desirous to dwell on this point. "At all events one thing is certain; however poor I might be I shall never become dependant on father's exertions

like Amy, with her four children, burging such expense upon him that he cannot give a proper living to his own family. But of course there was no objection made to her marriage with a poor schoolmaster. Her wishes were not thwarted, of course, but mine are never heeded."

"You are, indeed, sadly altered, Gertrude, thus to speak of your affectionate sister. How would my very soul rejoice were the man on whom you have thoughtlessly fixed your fancy, like the youth who weed and won my poor Amy; for though they were poor, and various misfortunes concurred to keep them so, they had riches which were worth mines of worldly wealth; and should trouble or sorrow ever come upon you, my child, I can wish for you no greater blessing than to be able to bear it with the meekness, the uncomplaining resignation with which your sister has endured her many bitter trials. The dear girl! what should I do without her now? miserable and lonely would I be indeed. And if you think us more particular in your regard, Gertrude, it should be a motive of deeper love and gratitude on your part, and not cause for anger or vexation. The sorrows of one child may indeed make us painfully fearful for our other daughter; the more so as in your case there would be trials of a different nature than she had to suffer. But it is late, and I must retire to rest. Good night, my child, I would fain hope that calm reflection may change your present mood."

The mother pressed a fervent kiss on the brow of her beautiful but wayward daughter, and with a sigh retired to her own apartment.

CHAPTER II.

"I CANNOT bear this suspense any longer—if you truly loved me you would not keep me in this anxiety, merely to humor the unreasonable opposition of your parents to our union."

The speaker was a very fine-looking man, but there was a dark scowl upon his broad forehead, and his voice and manner betrayed quite as much impatience as love.

"What can I do, Rupert? Have I not tried, oh, how vainly, to soften my father's prejudices?"

"Do! why, like a girl of spirit and proper strength of mind as until lately I imagined you to be, choose for yourself in a matter that concerns your happiness, not theirs. A private marriage—"

"Oh, no! no!" interrupted his companion, none other than Gertrude Gray. "I could never consent to that—never."

"True love can consent to anything," replied the other, in a tone of bitter reproach. "Were your love in any way proportioned to mine—were it but a tithe of what I feel for you, you would not count anything a sacrifice."

"It would be no sacrifice to me to give up all for your love, Rupert, but my poor father, my tender mother, I cannot break their hearts." And the maiden's voice faltered, for though fashion and frivolity had blighted much of the warmth of her early feelings, she was not yet altogether heartless.

"No one asks you to take any such desperate step, at least I do not," was the cool reply. "I merely wish you to consent to that which can alone ensure our happiness. Your father is violently opposed to my addresses, for what cause I am sure I cannot imagine; we have waited now some time to gain his favor, it is useless to delay any longer. Once married he would soon yield his forgiveness, and all would be well."

"I cannot do it! Do not urge me, Rupert—my heart is weak in everything but its love for you, and I cannot bear to refuse what you desire. But in a little time all will be as we wish. I know my father will yield to my entreaties; and surely it will be better to wait for his approval of our union, than rashly venture, depending on his affection to pardon such a step on my part as—as—"

"Well, say the word—what is there in it so terrible; elopements take place every day, sometimes only for the fun and excitement of the thing; though I confess for this I would not urge you: but in this case I see no alternative. You must recollect that I cannot always remain here. Affairs at home demand my presence, and even now I am spending time which is invaluable. I can wait no longer. Come, my sweet love, say that you love your own Rupert sufficiently to give up all for his sake—to fly with him to a home of love and happiness. Say you will fly, dearest!"

"Oh, forbear, Rupert! I entreat—I beg," cried the distressed girl, as she leaned her head upon his shoulder, and wept aloud. "Do not try me so."

But the heart to which she appealed was of no such noble nature as to yield to her request; he saw that he had gained some influence, and he followed it up by argument and entreaty; by all that reproach, slight irony, gentle persuasions and protestations of ardent love could promise success, till at length filial love yielded, and the infatuated girl, though with many tears and misgivings, consented to elope with her lover. Arrangements were talked over; plans proposed and rejected; till De Lancey hit upon one which seemed feasible; and thus at length they separated.

There was an air of irresolution about Gertrude which her lover could not fail to remark; but satisfied with her promise to meet again secretly, as she now often did, he saw her depart

with a gleam of triumph resting on his really handsome face.

The next evening Gertrude accompanied her parents to a bridal party, at the house of one of their most intimate friends. It was rather late when they entered, and most of the company had assembled; nor was it long before Gertrude's roving glance detected the graceful form of her lover, who was doing the agreeable to a group of gay young damsels in the adjoining room. The evening was far advanced when they met; and Mr. Gray, who had been attentively observing De Lancey, was equally surprised and pleased on beholding him pass his daughter with only a formal bow of recognition, which she returned with one of corresponding coldness; though at the same moment a scarlet hue mantled her very temples. Coupling this with the remark made but a few nights before by Gertrude, regarding the apparent change in her suitor since her father's strongly expressed disapproval of their intercourse, the parents drew from it a most pleasing augury. How should they know that this was but a preconcerted act to lull suspicion; and that Gertrude's blush was caused neither by mortification nor anger at the apparent slight, but by an instinctive feeling of shame and self-humiliation, at being thus an actor in a scheme of duplicity and falsehood? Not long after De Lancey left the company; and Gertrude, who had been out of spirits all the evening, expressed her wish to return home. As her father rose to comply with her request, one of the daughters of their entertainer came up, who, chiding her abstracted guest for such a thought, told her she had something to say to her in private first, and, with a graceful apology to Mr. and Mrs. Gray, led her away. By a previously arranged plan the two proceeded directly to the garden, where, whispering a few words of caution, Gertrude's companion disappeared, leaving her alone with Rupert, whose object was to discuss the plan of elopement, and strengthen her wavering resolution. When he thought his purpose accomplished, he led her faltering steps back to her conductress, by whom she was once more placed in her parents' charge.

A day passed. Gertrude spent most of it in her room, where she was several times surprised weeping bitterly. Her watchful mother, thinking her grief was occasioned by her lover's inconstancy, proposed to her husband that Gertrude should pay a long-meditated visit to his cousin, who lived in a neighboring town. Mr. Gray thought the suggestion admirable; he hoped that his daughter's unwise attachment would soon pass away, and that change of scene would greatly conduce to this desirable end. Accordingly at the breakfast-table he introduced

the subject by casually mentioning his cousin, adding,

"By the way, Gertrude, when do you intend to go to Allantown? I thought you promised to go there some time ago."

"So she did," said Mrs. Gray, "but she seems to have forgotten it. I dare say Cousin Jane thinks it very strange, for you know the last time she was here she declared she would never come again till some of us went to her house. Gertrude is the only one that can conveniently go; and I do wish, my dear, that you would think about it."

"She has been thinking long enough," interposed her husband. "It is now time to act. What say you, my girl—how soon can you be ready?"

Gertrude could not immediately reply. The proposed trip to Allantown had been talked over as the most feasible plan for her elopement; but while she was vainly striving to propose it without an embarrassment which might awaken suspicions, her parents had unconsciously come to her relief. Mistaking her continued silence for indifference, her father urged her to consent, and was at length satisfied by the assurance (given with apparent reluctance) that she would be ready to start that very evening, he promising to accompany her most of the distance. As they rose from table, her sister asked if she should assist her in packing. "Oh, no; I shall only take one trunk, and that I can soon pack," replied Gertrude, carelessly, as she ascended to her chamber. Her thoughts were not very pleasant companions, and, finding that silence and solitude only served to encourage them, she soon prepared for a walk, and went out to pay a few calls to her more intimate acquaintances before she left the city.

At the house where she had last met De Lancey she left a note informing him of the arrangement made; and then slowly wended her way home, at the time she knew the noontide meal was over, for not only was her mind too much harrassed to allow her to partake of food, but she felt unequal to the task of conversing with any degree of interest or cheerfulness: and although it had in fact been several days since she had done so, she now that the inquietude and alarm of a guilty mind, trembled lest her secret intentions should be discovered, or inferred from her manner. The greater part of the afternoon was spent alone, endeavoring to busy herself in packing her trunk with the articles she had selected from her amply furnished wardrobe; but she was growing rapidly sick at heart, and, at length, was unable to restrain her tears. "Oh, I will not go—I cannot, must not do it," she repeated again and again, as she heard her mother pleasantly singing her

youngest grandchild to his afternoon slumber, and thought how the step she meditated would change the cheerful tones of that dear voice. "I will not go!" But, alas! at the moment her better angel was gaining the mastery, the confidant appeared with a hastily penned answer to her note, expressing her lover's rapture at the success of their scheme thus far, and assuring her that he would meet her at the point her father would accompany her too; this plan being in all respects the best calculated to prevent the possibility of detection.

Gertrude's friend remained with her until the time for her departure with her father, and by her lively conversation effectually relieved her of the troublesome whispers of conscience: but her courage nearly failed her when the parting hour arrived, and she bade farewell, perhaps forever, to her mother and sister, and caressed again and again the little ones who could not understand why grandpa was taking Aunt Gertrude away from them. It needed all her strength of purpose, aided by not a few reproving glances from her thoughtless companion to go through that parting scene with a reasonable degree of composure; but by a strong effort she kept back the grief that swelled her heart, and thus forced herself to mingle a smile with the tears that moistened her eyes as she received her mother's parting embrace. "When will you write, Gertrude?" inquired her sister. "I cannot yet say, for you know I must tell father when I write what day to come for me. There is no use in writing twice in so short a time."

Alas! how soon after the first yielding to temptation may a habit of prevarication and deceit be formed.

Mr. Gray beguiled the time as well as he could during the first part of the journey; but Gertrude was greatly relieved when the time came for the passengers to retire to their berths, and she could indulge her tears without restraint. The conflict with her feelings was severe and arduous. The love for De Lancey was not of a nature to be easily overcome; she loved him with the ardor and intensity of an impetuous, enthusiastic disposition, prone to make an idol of the object of its affection; but she also loved her parents tenderly, and could not delude herself into a persuasion that her secret union with De Lancey would but lightly affect them. She knew that it would inflict real and enduring anguish, especially upon her mother, and she writhed in mental agony as the shameful duplicity of her conduct rose vividly to her imagination. As the steamboat bore her swiftly over the dark waters, every rush of the waves sent a chill of fear through her trembling frame, and this alone so different from the feelings of pleasurable

excitement she had often experienced in the like situation, would have sufficed to convince her of the sinfulness of her present purpose. Exhausted by this mental contest, she at length silenced the upbraiding of conscience by a firm determination to proceed to her relative's house in Allentown on the morrow; and she planned many cogent and persuasive arguments by which she could surely induce her lover to consent to her desire to defer their marriage for some time longer; and so becoming more calm as her good resolution strengthened, she at length fell asleep.

It was scarcely daylight when the boat touched the landing at a small village, from whence to Allentown the journey was pursued by rail-road; and Mr. Gray having snugly ensconced his daughter in a comfortable seat in the car, bade her "good-bye," as a boat was about starting in which he could return home. She was alone, and her heart beat wildly and tumultuously. A step approached; she turned timidly expecting to see her lover, but it was her father who stood beside her.

"I bought you some magazines and papers, Gertrude," he said, "that you may not feel lonesome. I am sorry I cannot go all the way with you, but you will reach Allentown in two or three hours, and these will amuse you till then."

How the daughter's heart reproaches her as he spoke. Scarcely could she murmur her thanks for this new proof of kindness which was ever thoughtful for her; her father wondered at her agitation, but the steamboat bell warned him to lose no time in noticing it. Just as the boat left the shore, and the bell rang for the departure of the cars, De Lancey took a seat beside the rash maiden who had left all for his sake. He took her trembling hand closely in his, and whispered softly a few words of love and encouragement. Where now was her resolution of the previous night? Gone—forgotten at the appearance of the tempter, and she sat in silence and meditation as the train proceeded.

Ere noon she was the wife of Rupert De Lancey, and seated in a splendid car was whirling rapidly away from Allentown on the road to his distant home.

CHAPTER III.

"How strange it is that Gertrude does not write!" exclaimed Mrs. Gray, as she sat beside her husband, who had been confined to his room for several days by a slight attack of fever.

Poor woman—for the last week she had daily—hourly—made the same remark, little recking of the news she was so soon to hear. Before Mr. Gray had time to reply, one of the children came bounding into the room with letters which the clerk had just brought from the post-office.

"Perhaps we shall hear now," said the wife, joyfully, as she watched him glancing at the superscription of each. "Yes, this is her writing," and Mr. Gray threw aside the other letters as he eagerly broke the seal. But one glance at the contents seemed to paralyze him. He looked again, and then with a deep groan let the paper fall from his hands.

"What is the matter?" inquired his wife, in a voice of agony. "What has happened to my poor child—is she ill?"

"No—my poor wife, she is not ill—take comfort, for she is well, yet rather would I see her quietly laid in her coffin, than to hear of her being married to De Lancey."

Mrs. Gray looked at him in speechless horror; he drew her to his throbbing heart as if there he would shield her from sorrow; and as Amy had now appeared, anxiously inquiring if there was any account from her sister, he began with faltering voice to read the letter. The writing was jagged and irregular, as if the agitation of the writer had rendered her almost incapable of fulfilling the task—was blistered with tears, and in many places disfigured and nearly effaced with blots. It read as follows:

SPRINGVILLE, Ala., Nov., 10th, 18—.

"My ever dear Parents—I know not how to begin this letter, nor in what words to ask your forgiveness for the step I have taken, but I trust to your own indulgent tenderness to regard it with lenity, and to believe that nothing but the conviction that I should otherwise be miserable for life, would have induced me to act in this matter contrary to your wishes. Oh, blame me not, dear father, nor deem me altogether unworthy of your affection, when I inform you that I am now the wife of Rupert De Lancey, from his home I now write. Oh, deem me not heartless and indifferent to your love for acting in this instance in disobedience to your commands. Ah! you would not think harshly of me if you knew how many tears, how many hours of wretchedness I endured ere I could resolve to leave my childhood home—how many times I resolved even to sacrifice the love which had become so dear to me, rather than disobey my own dear father and mother. But, alas! I could not resist the pleadings of my fond, foolish heart—I could not.

"We were married at Allantown the last day I saw you, my father, and only this morning I reached my future home. A beautiful and stately home it is, and amid its enjoyments, with my husband so full of gentle, almost womanly tenderness and affection, I should be the happiest being on earth were it not for the thought of my injured parents. Could I know that they still look upon me as their child, still bless and pray for me.

"Ah, withhold not your pardon, my dear, kind parents, do not chide me too severely. I throw myself upon your unwearying patience with which you have hitherto regarded my waywardness, that never-failing love which, alas! I have too

often abused, but which has followed me through all my unworthiness, and by this love I implore your forgiveness as the greatest boon I could receive, and conjure you, my beloved father and mother, to think with pity and kindness upon your erring, But affectionate child,

GERTRUDE."

Poor Mrs. Gray! Her head sank heavily on her husband's pillow ere the fatal letter was half read, and the deep sobs that parted her pale lips and shook her aged frame, told how her maternal heart was lacerated by the undutiful conduct of her daughter. Yet even in that moment the yearning love of the mother triumphed over her own sorrow, and as the thought of the sinfulness of this sad act of disobedience rushed through her mind she raised her clasped hands to heaven, murmuring feebly, but fervently, "forgive her—pardon her in Thy mercy, oh, God! visit not this sin upon her, but in Thy Fatherly pity shield her from sorrow and trial."

From his sick bed, to which this blow confined him for several days longer, the father wrote.

"Unhappy girl! Little can you dream of the misery you have inflicted on our hearts—but remorse is useless. The past cannot be recalled. May you never have cause to repent the rash, unadvised step you have taken, and may God forgive you your fault and the anguish it has caused us as freely as we forgive you; and comfort and sustain you in the trials which I cannot but fear await you. Yet if our prayers can avail no shadow shall ever cross the pathway which now looks so fair before you. For this we will hope, and, above all, that we may yet be united in a better world. Assure yourself of our unabated affection, and receive the blessing of your tender mother in union with my own. In whatever sorrow or evil may come upon you, remember that our love is unchangeably your own, and that our hearts and arms shall ever be open to receive you."

Thus did the parents seek to forget the anguish which her undutiful conduct had caused them, in order that Gertrude might not feel the pang which the withholding of their forgiveness would have occasioned her. But was that sorrow indeed forgotten, or did it so soon yield to consolation? Ah! it is not our purpose, were it even in our power, to portray the feelings which the ingratititude of their daughter awakened.

There was a deeper shade upon the mother's furrowed brow; there was a something of sternness in the father's manner—that sternness which a proud man assumes to hide the grief that may not be banished; there was gloom and anxiety within the abode which had hitherto known cheerfulness and gayety; and even the children's innocent mirth was often checked by their mother, for

it seemed so strange they should be glad and mirthful now, that their aunt, who had once been the very spirit of loveliness, was gone—gone forever.

CHAPTER IV.

BEAUTIFUL indeed was the Southern home of our heroine, and her married life promised to be as happy as love and wealth could make it. The house, a large and spacious one, stood almost at the entrance of the town, in the midst of extensive grounds, which in that sunny clime still retained their beauties of tree and flower: everything within and about the house bore the evidences of a luxurious, but refined taste; and the little boudoir which opened from her own splendid chamber was as fairy-like a room as one would wish to see. Here Gertrude was wont to sit watching eagerly for her handsome and graceful husband as he walked up the long avenue to the house. One evening she had twined a beautiful wreath of autumn's rich flowers, and waiting for the moment when he reached the stately portico of the dwelling, she threw it so dexterously from the window that it fell exactly as she desired around his finely formed head, from which, as was his custom, he had removed his hat as he advanced through the avenue. Oh, how merrily she laughed at his surprise, and how beautiful she looked as she tripped to the staircase to meet him. Rupert thought he had never seen her so lovely; and he stooped to imprint a long kiss on her full, soft lips, and to gaze into the depths of her large, lustrous eyes beaming with gratified affection, ere he said, "I have something to give you in return for your wreath, Gertrude. See!" and he playfully held up her father's letter.

"Oh, that is from my father, I know it is—do give it me, Rupert!" she exclaimed, with such a look of eager distress, that he relinquished his design of teasing her, and handed her the coveted epistle. She wept so long and sadly as she perused it, that he inquired, at length, if it contained any distressing intelligence. "Oh, no—no—my own dear, kind father!" she repeated again and again, as, kissing the signature with wild affection, she surrendered the letter to her husband.

"Well, this is just what I expected; you see they scarcely wonder at your slopement. Not very complimentary to me," he added, somewhat bitterly, but as his eye fell upon the tearful face of his bride he checked himself, and continued in a gay tone, "ah, well! we must trust to time to remove these suspicions; and I can bear them patiently meanwhile as you are now my own—mine forever!"

And so with playful words and caresses he

banished the grief which the remembrance of home had brought to the undutiful daughter, and thus led her to the dinner-table with her fair countenance beaming with smiles, and all the more beautiful from the moisture that still trembled in her soft eyes. Now she was happy, happy as she had ever desired to be; and her letters to her parents expressed this in such glowing, yet evidently sincere language, that it went far to dispel the gloom her absence occasioned; and in the fond persuasion of her felicity forgot the blow she had given to their own.

There were times, indeed, when unpleasant thoughts came to disturb the serenity and cheerfulness of Gertrude. She wondered, sometimes, why with all the grandeur that surrounded her, her neighbors showed themselves no way anxious to form her acquaintance. There were a few persons, it was true, who made calls upon the new resident, but they were not of that kind with whom she would wish to cultivate friendship. Occasionally at public places she came in contact with several families who lived within sight of her abode, but they took no notice of her, save by a look of compassionate interest, which caused Gertrude both surprise and vexation. Nor was it less a subject of astonishment that the gentlemen of the neighborhood paid no attention to De Lancey, who, in the estimation of his fond wife, might challenge admiration wherever he appeared. Once she ventured to express her wonder that her neighbors did not offer even the common civilities usually extended to a stranger; but he interrupted her by asking, in a tone of affectionate reproach, "am I not, then, sufficient company, Gertrude?" and as she replied in the manner her devoted love suggested, she resolved never again to trouble herself or him upon the subject. So she spent most of her time within her pleasant abode, alone with Rupert, finding her world, her society, her happiness in him; or when he was absent, as was often the case, she engaged in some pleasing occupation to divert the tedious hours till his return.

She thus escaped hearing what would have destroyed her unclouded happiness, for De Lancey's character stood no higher in the estimation of his townsmen than in Mr. Gray's. He was, in fact, known only as a profligate, idle young man, who, on first appearing at Springville, might have attracted public attention by his singularly prepossessing manners and gentlemanly appearance, had not his dissipated habits soon rendered him odious and contemptible in the eyes of the respectable citizens. His skill at the gaming-table enabled him to make a dashing appearance, and it was generally thought that he was becoming wealthy. During one of his professional tours through the neighboring states, it was found that

he had written to a friend to rent for him a house situated in the fashionable part of the town, and when, soon after, everything requisite for an elegant dwelling arrived from the North, it began to be suspected that his intention was to settle permanently in Alabama. This was rendered certain when shortly afterward he returned, bringing his lovely and graceful bride, whose appearance attracted universal admiration; and great was the compassion expressed for her misfortune in having become the wife of such a character as Rupert De Lancey. The kindly feelings of some of the ladies prompted them at first to make the acquaintance of the fair young bride; but they were deterred by the abhorrence with which they could not but regard her husband; and others, with whom this would have weighed but little, in consideration of the elegant style in which the newly-married pair lived, hesitated to form any acquaintance with persons of whose origin they were ignorant. The account which De Lancey had given of his noble descent was generally discredited; and thus, some through contempt of his character, others through a dread of demeaning themselves by associating with persons of low birth, all kept aloof from their splendid abode.

But of all this Gertrude was as yet ignorant. She was indeed astonished on learning accidentally that the house in which they dwelt did not belong to them, as she had understood it to be a portion of the vast estate of which Rupert had frequently spoken: but a second thought suggested that this was very fortunate, as perhaps after a time he would remove to a more agreeable neighborhood.

When the Christmas holidays were past, during which Gertrude could not help sometimes missing the familiar forms with whom she had been wont to enjoy that festal season, she spent most of the time in devising and executing various little gifts for all the dear ones at home, which it was her intention to send early in the spring, so as to reach them by her birth day; and Rupert entered so warmly into her feelings, giving her freely the money requisite for her purpose, and even pressing her to make her little gifts handsomer and more costly than she at first intended, that the proud wife almost fancied him an angel of love and kindness; and in the exuberance of her blissful emotions would wonder if anything could ever happen to trouble or disquiet her.

Happy Gertrude! Enjoy thy brief, bright dream!

The presents were sent, and their unexpected arrival joyfully and gratefully acknowledged; and now Gertrude began to feel at a loss how to dispose of her time; but she won from De Lancey a kind of half promise that he would

take her to spend a few weeks with her parents sometime during the ensuing summer, and this pleasant anticipation gave her a new feeling of happiness. She would read over and again her mother's letter, dwelling on each line that told of the emotions she felt in receiving so many tokens of the affection of her absent child; she imagined how surprised each one was on beholding their respective mementoes, and could hear the joyous shouts of her little nephews and nieces, as described by her sister, at getting so many pretty things from their dear, good aunt: she thought how delighted they would be to see her again, what pleasant hours they should pass, and that, perhaps, one of the children would accompany her home, it would be such good company when Rupert was out. But still more happy did she feel as she read for the hundredth time every word concerning her husband, for it was evident that her former opinion was giving way to one more favorable, and, as she imagined, more just; and it was a proud thought for the loving wife that her idolized one was, at last, properly appreciated by her family.

When the summer's beautiful blossoms lent their fragrant breath to add another charm to her luxurious abode, she went among her favorite plants tending and admiring them, as gay as the little songsters that flitted through the shady branches that waved around her, and each day was welcomed as bringing her nearer the wished-for period of her journey. But she was disappointed in this fond hope, for Rupert, who indeed had no intention of realizing it, met her earnest, tearful entreaties with many arguments to prove that it was utterly impossible for him to leave home, and though she wept and pouted at the disappointment, she was obliged to resign herself to it. Neither could she induce him to name any definite period to which she could look forward. "At Christmas, Rupert! surely we could go at Christmas—oh, it would be so delightful to spend it with them—say that we will go then, and I shall be willing to wait, even though it is such a long time!" she would coaxingly exclaim; but he would answer, laughing, that he would not run the risk of disappointing her so dreadfully again, by naming any specified time; and when she repeated her entreaties, despite of his laughing denials, he at length became impatient, and chided her for the unreasonableness of her desire, till fearful of provoking him too much she learned to stifle her earnest wish in the recesses of her throbbing heart, and wait in silent anticipation the period when her longing desires could be gratified.

CHAPTER V.

ANOTHER Christmas—the second of Gertrude De Lancey's married life, and we find her again

in her Southern home. Her cheek has lost most of its soft, rich bloom, and there is a light shadow on the brow that, a year ago, was sunny and unclouded as a child's. What can have placed it there? She has been disappointed in her anticipation of a visit to her dear old home, but that is past; and, though deeply grieved and pained at the time, yet it is not sufficient cause for the great change in her appearance. Alas! Gertrude has other, deeper sources of sorrow. She is no longer ignorant of her husband's real situation, and to one brought up in a community where gambling was held in unmeasured contempt and abhorrence, the knowledge was fraught with bitter agony. At first she strove to disbelieve the humiliating fact—then to banish it altogether from her mind—but the effort was vain; and with many dismal forebodings she resigned herself to the life of anxiety and self-humiliation which was now before her. De Lancey's manners were still kind and gentle, but he was now frequently absent from home; and she had learned to tremble with fear during these long absences, for she could not forget by how precarious a tenure they upheld the comforts by which they were surrounded.

But at length a little comforter was given her in her sorrowful loneliness; and as the young mother bent over the cradle of her first born, watching its peaceful slumbers, she had many bright dreams of the time when her baby-girl would be a little companion during her otherwise lonely hours, beguiling them by her innocent prattle and playful caresses. And now, if not as gay and lively as of yore, she was happy, tranquilly happy, for her maternal cares kept her employed during most of the time that would else have dragged by in gloomy and harrassing reveries, and she had something to hope for, something to look forward to in the future.

But the New Year brought a sad change to Gertrude. Her husband was scarcely ever with her, and his manner was changed, so cold and indifferent, that her fond heart felt chilled; and it was a relief when left alone with her babe No longer she awaited his coming with impatience, and sprang with rapturous eagerness to welcome him home; but rather cowered and shrank like a frightened bird, when she heard his foot fall upon the stairs. Oh! 'twas a sad, sad change!

As the winter waned slowly away, things became yet more gloomy. Rupert's luck changed, and the money and estate gained by previous good fortune were risked with all a gamester's recklessness, and lost. His slaves followed, then his splendid equipage, and nought remained but the sumptuous furniture of the house where he resided. On a stormy night in March he returned home at a late hour. The infant had

been fretful for some hours, and the wearied and exhausted mother had just succeeded in lulling it to repose. She turned from the cradle over which she still bent anxiously as she heard her husband's step, and she started back with uncontrollable terror as she met the fierce glance of his large black eyes, rendered more startling by the ashy paleness of his face, around which the long, raven hair fell in damp, disordered masses.

"Gertrude," he said, in a tone deep and husky, "Gertrude, I am a lost man—ruined, beggared! I have lost everything—even the furniture of this house is no longer ours. There is but one way to escape from poverty and wretchedness—aye, from starvation. And that is for you to write to your father for the money we need. Come, can you do it to-night?"

The wife was standing motionless on the spot where she stood terrified at his entrance: her face was as deadly pale as if no blood had ever flowed beneath the transparent skin, and her eyes were fixed upon him with a wild, startled gaze. She seemed not to have heard or understood him.

"Can you write for the money to-night?" he repeated, in loud, angry tones.

"No—to-night nor never!" was the calm, but firm response. "I will not wring my father's heart by informing him of the early fulfilment of his sad prediction. Let the things go—what matters it?—let them go."

"Yes, let them go," sneered the husband. "And then, brave one, what then? Starve or beg, which shall be your choice?"

"Either. For myself I can starve—life has no longer any charms for me—for my child I can beg."

"Come, I want none of this silly prating. The matter is will you write to your father or not? If he were an honest man he would have sent your dowry long ago."

"You know, Rupert De Lancey," replied the wife, with a sad, but calm look and tone, "you knew when you entered my happy home that you could expect no portion with me. You knew it well: but disclaimed any wish to obtain a dollar with your chosen bride."

"Aye, the usual language of love and courtship, but your father as a man of the world knows better. However, I have not asked for it, nor thought of it till now, and if I had no immediate necessity for it I should not press for my right. But I want money, this money is mine by right, and I will have it. I must have it, and that quickly. Will you write for it, or shall I?"

"Great God! Be merciful—do not let my senses leave me!" exclaimed the poor wife,

raising her clasped hands wildly to her forehead as she leaned heavily against the bedstead by which she stood, almost overpowered by the brutal words and tone of the monster before her.

After a few moments she spoke again, but calmly. "I cannot write as you wish, Rupert. I know, indeed, that my father could spare no sum sufficient for your need. He is not affluent as you know, and has my sister's family to support. But I have jewels which will bring a good deal, and although it is hard to part with my dear father's gifts, as most of them are, I suppose they must be sacrificed."

Had Gertrude not been too pre-occupied with her sad thoughts, she might have remarked the peculiar smile, or rather sneer of De Lancey at the word "jewels." But he spoke not; and she drew a small key from her pocket and unlocked her private drawer to bring forth the treasures. What was her astonishment to find them missing!

"Oh, we have been robbed, Rupert," she said, hastily. "But no: let me look again;" and with desperate haste she re-examined the drawer. They were gone.

"How can it be?" she began, but as she looked up to her husband, she stopped, then grasping his arm, exclaimed breathlessly, "oh, Rupert! you have not taken them—say you have not taken them!"

"Well, and if I do, will the words bring back the baubles?"

"I only want to know if they are sacrificed already; if you have sold them!"

"Well, if I have, who had a better right? They are not worth the fuss you are making. You would sell them now—what is the difference?"

"I would not sell all—not all!" murmured the poor creature, as she wrung her hands with frantic agony. "There was a miniature of my mother—what did you do with that? Tell me where I can get it, and I will bless you forever."

"Hal! I could not do that if you were to offer me a far higher reward."

"Oh, what is that miniature to any one but me. I don't want the setting—they can keep the pearls, but I want the likeness—the lock of hair enclosed. Oh, if I only knew who won it from you, surely he would give it to me! My mother! my own dear, darling mother!" and the unhappy woman sobbed in bitter, heart-crushing anguish.

"Considering that with so little hesitation you broke her heart, you are very much concerned now about her likeness," said the heartless husband, as he coolly turned from the door and left the house.

Long did the unhappy wife remain as he had left her, his cruel words ringing in her ears, and

her heart torn with emotions of love and remorse as she thought of her deserted parents. A last with a wild gush of tears, she fell upon her knees beside her sleeping infant, and pressed its baby hand to her throbbing brow, as if the touch of innocence might lull the fever burning there. "Oh! mother—mother—I am rightly punished!" she sobbed again and again; and then, as she looked upon her own child, she started with a sudden fear that it might one day imitate her sin, and inflict the same wound upon her heart that she had made upon her loving mother's. Oh! as the thought almost maddened her, how keenly did she realize the misery of which she had been the guilty cause; and as she writhed in agony that was terrible to endure, fervent and penitent were the prayers and supplications for pardon that rose to heaven from her crushed and humbled spirit. It was nearly daybreak when the miserable wife rose from her lowly posture, and faint and exhausted she fell upon her couch to take a brief slumber; little thinking it was the last sleep she should take beneath the shelter of a comfortable home.

Early in the morning De Lancey returned, and with him came the man who had won the furniture of that once happy dwelling. He had agreed to pay the balance of rent due on the house, and now entered as its master; and though with much show of liberality he begged Mrs. De Lancey to consider it still as her own, until she should be pleasantly situated elsewhere, she with mild dignity refused his proffered kindness, and selecting the things she had brought with her to Alabama, and giving them in charge to her sole remaining servant, took her babe in her arms, and calmly desired her husband to lead the way wherever they were to go.

Alas! he had been unable to provide any place for their future abode. He had neither character nor friends to uphold him in this crisis—his means of subsistence had failed—and his condition was more pitiable than that of the veriest street beggar.

CHAPTER VI.

An untenantable negro hut on the outskirts of the town afforded the only place of shelter which he could find; and here did the delicately reared Gertrude enter with her frail, helpless infant. A broken stool furnished a seat, for which in her trembling, wearied state she was thankful; and when the servant (whose regard for her poor mistress had led her to partake of her fallen condition) had lighted a fire, for which, happily, ample material was found around the hovel, Gertrude despatched her with some of her costly clothing, that she might be able to purchase something for their noon tide meal, and a mattress and

coverlets for the night. Very soon the servant returned, bringing a bundle of articles with which to make an humble bed; and also food which she now set about preparing; and when the sad meal was finished, Rupert went out to endeavor to find some more comfortable abode. He had not yet lost every feeling of affection for the poor creature, upon whom he had brought this load of misery, and their present suffering roused the latent emotions of his better nature into life. He pressed a kiss upon the cold cheek of Gertrude ere he departed, bidding her not to lose her spirits, for they should not be long in that dreary place.

Gertrude spent the afternoon in tears, holding her babe, her only comfort, close to her heart; but it was neither distress nor poverty that caused those tears to flow. The cruel words of her husband on the previous night still sounded on her ears, and were fearfully re-echoed by the reproving voice of conscience. As night approached she went to the door to see if her husband was returning, he was nowhere to be seen; not a sound broke the stillness around, save the startling screech of an owl in a neighboring forest; she was destitute of everything; utterly miserable; while within a few hundred yards were happy families in cheerful, comfortable homes. She looked up to the heavens as if for pity and comfort, but no smiling clouds of sunset dye met her tearful gaze; no rays of amber light pierced through the surrounding gloom to revive her hopes, that the darkness which enveloped her might pass away; a heavy, leaden pall shrouded the skies from view, and with a more oppressive sense of her wretchedness she turned again to the miserable tenement that had received her. There are times when the overburdened spirit feels a strange, mysterious sympathy with nature; when a leaf falling with a sighing sound to the earth awakes an echo of sadness in the lonely bosom; when the mind that might take a happy tone from the sight of anything gay or cheerful, becomes yet more gloomy and dispirited if the skies are overclouded, or the branches of the leafless trees rustle mournfully in the chilling blast. Thus it was with Gertrude. As she resumed her unsteady seat not a ray of hope illumined her darkened spirit; she thought not of the joys of the past, nor the hopes that might brighten the future; all was absorbed in her present destitute condition; and with the apathy of despair she awaited whatever else might be in store for her.

It was late when De Lancey returned. She knew by his haggard, sorrowful look that he had been unsuccessful; and not a word was spoken through that long, gloomy night, though neither slept. Gertrude held her babe in her arms,

pressed tightly to her bosom, as if she could thus shelter its delicate form; for the chilling night wind swept with a moaning sound through the disjointed doors and windows of the hut, and along the cold floor beneath their miserable pallet—recking little of the shiver it sent through forms accustomed to beds of down.

The next day the faithful servant went to her mistress from whom Gertrude had hired her as nurse to her precious babe; and so pathetically deplored the situation of her poor young lady, that her mistress gratified her by allowing her for the present at least, to remain with Mrs. De Lancey, and endeavor to mitigate the distress of her situation, by relieving her of the domestic cares to which she was unaccustomed.

A week had passed heavily away since the sad removal of the De Lanceys, and they yet inhabited the dreary hovel in which they had first taken refuge. In one corner of the room sat the faithful negress, with her head bowed upon her knees, crying bitterly. On a rude table, which she had constructed from the lumber around the hut on her first day of service within its tottering walls, lay the lovely remains of the cherished babe; alas! too delicate a flower to have been transplanted from its beautiful home to this bleak, cheerless abode. Beside it sat the mother, looking upon her heart's treasure, while large tears coursed down her marble cheeks, and fell thickly on the sweet face on which she gazed. Weep, sorrowful one! weep in thy loneliness and anguish—thy tears, thy sobs cannot recall the emancipated spirit to reanimate the lovely remains on which thy wistful gaze is fixed so tenderly. Yes, weep! for with the light of those dear eyes the last gleam of happiness has departed from thy lonely bosom. Hopeless and suffering one; thine indeed is a bitter cup, and thou art drinking to the very dregs; happy if thy accumulated sorrows atone for the error of thy girlhood, which is now ever before thee.

The funeral was over—that sad, sad funeral—and Gertrude, with a fresh pang at her heart, turned from the little mound in the lonely forest which covered her angel babe, and thought of the family vault in the old church-yard where her forefathers calmly reposed; where she had seen one of her little nieces deposited, while the voice of prayer arose to hallow the spot to which the loved one was entrusted to await the dawning of the glad day of resurrection. "It is just, oh, Father!" she murmured, "it is just that I should suffer; and though I weep, let me not rebel against Thy will."

She had not written home since the New Year came with such an appalling change; she could not while misfortunes were thickening around her: but now she sent a letter, sorrowful and

plaintive as the faint murmur of the dying, and she told of the sickness and death of her infant, but spoke not of any other trouble—this was enough; and she would not shadow her parents' tranquil home by the knowledge of her miserable condition.

Listless and indifferent to everything became now the bereaved mother. It was evident that her health, which had suffered from so many trials rapidly succeeding each other, was now completely gone. Her commiserating attendant thought that every hour her poor mistress failed; but she never complained nor seemed sensible of her rapidly declining state, rendered hopeless by the total want of the little comforts and attentions requisite to one in her situation. She would sit silent and abstracted for hours together, but the tears that frequently flowed showed that bitter thoughts were stirring within.

One evening De Lancey brought her a letter. She kissed the well known writing, her father's writing, as she received it, but when she turned it to break the seal a loud scream escaped her, and with a look of such agony as her husband had never before witnessed, she held it toward him. In his joy on receiving it at the post-office, for he knew if anything could comfort her it would be a letter from her parents, he had not noticed the black seal it bore! Hastily he broke it, and as he read his face wore a sadder expression, and he gently pressed the hand cold and trembling of his stricken wife; but he could not inform her of the contents.

"My mother—I know it is my mother!" she gasped at length, and when his silence confirmed her mournful surmise, she fell lifeless at his feet, while a thick stream of blood issued from her pallid lips. Long did the hapless woman lay in that death-like swoon, while her husband bent over her in passionate grief, and the weeping negress applied such simple restoratives as were at hand; entreating him at the same time to bring a doctor to see her poor, dear young lady; but he would not leave her until consciousness was again restored, and on learning his intention the meek sufferer begged him not to go. "It would be of no use, Rupert; the shock was too great, but I am better now."

After a time she read the letter, read it again and again, though every time with renewed grief, but there was a melancholy comfort in reading of the last moments of her dear though injured parent; of her calm, quiet death; above all in perusing the affectionate messages which she had dictated for her absent child. Sweet and tender were they, consoling to the poor, lacerated heart of her who now strove to imagine the look and tone with which they had been uttered by the dear departed, even while she wept anew to

think how unworthy she had shown herself of such unalterable, undying affection.

CHAPTER VII.

It was late on the afternoon of the third day from that which had brought the fatal letter, that an elderly gentleman of noble, though grief-stricken appearance, reached the dreary abode in which lay Gertrude De Lancey on her death-bed. He paused as his eye scanned the miserable tenement, but subduing as if by a strong effort his feelings, he gently pushed open the door. If the outside view had seemed wretched, the sight that now met his gaze was appalling, and he could scarcely nerve himself to beckon the servant to follow him as he turned noiselessly from the door. But the occupant of the poor pallet on the floor had marked his entrance, and endeavored to raise her feeble form, and now as the light streamed upon him as he turned from the narrow entrance, a wild though feeble scream of joy reached his ears. He paused irresolute, "father—dear father—dear, dear father!" she repeated, in a tone which thrilled through his soul, and finding it was too late for a cautious announcement of his arrival as he had meditated, he knelt beside that humble couch, and as he bowed his face to hers tears gushed from his eyes, and the manly frame trembled like a fragile leaf.

It was indeed Mr. Gray who had thus fortunately arrived in time to soothe the last moments of his beloved child. Her last sad letter had reached him immediately after he had despatched the tidings of her mother's decease; and apprehensive of the effect of such an announcement on a breaking heart such as her letter denoted, he had at once set out for Springville, with the hope that his visit might rouse her from too great indulgence of her sorrow. He had inquired for her at her former splendid residence, that home which she had so minutely described in many of her letters; and there learned the dreadful change that had taken place. With a heart filled with dismal forebodings he had sought the hut to which he had been directed, and here in a state of destitution from which he would have hastened to relieve the veriest outcast, he found his once beautiful and high-spirited daughter. One look sufficed to show that she was dying, and though nearly overpowered by the sudden shock his feelings had sustained, he yet blessed the Hand that had conducted him to that gloomy spot, thus affording the poor sufferer the unexpected comfort of his presence during her last hours.

Through the long hours of that mournful night Mr. Gray kept vigil beside the death-bed. Gertrude seldom spoke, and then only in tones of

anguish to implore his pardon for her undutifulness. When the morning sunbeams shone into the room, revealing with startling distinctness its wretched state, Gertrude was in a deep, lethargic slumber, from which she suddenly started, and reached her wasted hand to her father with a happy smile. "She has pardoned me, father; mother has forgiven me, she calls me to a new home, where we shall all be happy yet—oh, how happy!" With a slight sigh she fell back upon her pillow—her father bent over her eagerly to catch the last faint accents she might utter, but the lips moved not again—she was dead.

Who might tell what were then the feelings of the bereaved father, as crouched in a corner of the miserable room, he imagined all that its now unconscious tenant must have suffered since she had taken refuge within its cheerful walls; when he remembered the sportive gaiety that had once made his beautiful daughter the charm of every circle, and thought over the varied trials that had wrung her young heart since he parted with her not two years before! Two years! What had she not endured in that brief space of time?

Rousing himself at length, he sent the faithful servant, whose grief for her dear young mistress was most touching to witness, to engage the proper persons to perform the last sad offices for the deceased; and then returned to muse beside the death-bed. While thus sadly occupied, a hasty step broke the solemn silence, and De Lancey, who had been absent since the morning of the previous day, entered, exclaiming hastily, "come, Gertrude, we will now leave this hut, and be again!"—but he paused as he reached the bed, and stooped to kiss the lips now sealed in death; a low moan burst from him, then he hastily and wildly placed his hand upon the motionless heart and the icy forehead of his wife, and, at last, when he could no longer doubt the terrible fact that death had been there in his absence, with a wild scream he threw himself beside the corpse in an agony of grief and remorse. "My precious, my beautiful one, I have murdered thee!" he repeated, in frantic tones, clasping the dear remains to his bosom, as if he thought by his close embrace and passionate cries to recall the departed spirit. Mr. Gray had felt naturally indignant toward the man who had lured his child from his comfortable home and numerous friends, to endure the loneliness, the mortification and miseries of a gambler's wife: but he could not behold without pity the wretched being who showed how deep was his love for the partner of his evil lot, even though the unkindness engendered by his ill course of life had done most toward making the fragile wreck before him: of which, however, the father

was happily ignorant. For some time De Lancey seemed unconscious of his presence. At last he looked up, but he shrank before the compassionate look of the parent of his injured wife, as if he beheld instead a stern minister of justice.

"I lured your daughter from her happy home—I blighted all her prospects, and wedded her to a life of misery. Wretched, wretched man—why did I so heartlessly abuse the only one I ever loved—the one whose love blessed me, despite my unworthiness?"

Moved by his evident distress, Mr. Gray forebore to add his reproaches to the sting of conscience; but after a time inquired why he was about to leave the hotel, and whether he had purposed going. De Lancey started up and glanced wildly around the room. A new tale of guilt was now poured into the ear of his startled listener. The physician whom two days before he had called in to attend his wife, had been unable to find any disease which could have reduced her so low, and had accordingly advised him to remove her as soon as practicable from Springville; change of scene being the only resource that gave even a hope of her recovery. Tortured by this reflection, Rupert tried every means to obtain the money requisite for this end, but without success; and at last forged a check for the sum required upon a gentleman who was absent from the city, and whom he judged would not return until his few preparations should have been made for leaving. Once out of Springville, he thought he could easily elude pursuit. While hastening homeward occupied with these reflections, he met an old associate, who invited him to come and take a cheerful glass with him; apprehensive of exciting suspicions by refusing, on the plea of haste, he assented with seeming pleasure. Seated by a table in a private room of the restaurant to which they had directed their course, De Lancey soon grew weary of feigning attention to his friend, in whose lively conversation he could scarcely participate; and when at length an hour had passed, and the latter gave no indication of being willing to leave, De Lancey abruptly rose to retire. To this the other strenuously objected; Rupert, conscious of the value of every passing moment, persisted that he must go; and finally irritated at the pertinacious opposition of his companion, gave him a sudden blow which felled him to the ground. In falling his head struck against the table, a stream of blood gushed from the wound, and he lay senseless at De Lancey's feet. Terrified at what he had done, the latter's first impulse was to ring the bell, and summon assistance to the injured man: but a second thought suggested the possibility of escape before his new crime could be discovered; and leaving by a back door, unseen

by any one, he hurriedly departed to the hut, from which he had now another motive for removing as soon as possible.

"Unhappy man!" exclaimed Mr. Gray, as his son-in-law, in almost incoherent language, rapidly informed him of these dreadful events, "unhappy man! What have you done? Blessed be God who has spared her this last blow! My poor, poor child!"

All that now occurred to the distressed father, was to get the miserable culprit out of the way before the officers of justice should appear in search of him. How could he bear to have the husband of his darling child arrested on a charge of forgery, perhaps also of murder, even in the presence of her dear remains? He represented this to Rupert, and at length prevailed on him to fly, taking with him the money he had obtained; Mr. Gray promising that should he not be suspected of the assault upon his friend, he would pay the sum he had procured at bank, and thus preclude pursuit of him on a criminal charge. De Lancey embraced for the last time the cold remains of his still beloved wife, and hurriedly departed.

Soon after the negress returned with the persons she had procured to prepare the corpse for the grave, and Mr. Gray, leaving the precious charge in her care, went out to make arrangements for the funeral. Finding it impossible to remove the deceased to his own home, as he had at first intended, he caused a grave to be dug in the cemetery of Springville, and having also had the infant removed from its lonely grave in the wild forest, that it might repose on its mother's tomb, he returned sadly to the hovel. Here he found everything prepared—his lovely daughter lay within the narrow coffin, but the lid had not been fastened, that the father might have the mournful satisfaction of gazing on those dear features, until the arrival of the hearse and carriage he had ordered. While awaiting these he paced the room slowly, oppressed with painful emotions, while the faithful servant sat at the foot of the coffin, looking upon her departed mistress, while large tears trickled down her cheeks, and suppressed sobs shook her frame.

Suddenly the door was thrown violently open, and two constables entered in search of De Lancey. One in his eagerness rudely seized Mr. Gray, exclaiming, "here he is!" but the other, who knew the object of his pursuit personally, bade him desist; and when the aged man turned toward them both stood in silence, awe-struck by his mournful aspect.

"Forbear this violence," he exclaimed, in a solemn tone. "Have some respect for the dead!"

The men, for the first time, noticed the coffin, { his far distant home.

and apologizing for their noisy entrance, explained the cause of their appearance. The gentleman in whose name De Lancey had forged the check had returned; and on going to the bank to deposit some money had learned the fraud perpetrated. The description given by the clerk immediately fixed suspicion on De Lancey; he was traced to the house where his last crime had been committed; the unfortunate sufferer by it was still in a state of insensibility occasioned by his great loss of blood; but no doubt remained on the minds of those who were in the house that De Lancey gave the blow, for all had seen them enter the room together, and Rupert's unseen departure of course furnished an additional ground for suspicion. The police were immediately on the alert, and while some were despatched to his customary places of resort, the two above mentioned proceeded to the hovel, in which he was known to have of late resided.

Finding their search for him there fruitless, one stationed himself by the window to watch for his appearance, while the other started out to renew the search. He shortly returned with the information that the unfortunate man had been arrested on board a steamboat, on which he had taken passage for New Orleans. He had also learned that the man whom De Lancey had injured in the restaurant had been restored to sensibility, and on being questioned whether De Lancey had inflicted the wound, testified in the affirmative by signs, being unable to speak. There was no hope of his recovery from the injury he had sustained.

The two constables, with an appearance of much sympathy, expressed their regret to Mr. Gray for having intruded on his sorrow, and gazing for a moment in silent admiration on the beautiful face of her who slept so peacefully in that slumber, which happily for her knew no rude awaking, departed noiselessly from the hut. Relieved by their departure, Mr. Gray sank down beside the coffin, and his varied feelings found vent in a gush of tears. One comfort only he had now that Gertrude, his own darling Gertrude, was unconscious of this last blow, that she had not lived to witness the arrest of her husband as a murderer!

In a carriage with the poor negress, the only friend of that once proud and admired being, the father followed the remains of his child and her babe to their last resting place. - The funeral rites were performed, the coffins lowered into their narrow bed and covered from the sight of the living; and the bereaved parent turned with a heart oppressed with anguish from the grave of the erring daughter and ill-fated wife, to seek his far distant home.

MRS. MORGAN'S MAINE LAW.

BY JONES SMITH, JR.

Mrs. Morgan's husband was an excellent workman, and had the best wages, but he would drink, and, like most men of his class, when in liquor generally beat his children and sometimes his wife.

Mrs. Morgan was a notable woman, and loved her husband in spite of all, but after years of patient forbearance, she came to the conclusion that Jimmy Morgan, as she called him, should stop drinking, whether or no. In other words she resolved on a private Maine law of her own.

The occasion was one day when Jimmy came home to dinner, half tipsy, which always happened when he stopped at the tavern on his way; and he did this, on an average, about twice a week.

"Now you Morgan," she said, as soon as he entered, "you've been at the whiskey bottle again. You needn't deny it. I know it by your looks. And by your breath too—go away, you nasty beast—how dare you try to kiss me when you've been drinking."

Jimmy had essayed this matrimonial caress, hoping it would conciliate the gude-wife; but finding his purpose foiled, he stood upon his dignity.

"Hoity toity," he said, "how we put on airs. Give us some dinner, and don't sulk."

Mrs. Morgan did not often get roused, but she was now: she put her arms akimbo and answered,

"Not a mouthful of dinner do you get in this house, to-day, nor any other day till you can come home sober. So the sooner you're off the better."

The half tipsy husband looked at her in amazement. For a moment he thought of enforcing his will, as he had often done before, but whether he had not drunk quite enough to rouse his courage, or whether the blazing eyes of his helpmate frightened him, he turned, after a little hesitation, and left the house.

Of course he went straight to the tavern, as Mrs. Morgan rather expected he would. And of course, when night came, he was led home thoroughly inebriated, as she rather wished he would.

He had just sufficient reason left to wonder at the extraordinary care, with which his wife, after assisting to undress him, tucked him in bed. But

this, and everything else was soon forgotten in a stupified sleep.

She waited until satisfied that he was entirely insensible, when she proceeded to sew the offender up in the sheets, exactly as if he had been a mummy. The stitches were not small, but they were taken with trebled thread: and she knew they would hold, especially as he could now use neither legs nor arms. Once or twice he grunted, as if about to awake, but she stopped a moment at such times.

At last the proceeding was complete. And now she brought forth a cart-whip, which she had borrowed, that afternoon, from a neighbor.

"Now, Jimmy Morgan," she said, apostrophizing him, "I'll cure you of your beastly habits, or—please God!—I'll whip you till you'll be sore for a month."

Down came the lash, as vigorously as her brawny arm could lay it on; again, again, and yet again; it seemed as if she was never going to stop. And very soon, the offender, roused from his stupor, saw what it was, and began to beg for mercy.

"Not till you've promised to leave off drinking," was the answer, and the blows descended more vigorously than ever. "Swear never to taste liquor again!"

"Oh! you'll kill me—you'll kill me——"

"No, it will do you good. To think how drunk you were, ten minutes ago, and now to see you rolling about so lively—never tell me, Jimmy Morgan, that I'm killing you, after that."

"Mercy, mercy, mercy," roared the criminal. "How can you, Polly, use your own husband so?"

"I can and I will." And another shower of blows descended. "Halloo as much as you like, for it will do you good; only, I can tell you one thing, it will not rouse the neighbors. I told them what I was going to do if you ever came home drunk again. Have you had enough yet? Will you promise at once, or are you going to hold out still?"

"Oh, oh, oh," groaned the helpless husband, twisting and turning in every direction, but unable to escape the cataract of blows, "oh, oh, oh."

"Will you promise? You'd better do it quick," resumed his inexorable spouse, "or I'll beat you

to a jelly. These six years I've borne your drunkenness, but I'll bear it no longer. I've tried coaxing, I've tried everything, and now I'm trying whipping. You've beaten me often enough, and I'm paying you back. Promise at once, the quicker the better, for I'll not let you up till you do, even if it keeps me here all night, and you're sick for a year afterward."

It was a good while before the criminal gave in. He thought his wife would tire out at last, but when the castigator had proceeded for some time, and he saw no symptoms of either fatigue or relenting, he was compelled to succumb.

"I'll swear, I'll swear," he said, at last, "I'll do anything. Only let me up. That's a dear, good Polly. Oh! Lord, don't whip me any more, for I've said I'd swear. Oh, oh!"

Mrs. Morgan gave him three or four sound cuts more, to "make assurance doubly sure,"

before she administered the oath, which she did, at last, with the Bible in her hands, completing the ceremony by making him kiss the book.

From that night Jimmy Morgan was never known to taste liquor. He told his neighbors that he had been so sick, after his last spree, that he had resolved to join the temperance society; but he did not tell them what had made him ill. Mrs. Morgan, too, kept the secret, nursing him through his bruises, which were neither few nor slight. However, as she said to herself, "desperate diseases require desperate remedies;" and so she never repented of the medicine she had administered, even though her husband did not earn a dollar for three weeks.

A word more, and our tale is done. And that word is its moral. Perhaps other wives might work cures as miraculous, if they would try MRS. MORGAN'S MAINE LAW.

LINES.

BY EMILY HERMANN.

"It is written, man shall not live by bread alone."—JESUS.

I WALKED amid the silent hills
Where want and sorrow meet,
And the dark waves of care and death
Were breaking at my feet;
And eyes grew dim, and spirits faint,
And from weak lips broke forth complaint.

Life seemed not life when that which made
The "life of life" was gone;
The sunset's brightness broke the cloud,
But sadness seemed alone,
Till Faith and Love came down from Heaven
And even to her sweet smiles were given.

I drank from out the turbid stream
That rolled beneath my feet,
Till life seemed springing from the wave
For fabled visions meet;
Beautiful, new, yet real still
The path from that shadowy hill.

I knew not then the mystery,
Though pleasant paths were trod,
"Man shall not live by bread alone,
But on the words of God."
Father! even now let these be given,
That we on earth find food from Heaven!

TO HATTY.

BY JESSE CONE.

LIKE mateless bird, whose weary wings
Have flown the wide seas o'er;
Then turning from its wanderings
Regains its native shore;
So, dear one, has my heart to thee
Returned, like lone bird from the sea.

I tarried long in Southern lands,
By rivers of the West;
And left my foot-prints in the sands
That no'er before were pressed;
Yet sad I turned from all I sought,
And fond the while, of thee I thought.

As wistful turns the mariner,
By stormy ocean tossed—
To where the guiding stars appear,
And hopes not to be lost;
So I thy bosom seek for rest,
Where beats the heart that loves me best.

I clasp thy lily hand in mine,
I watch thy glowing cheek,
And see thy cloudless blue eyes shine
With love thou durst not speak;
Beautiful one! I'll never more
Seek happiness on distant shore.

THAT INDIAN JAR.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

WHAT a happy woman you must be!" said Mrs. Penleigh to her friend, Mrs. Spigley, as the two met at a celebrated auction. "There is your husband ready to buy everything, while I can hardly persuade Mr. Penleigh to give things a second look."

"Don't mention it," returned Mrs. Spigley, with a face of comic distress, "the very name of an auction causes me to shudder nervously. If you knew half my troubles, you would pity my sad fate."

"I would be very glad to share it," replied Mrs. Penleigh, with an incredulous smile, "there!" she exclaimed, as the auctioneer's voice became quicker and louder, "he is actually bidding for that beautiful vase that I had set my heart upon; and he will get it too," she added, in a tone of disappointment, "I cannot get Mr. Penleigh to bid for anything."

Mrs. Spigley, being inconveniently short for a crowded assembly, raised herself up on tip-toe to take a survey of the proceedings; and then, much to her friend's astonishment, exclaimed energetically,

"For mercy's sake! will nobody stop the man? I cannot catch his eye, and he is bidding with the greatest eagerness for that immense cracked jug, yclept Indian jar. I am sick of the very sight of Chinese tea-drinkings, and all the butterflies, and monsters that seem crowding to the banquet. I can scarcely wade through my dressing room now for all the mandarins that block up the passage, and my dreams at night are full of all sorts of horrors."

"How do you know that it is cracked?" inquired Mrs. Penleigh, giving full vent to her amusement at this catalogue of troubles.

"Because," rejoined her companion, "Mr. Spigley takes as kindly to cracked jars, disjointed couches, and ill-used chairs, as he does to living samples of other people's cruelty or neglect. To be unfortunate is equivalent to him to being deserving; and a dilapidated piece of furniture is as tenderly cared-for as though it were endowed with the powers of feeling. Our mansion is a complete hospital for the maimed and diseased creations of cabinet-makers and upholsterers."

"It is very easy to talk so," replied her friend, laughing, "every one says that it is as good as a

museum, and to that I can testify from my own experience."

"I do not agree with you," replied Mrs. Spigley, "it is as bad as a museum, without being as good; and reminds me of nothing more forcibly than the baby-house which delighted my youthful years. There headless, armless, and trunkless dolls dragged on a miserable existence—there unending riots seemed to have broken in doors and windows, and demolished tables and chairs—there unhappy animals bewailed the loss of limb—and there picture-books were like the man in 'the house that Jack built,' 'all tattered and torn.' I sometimes think that our mangled curiosities must be the ghosts of those unfortunate inmates, who have risen, in another form, to reproach me for my cruelty."

"I should think," returned her friend, "that these 'mangled curiosities,' as you call them, would be worth a fortune."

"They cost a fortune," replied Mrs. Spigley, "but I always find that when you buy, things are very dear—and when you sell, very cheap."

"Well," returned Mrs. Penleigh, still incredulous, "I think that it is very pleasant to have a husband so inclined. I wish that Mr. Penleigh were so, for I have a perfect passion for knick-nacks."

"Your 'passion' would soon subside if you found yourself wearing to a shadow in following him about as I do Mr. Spigley. Were it not for my restraining presence, he would probably have the entire contents of every house he enters carted to his own, or grouped around the doors, I am obliged to keep an eye upon him; but very much to my own disturbance, he not unfrequently misunderstands my signs, and bids all the faster for things that I wish at least a thousand miles off."

Mrs. Spigley's quick eye now detected the gentleman about to make himself more than usually ridiculous; and she broke off abruptly to call him to order. This accomplished, she resumed her discourse.

"Mr. Spigley appears to possess a sort of instinct that keeps him always informed of every auction that is about to take place, and there is no need to inquire: 'where was Roderick then?' As a proof of the delights I enjoy, I will give you an instance. My mother was one of those

old-fashioned housekeepers who imagine that everything they possess is infinitely superior to anything that can be procured now-a-days. From top to bottom the house was furnished like that of

"A fine old old English gentleman,
All of the olden school."

"Heavy carved bedsteads, with their unwieldy proportions, and dark hangings, that seemed fit nesting places for all those dreadful goblins, and mysterious spectres that haunt our childhood—spidery-looking tables, with cruel corners that seem made for no earthly purpose but to bump one's head against, and claw feet always extended to entrap the unwary—spiteful sofas that roll one off when one gets asleep upon them—and ugly-tempered chairs that will not bend a single inch to accommodate you—these were some of the household gods to which my mother clung with an affection passing the love of woman. With the knocks and tumbles I had so often received from them still fresh in my memory, it is not to be supposed that my feelings toward them were very tender; and when I entered the houses of my companions, and saw things so much more reasonable-looking, and fit for use, I unqualifiedly pronounced them 'rubbish,' and worked hard to bring my mother over to my own views. But she remained inflexible, and I really began to despair. I was afraid too that any one who came to see me would mistake me for a species of fossil remains, when discovered in the midst of such antediluvian surroundings; and at Mr. Spigley's first visit I was fairly on thorns. But I need have given myself no uneasiness. He *proposed* to me, to be sure, but I verily believe that he fell in love with the furniture; and had it not been for the utter impracticability of the thing, would have lavished all his endearments upon those idols of wood and satin. People talk mournfully of being married for money, and such a fate draws sympathetic tears; it is infinitely more humiliating to find oneself triumphed over by a set of tables and chairs. Well, we were married; and I left the maternal residence, and indulged my wish for modern surroundings to my heart's content. But I still entertained a grudge against these bedsteads, and tables, and chairs, and labored assiduously to procure their banishment. At length, to my great delight, my mother actually assented to my proposed plan of an auction; and every thing having been arranged, she came to stay with me while her own house was being stripped and refurnished. My mother had become almost as weary as myself of her ancient possessions; and agreed to their removal with undisguised pleasure.

"We sat chatting together in one of the front windows, when a huge conveyance stopped at the door, and a faint feeling came over me as Mr. Spigley, who had rushed up to the cart quite out of breath, removed a carefully-disposed covering from the precious contents. Was that the ghost of an old carved bedstead? the wandering spirit of a claw-footed table? or the disturbed writh of a well known sofa? Suffice it to say that a substantial cart full of the most detestable of these unwelcome intruders walked boldly up stairs into my very apartment, as though defying me to my face. But not even was I permitted to express my indignation; that would have been some comfort; for Mr. Spigley related various hair-breadth escapes he had encountered to get these valued treasures into his own possession—all for *my* sake, for he knew how attached I must be to them, and thought that he would give me a pleasant little surprise; and called for my gratitude and admiration just as a highwayman would demand my purse."

"What did you do with the things?" inquired Mrs. Penleigh, much interested.

"I did nothing, then," was the reply, "unless it might be to follow the Susan Nipper style of making faces and calling names when nobody was by; but the next day, when Mr. Spigley's back was fairly turned, I sent for an auctioneer, and allowed him to take off the things at his own prices."

A group of lady listeners had collected around Mrs. Spigley during the progress of her stay; and some admired her spirit, while others looked fairly frightened at the idea of such determined acting on her own account. One very meek little woman went home resolved to turn over a new leaf immediately; but having commenced operations much in the same style that Bob Acres determined to fight a duel, her husband gravely assured her that she was not at all calculated for that sort of thing—it was not her forte; to which she very quietly assented.

When Mrs. Spigley arrived at her own mansion, she found her lord and master so completely wrapt up in the expected arrival of the Indian jar, of which he had become the happy possessor, that it was quite impossible to obtain a hearing upon any other subject.

"I did intend to have it placed in the library," began Mr. Spigley, rather hesitatingly, "but if you prefer it, my dear, in your dressing-room—"

"Oh, no," replied his wife, eagerly, "not at all. I can assure you—there is no room for it." She had been surveying the well-filled corners with a perplexed eye, and now felt infinitely relieved.

"Well," returned Mr. Spigley, apparently very well satisfied, "I will take it under my own eye then. Here it comes—is it not a beauty?"

Of course there was the usual crack in the side; but this, Mr. Spigley asserted, would not be discovered among the figures; and his wife soon perceived that his eyes were completely blinded to all defects. Never was there such a jar as this; and after carefully establishing it in one corner of the library, Mr. Spigley collected all the servants, as though the point to be discussed were that of life and death, and gravely repeated to each the most solemn instructions respecting the fate of the beloved jar.

Mrs. Spigley, whose risible faculties were easily excited, glanced from the demure faces around her to the wonderful jar, that stood there quite unconscious of the sensation it was creating, and could scarcely retain her amusement. With respect to Indian jars, she entertained very much the same feelings that Peter Bell experienced toward the beauties of nature:

"A primrose by the river's brim
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more."

Mr. Spigley had finished laying down the law; and the servants were dismissed to their several duties. He sat looking tenderly at the jar; there may, perchance, have been tears in his eyes, but to this deponent saith not.

"What do you think of doing with that new old table, and chair ditto, that came home to-day?" inquired his wife.

"Beautiful!" whispered her husband, as though he were afraid of waking it up. Just then a broad gleam of sunshine came and settled on the jar, and the figures seemed almost moving and dancing before his eyes; he gazed upon it in delight; but his wife, with her dull, worldly eyes, looked upon the crack in the side, and smiled as she left the room.

Time passed on, as the novels say, and Mrs. Spigley's mother came to make them a visit. With Mrs. Shamford Mr. Spigley always met with sympathy and consideration. The two could sit and talk of old relics and ancient valuables, unwearied, for hours together; and Mrs. Spigley generally fell asleep during these conferences, with old pitchers, dilapidated jars, and gigantic tea-pots mixed together in dreadful confusion.

It was evening; and Mrs. Shamford, with a mournful pleasure, related histories of various beloved relics that had long since passed from her possession.

"We once," said she, with a sigh, "had the most splendid old chine pitcher you ever beheld. It was given to Mr. Shamford by some English merchants with whom he had had business dealings, and was really beautiful. In the middle were his initials in gilt letters; it had two handles, and was as much as three feet high."

"What became of it?" gasped Mr. Spigley.

"I used to keep cake in it very often," continued Mrs. Shamford, with an involuntary groan, and a reproachful look at her daughter, "and one day Adelaide mounted up to get at it. She had just got the pitcher in her hand when I entered the room, and—"

"What—what?" whispered her auditor.

"It fell, and was broken to pieces."

"Of course you gave her a good whipping?" inquired Mr. Spigley, in a tone that made his wife laugh.

"Putty would have been more likely to mend the pitcher," returned his mother-in-law, coolly. "Did you ever see a real, old-fashioned silver tea-pot?" asked Mrs. Shamford.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Spigley, a little proudly, "my mother had one."

"Well then you know the size and style of them. People were not afraid of silver then. Ours was the largest I have ever seen—it had been in the family fifty years."

"Where is that tea-pot?" almost shrieked Mr. Spigley, "I will give you five hundred dollars for it!"

"Some one else offered me the same sum," replied Mrs. Shamford, with aggravating composure, "but five thousand could not purchase it."

"What became of it?" demanded her son-in-law.

"Adelaide had it melted up into spoons."

"Mrs. Shamford," said Mr. Spigley, fairly pale with emotion, "do you wish to know my opinion of you? I think that your conduct has been perfectly inexcusable, and as for Adelaide—"

With a glance of rage too deep for utterance, Mr. Spigley strided from the room, and closed the door with a bang. His wife could not restrain her laughter; but Mrs. Shamford sat swelling with outraged dignity.

"Mother, dear," said Mrs. Spigley, "do not be offended—it is only his way; he means nothing by it."

"His way indeed!" replied Mrs. Shamford, "it is a way that I will not put up with. 'One of his peculiarities,' I suppose you call it, since that is the term applied to all sorts of ugliness now-a-days. I expect to hear murder and house-breaking classed under the head of 'little peculiarities.' A fine time you must have of it with such a temper!"

"I do really have a nice time indeed," returned her daughter, laughing heartily, "I am almost killed with kindness. The other day I told him, partly in jest, that he had never yet presented me with a camel's hair shawl; 'upon this hint' he went out and bought me three, at nine hundred dollars a-piece—one of which is now waiting your acceptance."

Somewhat mollified by the gift, Mrs. Shamford's feelings toward her son-in-law began to soften; and in high good humor, Mr. Spigley conducted her to his library to behold the much admired jar.

Old friends often possess endearing little blemishes, by which we recognize them even through the lapse of years; sometimes it is a mole—sometimes a scar—sometimes a cast in the eye; but each and all of these before now assisted a half glimmering recollection.

Mrs. Shamford stood for a few moments, to the great delight of her son-in-law, apparently wrapt in admiration too deep for words; then she walked up to the jar, calmly turned it around, and examined it from top to bottom; finally she indulged in a somewhat malicious laugh.

"What did you give for this jar?" she asked, at length.

"Thirty-five dollars," replied her son-in-law, looking very fierce.

"I sold it to an auctioneer, among a load of other old things for fifty cents. We had it in our house for years; but every one appeared to entertain a spite against it, and the poor thing received so many wounds and bruises that it finally became disabled for service, and fell quite to pieces. A tinkering nephew of mine, who loved to exercise his talent upon everything that came in his way, splintered it together with putty and different things; and it really makes quite a respectable appearance. But as old Dr. S—— always says of his patients, I should not be surprised to see it drop off at any time."

Such was Mrs. Shamford's history; and the cast of Mr. Spigley's countenance, at its conclusion, can best be expressed by the term "crest-fallen."

"But Adelaide knows nothing of this," said he, at length, "do not, I beg of you, tell her, and I will get off the old thing as soon as possible. There is an auction at Haper's to-morrow."

Mrs. Shamford promised to keep the secret; and Mr. Spigley began to find his eyes a little opened.

"I want you to go with me to an auction this morning," said Mrs. Shamford to her daughter, the next day, "so make haste and get ready."

"Why, mother," exclaimed Mrs. Spigley, in some surprise, "I thought that you disapproved of auctions. Do you really intend to bid for any thing?"

"No," was the reply, "I shall let you do that."

"Me! Why, mother, dear, you surely must be jesting! To attempt passing through these rooms now is like threading one's way through a pathless forest."

"Do as I bid you," replied her mother, sternly, "you will thank me for it yet."

Mrs. Shamford was a tall, majestic-looking woman, and her "do as I bid you" was really awful. Her daughter meekly equipped herself for walking; and the two were soon at the auction.

"Do you see that?" inquired Mrs. Shamford, as the auctioneer put up a large Indian jar, "you must bid for that."

"Why that is the very jar that Mr. Spigley brought home the other day!" exclaimed her daughter, "I suppose he became tired of it, and sent it here to be sold. I cannot bid for it, mother—he would be very angry."

"You are not to know that," returned her mother, "you can act just as he does, when he brings home things that you do not want. You may be able to cure the man if you do as I tell you."

Thus incited, Mrs. Spigley timidly bid five dollars; and the auctioneer immediately exclaimed, "five dollars only bid for this splendid jar! Why, ladies, it cost at least fifty!"

"Ten!" called out Mrs. Shamford. "Remember," she whispered to her daughter, "the more you give for it the better."

"Fifteen!" screamed a little, over-dressed woman, anxious to show her good taste.

"Twenty," said Mrs. Spigley, after sundry hints from her mother.

"Twenty-five!" screamed the opposition.

"Don't let her have it, ma'am," said the auctioneer, "shall I say thirty for you? Mrs. Spigley takes it at thirty dollars."

Although rather frightened at first, now that she was fairly in for it, Mrs. Spigley determined to enjoy the joke to its full extent; and having received abundant instructions from her mother, she awaited her husband's return with a sort of mischievous satisfaction.

It was twilight when Mr. Spigley entered his own mansion; and when he opened the door, a tall object loomed up before him in the half darkness, and on attempting to brush it aside, he found that it quite resisted his endeavors.

"Oh! Mr. Spigley!" called out his wife, from the top of the stairs, "I do hope that you have not broken the jar! I thought that you would have been home earlier, and I had prepared such a pleasant little surprise for you! Have you seen it?"

"No," said he, rather angrily, "but I have felt it. What the deuce is it?"

"A superb Indian jar—a complete match for the one you bought the other day. But I only gave thirty dollars for this."

"Where did you buy it?" asked Mr. Spigley, with certain misgivings, as he pretended to examine it.

"At Haper's—is it not beautiful? There will be a pair of them now, you know."

"A pair of fools, perhaps," muttered Mr. Spigley, *sotto voce*, "but not a pair of jars."

"Shall I have this carried to the library?" continued his wife, "I noticed to-day that you had the other one removed—perhaps you were waiting to get one like it?"

"The truth is, my dear," replied her husband, rather hesitatingly, "you did not appear to admire the one I bought, and I sent it away to-day."

"What a pity!" exclaimed Mrs. Spigley, then for fear that he should suspect her of knowing, she added quickly, "but this, you see, is much handsomer."

Mr. Spigley was obliged to coincide, and looked pleased, as his wife had so often done in similar circumstances; and she could not forbear smiling as she saw how ill the attempt sat upon him. His feelings toward the jar are more easily imagined than described; but his wife had evidently resolved to cherish it with reverential affection; and the same scene with the servants was repeated that had been enacted about a week before—his own feelings on this occasion being materially changed.

"What is the matter with the rolls this morning?" inquired Mr. Spigley, a few days after, "and this coffee is perfectly detestable."

"It is not very good, to be sure," replied his wife, "but Maria has left us, and the new cook does not appear to understand her business."

"*Maria left us!*" gasped Mr. Spigley, "when did she go?"

"I was obliged to discharge her," replied his wife, calmly, "she committed an offence of which I have been afraid to tell you; but, of course, you must have seen it."

Sundry damages to his personal property now flitted through Mr. Spigley's brain, like vague, mysterious shapes of horror; and he questioned his wife as to the misdeemeanor, evidently dreading her answer.

"Well, then," continued Mrs. Spigley, "you must promise not to be angry, but she actually broke a small piece from the edge of that Indian jar—impelled, I suppose, by a curiosity to examine anything so beautiful."

"Is that all?" exclaimed Mr. Spigley, in a disappointed tone.

"*All!*" repeated his wife, in apparent surprise, "why, you cannot know what I am talking about! She broke the edge of that jar for which I paid thirty dollars! ("And I, thirty-five!" muttered her husband.) And would you believe it, she actually had the assurance to say that the same piece had evidently been broken out before, and stuck in with putty! Following your express commands, in case of such an offence, I dismissed her immediately; and shall treat the next culprit in precisely the same manner."

That jar had already cost Mr. Spigley sixty dollars in money, (the auctioneer allowed him five for it) and an excellent cook; he now began to hate the sight of it. He was rather afraid, though, to try an auction room again; and having given the waiter certain directions respecting its disposal, he departed to his office.

"You cannot tell what a fright I have had to-day," observed his wife, at the dinner-table, "there really seems to be a spell upon that jar of ours. ('There does, indeed!' thought Mr. Spigley.) As I was passing through the lower entry, this morning, I saw a miserable man, who comes around to buy old things, actually preparing to transport our beautiful jar to unknown regions! Of course, I soon put a stop to that, and expressly forbid the servants' allowing him to enter the house again. So you see that I am rather different from the Princess Badroulboudour, in the 'Arabian Nights,' who was in such a hurry to dispose of the precious lamp."

It was with difficulty that Mr. Spigley refrained from giving his wife some idea of the state of his feelings; but the jar was her purchase, and she appeared to think so much of it; then too certain twinges of conscience reminded him of his own performances. So he swallowed down his wrath as well as he could; and listened to his wife's account in silence.

The Spigleys had issued cards for one of their usual parties; which were always conducted on a scale of the greatest elegance. People always flocked to their entertainments; confident of a supper-table, and music that could not be surpassed.

"Do not be at all troubled about the table," said Mrs. Shamford, to her son-in-law, in the morning, "I have arranged all about the centrepiece—quite an idea of my own—and I can assure you that it is something altogether unique and effective."

"But I should like to see it," ventured Mr. Spigley; "what is it?"

"Now curiosity!" exclaimed his wife, "don't ever find fault with me again!"

Mr. Spigley looked rather disconcerted, and pretended to care nothing about it; though, in reality, he felt extremely curious.

The rooms were filled as usual; and as midnight approached, vague rumors were afloat respecting the supper-table. All were prepared for something extraordinary; and the opening of the doors caused a general rush to the supper-room.

Mr. Spigley felt quite as much interested as any; but at his first glance toward the table, he looked around to mark the effect. There, in the very centre, stood the detested Indian jar, surmounted by a pyramid of flowers that towered

to a height fairly approaching the ridiculous. All those cracks, and nicks, and putty windings seemed brought into full relief by the innumerable wax-lights, and he scarcely dared to raise his eyes.

"I knew you would like this," whispered his mother-in-law, in delight, "it was all my own idea."

He turned from her almost rudely, and began talking to his neighbor with much more animation than the subject seemed to require.

"They are admiring the jar," whispered Mrs. Shamford, "listen, and tell me what they say."

Mr. Spigley's agonized ear soon caught the following remarks:

"What have the Spigleys got there?" whispered a would-be elegante, as she drew forth her eye-glass.

"The tower of Babel, I should say," replied another, "but that, of course, is Mr. Spigley's design. He, you know, is quite frantic after *outré* antediluvianisms, and nothing short of a stuffed alligator would astonish me on this supper-table."

"That is the identical old jar that Mrs. Spigley bought the other day," observed another, "I would not have it for a gift."

"Do you know," whispered Mrs. Penleigh, confidentially, "that I do not care to go too near that gigantic jar, for fear we shall have a second edition of the Philistines? It is just ready to fall to pieces."

Every one rushed back with a shriek—there was a loud crack—another—and the jar could no longer be called one. Mr. Spigley's mortification was extreme; but his wife and mother-in-law appeared to take it very coolly. The splendid supper-table caused a universal titter; and the guests departed in the highest amusement.

"Adelaide," said Mr. Spigley, the next morning, "what do you say to having an auction here? I am rather tired of our furniture."

His wife was employed in fitting the pieces of the jar together, and after a moment's consideration, she replied,

"I consent, on one condition."

"What is that?"

"That you do not bid in this jar; because I see that it can be joined together."

There are some things beyond human endurance; and Mr. Spigley, deliberately approaching the jar, dashed it to atoms.

"There!" said he, "I defy human ingenuity to mend that!"

His wife only laughed; but such a laugh. It spoke as plainly as words could.

The auction took place, and everything was sold; Mrs. Spigley taking good care that not a single staggler should be left behind; and ever since, Mr. Spigley has entertained a nervous horror of old relics, great bargains, and Indian Jars.

L I N E S .

BY S. P. D.

WHEN the cloud above my pathway
Seems to gather deeper gloom;
And the future no bright prospect
Yields for me to rest upon:
When I feel alone—unaided—
I must journey on through life—
And my fearful heart is trembling,
All unequal to the strife!

Oh, how bitter then does memory
Come to mock me with its rays!
Bringing back my lost, my loved one,
With the light of other days.
Days of love! forever ended!—
Past and vanished from my sight—
Nothing left but desolation,
Turning mid-day into night!

Sad to me have been life's changes,
Bearing hopes and joys away;
Changing gladness into sorrow;
Shading scenes as bright as day!

That dear arm, on which I rested,
Is no longer at my side;
And the voice I loved to follow
Never more will be my guide.

Peace! Be still! Though hopes are shattered,
And thy prospects have been crossed;
"Gather up the broken fragments"
So that nothing may be lost.
View these parts as mercies left thee
By a kind and gracious God;
And in humble resignation
Bow beneath a Father's rod.

When the darkness hovers o'er thee,
And thy earth-lights have grown dim,
Look beyond these scenes and gather
Light and happiness from Him!
Then "life's changes" cannot harm thee,
"Hopes and joys" are fixed above!
God will guide thee through the journey,
God is wisdom; He is Love.

THE LEGEND OF GENOVEVA.

BY HELEN FAWCETT.

On the left bank of the Rhine, below Andernach, and at some short distance from the river, in the lake of Laach, celebrated as a picturesque object, and for a neighboring abbey with six towers, founded in 1093, by the Count Palatine, Henry II., who is buried within the edifice. With this locality is connected the legend of Genoveva, a princess of Brabant, who was married to the Count Palatine, Siegfried, a vassal of the old Frank Kings of Austrasia. For several years she and her husband had lived happily together, near the conflux of the Moselle and the Saar, when the invasion of France by the Moors caused Siegfried to quit his home and join in opposing the enemies of Christendom. He left his palace and his wife to the care of his particular friend, Golo of Drachenfels, who, forgetful of his duty, soon became enamored of Genoveva. For a time he was able to conceal his passion, but it was soon discovered by Countess Matilda of Strahlen, a relation of Genoveva, who dwelt in the neighborhood. Matilda had always harbored a feeling of envy against her fair kinswoman, and gladly made herself the confidant and adviser of Golo, who, urged by her counsels, at last made an open declaration of love. This outrage was received with the utmost indignation by Genoveva; and Golo, now finding his position dangerous, forged a letter, purporting to come from the major domo, Dragones, and containing an avowal of an intrigue with Genoveva. At the same time they contrived to dismiss all Genoveva's attendants, and confined her in a dungeon, that no intelligence of the truth might be conveyed to her husband.

Siegfried, who was one of the chief combatants in the great battle in which Charles Martel defeated the Moors, was severely wounded on that occasion, and being very anxious respecting the state of affairs at home, he sent his friend Carl of Rheingrafenstein to make inquiries about Genoveva, and to announce his speedy return. When Carl arrived at the castle, he found that a council, on the strength of the false accusations brought by Golo and Matilda, had already sentenced Genoveva to banishment: but so thoroughly was he convinced of her innocence, that, in accordance with an usage of early days, he declared himself her champion, and challenged Golo to mortal combat. However, he proved no match for his antagonist, and his death at the hands of Golo

rendered Genoveva's position still more hopeless. The council adhered to its first decision, and her alleged offence would have been punished with death, had not her accusers feared to awaken popular fury by a public execution. They preferred the method of private assassination; and two servants were commissioned to convey Genoveva and a child, to which she had given birth in her prison, to a dark forest, and there to murder them both. The tongues of the victims were to be brought back as a proof that the horrible deed had been performed. The ruffians undertook the office willingly enough; but when they were about to plunge a dagger into the bosom of the countess, they were so moved by her entreaties, that they spared the lives of both their intended victims, and taking them farther into the forest, so as to prevent the possibility of their return, went back to their wicked employers with two sheep's tongues, which they pretended were those of Genoveva and her child.

When Siegfried, after recovering from his wound, returned to his castle, he was so thoroughly convinced by Matilda and Golo that the decree of the council was just—especially as it had been confirmed by the issue of the combat—that he resolved to banish from his memory all thoughts of his unfaithful wife.

In the meanwhile Genoveva, after wandering some time in the forest, discovered a cavern, which served her for shelter. At the same time she was entirely without sustenance, and was contemplating a death by starvation, when, as if by a Divine mission, a white hind entered the cave, and offered its milk to the mother and child. On this and a few roots, which Genoveva afterward found, they were enabled to exist.

Siegfried, who, in spite of his resolution, could not forget Genoveva, applied himself to hunting, as a distraction from his melancholy thoughts. On one occasion, the game led him further than usual into the depths of the forest, and he was about to return, when a white hind sprang before him. Pursuing it for a great distance, he at last wounded it with a dart, and it took refuge in a cave, which he immediately entered, and found, to his astonishment, a woman, whom, in spite of her wasted condition, he soon recognized as Genoveva. Throwing herself on her knees, she protested her innocence, and exposed the treachery of Golo and Matilda. Siegfried was

so thoroughly convinced of the truth of her words, that with joy he took her and her child into his arms. At this moment Golo, with the rest of the hunting train, entered the cavern, and so horror-stricken was the culprit at the sight of Genoveva, that, on being indignantly questioned by Siegfried, he at once avowed his guilt. Shortly afterward he expiated his offence

on the scaffold; and though Matilda contrived to escape in the first instance, she fell with her horse into the Moselle while flying from her pursuers. In commemoration of her providential delivery, Genoveva built in the neighborhood of Laach a church, dedicated to the Virgin, which is still in existence, though in a ruinous condition.

THE RIDER AND THE BODENSEE.*

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHWAB.

The Rider rides through the beautiful vale,
Bright glimmers the sun on the snow-field pale.

Wiling he trots through the cold white snow,
To the Bodensee to-day he must go.

Safe with his steed in the boat he would ride,
And land before night on the other side.

Over thorns and stones, in his perilous course,
Through the fields he flies on his mettlesome horse.

From the mountain out into the level land
He sees the snow lying smooth like the sand.

Far behind him both village and town disappear,
The way is even, the path is clear.

In the far-spread plain no house he sees,
And gone are the rocks and the hills and the trees.

Thus onward for miles and miles does he fly,
He hears on the breezes the wild goose cry.

Upward the water-fowl soars through the leaves,
No other sound his ear perceives.

No traveller meets he on the way
To point the path when his footsteps stray.

O'er the cold white snow as o'er velvet goes he:—
When will rush the water, when glisten the sea?

Now opens the hour of early eve,
And lights in the distance his eyes perceive.

Tree by tree rises forth from the mist around,
And the hills the far-spread prospect bound.

Stones and thorns on the ground he feels,
He urges his horse with his sharp-spurred heels.

Round his steed yell hounds in the cold dark night,
And warm bright hearths in the village invite.

* The Lake of Constance, this is very seldom entirely frozen over. "The incident which forms the subject of this ballad is said to have occurred in 1695."

"Maid at the window, well met to me!
To the lake, to the lake, how far may it be?"

On the knight looks the maiden with wondering eye;
"The lake and the boat behind thee lie.

Did the rind of ice not cover it o'er,
I would say thou hadst come from the boat on the shore."

The stranger breathes hard, and shudders from fear;
"O'er the plain behind I have ridden here!"

Her hands on high then raises she;
"Lord God! thus rodest thou over the sea!"

"At the door of the bottomless deep below
To-night has rapped the mad hoof's blow.

"Did the raging waters beneath thee dash?
Did not the thick ice break with a crash?

"And thou wast not the prey of the silent brood
Of the hungry pike in the chilly flood?"

She tells to the village the fearful ride,
And the children are gathered around by her side.

The mothers, the sires, together they say:
"Thou lucky man, thou art blessed to-day!"

"By the steaming table take thy seat,
In safety with us break bread and eat."

The Rider, stiff on his horse, has heard
Only the first appalling word.

His hair stands on end, his pulse ceases from fear,
Close behind him the gaping abysses appear.

He sees nought but the deep enclosing him 'round,
His soul sinks down to the cold hard ground.

Like the cracking of ice he hears it now,
Like water the cold sweat stands on his brow.

He groans, and he sinks from his horse to the ground;
A dry grave on the sandy shore he has found! w.

ON THE HARMONY OF COLORS, IN ITS APPLICATION TO LADIES' DRESS.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

In few matters of taste do ladies err more frequently than in the choice of colors for dress. Colors, the most heterogeneous, are often assembled on the same person; and on the same figure may sometimes be seen all the hues of the peacock, without their harmony.

The same incongruity may be frequently observed in the adoption of colors, without reference to their accordance with the complexion or stature of the wearer. We continually see a light blue bonnet and flowers surrounding a sallow countenance, or a pink opposed to one of a glowing red; a pale complexion associated with canary, or lemon yellow, or one of delicate red and white rendered almost colorless by the vicinity of deep red. Now, if the lady with the sallow complexion had worn a transparent white bonnet, or if the lady with the glowing red complexion had lowered it by means of a bonnet of a deeper red color—if the pale lady had improved the cadaverous hue of her countenance by surrounding it with pale green, which, by contrast, would have suffused it with a delicate pink hue, or had the face

"Whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on,"
been arrayed in a light blue, or light green, or in a transparent white bonnet, with blue or pink flowers on the inside, how different, and how much more agreeable, would have been the impression on the spectator!

How frequently again do we see the dimensions of a tall and *embonpoint* figure magnified to almost Brobdignagian proportions by a white dress, or a small woman reduced to Lilliputian size by a black dress! Now, as the optical effect of white is to enlarge objects, and that of black to diminish them, if the large woman had been dressed in black, and the small woman in white, the apparent size of each would have approached the ordinary stature, and the former would not have appeared a giantess, or the latter a dwarf.

It is now admitted that there are but three primitive colors—that is, three colors only which cannot be compounded of other colors: namely, red, blue, and yellow. With these three colors every hue and shade in nature (except white) may be imitated. With red, blue, and yellow, the

painter can represent the rosy bloom of health, and the pallor of disease; the verdure and flowers which characterize the "leafy month of June," and the barren landscape of December, when

"The cherished fields
Put on their Winter-robe of purest white."

It was formerly supposed that there were seven primitive colors, but Sir David Brewster has proved with regard to the colors of the prism—what has long been known to painters, with reference to the more material colors they employ—namely, that three of the other colors are formed by the overlapping of the three primitives, and the seventh by the mixture of darkness or shade with the blue. In this manner the overlapping or blending of the red ray with the yellow produces orange, the overlapping of the yellow ray with the blue produces green, and the overlapping of the blue ray with the red ray produces violet or purple. These three colors, orange, green, and violet or purple, are called secondary colors, because they are each composed of two primitives.

If the seven colors be arranged in a circular diagram, which we suggest for our readers to do, it will be seen that the space opposite to each of the primitives is filled by one of the secondaries composed of the other two primitives; red, for instance, is found to be exactly opposite to green, which is composed of blue and yellow; yellow is opposite to violet, which is composed of red and blue; and blue is opposite to orange, which is composed of red and yellow.

Now, it appears to be a law in the harmonious contrast of colors, that when the attention of the eye has been directed steadily upon a color, (either primitive or secondary) there is a tendency in the organ to see the color which, in such a diagram as we have supposed, would be directly opposite to it, whether it is actually present or not. If, for instance, a red wafer be placed on a sheet of white paper, and the eye is steadily fixed on it for some time, the red wafer will appear to be surrounded by a narrow and very pale circle of green, or if the eye, after looking attentively at a red wafer, be directed to another part of the paper, and the wafer withdrawn, a pale green image of the wafer will be

perceived. Green, therefore, is said to be the complementary color to red, because the eye, after looking fixedly at the red, (one of the primitive colors) sees an image or spectrum composed of the other two primitive colors which together make green. In the same manner the spectrum produced by blue is orange, and by yellow is purple. Nor is this phenomenon limited to the primitive colors only, it takes place also with regard to the secondaries, and even to what are called the broken colors; thus red is complementary to green, yellow to purple, and blue to orange. This will be understood by reference to our supposed diagram. The colors thus opposed to each other are called complementary, or complementary, and sometimes, compensating colors. In every case, these are the most beautiful and harmonious contrasts of colors.

It will readily be understood that the gradations of colors between each of the primitives may be very numerous, by the mixture of more or less of the neighboring colors. The gradations are, in fact, so numerous, that it is impossible to name them all. Pure yellow, for instance, inclines neither to red nor blue, but if a small portion of red be added to the yellow, we call it orange-yellow; if a little blue be added to the yellow, we call it greenish yellow, if a little more blue it will pass into yellow-green, thence to pure green, then to blue green, then greenish blue, to which succeeds pure blue, and so on. The color which contrasts precisely with any one of these colors will be found exactly opposite to it in a diagram, arranged with these various shades. If, for example, it is required to find the complementary color of orange-yellow we shall find opposite to it blue-purple in the same manner we see that yellow-green is the complementary of purple-red, and red-orange of blue-green. By this arrangement an exact balance of the three primitives is preserved in all the contrasts, and the result is perfectly harmonious.

From the mixture, in unequal proportions, of the three primitives, or of the secondaries with each other or with the primitives, other colors are formed which are variously termed terciaries, quartaries, and semi-neutrals, and to which various specific names are given; such as citrine, which may be composed of orange and green, olive, composed of purple and green, and russet, composed of orange and purple. To these may be added brown, slate, marrone, straw-color, salmon-color, and others of a similar nature, which, from the fact that all three of the primitives enter into their composition, may be denominated, in general terms, broken colors.

Harmony of color is of several kinds; it will be sufficient for our present purpose to allude to two kinds only, namely, *harmony of analogy*,

and *harmony of contrast*. The term *harmony of analogy* is applied to that arrangement in which the colors succeed each other in the order in which they occur in the prism, and the eye is led in progressive steps, as it were, through three or more distinct colors, from yellow, through orange, to scarlet and deep red, or from yellow through green to blue, dark blue and black, or vice versa. The same term is also applied to the succession of three or more different hues or shades of the same color. The *harmony of contrast* is applied to combinations of two or more colors, which are contrasted with each other, according to the laws of which we have spoken. In the first kind of harmony the effects are softer and more mellow, in the second more bold and striking.

Nature affords us examples of both kinds of harmony, but those of the harmony of analogy are most abundant. Of the more brilliant examples of the last kind of harmony, we may mention the beautiful succession of colors in the clouds at sunset or sunrise. Of a more sober kind is that which prevails in landscapes, where the blue color of the hills in the distance, changes as it advances toward the fore-ground through olive and every variety of cool and warm green to the sandy bank glowing with yellow, orange, or red ochreous hues at our feet. In both cases force, animation, and variety, are given by the occasional introduction of contrasts of colors. In the sky the golden color is contrasted with purple; the glowing red, or rose color, with pale green; the blue sky of the zenith and eastern hemisphere contrasts with the orange-colored clouds which are floating before it, with the peaks of snowy mountains, or the lofty towers of a cathedral standing out boldly against the clear blue sky, and reflecting on the sunlit crags or pinnacles the golden glories of the western hemisphere. On the earth the broken and variegated green and russet tints of the trees and herbage are vivified and brought to a focus, sometimes by the bright red garments of a traveller, sometimes by flowers of the same color scattered over the fore-ground.

For the sake of giving a more marked character to experiments on color, they are generally conducted with the primitives and secondaries, which in their pure state are called positive colors.

Of the three primitive colors, yellow is the lightest, red the most positive, and blue the coldest. Red and yellow, from their connexion with light and heat, are considered as warm colors; blue, from its association with the color of the sky and distant objects, is said to be a cool color. Of the secondaries orange is the warmest, green the medium, and violet the

coldest. The warm colors are also considered as advancing colors because they appear to approach the eye, the cool colors are also called *restraining* colors from their appearing to recede from the eye. The contrast of green and red is the medium, and the extreme contrast of hot and cold colors consists of blue, the coldest with orange, the warmest of all colors.

Neither black nor white is considered as a color; black may be formed by the mixture of the three primitives; grey consists of an equal portion of black and white. When black is placed in contact with any color, it ceases to be neutral and acquires by contrast a tinge of the compensating color; if, for example, a green dress is covered with black lace, the black assumes by contrast a reddish tint, which makes it appear rusty; for this reason the mixture of black and green is not pleasing. In the same manner small portions of white assume the complementary color of that to which they are opposed, but the general effect of a large mass of white is to make colors appear more vivid and forcible.

These fundamental principles of the harmony and contrast of colors being understood, we have next to consider their application to dress, and especially the effect of the different colors when in contact with the skin, in order to afford certain grounds for judging what colors may or may not be advantageously opposed to it. Articles of dress are too frequently purchased without any reference to their appropriateness in point of color to the individual who is to wear them. A momentary fancy, an old predilection, a party prejudice, will induce a lady to select a dress or bonnet of a color which not only does not increase the beauty of her complexion, but actually makes it worse than it really is. What, for instance, can be more unbefitting to a lady with a countenance the color of parchment—we are putting this by way of example, not supposing there ever was or ever will be a lady of this appearance—than a pale yellow dress or bonnet? If the color operates by the effect of contrast, her face will look blue, and how becoming soever blue may be for ladies' stockings, it is far otherwise when their complexion is tinged with it; every one knows that it is no compliment to a lady to say she looks blue. If reflection has any influence, and not contrast, then will the face seem "fall'n into the sere and yellow leaf." Yellow is gay and lively everywhere but in the complexion, and then it reminds one of

"Jealousy suffused with jaundice in her eyes,
Discoloring all she viewed."

There are two types of the female complexion, the fair and the dark. In point of color, light hair

may be considered as subdued orange, modified in hue accordingly as the yellow, the red, or the brown, prevails in it. When the first color predominates, the hair is said to be *flaxen* or *golden*; when the second predominates, it is called chestnut, auburn, or even red; and when the third prevails, the hair is simply said to be light, or light brown. The first two have always been favorites with poets and painters, not only with those of our own northern climate, but in those of sunny Italy, where the dark-haired type is most common. The fair-haired beauties of the elder Palma and Titian must be familiar to all lovers of painting; so much, in fact, was light hair in favor in the sixteenth century, that the ladies were accustomed to dye their hair, or to discharge the color by some chemical preparation, and then dry it in the sun. Mrs. Jameson mentions having seen an old Venetian print, in which the process is represented: "A lady is seated on the roof, or balcony of her house, wearing a sort of broad-brimmed hat, without a crown; the long hair is drawn over these wide brims, and spread out in the sunshine while the face is completely shaded. How such ladies contrived to escape a brain-fever, or a *coup de soleil*, is a wonder."

The color of the skin of fair persons may also, with the exception of the carnation tints, be considered as subdued orange, although of a lower tone than the hair; the only contrast then to the general orange hue, arises from the blue or grey color, which frequently characterizes the eyes in very fair complexions.

"Their eyes' blue languish, and their golden hair," are frequently associated in the strains of the poet. Chestnut and auburn hair are often accompanied with hazel eyes, and in this case there is no contrast, but a sort of natural harmony unites the skin, hair, eyebrows, and lashes, into one harmonious whole.

In *brunette*, the hair and eyes contrast in tone and color with the complexion, which is generally redder than in *blondes*. Between these extremes there are an infinite number of gradations, and great variety of hue and tone, both as regards the hair and complexion. We shall allude to one of these variations only, namely, that in which the black hair, brows, and eyelashes of the dark type are united with the blue eyes and fair complexion of the *blonde*. In this class the harmony of contrast, of course, prevails, although the general hue of the complexion is colder; that is to say more inclining to pink than in the *blonde*, in whom the orange tint generally prevails.

Skyblue is always considered as most becoming to fair persons, and it contrasts more agreeably

than any other color with the complementary orange, which constitutes the key-note, as it were, of the general hue of the complexions and hair of this type. Yellow and red, inclining to orange, contrast best with dark hair, not only in color but in brilliancy; violet, and green also, the complementaries of these two colors, do not produce a bad effect when mingled with dark hair.

We proceed now to point out in what manner the complexion is modified by its juxtaposition with draperies of the different positive colors. An incident which recently occurred affords us an apt illustration. An envelope containing some circulars printed on green, yellow, pink, and blue papers, was handed to us; we read the contents of the green paper, sitting at the same in such a position that the light fell upon the paper in the left hand, by which it was held. Having finished reading the paper, (which occupied several minutes) we happened accidentally to look at the hand, and were not a little surprised to see it visibly suffused with a delicate rose color. We perceived at once that this color was produced by contrast with the green paper. In order to reduce it to a certainty, or rather to have the pleasure of observing the effects of the simultaneous contrast of colors, the green paper was changed for the pink, on which the eyes were fixed for about the same period, when, on looking again at the hand, we found the roseate hue had given place to a general green tinge. The experiment was followed up with the yellow and blue papers, and in each case the expected result ensued. After looking at the yellow paper, the hand appeared of a purple hue, and after the blue paper, it appeared orange. The circumstance is mentioned here as affording an easy and pleasing illustration of the laws of the contrast of colors as applied to the skin, and as preliminary to the remarks which follow relative to colored draperies and their effect on the complexion.

Pink and rose colors cannot be placed in contact with the carnation tints of the skin without depriving it of some of its freshness; contrast must, therefore, be prevented, and the best method of effecting this is to surround the draperies with a *ruche* of tulle, which produces the effect of grey by the mixture of the white threads, which reflect the light, with the interstices, which absorb light. The mixtures of light and shade thus produces a delicate grey tint.

Dark or full red is more becoming to some complexions than rose color or pink; because, being deeper in tint than the latter, it renders them paler by the contrast of tone, for it is the natural effect of a dark color to make a lighter

one in contact with it appear still lighter than it is in fact.

Light green is favorable to those fair complexions in which the rosy tint is altogether wanting, or in which it may be increased without inconvenience. Soame Jenyns, in his poem entitled "The Art of Dancing," says:

"Let the fair nymph in whose plump cheeks is seen
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green;
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go,
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow."

Dark green, however, is more favorable than light to those complexions which incline more to red than to rose color, as well as to those which have a dash of orange mixed with brown; for in these cases the red tint which the flesh would receive from its opposition with light green would incline to the brickdust hue which we know is contrary to all ideas of beauty. Sir Joshua Reynolds, a first-rate authority with respect to color, and who was no mean judge of beauty, counsels the young artist, when painting a lady's portrait, to "avoid the chalk, the brickdust, and the charcoal, and to think of a pearl and a ripe peach."

Yellow is less favorable to a fair complexion than light green, because it gives, by contrast, a purple hue to the skin. It causes those skins which incline to yellow rather than orange, to appear whiter, but this combination is insipid.

When the complexion inclines more to orange than yellow, the contact of yellow drapery will, by neutralizing the yellow tint of the complexion, cause it to appear more rosy. It produces this effect in persons belonging to the type with dark hair, and for this reason it is becoming to brunettes, who, like Petruchio's Kate, are

—“brown in hue
As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than their kernels.”

Violet, the complementary to yellow, produces effects quite opposite; thus it gives to fair skins a greenish yellow hue. It also increases the yellow tint of complexions which turn much on the yellow or orange; and it changes the blue tints to green. Violet then, is one of the most unbecoming colors to the complexion, at least unless it is sufficiently dark to render the skin paler and whiter by contrast.

Blue produces by contrast an orange tint that unites favorably with fair skins and delicate carnations, which already incline more or less to the latter color. Blue then is very becoming to many fair persons, and fully justifies its reputation in these cases. It does not suit brunettes, who have already too much orange in their complexions.

Orange is too dazzling to be much worn; it gives a blue tint to fair skins, bleaches those

which incline to orange, and causes yellow complexions to appear greenish.

Draperies of a dead white like cambric muslin, are becoming to fresh complexions, the rosy tints of which they vivify; but they do not suit thick and unpleasant complexions. Transparent white draperies, such as muslin, or tulle, plaited and especially disposed *en ruches*, present quite a different appearance; they seem rather grey than white on account of the contrast between the light reflected by the white threads, and absorbed by the interstices; accordingly all white draperies through which the light is suffered to pass, should be considered in their effects as grey.

Black draperies, by lowering the tone of colors which are in contact with them, whiten the skin;

"So the pale moon still shines with purest light,
Clothed in the dusky mantle of the night."

but if the carnations are to a certain extent separated from the draperies, it may happen, that although lower in tone, they will appear, as compared with the white parts of the skin in contact with these draperies, redder than if the proximity of black did not exist. Black should be separated from the skin by white crape or lawn, or other transparent material, which by producing the effect of grey, interposes agreeably between the black dress and the skin.

The general effect of dark colors is to make the complexion appear fairer.

All the primitive colors gain in purity and brilliancy by the proximity of grey, although not

to the same extent as they do with white, because the latter causes every color to preserve its character, which it even exalts by contrast: white can never be considered as a color. This is not the case with grey, which as it may be considered a color, forms combinations with blue, violet, and dark colors in general, which partake of the harmony of analogy, whilst on the contrary it forms with colors naturally bright, such as red, orange, yellow, and light green, harmonies of contrast. If, for instance, grey be placed by the side of crimson, it will acquire by contrast somewhat of a green hue; by the side of yellow, it will appear purplish, if by the side of blue, it will assume an orange hue; the value then of a neutral tint of this description when placed in contact with flesh is very evident. As an illustration of the manner in which grey is affected by the vicinity of other colors, the following facts may be mentioned. Let a person with very white hair be placed facing the light immediately in front of an open doorway, leading into a dark room; the hair will appear by contrast with the dark behind it, of a brilliant white; now let the person be placed near a window with a white muslin curtain behind it, the hair will by contrast with the bluish shades of the curtain, appear of a subdued and pale orange. The same effects of contrast take place with respect to the semi-neutral colors. A brown holland apron, for instance, worn over a pink dress, will assume a decidedly greenish tinge, but if worn over a blue dress it will have an orange tinge.

"OUR WILLIE, TOO, HATH GONE."

BY LILIAN MAY.

From our hearth-stone bright the sunshine's gone,
And sorrow alone sits by;
Grief-stricken we gaze on the vacant chair—
The angel of death's been nigh,
And snatched from our side our cherished boy—
Hath paled that noble brow;
His eyes are closed in their last long sleep—
For the mold grows over them now.

Our Willie hath gone to our Father's house—
To our Father's house away—
Where the angels sing in the golden glow
Of the light of ineffable day—
Ere he felt the cares of this lower world,
Its sorrows, its ills, and its woes—
The voyage of Life was short with him—
Soon ceased life's agonized throes.

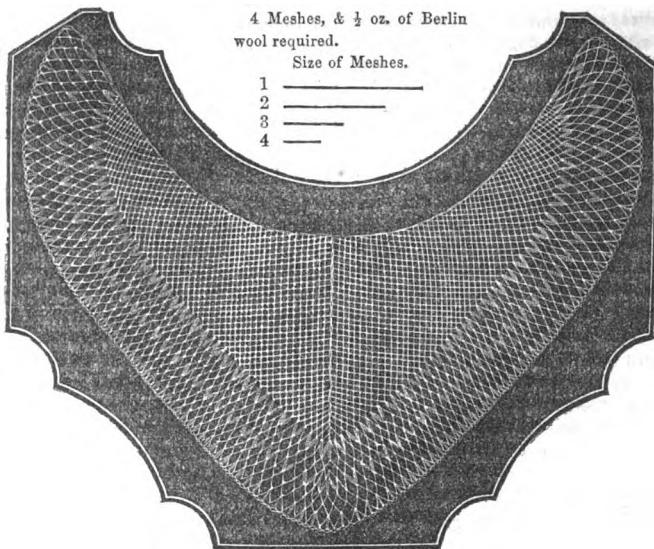
The merry laugh and the cheerful voice
Are heard no more in the hall,
For gone fore'er is our Willie dear,
And he heedeth not our call;
Far, far away in the Spirit Land
His gentle voice is heard,
Echoing through Heaven's highest dome,
Like the strains of a bright-winged bird.

Tho' we on earth may yet sorrow here—
And sundered be earthly ties,
Still we hope to meet our cherub boy
In the realms of Paradise—
Where the golden crown on his marble brow
Presses light on his sunny hair,
And gorgeous gleameth the light of God
On the angel spirit there.

OUR WORK TABLE.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.

NETTED HANDHERCHIEF.



MESH No. 4.—1st row.—Net three loops.

2nd row.—Net two loops in one, net one loop,
net two loops in one.

3rd row.—Net two loops in one, net one loop,
net two loops in one, net one loop, net two loops
in one. Repeat the last row until you have one
hundred and twelve loops.

BORDER.—1st row.—Mesh No. 1, net three loops
in one to the end of the row.

2nd row.—Mesh No. 2, net five loops together,
net one plain loop, repeat to the end of the row.

3rd row.—Plain netting to the end of the row.

4th row.—Mesh No. 1, net three loops in one to
the end of the row.

5th row.—Mesh No. 2, net five loops together,
net one plain loop, repeat to the end of the row.

6th row.—Plain netting to the end of the row.

7th row.—Net two loops in one to the end of
the row.

8th row.—Mesh No. 4, plain netting to the end
of the row.

9th row.—Plain netting to the end of the row.

STANZAS.

BY E. K. SMITH.

I GAZED, and as I gazed on thee,
I thought how peaceful earth might be;
Thy angel's face, thy woman's smile,
To cheer me on some lonely isle.

By thy dear feet how soon I'd learn
All worldly guile and sin to spurn;

Thy smile should be my greatest bliss,
Thine absence—utter loneliness.

Content with thee my days to pass,
Secluded from the busy mass;
Thy heart shall be my actions' test,
Thy smile shall make my moments blest.

M A R G A R E T C A S W E L L ' S T R I A L S .

BY A. L. OTIS.

A YOUNG gentleman sat in a room overlooking the college grounds at Cambridge, apparently engaged in extracting a most unusual amount of bliss from a cigar. His whole face and figure were expressive of a calm, exquisite, dreamy enjoyment. A breeze, as soft as September could make it, toyed with his hair and pressed gently against his temples, at the same time impregnating his cigar perfume with a penetrating flavor of newly-washed "country." So the wild celery permeates the canvass-back duck, and gives it its deliciousness. His law-books were lying in blissful oblivion, and no thought of their contents disturbed his mind.

But we must not ascribe this enjoyment entirely to sensual pleasure, for upon the table lies a letter from his mother, informing him that travelling having been recommended for her health, he must be her escort. Enough, surely, to give any young man pleasant dreams! But furthermore—he was requested to seek out in Andover, an aunt whom he had never seen, but who, he knew, had two pretty daughters, and obtain permission for one of them to accompany his mother. He was advised to look narrowly into the dispositions of the two girls, and if there were any choice between them to use his influence, so that the most agreeable should be decided upon as a companion for the invalid. A liberal sum of money was sent for his own use, and another in a neat package to be given to the young lady, as "fit-out" for the expedition. A sealed letter was also enclosed to his aunt.

This aunt, Mrs. Caswell, by marrying in most obstinate opposition to the wishes of her relatives, had incurred their displeasure, and been entirely neglected by some of them. Among the most unforgiving had been her own sister, the mother of Henry Gregory, the young gentleman we have described. Never since her sister's marriage had she written to her, and she had not even seen her nieces. In sickness, kinder feelings had come back, which impelled her to use some of her immense wealth, (more than sufficient for herself and her only child) in benefitting those she had so long neglected.

Henry Gregory was thinking over the difficult and dangerous duty required of him, yet he did not look upon it as difficult or dangerous. To him it appeared exciting and delightful. Only

two weeks were given him. He must return to Springfield, his home, at the end of that time.

Having made the necessary preparations, and accomplished the rapid journey to Andover, he stood before the open front door of his aunt's house, and looked down a wide sunny passage. He hesitated a moment before ringing the bell, because he felt the awkwardness of presenting himself to an aunt, who might not be inclined to forget her sister's long cherished animosity. He also felt a little anxious about the letter he was the bearer of, for knowing his mother's peculiarities, he half expected it to contain something more irritating than conciliatory. He had thought of all this before, however, and had determined by his own address and advantages, to make up for all his mother's faults, and effect a perfect reconciliation.

As he raised his hand to the bell, the parlor door opened, and two ladies came out, laughing, and so much occupied with each other, that they did not perceive him. He stepped aside, and bowed as they passed. One started and looked suddenly reserved—the other turned to him a face brightened and dimpled with smiles. Both bowed and turned down the street. "If those are my cousins," thought he, "I shall decidedly prefer the one with the dimples."

A servant came, replied that Mrs. Caswell was at home, received Mr. Gregory's card and letter, and showed him to the parlor. A very short time elapsed before his aunt appeared. She was extremely like the laughing beauty he had seen at the door, and advanced most gracefully.

"Welcome, Mr. Gregory, as the bearer of good tidings is always welcomed. You must allow me to call you my dear nephew at once, and to tell you how glad I am to find my sister's heart has at last spoken out what it has long felt, I am sure. I knew she would not remain inexorable and unreasonable. But she is as peculiar as ever, I see!"

Mr. Gregory colored, and was at a loss for a reply, but said, "he had no doubt she would understand his mother sufficiently to make due allowance for the abruptness, which continued ill-health had fostered."

"Oh, I understand her perfectly, my dear—I know just what she means when she says for instance"—she referred to the letter—"I am old

and cross, and I want somebody to wait upon me, devotedly, patiently, and humbly"—instead of demanding such servitude, she will be the most generous of friends, I remember her good heart well."

Henry had blushed and thought, "abruptness indeed!" He said aloud, "I hope most sincerely, my cousins will understand her as well as you do, and take no offence at anything that letter may contain. It must indeed be peculiar, from the extract you have read."

"I am afraid," Mrs. Caswell answered, hesitatingly, "that they do not, and will not know how to appreciate the kindness my sister means. I have not myself yet taken into consideration her proposal of having one of my daughters with her. I just ran down in my first joy to tell you, Henry, how glad I am to hear from Margaret, and to know that now I am at peace with all the world again. I have hardly read the letter yet—oh, here come your cousins. Margaret, Emma—come here girls." The two young ladies he had seen at the door entered.

"Margaret," said Mrs. Caswell, "this is your Cousin Henry Gregory—Emma, my dear, your cousin."

Margaret had bowed quite haughtily, but Emma advanced holding out her hand. "We have seen him before, twice," she said, "and remember well his speech last commencement. I felt quite proud of my cousin."

Gregory bowed. He was delighted with both his aunt and Emma. He hardly observed Margaret's silence and reserve, but her mother did, and said quickly, "I have a letter here, girls, from your Aunt Margaret. She is going to travel, and would like to have one of you accompany her. Of course we cannot even think about the matter till our lawgiver has decided upon it, I mean Lenox, my eldest son," she said to Gregory, "he rules paramount in this house—except when Margaret's will does not coincide with his—and that is rarely." She laughingly turned to her daughter, whose grave but beautiful face relaxed slightly.

"And now I must go to my room, and read over this dear letter," she continued, "while you amuse your cousin. Could you not take him to our pretty pond before tea, since you have your bonnets on?"

Gregory stated his pleasure at the proposition, and they left the house together.

"Mr. Gregory," Emma said, "be kind enough to explain what mother meant about the travelling, because I am all curiosity, and do not care to wait till our cautious, and not over-expeditious brother inform us."

"With much pleasure, as my mother's cause, is in this instance mine, and I do not trust to her

representation of it. She is in ill-health, and travelling has been prescribed for her. She is not satisfied with myself as companion, and she desired me to beg one of you to favor her with your society. I am sure I shall not fail to obtain her wishes if any persuasions of mine can suffice."

"Oh, it would not take much persuasion to induce me to go! I have always been so eager to travel. It has been the dream of my life, and it is exceedingly kind in your mother to invite us!"

As Gregory was about to reply, he caught a glimpse of Margaret's face, and saw upon it rather contemptuous anger.

He guessed the reason easily, and said to Emma, "my mother will be the obliged party if you consent to go. I know she will never pardon herself if she do not believe she can, in time, make you all both forgive and love her. If you refuse to meet her wishes now, she will not enjoy one day of her travels; she will reproach herself unceasingly."

Turning to Margaret, he said with cold politeness, "be so good as to understand my mother before you resent her strange whims, which are regarded by those who know her very leniently."

Margaret answered his coldness with bitterness.

"A whim indeed! which has been the drop of misery in my mother's cup of happiness for twenty years! I cannot forget it in a moment, and I cannot regard it leniently—yet—"

Gregory made no answer. He was exceedingly vexed.

"Margaret," Emma said, "let bygones be bygones, and be forgiving. You are imitating exactly what you are blaming."

"I will read Mrs. Gregory's letter; and I am willing to believe—I am anxious to forget—I certainly do not wish to cherish any prejudices."

"But do not judge my mother from her letter," Gregory said, eagerly, remembering what he had heard of it. "I must tell you that mother says the very bluntest and hardest things she can, so as to touch and surprise the more by her goodness, it seems to me. Do not judge her by that letter, I assure you she wishes to know you, and to love you—and yet probably her own words will deprive her of that happiness!"

"Oh, I begin quite to comprehend her character," Emma said, "she is ill too, and it must have fatigued her to write so long a letter. We shall not mind anything she may say that is—not exactly—that is—blunt—you know."

"Yes, she is ill, and her disease is the most difficult one to bear—nervous debility. Perhaps on that account you may not enjoy yourself so much in travelling. It is painful to be with one who is suffering. But I hope that will not keep

you at home, for we can snatch many moments of exquisite pleasure from the magnificent scenery, or have some most delightful amusement laughing at fellow travellers."

He spoke almost exclusively to Emma, and she replied,

"Certainly, to be sure we could, and I do not doubt that we could do much to make the journey more comfortable to aunt. We could talk to her, you know, when she feels dull, we could read to her when we are detained by storms at hotels, or we could sit up at night to keep her company when she is sleepless."

"I have no doubt you would render her travels doubly beneficial by your presence; I am sure you would make them a thousand times pleasanter to me."

"Oh, it would be the most delightful thing in the world to go, and I like to wait upon the sick. I once sat up all night with a sick lady. I had an easy-chair, a new novel, hot coffee and rolls—in short, everything to make me comfortable; and it is so pleasant to be thanked—but how lovely the pond looks—and there is a lily within reach of your cane, Mr. Gregory."

The lily was captured after much laughing, and some peril of a ducking. Margaret seemed somewhat less grave; Emma was in high spirits; Gregory filled with the utmost admiration for her and contentment with himself, therefore they had a very pleasant walk home. Nothing more was said of travelling that evening. Henry was introduced to his other cousins, Lenox and Frederic, who both received him somewhat distantly, the latter indeed, haughtily. But he had the happy art of imperturbability, and seemed to see nothing of it.

His aunt had been the impulsive, joyous creature which he now saw Emma, and she had not grown more reserved with age. There was a perfect openness in all she said and did, that passed simplicity even. The next morning she said at the breakfast table, where they were all assembled except the eldest son,

"Well, my dear girls, Lenox thinks you had better not go with your aunt; he don't think either of you could satisfy her. In short, he thinks from her letter——" She hesitated.

"Do let me see the letter," Henry cried, "it needs explanation I have no doubt—perhaps I can in some degree make you see my real mother through it."

"Oh, I understand Margaret perfectly, my dear—but Lenox—well, take the letter, and if you can say anything to make Lenox understand it, pray do—that is, if either of you would like to go," she said, looking from one to the other of her daughters.

Emma said at once, that it would give her

much pleasure. Margaret would think about it when she had read the letter.

"I should advise you to accept your aunt's offer," said Mrs. Caswell. "I want her to love my daughters. I want her to know you, and I think it will be a great advantage to you to travel. Besides my dear sister is sick, and I should feel easier to have you with her, since I cannot go to her myself. The only question is, which shall go."

"You forget, mother," Margaret said, "that Lenox thinks we had both better stay at home." She glanced at Gregory who was reading the letter, his face alternately coloring with shame, or sinking with dismay. His mother the obliged one indeed! No one could have imagined it for one instant after having read her mode of invitation. "She had persuaded herself to take one of her neices with her, feeling what an advantage it would be to either of them, but she must explicitly state upon what terms." She required a nurse, in short, and one who must bear with her whims, but she promised in return a competency for life to the one who pleased her, and faithfully served her. These things made no impression upon Mrs. Caswell that was not effaced by the sweet words of affection and reconciliation which followed them. But as Henry read, he felt that Lenox might well object to either of his sisters accepting an offer which was almost insulting. When he looked up, which he did reluctantly and in confusion, he saw only his aunt and Emma. Margaret and Frederic had left the table. They were in Lenox's study, and he silently followed Emma who went to join them. He merely said what he had said before, that his mother had certainly written rudely, but that they would find her really kind. He then left them to talk the matter over.

Emma was the first to speak, after Lenox had read the letter aloud to them. She declared that nothing on earth would ever tempt her to be voluntarily in her aunt's presence for a single hour; she said she should die of fright, and neither enjoy herself nor be useful. So that, for her part, she would give the matter no further consideration, but try to forget the letter and love her aunt, since her mother wished them to do so.

Frederic declared that if either of his sisters should accept an invitation which was thrown at them in that contemptuous, condescending, insulting manner, he would never speak to her again. Lenox hemmed, and all eyes were upon him.

"Go," he said, in his stentorian voice, which both in volume and weight seemed disproportioned to him, "go, giddy pates. We have all we want from you. Your opinions shall have

their due weight. Leave Margaret and myself to settle the question."

They willingly obeyed, and Lenox began to speak of reasons for refusing the offer, but Margaret said she had thought all night about it, and that she should go with her aunt. "You will undoubtedly have much to endure," Lenox said. "Even her petted son thought it necessary to warn Emma of his mother's temper."

"Yes, but I shall go fortified. I know what to expect. The only thing which will indeed be a trial is the thought, that perhaps she will consider me as accepting a favor from her contemptuous hand. She seems to think she does us a great charity, and I can't endure—oh, yes, I will endure, for perhaps she will enable mother to give up harrassing cares, and the dreadful fear of future poverty, which seems to weigh upon her sensitive mind. Perhaps I shall be the means of preventing Fred's entering college as a servitor, which is so humbling to his pride. And then poor Emma need not go as governess, for which she is so unfitted by her easy, careless temper, and—" She hesitated.

"Say at once that you also hope to aid me in finishing my law studies. But I am sure we shall not one of us consent to have you sacrifice yourself for us."

"I shall sacrifice nothing but my pride, and I could endure much for the sake of travelling. It will be to my own advantage also."

"Well, Margaret, say nothing definite about the matter yet. We may have at least to-day to deliberate." After an involuntary glance of affection and respect he turned to his books, and Margaret left him, but returned to say, "I have decided, Lenox, and shall inform Henry Gregory of my determination."

He smiled as he answered, "you always decide so promptly, and persist so firmly. You are a woman after all, Margaret, and instinct guides you, not reason."

"Say conscience guides me, Lenox, this time at least."

She shut the door and went to her mother.

In the meanwhile Emma had donned a sun-bonnet and gardening apron. Armed with pruning scissors, she was walking in the garden snipping off all the defects in her rose-bushes. Henry passed the gate, but returned and entered. She saw him coming, and her rosy young face was covered with smiles. Henry thought he had never seen such a beautiful, graceful embodiment of the spirit of joy and good-nature.

"My tea-roses cannot hold up their weight of perfume," she said. "Just pass that one carelessly—you need not approach it—and you will perceive how powerful it is."

"Yes, but I cannot pass it. I am drawn

irresistibly to it, and must hold up its head till I have had a stronger taste of its sweetness."

"Oh, you will soon get tired of it if you do so. See, you are willing to leave it already. If you had only stood where I told you, you could have enjoyed it a long time."

"Only your greater attraction could have drawn me from the rose. Had you remained where you were I should also."

Emma smiled, and shook her head. Henry continued, "I am so intensely interested in the final result of your consultation in the study, that I hope you will not keep me in suspense a moment after the matter is decided."

"Lenox will let you know when he has made up his mind. But why you should be so intensely interested, I do not perceive." She blushed coquettishly.

"It could not certainly be a matter of indifference to me, since having the pleasure of your society is the subject of it."

"I do not think they will decide to let me go, because I feel myself entirely unfit for such an office, however much I might like to travel; and they all quite agree with me."

"Oh, do not say so. It will do mother good only to look at you."

"Well, well, I have nothing to say about it," she answered, and in order to turn the conversation, gave him some flowers to take to the summer-house for her. She followed with a glass case, and Henry watched her with pleasure, as she gracefully arranged them. Margaret came in a few minutes afterward, and said, stiffly,

"Mr. Gregory, I accept your mother's offer, and will be ready to accompany you whenever you may wish to go."

Henry bowed, and said he was happy they had concluded to do himself and his mother this kindness, but Margaret saw a very evident disappointment in his countenance, as he turned unconsciously from her to look eagerly at Emma. Her cheek flushed when he said, wilfully mistaking her words as a mere declaration that one of them would except, "ah, well, it only remains then to decide which of you will consent to give us your much desired company. Shall I leave you to discuss that point alone?"

"I have no time at present," Margaret said, and hastily left the arbor.

"My sister meant that Lenox had decided—that she should go," Emma said, hesitatingly.

"Ah! Are you sure that was so? Have you nothing to say about it?" Lenox was approaching. "Say you wish to go," he whispered, blushing violently.

Emma smiled in twenty dimples, but said nothing. She had not the least idea of doing as he asked. The letter had very much alarmed

her timid nature. Lenox said, apparently carelessly, that Margaret had consented to travel with Mrs. Gregory, and Henry felt that it was of no use to say more, or to hope for the society of the cousin he infinitely preferred. He felt very much vexed. Leaving the arbor, he took from his trunk the present which his mother had sent to her future companion, and went with it to the parlor. Margaret was alone. He did not make any pretence of pleasure, but said shortly, "that his mother had requested him to give that package to her who was so kind as to accede to her wishes." He stood a moment while Margaret hastily opened the morocco case, and saw within a beautiful watch surrounded by gold pieces. The color rushed to her face, and she looked in amazement to Henry. He said very coldly,

"You have a slight proof that mother does not mean all she says in that letter."

Mrs. Caswell entered, and Margaret put the watch in her hands without saying a word. Henry left the room, being impatient to rejoin Emma. When they were alone, Mrs. Caswell said hesitatingly to her daughter,

"Yes, that is just like my sister. She always was irritable and exacting, but generous. She has a very impulsive disposition, one moment quite fascinating, and again almost terrible. I hope you will be able to get along comfortably with her, dear. You must have patience."

"What I never had in my life!" Margaret answered, depairingly. "But it is quite time I had learned it. Perhaps this opportunity has been sent to me expressly to cultivate what I am so deficient in."

Two weeks flew quickly. Henry was every day more charmed by the mirthful, graceful Emma, and though his respect for her sister was leading him to like her better than he had at first, he could not conceal his disappointment that Emma was not to be his travelling companion. All those little necessary attentions it would be a delight to bestow upon her, must be wasted upon her sister!

On the evening before their departure, he sat in the moonlighted arbor with Emma, a declaration of love rising every moment to his lips. But with great tact she averted the threatened confession, and many a time afterward he thanked her mentally for thus kindly preventing such impetuous folly. It was acting out the moral of the garden science. She had the tact to feel that he would have tired of her as soon as he did of her roses overladen with sweeteness.

Mrs. Gregory received her son with the fondest affection, and when he presented his cousin, she turned scrutinizingly toward her. Margaret was quite pale, and her natural reserve seemed like haughtiness. Mrs. Gregory was evidently not

prepossessed. She kissed her coldly, and rang the bell for a servant to conduct her to her room, saying she could rest herself until dinner time. Margaret was thankful to be alone. She saw that her trial was to be even greater than she had supposed, for irritability was so plainly written in her aunt's face, and her words had been so coldly condescending, that she lost her reliance in the better nature she had expected. Each day only confirmed her fears. She was called upon unmercifully. She was supposed to have no right to a moment of her own, and with all her conscientious endeavors to do her duty, she failed to please. She was intensely miserable, but this was not sufficient to make her give up her self-sacrificing determination.

She found some pleasure when they set out on their travels. There was then something to occupy her mind. One of the brightest anticipations of her life had been to see the Hudson, and her eyes sparkled with unusual excitement as she stepped on the magnificent boat at Albany. Henry remarked this, and was disposed to enjoy her pleasure as they sat together on deck, and now sped past the increasing beauty of the shores. But this was not of long duration, for Margaret was requested to accompany the invalid to her state-room and read to her, while she rested in her berth. Bitter disappointment, actual tears were in Margaret's eyes as she gave a lingering look around her, and then followed Mrs. Gregory to her state-room. Henry observed it, and thought his mother unreasonable. He saw the depth of Margaret's disappointment, and it was one he could sympathize with. He wished her also to stay on his own account, that he might point out to her the celebrated places they passed, might see her enjoy the beauty of the scenery, and admire his favorite spots. He was sure from her first flush of pleasure that she would not listen to him indifferently. After some time he went to his mother's room, and begged her to spare Margaret until they had passed the Highlands, which they were just approaching. She consented peevishly. Margaret joyfully, thankfully took her cousin's arm, and they stood upon the upper deck in the free, fresh breeze in delight; Henry talking rapidly, full of excitement, while Margaret listened with interest, and looked with keen pleasure at the beautiful shores. She had never so exquisitely enjoyed a moment's freedom, and when she felt she must return, she said so with a reluctant sigh, adding a few words of earnest thanks, which convinced Henry that he had given great pleasure. He was pleased with himself and with her, and he followed her to his mother's room, unwilling to enjoy what she must be debarred from.

After leaving New York, they travelled by

land through Pennsylvania's beautiful mountain scenery, and then took their way still to the South. At a small country town in Virginia Mrs. Gregory was taken suddenly ill. And now commenced Margaret's severest trial. Her aunt was perfectly unmerciful. She exacted the most incessant assiduity, the most unsleeping care. Unreasonable and capricious, Margaret's most unwearying efforts could not satisfy her.

Oh, how different are sick-rooms! yet all teach important, valuable lessons. In some, from the invalid's touching example, may be learned the calm comfort of resignation, the consolation of religion, and the "beauty of holiness." And by witnessing these the soul is unconsciously purified, made better without effort, washed gently, yet searchingly of its earthliness. In other cases the lessons are harder, and perhaps more beneficial for that very reason. Patience must stretch every nerve to support the weight of unreasonable demands, and ungrateful dissatisfaction which is thrown upon it. Love must grow bountiful to be able to meet the demands incessantly made of it. Religion must become a fervent reality to supply the consolation so much wanted by the sufferer, and which nothing else can give. To the invalid also his illness may be a blessing. God never places us in a position from which, if we are willing, we may not draw the highest good.

But Mrs. Gregory made no attempt either to benefit herself by self-restraint and cheerful resignation, nor to bless others by her beautiful example. Margaret's trials were those which most sternly exercised her spirit, and she endeavored to meet them with resolution. Henry pitied her most sincerely, and would willingly have taken upon himself part of her duties, but Mrs. Gregory would not allow it. She could not bear to see her darling boy wearing himself out for her. Neither would she allow the only servants the place afforded—blacks—to approach her.

Henry saw Margaret standing one cold evening by the window, apparently looking at the gorgeous sunset. He had just come in from a brisk walk, and was in high spirits. Standing by her side, he related with much animation his day's adventures with a party of old Virginians, and throwing himself into an easy-chair, declared "that if his mother were only better, he should be almost wild with the delight of freedom from all book-study, and with the keen relish he felt in the knowledge of real life." He paid small regard to Margaret's short answers. He was not looking for sympathy, but only expending a little of his own exuberant joy. She suddenly threw up the window and leaned out in the cold air. He looked at her surprised, and saw that she was fainting. Starting up he seated her in the chair, and she recovered almost immediately.

"I am ashamed of myself," she said, struggling with rising tears.

"Why, Margaret, you are really ill. You have been over-exerting yourself. Mother is too exacting. She is unreasonable."

He spoke vehemently. Margaret did not answer, and he continued, "I will put a stop to it. You shall not be so oppressed."

"No," she said, earnestly, "you must not interfere at all. What I have undertaken I will perform. I knew what to expect after the first day, and nothing is required of me that I do not consider it my duty to do—that I should not do if it were not required."

"But, Margaret, you cannot stand this. Your health will give way, and that shall not be! It is a shame to see how you are worn out."

The sympathy in his voice was more than she could bear; but after a minute or two of violent weeping, she said, with effort, "I have no business to give way."

"But you cannot help it, Margaret—you are ill."

"It seems impertinent to be ill now. Your mother is worse to-night, Henry."

He grew paler, and said, "very much worse? Was that what affected you so?"

"No—oh, no. She is only not so comfortable, and she needs me particularly. I am afraid I shall not be well enough to sit up with her to-night."

"Indeed you should go directly to bed at any rate. You have had no undisturbed rest now for a week. I will sit up with mother—and, Margaret, as her son, I can never be grateful enough to you."

She rose hastily and said she should retire. Henry went to his mother's room, and experienced that night a little of Margaret's trial. Yet how mollified! The demands upon him were made in the fondest tone—everything he did gave pleasure, and an affectionate effort was made to spare him any needless exertion.

The next morning Margaret appeared quite refreshed, and she received with a blush of pleasure Henry's kind inquiries, and the assurance of Mrs. Gregory that she had been missed. Her task that day was lighter, for Henry had spoken to his mother about her, and had excited a little remorse in her heart. When night came, Margaret again took her place at Mrs. Gregory's bedside, and Henry retired; but the next night he insisted upon sitting up again. Mrs. Gregory remonstrated, and said Margaret could sleep beside her, and need not lose much rest. Henry knew too well his mother's wakefulness and incessant calls for assistance. Seeing Mrs. Gregory's desire that she should remain, Margaret refused positively to go to bed. Henry was

obstinate, and establishing himself in a comfortable rocking-chair, he announced his intention of remaining to watch Margaret, and learn a nurse's duties that his mother might be induced to tolerate him every other night.

He saw poor Margaret required every few moments to give his mother a piece of ice or medicine, or to read in order to calm her mind, or to comb her hair, to soothe her nerves. No effort was made to spare her trouble—no thanks were whispered affectionately to make her forget it—and no complaining, irritating words were suppressed. The long night was one hard trial of patience and gentleness. Margaret became a saint in Henry's eyes. He regarded her with wondering pity and admiration. He often offered his assistance, but this only excited his mother so much, and made her so angry at Margaret, that he desisted. Leaning back in his chair, he thought over with interest all that the poets have said of woman's devotion in time of sickness. Men have never refused nobly to recognize, and gratefully to acknowledge their obligations to women in the dark hours of bodily affliction. They have repaid by their gratitude all that woman has done for them at those times. Therefore Henry was able to recall many appropriate lines. It was well that Margaret was beautiful, or she might not have borne comparison with these poet creations. There is something infinitely more touching in the reality, however, than in the most brilliant painting, and as Henry recited verse after verse, each seemed to fail in expressing all he could think and feel. Seeing Margaret remain standing, passing her soft fingers down the parted hair on his mother's forehead after the latter had fallen asleep, he rose and softly laid his hand upon her arm, pointing to his chair. She shook her head, but he persisted, and as a compromise she sat upon a footstool and leaned her head against the bed. Sleep came almost instantly to her overtired eyes, and Henry really enjoyed seeing her take this rest. Yet it was of short duration. An impatient, sudden turn made her start to her feet and resume her soothing motion. In a few moments Henry again wished her to take the easy-chair, and when she refused silently, he placed another near her with an entreating look. She smiled and accepted it, since she could still continue to smooth the care-worn brow.

Henry was now quite satisfied, and it was not many moments before he was sound asleep. When he awoke the morning star shone with startling beauty, and the thin moon looked pale beside it. The edge of the rich purple darkness which surrounded it was just brightening into orange. Henry sat silently enjoying the seldom seen beauty, and did not think of Margaret till

the orange had become golden, and the sun was about to rise. His heart lost all its contentment as he saw her sitting in exactly the same posture, her eyes closed, but her hand still busy. He had a vague remembrance of his mother's being awake many times through the night, of hearing her scold, and of having a kind of night-mare impossibility of waking to defend Margaret. She looked now most touchingly beautiful,

*"Her lot is on you to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain."*

he thought, and then fell into a reverie imagining what woman's lot is. The result was, that rising in the throat, that filling of the eyes, and that oppression at the heart which is pity deeply felt. It was impotent pity for a fate that seemed to him unendurable. Had he told Margaret his feelings, she could easily have comforted him, because she could have assured him that woman's trials bring their own reward, and that what seems insupportable to one nature is scarcely felt by another. The mated eagle pines and dies in a cage; while a dove finds in it a home, and coos all day in contented love. There is a satisfaction in helping, which is woman's recompense, and which God seems kindly to grant to her especially, that self-devotion may not go unrewarded when it is lavished on the forgetful or ungrateful.

Mrs. Gregory awoke as the first sunbeam entered, and she said to Margaret, "go, child, and sleep now. You need not come back till nine o'clock. Place my Bible and prayer book where I can reach them."

Margaret did as she was told, and left the room. Henry followed her. He took her hand in the darkened passage, and pressed it to his lips. "You are a ministering angel," he said, with a feeling which made the old words seem quite new. She was too weary to speak. He saw how tired she was, and said she must not rise at nine, that she must sleep all day. He still held her hand.

"Let me go," she said, in a low, trembling voice. He saw that she was again almost too weak to control the emotion which he ascribed to misery, but which was caused by happiness at his sympathizing tone, and the kind care he felt for her. She had not learned to do, without affection. Her heart never before lonely yearned for its accustomed atmosphere of love.

She was with Mrs. Gregory at nine, though the short sleep she had had only made her feel her weakness. Henry was in the room when she entered. Mrs. Gregory received her with perfect indifference, and when Margaret mistook some of her hastily, almost incoherently uttered

directions, she spoke with an irritation only too habitual.

Margaret's cheek flushed, and an angry self-defence was ready to utter itself, but she controlled it. Henry, however, was not so forbearing. He said sharply, "I wish, mother, you would remember that Margaret has been up all night, and has been most devotedly unwearying in her kindness to you."

"My son," said his mother, who was easily excited to anger, "I have made a bargain with Margaret. She is to bear my whims, and to consult my feelings explicitly. In return I give her what will make her comfortable for life, and enable her to support her mother. We understand each other. I see she is determined to do her duty, to perform her part of the bargain. I am satisfied with her, and shall perform mine. There is no love lost between us!"

Henry's face expressed the greatest indignation.

"It is not a fair bargain," he said. "Margaret gives you what no money can pay for—and dear mother," he added, more gently, as he saw Margaret much affected by his words, "I think if you would let her she would love you."

"Let her! Everybody knows that I welcome affection, and can return it. But Margaret never did love me, and never will. She is perfectly cold-hearted. She does nothing from affection—only from duty."

Margaret was about to leave the room without any attempt at self-justification, but Henry caught her hand and detained her.

"Do you love my mother, or do you not?" he asked.

"I do not," she said, firmly, while Henry looked astonishment itself.

"I told you so," said his mother, drily. Turning to Margaret, she asked, "and the reason I gave for what Henry calls your devotion was the true one?"

"Certainly."

"You do not feel even gratitude to me? Pure, dry duty actuates you?"

"For none but the very greatest considerations would I consent to bear with you as I do—and, therefore, I think I am under no obligations to you."

"You do not hold yourself cheap then," Mrs. Gregory said, with a mixture of irritation and satisfaction.

Margaret replied sincerely—"I am glad I have had an opportunity of letting you thoroughly understand me."

"This was necessary to complete the bargain," Mrs. Gregory said, smiling. "Now there can be no mistake about it. I like open dealing. Come here and sign our compact with a kiss, child."

Henry was amused. He thought wisely of woman, and half admired, half pitied her. He imagined two men concluding a bargain with a kiss, and he laughed aloud as he said, "I thought your compact would make you enemies, and behold it has produced the first token of affection between you."

"I like honesty and courage," said his mother, bluntly.

Margaret, with her lightened heart, could admire the sensible mind which was better pleased with the truth than with flattery.

When she had left the room, Henry asked with some anxiety what his mother really felt toward Margaret after her open avowal. She replied,

"I really feel the highest respect, my son, and I hope when you begin to look out for a wife, you will have the sense to find principle such as Margaret's the greatest attraction to you. Make it the one thing indispensable, and never let mere sweetness of temper captivate you."

Henry thought of Emma and blushed. He also thought that if his mother were in Margaret's place, and could draw a comparison between herself and his aunt, she would not consider sweetness of temper a trifle.

"If Margaret had only felt any affection for me her task would have been endurable," continued Mrs. Gregory, thoughtfully, "but how the child could be so attentive to me, and so considerate toward me when every harsh word must have rankled in her heart unsoothed, unexcused by love, I cannot imagine!"

Henry thought he should vastly prefer devotion prompted by love, to this dry, unpersonal obedience to duty, but he was well inclined to acquiesce in Mrs. Gregory's favorable estimate of his cousin, and he felt singular satisfaction in her allusion to his future wife.

Some weeks passed. Mrs. Gregory was still too ill to travel, and Margaret continued to be her overtasked nurse. Yet her days were much brighter, for her aunt treated her at times with a rough, unwilling kind of respect and affection, which was delightful from its singularity.

The mother and son were sitting together one morning, when the mild air permitted them to have the window open. Margaret, just returning from a walk, passed the window, and held up some alder tassels which had made an early debut. Her walk had given a buoyant impulse to her spirits. When she entered the room she approached quickly, and laying the blossoms in her aunt's lap, bent as if to kiss her, but instantly drew back confused. Mrs. Gregory seemed displeased, and Margaret quite sorry for being guilty of such an unintentional piece of presumption. Henry's cheek had flushed at Margaret's movement, but he now laughed.

"No, no," he said, "none of that. It is not in the agreement. Pray don't give mother more than she bargained for, Margaret. She respects a close business man, or woman either. If you have any love to throw away, don't waste it on mother."

"Pshaw, Henry, I care for affection as much as you do," Mrs. Gregory said, replying to the inference.

"Do you care for mine, aunt?" Margaret asked, timidly.

"Certainly, my child. Do you love me now?"

"Yes, dearly."

"Bless you, child."

"There," Henry cried, "the second bargain is made. Well, Margaret, are you happy or unhappy?"

"Very happy since I have some one to love."

That evening Margaret, with a light and comforted heart, sat looking out upon the setting sun, and was thinking what a blessed change the conversation of the morning might effect in her daily life, when Henry entered. He colored when he saw her alone, and approached hesitatingly. He leaned over her chair and said, laughingly, "so you were unhappy because you had no one to love! Couldn't you have loved me?"

Margaret looked up to give a merry answer, but when their eyes met they suddenly found they were both in earnest. A blush and a declaration were the immediate results, and when they compared notes, it was found that Henry loved Margaret because he had seen how devoted she could be, because he felt that her love would be an inestimable treasure to him, comforting him through a life of trial—and she loved him because he had been kind to her, and because she liked to love him!

I hope no lady reader will blush indignantly, as she so often has cause to in stories of this kind—at the supposition that a husband is granted to the heroine as a recompense for her goodness. Nothing is farther from my intention. Any one who could desire to have Margaret rewarded for having acted conscientiously, could never do as she did, nor understand her feelings in so doing. Notwithstanding the inference, I must close my story at this point, for I consider Margaret's example good for nothing after she was actuated by love and not by duty. It is the easiest, the most gratifying thing in the world to serve those we love, and lessons to that effect are entirely superfluous.

ENVY NOT THY BROTHER.

BY ANNE MARIA W. WARD.

Oh, envy not thy brother,
When happy seems his lot;
Full many a sorrow doth he know,
Which thou perceivest not.
And outwardly though all is fair,
And thou dost thin him blest,
It may be many an anxious care
He feels within his breast.

Oh, envy not thy brother,
Whom fortune doth caress.
Hath this dark world so much of bliss
That thou canst wish it less?

Oh, would'st thou dim with tears the eye
That beamed with bliss ere while,
Or bid from a fair cheek to fly
Its bright and happy smile?

Oh, envy not thy brother,
Though thy own heart be sad;
But if he seem more blest than thou,
Still for his joy be glad.
Envy him not, envy him not,
Nor at thy griefs repine,
Perchance that brother's envied lot
He'd gladly change for thine.

SONNET.

BY E. F. HAWORTH.

Let the pure garments of the cool grey eye
Float o'er thee, like a mother's sheltering vest
Drawn round the child she cradles on her breast
To hush its sobs; in thy heart receive
Her balmy breathings, like some precious truth
A saint dies speaking—or the answering sigh
Some lover listens for from lattice high—

Or Fame's first murmur to the eager youth.
Listen, and gaze, and draw into thy soul
These influxes of earth's selectest bliss;
Let thy worn brow meet evening's holy kiss
With reverence calm; accept the mild control
That for one hour bids grief and passion cease;
An angel treads the earth, whose name is Peace!

HARRIET WALLACE.

BY ANNE KINGLEY.

HARRIET WALLACE was my chosen friend and companion, and surely she was sufficient to satisfy the most fastidious, if ought on earth could satisfy; for rare beauty was hers, with a heart as warm as sunshine, and kindly feelings toward all her fellow creatures. Who, who could help loving the lovely Harriet?

Our acquaintance commenced at the school of Mrs. Woodman, the best and kindest of teachers. Like Harriet, I was an only child, and this circumstance seemed to cement the closer the chain that bound us together; for alike away from our beloved parents, it was natural we should cling together, though our natures were so widely different; for I was too impetuous, whilst all Harriet did was marked by cool deliberation and thought. She was two years my senior, and the most perfect personification of beauty I ever beheld. We were almost constantly together, and truly I possessed a second mother in my friend, for it was she who sat by me day after day, endeavoring to make plain the hated arithmetic;—and my French translation too, how often has my dear friend by a few minutes of patient explanation, obviated the difficulties of previous hours. We had remained at the school of Mrs. Woodman for the space of two years, and the time had now arrived when we must separate, perhaps forever; Harriet to return to her home in North Carolina, I to leave for another establishment in the State of New York, for the purpose of completing my education. It was the night before my friend's departure—we had retired early to our rooms, by the request of our dear teacher, but not to sleep; for our hearts were too full to allow such repose. When I reflected upon the happy years we had spent together, and how quickly they had flown, I could not restrain myself, and my overcharged feelings gave vent in tears. Harriet, ever alive to the distress of another, came up and plead with me not to weep; "for," said she, "I feel unhappy enough already, and when I see you weep, it only increases my distress; and besides, my dearest girl, you know that Mrs. Woodman would feel sad to see you so, and you would not wish that; so dry up your tears, get into bed and try to sleep." I complied with her request of retiring, not, however, before I had received her promise that she would soon follow. Determined

not to close my eyes, I lay for a long time reflecting on the changes of life, and how useless it was to toil for happiness here below. By the light of the lamp I observed Harriet engaged in prayer, and surely a lovelier sight I never beheld. There she knelt, her dark eyes suffused with tears, and her bosom heaving with emotion; but when she arose from her knees, the cloud had passed from her brow, and her beautiful face had again become calm. Oh, thought I, religion's ways "are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." But I had at last to break through my resolution of not closing my eyes, for I could resist no longer.

Early in the morning, I was awakened by a knock at my door, and a loud voice inquiring if the trunks of Miss Wallace were prepared. I awoke, but with such a sense of sorrow that I would have given worlds, were they mine to give, could I but have slept on.

After performing our regular duties of reading and praying together, we descended to the parlor, where Mr. Wallace was sitting ready to convey his darling child to her happy home. Never before had I felt so solemn as the last kiss was given, and Harriet took her seat in the stage; for the thought, perhaps we may never meet again, would intrude itself, hard as I strove to overcome it. As I also was to leave the next day, I was not required to participate again in the duties of the school, and dear Mrs. Woodman seeing how depressed I was, endeavored in every way to amuse me.

The next day I left also, and after remaining at home for a few weeks, I took up my abode for the time at the large school of Mrs. P—, but there was no Harriet there, and my time passed very slowly. My friend and myself had regularly corresponded since our separation, and this was my chief pleasure till I left school also. Harriet had written to me numerous pressing invitations to pay her a visit, as she had something very important to communicate to me, which could only be done by seeing me.

I complied with her request, as my parents were also gone on a tour of some months, and they were to stop for me, on their return. It was a lovely evening in the month of July, and after an absence of four years, that I found myself approaching the grounds of Major Wallace.

His residence was the most beautiful of the kind I had ever beheld, and the flowers that adorned the walks showed that my Harriet's fostering care was there. She was standing at the door, and upon seeing me, she ran with the step of a fawn to meet me; in a minute I was in her arms. When she left school she was just sweet sixteen, and lovely as she was then, her beauty had now increased to almost ethereal loveliness. Her parents were like their daughter, good kind and intelligent. The Major was a most delightful companion; he had travelled much, and possessed good natural talents. Mrs. Wallace, too, was remarkably intelligent. Both well deserved so great a prize, and their daughter was their only earthly idol.

"Well, Harriet," said I, after we had retired for the night, "what is that important secret, which can only be communicated personally? I am all impatience to hear." After numerous blushes, she informed me of the important fact.

"You know, my dear friend," said she, "that before I went away from school, papa told me that there was a young gentleman, a great friend of his, whom he expected to return with him; and he hoped I would endeavor to make myself agreeable to him, as he was under great obligations to the gentleman's father. We had not proceeded far on our journey, ere this friend joined us. I found him highly intellectual, and exceedingly handsome. He returned home with us, and has since been a constant visitor at our house. His name is Henry Stanley. In one week I am to be his bride; and I claim you as my first bridesmaid. You won't refuse, my friend, I know you will not."

I of course consented, and on the next day was introduced to the groom, a most perfect specimen of manly beauty. Truly, thought I, Harriet has made a good choice. The important day at last arrived. I arranged the bride's dark hair in natural ringlets over her swan-like neck; a wreath of bridal flowers twined gracefully among them; a satin dress fitted closely to her tiny form, with no other ornament than her wedding ring, and "a meek and quiet spirit," which, in the sight of God, is above all price.

I went upon a tour with the gay bridal party; Harriet herself, the gayest and the liveliest of all, and then returned to my home more enraptured than ever with my dear friend.

Eight years had passed since I had seen Harriet Stanley, and, strange to say, even heard from her. I had written often to her, yet my letters had never been answered. As I had occasion to travel south, and determined to endeavor to see my friend. But oh, how changed was everything around the once magnificent mansion of Major Wallace. I saw at a glance that the ruling spirit

of that once happy home was no longer there, and sad and bitter forebodings took possession of me. I ordered the coachman to stop at the door, which was opened by a man whom I recognized as the former waiter at the house of the Major, and hope once more filled my well nigh bursting heart. But this was soon mercilessly dashed to the ground; for on inquiry if the family still resided there, I was answered that they had long since removed, but to what place no one could inform me.

Nothing now remained but to bear up under this disappointment as I best might; for all prospect of ever again meeting my beloved friend seemed at an end, when one evening we passed through a lonely road beside which stood a small, rude house, but so clean, nice and tempting, that to us it was like an oasis in the desert. The coachman knocked, and a most beautiful little girl of some six years old presented herself at the door, at the same time politely requesting us to enter. Her features strongly reminded me of my long lost, still much loved Harriet. "Do you live here alone?" said I, for I saw or heard no human being save my sweet little guide.

"No, madam," she replied, while the same pensive shade passed over her features that I had often observed in my friend; "mamma lives here, too, I will call her, if you please."

Just then a woman silently entered, and in another moment Harriet was in my arms. It was indeed her, but alas! how sadly changed. Not that her beauty had in any way diminished, for she seemed too pure almost for earth, but her countenance wore a settled shade of sadness that showed the gloom of the heart within. I inquired after her husband.

"My husband," said she, as though but half conscious of what she either said or did; then lifting up the curtains of a bed which I had not before observed, "there they lay, my husband and my boy."

I uttered a scream, for there they lay in sleep upon a bed, but 'twas the sleep of death within their coffins. A malignant fever had carried them off in one day; and there the wife and mother sat without the means of procuring for them decent burial. Alas! what a sad, sad change for her, the once admired and courted woman. Unbounded wealth had been hers; once she need but make a request and it was gratified, but what a change.

I soon learned the sad story. Mr. and Mrs. Wallace had long since mingled with their kindred dust, and were mercifully spared seeing their darling daughter's misery. Speculation had ruined her husband and nearly broke his heart. She had often written, but the letters had all miscarried.

After the burial of my poor Harriet's hopes within the cold, cold tomb, my lovely little namesake, in whom I had become so interested, sickened with the same fever that laid her father's and her brother's head low; and soon she too was no more. My friend uttered not a word of complaint; not even a sigh escaped her lips; but her cheek became whiter, every day her step became less firm, and I saw but too plainly that consumption had marked her for its victim. I returned with her to my home, in hopes that change of air and scene might avert, for a time, the impending stroke. But it was all in vain. She withered slowly yet surely, still she never murmured. One night as I was preparing for

bed, I heard her gentle voice calling me to her side. I went, when she thus spoke—

"I have for a long time felt my last hour was near, yet before I go let me entreat you, my dear friend, to love the Lord your God, through whose grace alone I have been upheld in the sore trials through which I have passed. Oh, do, dear Anne, meet me in heaven! I come, Henry, Julia, mother, father, I come, I come."

I looked, and the lovely Harriet Stanley was no more. Hard as the task was, I closed those eyes now sealed in death; I gazed upon her in her coffin; I imprinted a kiss upon her snowy forehead, and then I let her go; yet only for a little season. Soon I trust we shall meet again.

THE POET'S IDEAL.

BY W. LAFAYETTE HUBBELL.

WHAT a mystical thing is the Poet's Ideal,
Half fancy—half real,
With the form of a seraph, and spirit more gay
Than cressy-wreathed Naiad or lily-crown'd Fay,
Or Elfkin that sports in the moon's silver ray.

How queenly she ruleth the empire of thought,
Untutored—untaught,
Save but by the flashing, electrical gleam
Of the spirit's bright gems or the dreamer's sweet
dream,
As he revels in Love or Affection supreme.

Say, wherever dwelleth this mystical nun,
Ever spirited one?
Go ask of the Poet, when round him is cast
The laurel-crown'd Future, and golden-aged Past,
As he woos to his spirit Fame's trumpet-toned blast.

Go ask of the Minstrel, when thought o'er him flung
Unuttered—unsung,

Bids him breathe o'er the chords of his silver-toned lyre,
The angelic notes that but Love can inspire,
When the spirit-strings glow with Promethean fire.

Go ask of the Rhymer, when deep from his soul
Empyrean sparks roll,
And weaves from his spirit the threads of a rhyme,
That shall echo his thoughts in the far-future time,
As truthful in tone as the vesper-bell's chime.

Or ask of the Thinker, when pondering o'er
Time's mystical lore,
And each of the questioned will wildly reply,
My lovely Ideal's native home is on high,
She lives in my spirit yet dwells in the sky.

What a mystical thing is the Poet's Ideal,
Half fancy—half real,
With the form of a seraph, and spirit more gay
Than cressy-wreathed Naiad or lily-crown'd Fay,
Or Elfkin that sports in the moon's silver ray.

HOPE.

BY GEORGE W. BENNETT.

The night has come—the day is o'er—
The busy hum is heard no more;
The nightingale her tuneful song
O'er hill and dale will now prolong;
The day is o'er.

The pale round moon, with peaceful light,
Dispels the gloom of solemn night;
The flowers have closed their dewy eyes—
The world reposed in silence lies:
The day is o'er.

But soon the day will come again—
The sunbeams play o'er hill and plain;
The shadowy night will pass away,
And all look bright and glad and gay:
The day will come.

So hope will play around the tomb;
So glorious day dispel its gloom;
So we shall rise and wing our way,
Through yonder skies to brighter day:
The day will come.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. VII.

A horse will discover that his fears were groundless, if he can be coaxed or encouraged to approach an object which has alarmed him, and a beneficial effect may be produced. Most horses will manifest a desire to approach and examine an object, which alarmed them, after the first impulse of terror has subsided, but the rider must be on her guard, whilst doing this, for the slightest display of timidity on her part, a shadow, or distant noise, will in all probability frighten the animal again, and he will start more suddenly and violently than before. It will be exceedingly difficult to get the horse to approach the object after this, and it should not be attempted till after his fears are all subsided. A horse which is rather shy, may frequently be prevented from starting, by having his head turned a little away from those objects, which a lady knows from experience will be most likely to alarm him.

A lady should not ride a horse which she knows to be addicted to rearing, shying, or stumbling, but she should nevertheless be prepared for against the occurrence of either; for the best tempered are not immaculate, or the surest-footed infallible. When a horse stumbles or trips, his head should be raised by the bridle-hand, and the lady should throw herself back, in order to relieve his shoulders of her weight.



Do not whip horse after stumbling, for if he is constantly punished for it, the moment he has recovered his step, he will start forward disunited and excited, in fear of the whip, and will probably repeat the mishap, before he has regained his self-possession.

When a horse evinces any disposition to kick, rear, runaway, shy, or grow restive, the body should be put in the proper position and balance for performing the defences; the shoulders should be thrown back, the waist forward, the head well

poised on the neck, and the arms supple. Every part of the frame must be flexible, and perfectly ready for action.

The great danger attendant upon a horse's rearing is, that the rider may fall over the croup, and perhaps pull the horse back upon her. To prevent this, the instant the horse rises slacken the reins, and bend the body very much forward, so as to throw as much weight as possible on his shoulders, the moment his fore-feet reach the ground.

The body once more in its proper position, correct him severely, if he will beat it, or pull him around two or three times to divert his attention. The latter correction is only of service at the time, but the former may prevent his making another attempt of the kind.



A horse that kicks should be held very tight in hand. He cannot do much mischief with his heels while his head is held firmly up. But if the animal should get his head down in spite of the rider, she must endeavor by means of the reins to prevent him from throwing himself, and by the inclination of her body backward, keep him from throwing her. Endeavor also, in this case, to divert the horse's attention by giving him two or three sharp turns; he may in some cases be prevented from kicking at all, by trying this means, if he shows any disposition that way.

A horse that kicks should be whipped on the shoulders, and one that rears on the flanks. A horse that kicks seldom rears much, and *vice versa*, but he may do both alternately, and the rider should be prepared against his attempt, by keeping her balance in readiness for either defence.

Care must be taken, that whilst the horse's head is kept up, to prevent his kicking, he is not caused to rear by too much pressure on the mouth.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE GARDEN FOR JULY.—The budding of Roses should now be proceeded with without delay. The stock is ready to receive the graft when the bark rises freely, from the abundance of sap with which it is saturated. The condition of the graft should be the same; for success is rarely secured when either of the parts to be united is harsh and dry. Fine baa-matting we prefer to any other material for tying the bud into its place, although many use worsted. Be sure to protect every budded branch, or the first high wind will break it off at the cut part. As perpetual Roses go out of flower, they must be cut back, to secure a good autumn bloom. Geraniums which have done flowering should be cut back, and when they have shot again, be repotted, the roots being pruned at the same time. Cuttings of Chrysanthemums should be struck; we will give full directions for their culture next month. Abundance of air and water should be given to the greenhouse, and the increase of insects be kept down by frequent fumigating. Repot fast-growing plants. Annuals may be sown in pots for blooming late in the autumn, in the greenhouse. The pots should be one-third filled with wet moss, pressed close to the drainage crocks; this will retain moisture in dry weather. For late blooming, the following varieties may be recommended:—*Nemophilas*, *Ten-week Stocks*, *Gilia*s, *Clarkias*, *Eustomas*, besides more novel kinds. All bulbs and tuberous-rooted plants, such as *Ranunculus*, must be cleaned off and put away until the time for replanting. These are often very badly treated by gardeners, and the proverb, "out of sight, out of mind," is uncromoniously verified in relation to them. *Tulips*, *Hyacinths*, and *Ranunculus* may often be found in a corner of a shed, covered with dirt, and losing all their plumpness by an improper degree of heat. They should be cleared of all dead substances, and put away in a dry cool place, and looked over occasionally, while they remain out of the ground, as mouldiness is fatal to them. Divide *Auriculas*, *Polyanthuses*, and *Primulas*, if not done before; the flowers degenerate if the plants are left in masses from year to year. After high winds and heavy rains, a general survey should be taken, and tying up and pegging down proceeded with.

This month and August are very trying to amateurs, from the excessive heat; which rather disposes to lounging in shady places, to listening to the hum of bees, and the noise of waterfalls, than to active manual labor under a hot sun and a cloudless sky. However, our floral favorites must not be allowed to suffer from any indisposition to labor on our part; and it must be remembered, that when resolutely resisted, the listlessness of hot weather

soon gives way. I trust my fair readers will excuse my reference to labors which it is mere affectation to suppose the sex has nothing to do with. Among the most accomplished ladies, industry always takes an honored place with the Graces, and, by her strength and healthfulness, adds a charm to their more delicate qualities.

WINDOW PLANTS.—Preparations should now be made for securing a good supply of plants for the window during the colder months, by encouraging a vigorous growth in the open air in the summer season. When every open window admits the perfumed gales of the fields and gardens, and when bouquets of flowers are so easily procured, it is less necessary to have flower-pots in-doors, except some choice greenhouse specimens are introduced while the flowers are in full bloom. Let it not be forgotten that a prosperous blooming season is always the result of previous advantages in growing and ripening the plant itself; and, consequently, good display in the window will be in direct proportion to the vigor secured by exposure to sun and air out-of-doors. Place your stock in some place where these natural influences are fully enjoyed. To prevent the ingress of worms, and the growth of roots downward into the soil, remember directions formerly given on this subject, and guard against those evils. As in the heat of summer evaporation goes on rapidly, so as to render it necessary to water a flower-pot out-of-doors several times a day, this may be prevented by covering the pots with moss, or by plunging them into the garden mould up to their rims. By stopping luxuriant shoots, and picking off flower-buds as they appear, the plants will attain a vigorous, bushy growth, and will be full of flowers when, late in the season, they are placed in the windows.

STRIKING CUTTINGS.—The natural heat of this month and the next is favorable to those processes by which slips and cuttings form roots and become perfect plants. Most hard-wooded plants will strike in the open air at this season, if the conditions of moisture and light are properly observed. A cutting should be of well-ripened wood, of this year's growth if possible, and should have three or four buds on it, the part to be inserted in the soil being cut close to one of them, as the roots, in most cases, only proceed from a joint where, in ordinary circumstances, a branch would be formed. *Roses*, *Fuchsias*, *Geraniums*, &c., will readily strike if planted in light sandy soil, in a place not exposed to the sun, and kept shaded for a few days. If put under hand-glasses, or in frames, the work will be more speedy and sure; but in a large garden, a great deal can be done in the open air. A very gentle hot-bed, formed of the mowings of grass, weeds, &c., will be best for the softer-wooded cuttings, such as *Verbenas* and

Petunias. In all cases, while moisture is necessary, all decaying materials should be quickly removed from the cuttings, and all mouldiness avoided. A few general principles being understood, a little practice will make any one expert in the art of multiplying plants in this way, and some failures at first must not be allowed to discourage the tyro. Pinks and Carnations require more exactness for successful striking than many other things, and therefore layering is more often resorted to. The principle by which roots are obtained from a layer is the same as in a cutting, with this difference:—in a layer, a connection is kept up with the parent plant until the formation of roots makes it independent; while in a cutting the process goes on without any such aid. The former plan has, therefore, a certainty which the latter wants.

McMAKIN'S MODEL COURIER.—To those of our readers, who wish to subscribe for a good family paper, we recommend particularly the old "Saturday Courier," now "McMakin's Model Courier." None of our contemporaries publish such original novels as McMakin does, for proof of which we refer to the fact that "Linda," "Rena," and "Marcus Warland," the best novels written by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz, have all appeared in its columns. No other newspaper has a better selection of news, or an equal array of musical, theatrical, and miscellaneous items. The truth is that only one man out of ten thousand is competent to edit a first-class weekly newspaper, and that of these select few McMakin is, perhaps, the most capable of all. We will furnish a copy each of our Magazine and the Courier, for one year, for three dollars: the full price of each being two dollars. The club terms of the Courier are very alluring, for a premium engraving is given to each subscriber.

MRS. STEPHENS.—We are very sorry to state that in consequence of the serious illness of Mrs. Stephens, the continuation of "The Gipsey's Legacy" is deferred till next number.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Queechey. By Elizabeth Wetherell. 1 vol. New York: G. P. Putnam. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—The extraordinary popularity, which attended the first novel of this author, "The Wide, Wide World," bids fair to be equalled by the present work. And yet it cannot be said either that the characters are natural, or the incidents artistically arranged. In fact Fleda, the heroine, is so entirely perfect as almost to wear out one's patience: one would like her far better if she was more flesh and blood, and less habitually an angel. Carleton, the hero, is stupid. The other lover is no better drawn, not being even a consistent villain. The old grandfather, however, is admirably depicted, and so is Aunt Miriam; while Cynthia may stand as a fair representative of a rural "help." The succession

of incidents have no climax, and do but little to develop the story, which might have come off just as well, under half a dozen other sequences of facts. In delineating fashionable life also, Miss Wetherell utterly fails: it is evidently a subject of which she knows nothing. Having said all this against the book, what is there left, the reader may ask, to praise. We answer, much. The pictures of rural life are fresh and natural; the tone of the book is healthy; and a deep religious sentiment pervades the entire story. These are positive merits, and of the highest kind. Miss Warner, for Wetherell is an assumed name, has evidently lived in the country a long while, we should think during her whole life; and she delineates scenery, incidents of life there, with a vigor and naturalness that no writer has surpassed. In this respect the novel is thoroughly American. Other things, not exactly merits, however, have increased the popularity of "Queechey." That an English gentleman, with a noble park, great political influence, and fifty thousand a year, should fall in love with an American girl, who has nothing to recommend her but beauty and virtue, is a great aid to the novel in which it occurs. On the whole, however, we recognize in Miss Wetherell a writer of power, from whom we hope, hereafter, to hear often and well.

The Cavaliers of England. By H. W. Herbert. 1 vol. New York: Redfield. Philada: Lindsay & Blakiston.—Mr. Herbert is a novelist whom we always read with delight. In the present volume he offers us several powerfully written tales, founded on incidents connected with the English Revolutions of 1642 and 1688; and in none of his works has he, to our taste, acquitted himself so well. "Jasper St. Aubyn" particularly is a story of the deepest and most passionate interest. Mr. Redfield has issued the volume in his best style, which is saying the utmost that could possibly be said, in favor of the mechanical execution of any book.

The Daltons. By Charles Lever. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A novel by the author of "O'Malley," containing four hundred pages, yet offered for only fifty cents, is an intellectual bargain of which everybody ought to avail themselves without delay. We like the "Daltons," too, better than any novel by Lever, since his master-piece "O'Malley." The heroine is a bewitching creature; and the hero a fine, manly, soldierly fellow: we are charmed with both. It is just the novel to take to the seashore, or on a travelling excursion, or to read on a summer afternoon!

The Mob-Cap, and other Tales. By Caroline Lee Hentz. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This is a neat and cheap edition of all Mrs. Hentz' shorter tales and sketches, making, perhaps, the most popular collection of the kind ever offered for sale in the United States. Price fifty cents.

Viola; or, Adventures in the Far South West. By Emerson Bennett. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—This novel is full of thrilling scenes, and generally written with much ability. It is published in a cheap, yet neat style, at twenty-five cents.

The Howadji in Syria. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Those who have read "Nile Notes of a Howadji," by the same author, will hasten to procure this new work, which is in all respects equal, and in many superior to its predecessor. The volume is issued in quite a handsome style.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—A BALL DRESS OF WHITE TULLE over a satin under-dress. The upper-dress is finished by three deep flounces, each embroidered with floss silk. Corsage made with a shawl berthie, scalloped and embroidered like the flounces. The front of the corsage is covered with lace and puffings of tulle. Sleeves formed by two double ruffles, embroidered. Head-dress, a wreath of pink asalia, with green leaves.

FIG. II.—A MORNING DRESS OF WHITE EMBROIDERED MULL.—Corsage high, and trimmed with a worked ruffle, which continues down the front of the skirt. Sleeves tight to the elbow, and finished with a deep ruffle. Cap of lace and Mazarine blue ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is nothing new in the style of making dresses. Sleeves quite tight to the elbow, and finished with one or two deep ruffles, are sometimes worn, but are not liked generally. These sleeves have no caps or top sleeve. Flounces are very much in favor. The number is optional. Some wear two or three very deep ones, others five, six, or seven narrow ones. If the flounces be edged with braid, or some sort of light fancy trimming, the dress has a very gay and showy effect. Some of the new bargees present considerable novelty in pattern. They are covered with small chequers, in double lines of pink, blue, or green; and the flounces are edged with stripes. The first or lowest flounce has nine of these stripes, the next seven, and the upper flounce five, each flounce being graduated in width.

COLLARS are worn very much larger than formerly.

MANTELETS.—Among the most elegant novelties of the season may be numbered some mantelets of black and white lace of exceedingly rich patterns. In form they resemble the scarf or shawl mantlet. Behind, they are rounded, and they reach but little below the waist. Some of these mantelets have the ends in front very short. In others the ends are long and narrow. In the latter case, these ends may be loosely linked at the waist, and then left flowing to the height of the knees. These mantelets have the addition of a hood, and many are lined with colored silk. A number of scarfs, square shawls, and pointes, or half shawls, of black lace, in a variety of new and elegant designs, have appeared. Pointes of white lace, trimmed with a deep flounce, are worn in evening costume with either high or low dresses. Gilets of black or white lace should be lined with silk of a color corresponding with that of the dress. Some lace gilets are finished at the top by a small collar, and others by a ruche or quilling of lace, which encircles the throat, and is continued down

the front of the gilet. One of the prettiest mantelets which we have seen for mourning, was composed of black silk, and trimmed with a ruffle of crape about a quarter of a yard in depth, scalloped, and bound with black silk. The ruffle had but little fulness in it.

BONNETS.—Many of the fancy straw bonnets which have appeared within the last week are almost as light and transparent as lace. They are lined with pink, light green or lilac; the ribbon and flowers with which they are trimmed harmonizing with the color of the lining. Some of the bonnets are trimmed with straw colored feathers and straw ornaments. One or two of the new bonnets consist of alternate bands of crinoline and ribbon; or crinoline and puffings of tulle or of blonde. We have seen a very pretty white lace bonnet, trimmed with narrow gauze ribbon, scalloped and edged with fringe.

IN RESPECT to shape, bonnets remain much the same as heretofore. Some have the crowns sloping back rather less, but the open fronts are likely to continue fashionable. We may add that, upon the whole, the new bonnets are in a slight degree smaller than those of last season.

SOME BONNETS in preparation for the more advanced season are of white or colored crape. We may mention that pink is not a color much in favor for bonnets at present; but it is scarcely possible that a hue so becoming to most complexions should continue long out of fashion. We have noticed several very pretty black lace bonnets, trimmed with a peculiar kind of ribbon, and black gauze, embroidered with straw. The effect is at once novel and elegant.

JET is very fashionable in the trimming of bonnets, yet we cannot but consider it out of place, at least in summer bonnets.

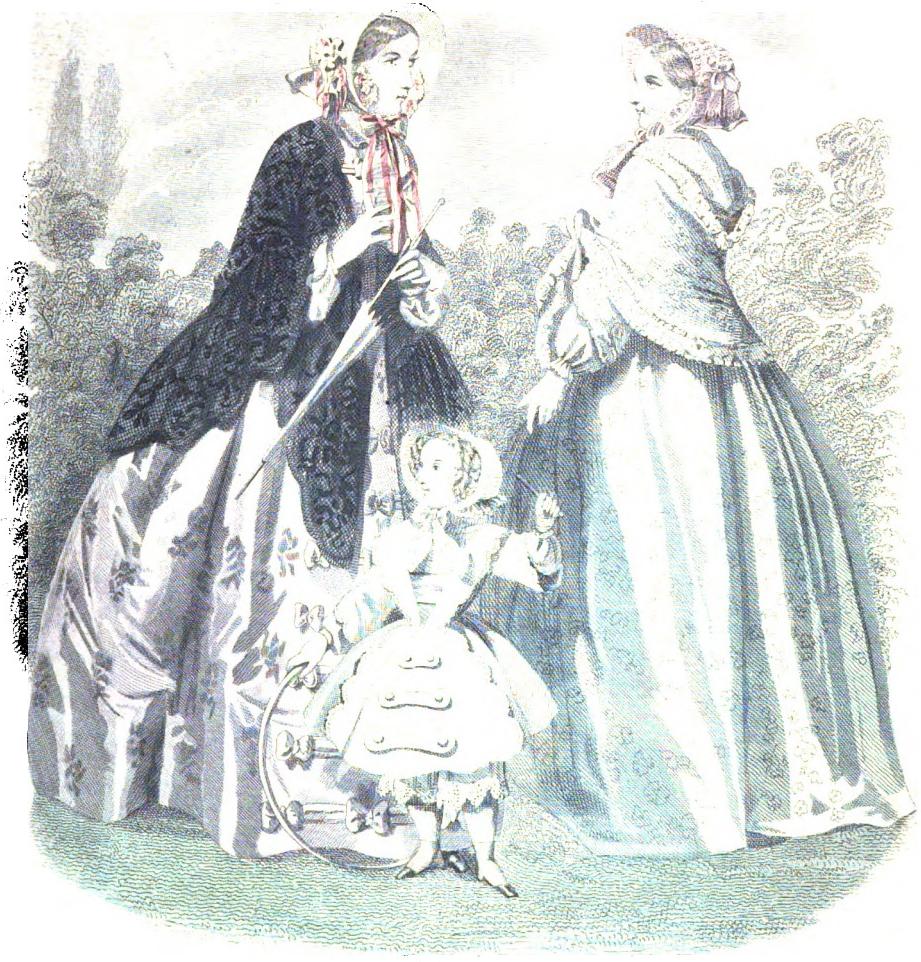
HEAD-DRESSES.—No new or definite manner of dressing the hair in full evening costume has been introduced. Much is still left to individual taste. The modern style may be indiscriminately blended with modified adaptations of the old fashions observable in the portraits of the time of our grandmothers. Among the most fashionable head-dresses suited to evening parties, we may mention the nets, which are made of gold or silver, either with or without the admixture of colored silk. Frequently they are made of silk, and ornamented with white or colored bugles, or with pearls, or beads of gold or silver. In short, the variety displayed in these elegant coiffures is endless, and their effect in evening dress is at once chaste and splendid. The net, confining the back hair, imparts a classical character to the head-dress; and the ornaments now worn on each side produce a lightness and airiness of effect, which agreeably modifies the severity of the antique model form which these head-dresses were originally copied. The side ornaments attached to the net head-dresses now worn, may consist of small sprigs of gold or silver, or pendent ends of fringe, or gold and silver ribbon. For mourning, a net, ornamented with black bugles, has a most rich and elegant effect. We may mention that bugles are now made, not merely in black and white, but in various colors, as pink, blue, green &c.



THE DEPARTURE OF HAGAR.

Engraved expressly for Peterson's Magazine.

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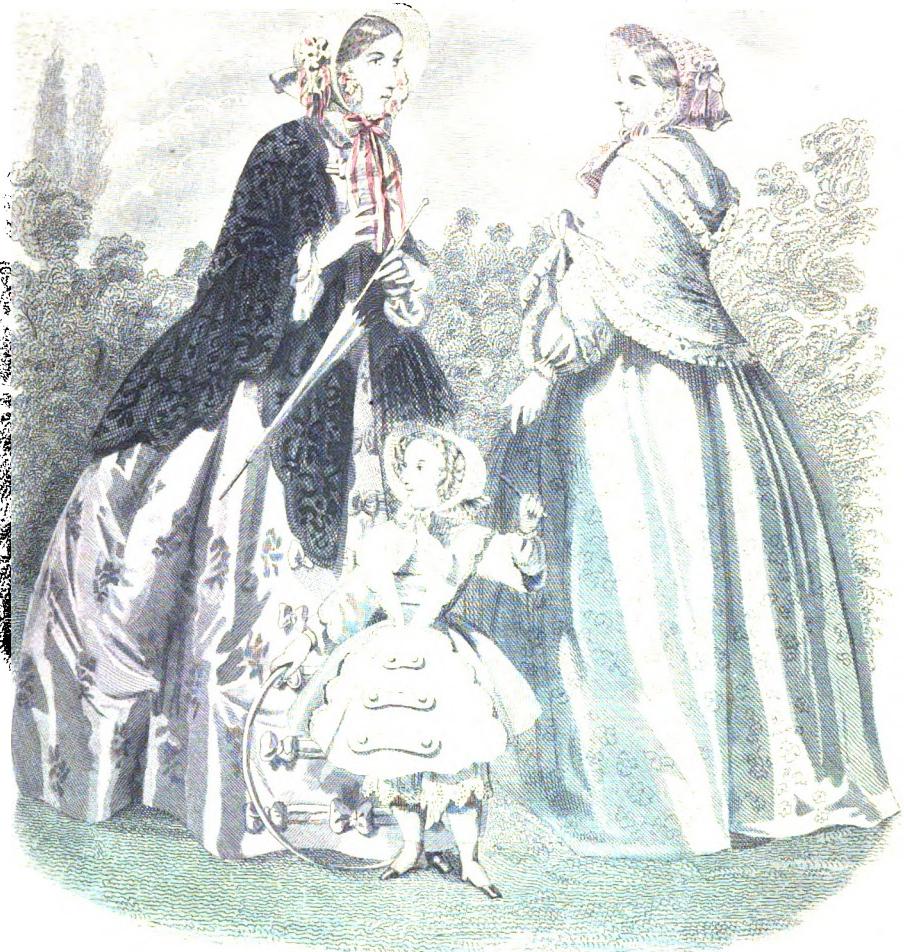
“I am a little afraid of the old man,” said the girl.



THE STORY OF THE BRAVE BOY WHO DIED FOR HIS MOTHER

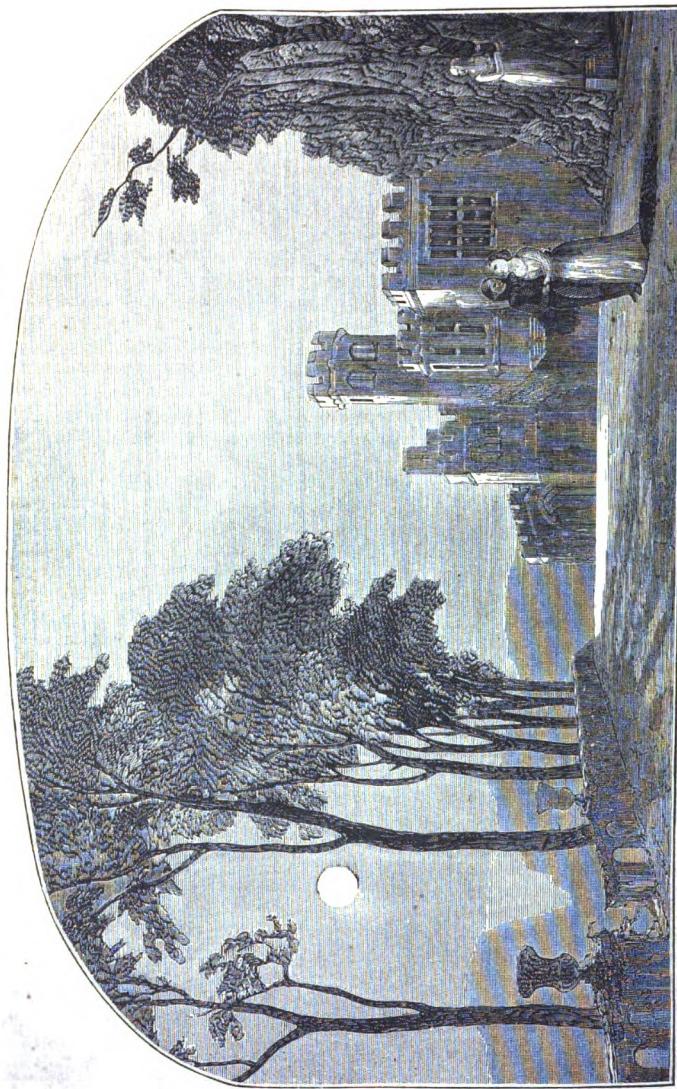
BY JAMES H. GREENE, AUTHOR OF "THE BRAVE BOY."

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THE THREE DUTCH LADIES IN THE COUNTRY OF SPAIN.

THE MOONLIGHT RAMBLE.



PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 3.

NIAGARA AND THE LAKES.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

THE loveliest daughter of the West is Cleveland. She sits by the lake shore, robed in white, and garlanded with green, the destined bride of imperial traffic, watching impatiently for the coming of her lord. Beautiful as she is, her virgin charms have not yet rounded to their full luxuriance, nor her child-like guilelessness entirely departed, for she still slumbers at sultry noon under the cool shadows of her native forests, or at evening, beneath the silver moon, laves her feet in the waters of Erie.

I came to Cleveland in the cars. The day had been chilly, with a brisk north wind, which, as the hours wore, deepened to a gale. Late in the afternoon, as I looked wearily from the window, I saw across the sandy hillocks what at first appeared a long, low mountain range. Suddenly my companion cried, "the lake, the lake!" It was, indeed, Lake Erie, as a second, and more careful look convinced me; Erie, with its dark blue waters stretching away till lost in the horizon, like a vision of shadow-land. And now the train whirling around a corner, we found ourselves running along the very edge of the waters, which lashed by the gale, came tumbling in with the roar and foam of the Atlantic. The huge breakers, hurling themselves against the barrier of piles erected to protect the bank, often threw the spray clear over the cars, while the very ground shook beneath their solid tramp, as under the tread of charging squadrons.

An hour afterward, I walked down to the beach, to see the sun set amid this wild commotion. Sheltering myself under the edge of the bank, I watched the gale upon the lake. Often the waves would fly, high above the break-water, like a milk-white water-sput, the spray leaping into the air, crackling and flashing, far over all. The level rays of the setting sun, striking through the cloud of mist that rose and fell above the surf, gave it the appearance of a

fountain of gold-dust, now shooting to the sky in millions of shining drops, and now sinking, like a dream, away. As the glittering illusion disappeared, it revealed the dark billows heaving slowly against the north-western sky, with here and there a schooner heading to the harbor, wing and wing, like some colossal sea-bird seeking its nest. Gradually the sun declined to the level of the horizon; the lake glowed far and near; and then, in an instant, out of sight rushed the brazen, burning orb. I waited in silence till grey twilight, like a mist from the land of Death, breathed its coldness and gloom over the prospect; and then turned to retrace my steps. But as I slowly ascended the bank, I often looked back, when the roar of some breaker, mightier than its fellows, gave warning of the coming death-agony; and at such moments the spectral surf, vaguely seen through the shades of night, seemed like sheeted ghosts fitting and wailing along the shore.

You go to Ontario by way of Niagara. Here, where Nature has erected her solemn sanctuary, Fashion has dedicated a rival shrine; and the roar of the Falls, that once appalled the traveler, is now drowned in the music of the dance. People look at each other there, but not at Niagara. There the beauty displays her marketable charms; the fortune-hunter exhibits his moustache; the matron, strutting and clucking, parades her brood of daughters; and the gourmand, groaning over the scanty fare and cold dishes of the Cataract House, sighs for Delmonico's, and meditates an immigration to the Clifton. And to the Clifton you will go, after a day's experience on the American side, if you love choice food and rare wines, would behold Niagara in all its majesty, or deprecate crossing continually the wettest and costliest of ferries. The dark-eyed Indian girls that sell bead-work on the bridge across the Rapids; the wild waters

that rush by, plunging and whirling toward the awful precipice; the sylvan beauties of Goat Island; and the picturesque American falls, like a cataract of snowy stalactites, will not win a second look, if you have once stood on Table Rock, when the wind is driving the spray from the face of the tumbling waters, so that you can look right into the centre of the Horse-Shoe. Catch your breath, and cling to the rock for support, for it is no longer a cataract you see, but five great oceans plunging together into the yawning earth, which opens to receive them. Behold them, green and glassy, gliding over the precipice, silent as Fate, measureless as Eternity! Endlessly descending, forever sinking out of sight, it is the Atlantic, bound, Ixion-like, upon a wheel, revolving, and revolving, and revolving. Below, no bottom through the seething mist. Above, everlastingly the polished waters rounding over against the sky. Sublime Niagara!

They have many ways to juggle money out of your pockets at the Falls. You stop to buy an ice-cream, and are asked to walk into a neighboring room, where some curious Indian relics may be seen; and entering unsuspecting at the invitation, incontinently you are mulcted of a quarter of a dollar. You are solicited, every time you visit Table Rock, to pass under the Falls, till at last, wearied out, you give your assent, and being forthwith dressed in villainous red-flannel, with oil-skin over-all, and wet, clumsy shoes that blister your feet, you are led clattering down a broken staircase, and along the face of the precipice below, till you attain the edge of the fall, where you are told it is as far as you can go, though you have seen nothing as yet for blinding rain and slippery rocks: and for this you are generously charged a dollar. You hire a carriage to drive you to the whirlpool, pay your entrance fee, pant down and up another shocking pair of stairs, and see only a little sullen back-water, and are bored by a one-armed man with a telescope who follows you to extort a fee. You are taken to a sulphur spring, which an imp of a lad sets on fire, and for all this you pay a York shilling, and write yourself down a dunce. Beware of the thousand juggles, and the ten thousand jugglers of Niagara; they will eat you up, if you let them, as the lean kine of Pharaoh devoured the fat. If you visit Niagara, go only to Table Rock. A ten minutes' look from that point suffices for most persons,

but you can sit there for hours, ay! for days, till earth and heaven appear to revolve together with that forever rolling wheel. Majestic Table Rock! Below, no bottom but a seething mist. Above, everlastingly the polished waters rounding over against the sky.

Ontario is the youngest daughter of the lakes, and the most beautiful of the bright sisterhood. Deep and clear her waters flow, and unruffled as a mirror. The snowy sails of two nations hover ever over her, like white doves of peace; and she stretches out her virgin arms to receive them, that they may nestle together on her bosom. The ardent sun woos her in vain. But to the chaste moon, which smiles sisterly upon her, she returns a modest greeting. She moves slow and graceful, as a swan gliding down still waters: and her brow is bound by a fillet of blue, gemmed with silver stars.

I saw the sun set from Ontario. The sky had seemed cloudless all the afternoon, but as the great luminary wheeled low toward the West, a bank of vapor began to loom up from the water, and extend, right and left, around the horizon. Already inflamed with rage, for no answering look had returned his ardent gaze all day, he reddened at the sight, and rushed to drive this insolent intruder from his pathway, blazing luridly as he went. As eagerly advanced the jealous darkness to meet him. Soon the rivals met in mid career. The conflict was not long. With a sable pall thrown over him, the hapless sun was hurried out of sight. For a moment his indignant face was seen again, looking through the black bars of his prison-house, for a last glance at his loved Ontario; but remorseless Night, coming to the aid of its satellite, the two bore him downward, struggling, to the black abodes of Dis. Yet, long after he had disappeared, his golden and purple robes, torn from him in the contest, floated cloud-like above the western horizon.

On, on, in the deep silence, and beneath the dim stars, our steamer kept her way. The shores faded out of sight. Nothing was left above but the fathomless sky, or around but the vague, unbounded expanse of water. Darkness followed behind, closing greedily after us; and parted reluctantly before as we advanced. And thus, like a pale ghost traversing the space between the two Eternities, our boat moved on through that still and moonless night.

THE DEPARTURE OF HAGAR.

God help thee, Hagar! Bondmaid as thou art,
Thou still hast woman's heritage, a heart;

} And to be thus, a lonely exile driven
Hopeless from home and love, were losing Heaven.

C. A.

ALICE VERNON.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 87.

MR. VERNON had banished his favorite daughter. But was he, therefore, happy?

How could he be happy, when everything reminded him of her. If the library door opened, he unconsciously looked up, expecting to see her cheerful smile. If he heard a step near the piano, he turned to ask Alice for a favorite air, before he could remember she was gone.

Though a stern man, he could not endure this. Suddenly it was announced, to the astonishment of all, that his magnificent establishment was to be brought to the hammer, as he intended to travel for several years.

Curiosity was on the alert to discover the reasons. The elopement of his younger daughter gradually became known, but the facts were frequently exaggerated, and the usual story painted the guilt of Alice in the darkest colors. So much was this the case, indeed, that Randolph found his professional prospects seriously injured, for most of the few patrons he had were members of the same circle as the Vernons, and thought that, in casting him off, they were avenging an outraged father.

Poor Alice! how crushed she was, how pale and humbled, under this accumulation of misfortunes. She had now awoke to a sense of her sinfulness. She wondered, indeed, how she could ever have erred, the violation of duty seemed to her so flagrant.

And yet she loved her husband as much as ever, ay! ten thousand times more. She took to herself all the blame of their hasty marriage. Nay, she went further, she secretly lamented that she had embarrassed, if not ruined Randolph. All this made her weep often when alone. But no sooner did her husband enter, than duty united with love to chase the tears from her face; she put on her brightest smiles: and a stranger, to have seen her then, would have thought that never was bride so happy.

They lived in small lodgings, in a second rate street, one room being occupied as Randolph's studio, while in the other they lived. A half grown Irish girl was cook, maid and servant of all work. Economy characterized every department of their little establishment, for except the

jewels which had been sent after Alice, and the remains of the last picture Randolph had sold, they had no resources.

Yet, poor as they were, poor at least compared to what Alice had once been, the natural taste of the young wife was seen in the many little beautiful articles, scattered about their solitary apartment. The costliest of these were wrecks of her former life, elegant work-boxes, cologne-bottles, ink-stands, or other pretty feminine trifles: but the chief charm of the room consisted in the number and variety of plants, most of which Alice had purchased in pots, in the market, and which kept the chamber filled with fragrance. There were tea-roses, daily-roses, verbena, heliotrope, mignonette, geraniums, an Egyptian lily, the towering yellow jessamine, and the bell-shaped, orange-colored arbutulum, all of which it was her daily task to water and tend.

Alice had made several attempts to see her father, but her letters, soliciting an interview, were invariably returned unopened. Randolph, whose high spirit had ill-brooked her perseverance under such indignities, at last interfered and positively forbade her to make any more efforts.

"Only once more, George," she said, pleadingly, the tears in her sweet eyes. "I have done very wrong, and pa has reason to be angry. But he may yet relent, you know. I can but try. It is my duty to try, is it not?"

"I don't feel sure of that, dearest," he said, putting his arm around her waist, drawing her to him, and kissing her. "It seems to me that your father's anger is disproportionate to the offence. I have never looked on your disobedience, moreover, as the crime you morbidly think it——"

But the wife, half playfully, yet half sadly still, putting her tiny hand on his mouth, stopped his words.

"Oh! George," she said: and gave him such a look.

"Well, well, dearest; I won't quarrel with you. But it chafes me, you don't know how it chafes me, to see you treated with such silent scorn."

"Ah! George, didn't I treat pa worse? I never said a word to him, you know, but went off and married you, as if I did not care whether he liked it or not."

"But if he had been told, he would have opposed us, and then you would have been driven into open disobedience. We talked all this over, at the time. At first I wished, as you remember, to go to Mr. Vernon—"

"You did, you did. But somehow," and she looked up with a bewildered air, "I thought the way we took would be the best, though how I could have fallen into such a delusion I cannot tell. It seems to me now that I did the very worst thing I could."

Strange that, even yet, she had never suspected Isabel. Perhaps her husband had, but if so he kept his own counsel: he did not wish to grieve Alice, who still, infatuated girl, loved and esteemed her sister. And it was rather Isabel's studied avoidance of them that made Randolph suspect what he did, than any positive facts which had come to his knowledge, for Isabel never visited them, and though, if she passed them on the street, as had once or twice been the case, she bowed, it was with a distance and coldness that precluded speaking. Simple, trusting Alice attributed this to the commands of her father, and felt certain that, in the end, Isabel would gain their pardon: but Randolph began at last to suspect the secret hostility of the elder sister, though as yet even he could not divine the cause.

"Well, its no use regretting what is past," resumed Randolph. "In truth, Elsie," he had pet names too for his darling, "you sometimes make me almost angry. One would think you did not love me."

She started up from his bosom, on which she had been leaning, her eyes dilating with astonishment.

"To be sure," he said, half laughing at her look. "Don't you always talk as if you regretted marrying me—"

"Oh! George, how can you?"

Her eyes filled with tears; the words choked in her throat.

He was cut to the heart. Taking her head between his hands, he stooped and kissed her tears away.

"Don't take my hasty words, little one, in earnest. I didn't mean that you don't love me." She began to smile again, though faintly and sadly. "But I really cannot see that you committed such a crime in marrying me. No parent has a right, I think, to separate two hearts that love, unless there are better reasons for a refusal than existed in our case."

"I know, I know. But still, dear George, it

is dreadful to feel that a parent, and an only parent too, is angry with you, especially when your own conscience tells you that you did wrong. You know we might still have loved each other, even if we had not married."

Randolph bent down, kissed her, and whispered,

"Yes! but not as now."

The beautiful cheek was dyed in blushes; the large eyes looked timidly at his for a moment; and then the face was buried in his bosom, while the small hand closed tightly on his own.

"Forgive me, George," she murmured, after a moment. "Don't think I prize your love too little. Oh!" and again the face was lifted radiantly to his own, "how often I reproach myself that, by marrying you when I did, I deprived you of so many comforts, by compelling you to share your narrow income with one so extravagant as I am."

"Hush, pet bird, not a syllable of that. I feel prouder this hour," and he looked proud enough to be sure, as he glanced around, "to hold my little wife in my arms, and to know that she is here to soothe my cares with her sweet smiles, than if I owned a kingdom without her."

"Ah, flatterer!" And she tried to free herself, blushing and smiling, and playfully continuing, "but some of these days, when pa relents, for indeed I can't believe he will always be angry with me, I'll pay you, oh, with what elegant things! for all these nice compliments. You shall have such a superb dressing-gown, instead of this poor, faded old thing; and such exquisite Turkish slippers, pa has just the pattern; and a studio fit for Raphael; and the handsomest horse that can be bought: for you are a dear, nice old fellow, after all," and she threw her arms around his neck suddenly, like a spoiled child, and kissed him, "and have really earned a whole ship load of gifts for being so forbearing to poor little me."

A blessed thing is wedded love. Blessed even in poverty and sorrow. Blessed in its little, innocent blandishments, as in its deeper sympathies and consolations. God knows this would be but a poor, miserable world without it.

Meanwhile Mr. Vernon was hurrying from one capital in Europe to another, in hopes, by constant change of scene, to forget Alice. For he loved that daughter, notwithstanding his severity toward her, with a feeling that mingled the fervor of youth with the memories of age. To him she was not only the favorite child, but a continual reminiscence of his lost wife, for he could never think of the face of the one without recalling that of the other. His very cruelty toward her had been increased by the depth of these feelings. Natures like his, are angry at disobedience in

proportion to the extent of the affection they have entertained.

He found he could not live without her. Yet his will struggled continually against his tenderness, so that the more he suffered, the more resolute he strove to be. But his physical system gradually gave way in this conflict. After an absence of two years, he suddenly told Isabel that he should return to America, and in less than a week they were actually on the broad Atlantic.

When he reached his native city, his old friends scarcely recognized him. The once vigorous frame was bowed, the cheek sunken, the eye dim: he was but the wreck of his former self.

He returned, as he well knew, to die. "A young oak may recover from a lightning stroke," he said, "but not an old and worn-out trunk." But oh, how he yearned, before he died, to see his Alice once more. And had she, at that time, fallen at his feet, implored his pardon, and presented her little daughter, the very image of herself, he would have forgiven all. But he was too proud to send for her, much as he suffered. Oh! that pride.

Isabel, who could not but see the workings of his mind, was resolved that whatever else might happen, his sister should never have an interview with their father. Mr. Vernon, before he left for Europe, had executed a will, in which Isabel was made his sole heir. Her revenge would be foiled if this will should be revoked, and that it would be cancelled, if her sister gained their father's presence, she felt certain.

Fearing that Alice might seek an interview, she left the most strict injunctions with the servants, that no one should be admitted to his presence without she was at home. In all his rides abroad she accompanied him also. But accident had nearly frustrated her precautions, and that by means entirely unexpected.

The married life of Randolph and Alice had been blessed with one child, a daughter, who was one of those rare and angelic beings that sometimes are seen on earth. Lily Randolph was less of mortal mould than a visitant from another sphere. From her earliest infancy, she had been as sweet-tempered as she was lovely, and with her delicate complexion, sunny hair, and winning smile she was the loveliest of children. She never went into the street that strangers did not stop her to caress and kiss her. There seemed to linger, on the memory of this angel-child, visions of the celestial world. Everything that was beautiful, from a violet to a star, she adored with a fervor and earnestness that was wonderful in one so young. The first thing she had noticed particularly had been a flower in her mother's chamber, and from that hour up she

had passionately admired those fair and fragile things. Her little heart was all affection. Even those persons who were generally indifferent to children—and, strange to say, there are such—were won by her beautiful smile, by her loving eyes, by the very way in which she stood silently at their knees. To those who were dear to her, her thousand innocent modes of caressing, all so graceful, yet so varied, rendered her, day by day, more and more their idol. To her parents she had become as necessary as life itself. She had grown, indeed, a part of themselves. This was especially the case with respect to the mother, who was her almost constant companion. Between these two a strange bond had sprung up, for in many things this child was above her years. When Randolph was busy in his studio, they were sole and nearly constant companions. Rarely was Lily taken for a walk unless by her mother. Living thus ever together, with no other interests to distract their attention, their affection had the depth of that between adults, but oh! with how much more purity and heavenliness. Lily seemed always instinctively to divine her mother's mood, prattling and smiling when it was joyful, and nestling to her condolingly when it was sad.

One day the faithful Irish nurse, who had served Alice during the first year of Lily's life, and who often came to see her darling, and obtain the honor of taking her out for a walk, had the little girl in one of the public squares. The child, who had been confined to the house, unavoidably, for some days, was in a state of the highest excitement. The beautiful, sparkling fountain, the waving trees, the butterflies, but most of all the flowers scattered about, rendered her almost wild with delight. Her bright eyes, heightened color, and golden curls waving as she ran to and fro, attracted every one's attention. They particularly riveted the gaze of an invalid old man, who had tottered into the square, attended by a man-servant, and now sat on one of the benches. For a long time he watched the child's motions, quick and graceful as those of a bird; and, at last, when she came near, he called her to him.

The little girl stopped pantingly and looked to see who spoke. The sad countenance and decrepid figure of the old man touched her heart. Leaving the beautiful butterfly, which she had been chasing, she came and stood by the invalid's knee, looking up sympathizingly into his face.

"What is your name, my dear?" said the old man, in a kindly voice, taking her hand.

"Lily," she said, frankly, tossing back the bright curls from her sunny face.

"Do you like playing here?"

"Oh! yes, for everything is so beautiful," she

answered, enthusiastically. "There are such pretty flowers, and, in the morning, such dear little birds: you don't know how sweetly they sing; you should come and hear them." And she smiled up in his face, as if she had known him for years.

The old man's heart yearned strangely to that child. In other years he had been blessed with a daughter of whom this little girl continually reminded him. It seemed to him, indeed, as if his darling looked at him again from those very eyes. There was emotion in his voice, therefore, as he continued,

"And do you like the fountain?"

"Oh! yes," was the rapturous answer, "so much. And isn't it pretty this afternoon? Sometimes it goes, straight up, you know, to the sky, and then plump down. But I like it better when, as to-day, it curls over at top, just like a flower."

"You are a little poet, my dear," said Mr. Vernon, for our readers have divined that it was he. "Did your ma never tell you so?"

She scarcely understood what he meant. So she looked inquiringly at him, and then replied, in her sweet, innocent way,

"Mamma tells me to be a good girl, and pray to God; and I do, every night too; for papa, and mamma, and nurse, and grandfather, and aunt—"

"Grandfather!" interrupted Mr. Vernon, a strange suspicion flashing across him: and he drew the child yet closer, and gazed eagerly into her face. "Have you a grandfather?"

"Yes, but I never saw him, though mamma says I will some day. He is gone away, oh! ever so far."

"Then you expect to see him when he returns?"

"Mamma says she hopes so. But she cries when she says it. Do grandfathers always make mammas cry?"

As she spoke, she looked up into Mr. Vernon's face, with an earnest, inquiring, serious gaze, as if her little heart was troubled deeply with this mystery. The old man could bear it no longer. The tears rushed to his dim eyes, and he said, falteringly,

"What is your father's name, my dear?"

The blue eyes of the child distended with surprise, and then immediately a sad, sympathizing expression stole to her face. She drew nearer to the invalid as she answered in a low and less eager voice,

"Pa's name is Mr. Randolph. You should know papa, he paints such beautiful pictures."

But the strain on Mr. Vernon's feelings was too great: he did not hear Lily conclude her sentence; for, at the mention of her father, and

the confirmation of his suspicions, he groaned, and fell back as if lifeless.

All was now confusion. The child, terrified and concerned, burst into tears and even shrieks; while the footman, who had stood at a respectful distance, rushed up to his master's assistance. Lily was overthrown, and would have been trampled under in the press, if her nurse had not flown to her assistance, and carried her off, plentifully abusing the footman for having, as she said, "been nearly the death of her darlin', the impudent baste of a man."

Mr. Vernon was taken home, and continued, for some time, insensible. His first question, when he finally came to, was after his grandchild. Isabel thought, at first, he was raving, but when she was told that he had really been conversing with a little girl in the park, at the time he was seized, she divined the truth. But she would not admit it to others. She told the servant sharply that Mr. Vernon had no grandchild, and that only delirium, or dotage could explain his asking for one.

From that day the invalid never rose from his bed. Isabel was now constantly with him, almost entirely excluding assistance: her concern, she said, would not allow her to leave him.

Alice, meantime, had heard from both the nurse and Lily, of the latter's adventure; but little did she suspect who the invalid was. By accident, however, she learned her father's sinking condition, and obtained her husband's consent to make a last effort to see him. "If he should die," she said, "and I unforgiven, I could never again be happy."

Accordingly, with a palpitating heart, almost a week after the meeting of Lily and Mr. Vernon, the discarded daughter rung the bell at her father's magnificent portal.

A strange servant came to the door, which he held only half open, standing carefully in the aperture.

"Can I see Mr. Vernon?" said Alice.

Her voice was tremulous as she spoke, and she was so faint that she clung to the door-frame.

The servant eyed her with astonishment. Ignorant alike of her person, and of the family history, he could not account for this agitation.

"Mr. Vernon is sick and can see no one," he said, and without moving from his position.

But Alice, roused to mortal terror at these words, which implied that her father was dying, found all her strength returning, and with a boldness that, at any other time, she would have been incapable of, she pushed by the footman, entered the hall, and laid her hand on the parlor door.

"Is he dying? Does he keep his bed?" she asked, hurriedly, as the servant, bowing and deprecating, followed her.

The man would have repeated in words, what his manner had already said, but there was something in Alice that awed and prevented him. He felt that he would rather receive the rebuke of his mistress, for disobedience, than tell this poor, agitated creature that his orders were, on no account, to admit anybody.

"Is he dying? tell me—oh! don't keep me in suspense," cried Alice, stopping, with her hand on the door, as she saw the servant's irresolution, which she mistakenly attributed to another cause.

"He is not considered in immediate danger, ma'am," replied the man, opening the door for her. "But Miss Vernon's orders are that nobody should see him. The doctors say he must be kept quiet. Will you take a seat?" And he offered her a chair.

Alice sank gratefully to the seat, for a reaction had come, and she was again trembling all over. For some moments her mind was in a whirl of confused ideas, her only clear perception being that what she had heard of her father's illness fell short of the truth.

Meantime the footman gazed at her in respectful silence, for there is something in real emotion to touch even the rudest heart. At last Alice looked up, and said,

"Can I see Isabel?"

The servant stared. Long as he had been in that house, he had never heard his mistress called anything but Miss Vernon. Who could this stranger be, he asked himself, who spoke familiarly of the haughty heiress?

Alice, even in her great grief and suspense, noticed his astonishment, and hastened to correct herself.

"I mean Miss Vernon," she said.

The servant bowed, and answered, "your card, ma'am, if you please."

But Alice answered, "never mind, tell her it is a friend, an old schoolmate."

Still, however, the footman hesitated, bowing, and looking the request he could not repeat.

"Say it is on urgent business," added Alice, eagerly, noticing this. "I know she will come if you tell her that."

The servant departed, though with reluctant steps, and Alice was left alone to prepare for the interview with her sister. Her sister, whom she had not seen for so long, and whom an instinctive feeling, now experienced for the first time, warned her was not, perhaps, her friend.

More than a quarter of an hour elapsed before Isabel made her appearance. Had the room been the one in which she had formerly spent so many happy hours; had it been furnished with the old, familiar articles, Alice would have given way, under the tide of recollections thus forced

on her: but the house was a new one, and the furniture was new also, so that she managed to preserve, in a great degree, the fortitude so necessary to her.

At last the door opened and Isabel entered.

She had grown thinner and haughtier since Alice had last seen her. The lines of her face were sharp, the eyes sunken, the brow contracted into slight frown. Peevishness and hauteur were the prevailing expressions of the countenance. Had Alice met her in the street, she would scarcely have recognized her.

But, at first, Alice did not notice these changes. She knew, almost before she looked, that it was Isabel entering. With the first motion of the door she had sprung to her feet, all the old sisterly love gushing in her bosom, and rapidly advanced, with extended arms.

But Isabel, cold, repellent, disdainful, drew back rigidly. For an instant, indeed, she had started; but it was only for an instant; and immediately she was as immovable as marble. Poor Alice, checked in mid career, turned scarlet, her extended arms sinking to her sides; while the elder sister, without uttering a word, continued, for some time, to regard her with haughty scorn and anger. At last Isabel spoke.

"To what, Mrs. Randolph, are we indebted for this visit?"

But Alice could not answer. It was impossible for her, all at once, to realize that this was Isabel, the playmate of her childhood, her only and darling sister. With her large, soft eyes dilated with wonder; her lips parted; and every vestige of color gone from her cheeks, she stood, for a full minute, gazing at Isabel.

A civil sneer crept to the lips of the latter, as she saw this, and with cold hauteur she repeated.

"To what are we indebted, Mrs. Randolph, for this visit?"

And now, at last, Alice spoke. Heaving a deep sigh, she looked reproachfully at her sister, and said, "oh! Isabel."

The tone and glance would have melted any heart but one steeled against all pity. They produced no impression on Isabel, however, for she saw in Alice, not the sister, but only the hated bride of Randolph. The sneer deepened on her thin lips as she answered,

"My time is precious, madam, and you will oblige me by stating your business."

The color rushed back to the cheek of Alice at these cruel words, and indignation, such indignation as her gentle heart could feel, gave her strength to say. "I have come to see my father. I hear he is dangerously ill—"

She would have said more, but the elder sister interrupted her.

"To see your father," she answered. "Do

you wish to insult him? After having, by your disobedience, brought him to what will prove, perhaps, a bed of death, can you so wantonly outrage his feelings as to seek to force yourself upon him?"

Alice gazed at her sister in fresh amazement at these words. Was this the confidant, who had persuaded her to disobedience, and who now, not only disavowed all participation in that crime, but actually reproached her? Indignation, however, came again to her aid.

"Force myself upon him, after bringing him to a bed of death, oh! Isabel, how dare you, how can you use such language? Was it I only that was guilty? Did you not almost advise all that I did? Did you not promise to reconcile papa to me? And now to talk so! Isabel, sister Isabel," she cried, all other feelings subsiding into the agony of unutterable grief, "oh! don't look and talk so cruelly, but get pa to receive me, or my heart," and she placed her hands passionately on it, "my poor heart will break."

And did not even this move Isabel? Perhaps it did. Perhaps she had already been moved to her innermost soul, notwithstanding that cold, haughty, contemptuous look. But if so, pride and revenge had triumphed over all softer emotions. None are utterly wicked, and Isabel was far from being so. In charity to her we must suppose that even her harshness had been exaggerated, from a fear that, if she was less cruel, the part she had resolved to play could not be kept up. She had doubtless dreaded the effect of Alice's voice and look on her heart, and hoped, by a distant and haughty air, at once to repel the suppliant; and now, as she found herself deceived, as she saw Alice grow more earnest, she steeled herself with new barbarities.

"This interview is equally unwise and painful," she said, in a cold voice, yet one that was husky notwithstanding her efforts to make it seem natural. "I will not reproach you, madam, as you have reproached me, though, if you consult your memory, you will recollect that I gave no advice, and assumed no responsibility. And when I see what your disobedience has brought your father to, you must excuse me if I say that, in everything, I coincide with papa——"

"Oh! Isabel, oh! Isabel——"

"Pray don't interrupt me, madam," sharply continued the speaker. "I coincide, I say, entirely with pa. His health, already shattered by your misconduct, must not be endangered by an interview, which could be only painful to him, and which, I should think, none but base motives on your part could have suggested."

Infamous taunt! And from a sister too! What lost spirit, burning with hate and revenge, could have formed such bitter words for those lips?

Alice made no answer. This last insinuation deprived her even of the strength which indignation had given her. She burst into tears. Covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud, shaking convulsively as if body and spirit were parting.

Minute after minute passed, yet still that passion of overstrained emotions continued. At last, however, she grew composed. The thought of her father, dying overhead, and dying without forgiving her, gradually banished all other feelings, and she looked up, intending to make a final effort to move Isabel.

But Isabel was gone. Taking advantage of Alice's convulsive grief, the elder sister had stolen noiselessly from the room.

A new flood of tears rushed to the eyes of Alice as she saw this. She felt that the decree was irrevocable, which separated her from her father; and her gentle nature sank under it. But, after a while, the realities of her situation began to impress themselves on her. What if one of the servants should appear, and see her weeping? Or what if Isabel should despatch a footman to thrust her from the house, for any thing was possible from Isabel after the cruel words of the late interview?

She rose, therefore, from the chair where she had sunk, gathered her shawl about her, and left the parlor. In the hall she encountered the servant who had admitted her, and who had apparently been waiting, under instructions, until she should appear. He stepped briskly to the door, opened it, and stood bowing low, as if for her to pass. And thus Alice went forth, for the second and last time, expelled from her father's house.

Alice never recollects how she got home on that day. From the moment she left her father's portal, till she entered her own, all was a chaos.

But when the door of her boarding-house was opened at her well-known ring, there came bounding toward her a vision of beauty that would have shed sunshine into a heart even more desolate than hers. It was her little daughter!

Lily saw, immediately, that her mother was grieved at something, so the boisterous gladness of her welcome ceased, and taking the offered hand in her own tiny one, she looked up silently into that dear face, and went quietly, almost demurely on to their room.

But as soon as the door was opened, the exuberant gaiety of her pure young heart returned again, for she recollects, all at once, what she had intended to tell her mother the first thing, but which she had forgotten in the tumult of the welcome.

"Oh! mamma," she cried, eagerly, dragging her parent across the chamber, "do come and see. Such a beautiful moss-rose bud as I have

found, and you were looking on the bush for one in vain only yesterday, you know. Isn't it pretty?"

It was indeed exquisite, as delicate, pure and fresh as thyself, loveliest of daughters! And the mother said so mentally, as first gazing at the bud a moment, she stooped and kissed her darling.

The little girl followed her parent, talking pleasantly to her, as the latter crossed the room to put away her bonnet and shawl. She told how she had spent the early part of the morning dressing her doll and putting it to sleep; and all this she did so earnestly that one would have thought it the most serious of affairs. Then she told how, after this, she had thought it time to listen for her mamma's ring, and how, when it came, she knew it at once. But her voice, though cheerful, was not gay. She seemed to feel that gaiety would be out of place. Her mother, as much from the consciousness of this, as from the memory of the late interview, began silently to cry; but aware of the weakness of this, tried first to check her tears, and, failing, to hide them from her child.

But the latter soon detected them. Drawing her mother gently to a seat, and looking affectionately up, she said,

"Don't cry, mamma."

"Don't cry! Oh! if ever you have, in your deep trouble, heard those touching words from the lips of a little daughter, her eyes bent on yours full of sympathy, and her lips quivering with sorrow because of your sorrow, then you know how it was that Alice suddenly clasped her child to her bosom, kissed her passionately again and again, and wept almost aloud. But if you have never had such a daughter, no words of mine can describe the scene."

At last Alice buried her face on her little one's shoulders. The child waited a while, and then quietly began, with her tiny hands, to turn her mother's head, saying, tenderly, "you ain't crying any more, are you, mamma? Don't cry, dear mamma."

And then there were fresh tears and renewed caresses, till gradually smiles returned to both faces. When Randolph came in to dinner, he found mother and daughter sitting lovingly together, the last nursing her doll quietly on her knee, and eagerly listening, with her little countenance full of concern, to her parent reading the ballad of the "Children in the Wood."

Let us turn from this innocent scene to one which was enacting, at that very hour, in the mansion of Mr. Vernon.

We are in the chamber of death. The carpet is the finest Axminster; the bed is gorgeous with hangings: but these cannot keep out death.

"Isabel," said a feeble voice, "are you there?" "Yes, papa," and she came forward to the bedside.

"Raise me up."

She placed one arm under the pillow of the feeble old man, and, with her disengaged hand, put a second pillow beneath him, so that he could recline in a half sitting posture.

"I think I could sleep a little now, if you were to fan me. The air is very close. Lying down benumbs me."

A shade of concern passed over Isabel's face, for she knew the dread meaning of these signs; and though long expecting her father's death, it was a shock, come when it might.

Her first impulse was to call the servants. But her parent dropping almost immediately into a calm sleep, her present fears were relieved.

For some time the invalid slumbered quietly. But gradually he grew restless, murmuring low words which Isabel could not make out. Finally, his excitement increased, and he spoke louder.

"Alice," he said, "Alice, where are you? You prayed for me, did you, and I never prayed for you." He was evidently mingling his interview with Lily, with recollections of the childhood of Alice. "How much you look like your mother. And she, too, loved flowers. Ah! don't frown on me, angel, up in the clouds of heaven. Don't, don't leave me." The perspiration started from the brow of the sleeper. In a moment he cried, agonizingly, "she has passed into the gate of glory, and the avenging angel, with his flaming sword, warns me back."

A pang shot across the sharp features of Isabel, as if a poisoned arrow had been driven into her heart. She hesitated an instant, and then shook the sleeper.

"Father, father," she cried.

With a groan the old man opened his eyes, and met her wild look, though with vague and wandering gaze.

"Off, off!" he gasped, "I do not know you. You are the fiend, I see your shape——"

"Father, father," almost shrieked Isabel, shaking him more violently.

This time he was more fully roused. He drew a deep breath and half moved a hand to his brow.

"Ah! I remember. You are one of my daughters. It is Alice, isn't it?"

The lips of Isabel were compressed till the blood almost started from them, and her face became, for an instant, perfectly livid. But the emotion, by whatever caused, soon passed off.

"It is I, Isabel: surely you know me."

"Oh!—ah!—yes——" He spoke slowly and vaguely, pausing between each word, and looking half doubtfully at her. "It is Isabel's voice. But you have made the room very dark. Why

don't they bring candles? And where is Alice? Ah! now I recollect, Alice isn't here—she is gone, gone, gone."

He spoke the last words despairingly, with a listless, dejected air; and, for a while, was silent. Isabel was torn by conflicting emotions. Thirst for revenge, and hatred to Alice warred within her against the remains of holier feelings; and alas! alas! they triumphed.

Very soon the invalid, who had closed his eyes languidly, opened them with a quick start. Grasping Isabel's arm, and speaking in a rapid voice, he said,

"Ring for a servant. Send for Alice and her child. I am dying and have not forgiven them: oh! what a sinner of sinners I have been. And send also for the lawyer to alter my will. I know now the meaning of the flaming sword, and the sad face of my angel-wife: how can I expect to be forgiven, if I forgive not."

But Isabel never moved. Her face grew almost black, with the conflict within, as when storms

darken a mountain: but she neither answered, nor obeyed.

The old man gazed at her, at first in astonishment, and finally in horror. A terrible suspicion seized him, though not the true one. Desperately he clutched her arm, tighter than ever, and made a violent effort to draw her face down close to his.

"Oh! God," he cried, in a voice thick with terror, "she does not hear me, she does not understand my words. The dying, they say, often try to speak, and cannot. Isabel, Isabel," he shouted, "can't you hear me? Stoop down lower!"

She obeyed him, but shook her head, as if his words were inarticulate.

"I am dying, it is too late," he cried, dropping her hand, "all is in vain. Oh! my God."

No words can describe the despairing accent of this appeal. Gradually his voice sank into indistinct mutterings: there was a convulsive shudder; and then a corpse lay stark and livid on the bed before Isabel. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SWING.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

'NEATH the cool and verdant shade,
On the old oak's giant limb,
We secure the cords have made,
All is safe, the balance trim;

Swing—swing
To and fro,
On the wing—
High—low—
Here—there—

Undulating through the air.

Beauty on the cheek will glow,
Kisses sweet from balmy air,
Where the swing waves to and fro,
Let us to its joys repair;
Swing—swing—

To and fro—
On the wing—
High—low—
Here—there—
Springing through the yielding air.

'Tis delightful thus to go,
Gently gliding here and there,
Hither—thither—to and fro—
Floating, like a bird, in air;
Swing—swing—
To and fro—
On the wing—
High—low—
Here—there—
Up—and down—'tis pleasure rare!

SPIRIT VOICES.

BY G. L. PARSONS.

HOLY spirits still are striving
At the altar of the heart,
Whispering words of deepest meaning,
"Go and choose the better part."
Do we give them proper heedning,
When they gently bid us come,
Where the Saviour's interceding
For each poor unworthy one?

Ab, I fear we sometimes banish
Words that should be cherished dear:
And we let those spirits vanish
From us each succeeding year.
They will not thus always linger,
When we turn a deafening ear
To the teachings of our Saviour,
That we should with reverence hear.

THE MOONLIGHT RAMBLE.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

THE moon shone full and beautiful on terrace and tower, as two figures, coming from the gardens of Alleyne Castle, emerged into her midnight radiance. One was a manly, handsome form, attired in the guise of a cavalier. His companion was a maiden, apparently in the first blush of womanhood, whose costly garments, as well as the taste with which they were worn, bespoke her of noble blood and refined culture. It was evident, from the first glance, that the two were lovers. A conversation, begun in the garden walk, was being continued.

"Dear Roland," said the lady, looking up tenderly into his face, "ask me not, I beseech you, to meet you in this stolen way again. I fear something will happen to me, or to you, for my weakness in yielding this once. Not for worlds would I have any of the retainers about the castle to see me now. I have promised to be yours, and I will keep my troth, so help me heaven, though all earth and the powers below strive against you. But I cannot openly disobey my dear father by an elopement. When you return, covered with glory from the wars, as I know well that you will, he will consent to our union; and then we shall both be happier for having followed the right, instead of obeying the temptation to do wrong."

"Your will is my law," said her companion, reverently kissing her hand. "Forgive me for having asked you to fly with me. I see that you are right in this as in all things else. Let me but win honor and lands, and even your proud father, the earl, must acknowledge that I am a fitting match for his child; for my blood is as noble as his own."

"I feel sure that you will succeed," said the sweet girl, looking fondly at him. "Who is braver than you?"

Her companion would have replied, but at that instant there rose, on the profound silence, what seemed the faint and distant sound of arms. Such a noise was unusual, even in those troubled times.

"Ha!" cried he. "There is trouble ahead. Hear you not those sounds?"

"I do hear them, Roland. But surely you are not going? You have no armor on."

"I have my sword," was the proud reply. "If there is a fight, one of the parties must be

for Edward of York, and even my poor blade may be needed in his behalf. Fortunately my steed is tied at the edge of the wood below. So farewell, dearest. To-morrow I hope to send you good news of your knight." And with a last fond embrace on his part, and some natural feminine tears on hers, he was gone.

It took but few minutes for Roland to gain his steed, to vault into the saddle, and to gallop in the direction of the sound of battle. As he hurried along, the clash of arms grew louder, and was mixed with shouts, among which he discovered the Lancasterian war-cry, and more faintly that of Edward of York. These latter finally ceased altogether, and then the others also were heard no more.

"It goes poorly with the king's men," said Roland, "but, perhaps, my arm can turn the battle: so on, good steed, on."

The period was that of the wars of the Roses, when the son of the murdered duke of York, had just ascended the English throne, under the title of Edward the Fourth. The realm was still filled with the disaffected, however, and pitched battles between the two parties were not unfrequent, while skirmishes were of almost weekly occurrence.

On reaching an open glade, in the midst of a forest, Roland came suddenly in view of the scene of strife. But the struggle appeared to be over. Four men-at-arms, wearing the badges of York, lay dead on the ground, and a fifth, though living, was prostrate. A huge knight, in dark armor stood over the latter, with his sword at the throat of the fallen man, while several followers, grim and bloody from the late fight, crowded behind.

"Yield thee, sir knight, or die the death," cried the dark warrior, shortening his blade to give the fatal blow.

"Edward never yields to traitors," cried the fallen man, "do your will, rebel that thou art."

"Then perish, upstart king," cried the dark warrior.

But the sword, though thrust angrily at the throat of the fallen monarch—for it was Edward the Fourth, beset on the return from one of his gay appointments, that lay there—never reached its destination. Shouting "a Roland, a Roland," our hero had dashed spurs into his horse, and

now rode down the dark warrior; while as the rebel fell, with one blow of his stout blade, he clove his skull in twain.

"Up, up, my liege," he cried, turning for an instant to the king. "I will keep the varlets in play till you have recovered a sword. I saw two lying beside your dead retainers." And then, dashing into the midst of the surprised rebels, who had not even yet recovered their presence of mind, he hewed down first one, and then another, wheeling his horse with almost miraculous rapidity, so as both to escape blows himself and to deal them to others: all the time shouting, as if he had an army at his back, "a Roland, a Roland, to the rescue."

The monarch, ever as brave in arms as he was successful in love, was not long in availing himself of Roland's advice, and soon appeared to the assistance of the latter. But, short as the time had been, the field was already clear. Consternation had done much, and the good sword of Roland more. Already four had fallen under that tenant blade, when the four that remained, seeing the king coming to the aid of this terrible knight, and not knowing how many retainers might be hurrying through the woods, took to sudden flight.

"By my crown and realm," said the king, "you have done what no other knight, in all England, could have achieved so quickly. There is nothing left for me to do."

"My liege," said Roland, leaping from his horse, and sinking on his knee, "I have only done what any man, had he seen his king in peril, could have done as well; for when the safety of these broad realms is at stake, by the life of their rightful monarch being in danger, even a woman's arm would have a giant's strength."

"Well said, young sir," said Edward. "But rise, rise! Or stay," he added, suddenly, seeing that Roland wore no knightly spurs, "are you not yet a son of chivalry?"

"I have yet to win my spurs," replied Roland.

"Then, by all the saints, knight you shall be before you rise, for never did squire win spurs more nobly than you have done to-night. Your name."

"Roland Bohem."

"What, the heir of the old line? Rise, Sir Roland Bohem," and he struck him on the shoulder as he spoke. "And as I trow, from what I know of your family history, that you are not over-rich in this world's goods, having lost all in my father's cause, it shall be my duty to hunt you out certain rich manors to pay you for this night's work. But now, tell me, how came you here."

In a few words Roland explained that, having

heard the sound of arms, he had hurried to the scene. He would have stopped here, but the good-natured monarch, who had observed the speaker's embarrassment, suspected that all was not told; and so cross-questioned our hero, with such mingled authority, adroitness and kindness, that Roland was fain, at last, to reveal the whole.

"Ha, sits the wind in that quarter?" said the royal Edward. "You shall not repent making me your confidant. I know the good earl well. He has been rather luke-warm, but now seeks to make his peace with me, and will not miss a good opportunity, such as my suit in your behalf will offer. I will hie to his castle to-night, for I must sleep somewhere, and am too tired to return to court. You shall accompany me, and, to-morrow, hear more."

All was uproar in the castle of Earl Dalton, when it became known that the king had been beset, in the neighboring forest, had barely escaped with his life, and had come to demand a night's lodging, and that litters should be sent out to bring in the dead bodies of his henchmen. The earl himself rose trembling from bed, and came to welcome his royal master, fearful that suspicion might fall on him, since the attack had happened in his woods. Roland, at the monarch's request, did not appear at this interview, but sought the old chamber he had occupied when a page, for it was in that capacity, and in the Dalton Castle, as the reader may have guessed ere this, that he had won the Lady Elizabeth's heart.

The next day the castle was thronged with anxious courtiers, who having heard of Edward's peril, had ridden down from London to congratulate the king on his escape. But it was not until the sun was high in heaven that the monarch appeared, for he had slept long after his fatigue, and had subsequently been closeted, in secret, with his host. At last, however, he entered the great hall, amid the acclamations of his subjects, who crowded around to testify their loyalty.

"All excellently well," jestingly said the king, "glad to see your king safe, I have no doubt, though he owes nothing to your good swords for being so. But make way, lords and gentlemen, for here comes the Lady Elizabeth, queen of hearts and beauty, whose espousals you are happily present to witness."

As he spoke, the earl's daughter entered the hall, richly attired, and attended by a long train of maidens. Never had she looked so lovely. It was apparent that she was, at least, no unwilling bride, for never could a lustre so sweet fill the eyes, nor smile so happy wreath the lips of one forced to the altar.

"My Lord of Dalton," said the king, turning to her father, a proud, but timid nobleman, whose

whole life had been consumed in accumulating wealth and trimming between York and Lancaster, "it is with your free consent, I believe, that you give your daughter away to the good earl, in whose favor I have asked her hand, I vouching that his lineage is noble in all respects, and that his broad acres equal your daughter's dowry."

"It is, my liege," said he, bowing low. "Your majesty had but to name the boon, and I accorded it at once, being eager to testify my love to your house and my loyalty to the throne."

"Stand forth then, Roland, Earl of Langleat," said the king, advancing, and laying his hand on the shoulder of our hero, who, hitherto had stood in the background. "Receive your bride," and with the words, he placed the hand of the Lady Elizabeth in that of Roland. "Now both of ye kneel to my Lord of Dalton, and ask his paternal blessing."

From the start of the old earl it was evident that he had been kept in ignorance of the fact, that it was his former page who was to wed his daughter. In truth the monarch, who ever loved a jest, had purposely concealed this.

"But, my liege," at last stammered the old earl, still drawing back, and gazing in amazement from the pair to the monarch, and then from the monarch to the pair. "This is my own page, who left me not a twelvemonth ago: no knight, much less belted earl."

"Knight and belted earl both," said the monarch, laughing, "and holding of me, by my free gift, broad manors that once were his ancestors, and which I have confiscated from the Lancastrian thieves who dispossessed the old Bohems, whose name and blood he inherits. Nay, sir earl, put a good grace on the affair, and bless them: don't you see the Lady Elizabeth is nothing loath. Remember, I have your promise. All the conditions are fulfilled on my part."

Thus pressed, the old noble blessed the youthful couple, though with a dubious and concerned

look, as if he fancied there was some trick about it; for he could not, as yet, realize the sudden change which had occurred in Roland's fortunes. But the next words of the king revealed all to his bewildered mind.

"And now, lords and gentlemen," said the monarch, taking the youthful pair in either hand, and advancing to the front of the dais, "let me introduce you to the Lady Elizabeth Dalton, loveliest of her sex, and to her espoused husband, Sir Roland Bohem, Earl of Langleat, peerless knight, and true liegeman, but for whose arm your king would, last night, have died under the sword of an assassin."

He had scarcely finished when a shout went up from the spectators, that made even the spacious hall of the castle shake and shake again: and when this had died away, a hundred hands were extended to grasp that of Roland, while a hundred voices congratulated him on his courage and his good fortune.

A year from that day saw the young earl married to his lovely Elizabeth. History records how King Edward gave the bride away; how there were jousts and tournaments for days in succession; and how the bridegroom was the handsomest knight, as his bride was the loveliest lady at all these entertainments. But one little incident, which history has overlooked, we must narrate before we finish.

"Ah! did I not tell you," said the bride, when alone with her husband, "that, if we trusted in heaven, all would go right?"

"You did, dearest, and were a true prophet," said Roland, fondly kissing her. But he added, archly, "and yet, after all, and in spite of your prognostications of evil, we owe not a little to that moonlight ramble."

On that subject they differed to their dying day. They never quarrelled about anything else, however, but lived as happily as they lived long. Therefore, good reader, do not let us quarrel even on that subject.

LINES.

BY JULIA DAY.

WHEN pleasures shall have flown
Like bloom from blossoms bright,
Let not the breast disown
Remembrance of delight.
When bitter tears shall cease,
In smarting anguish shed
Let not the heart at peace
Forget that it hath bled.

Let hope fade as the rose,
Love like the violet die,
A thousand joys and woes
Together buried lie;
But let there not be gloom
As though they ne'er had been,
Let ivy crown the tomb,
"Lord keep my memory green."

ON THE HARMONY OF COLORS, IN ITS APPLICATION TO LADIES' DRESS.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 108.

LET US note the colors on the dresses of the first six ladies we meet. What do we see first? a fancy straw bonnet, lined and trimmed with rose color, an orange shawl, and a lilac muslin dress. The next wears a blue bonnet, lilac visite, and a pink dress. A third has a violet bonnet, pink bows inside, sky-blue strings, and a green veil. Now we follow a lady in a cool green muslin dress, a white shawl chequered with peach blossom and green, the bonnet peach blossom, trimmed simply with ruches of narrow tulle. Here, our companion exclaimed, is an exception to your rule, it is impossible that two colors could be better contrasted or harmonized. Stay, we replied, let us see the lady's face, and ascertain whether the same harmony is preserved throughout the costume. We accordingly quickened our pace, passed the lady, looked in her face, and saw—bright amber colored bows inside her lilac bonnet, and broad strings of yellow ribbons with a red stripe! The very thought of such a combination of color sets one's teeth on edge.* Who comes next? a Quaker lady, with her close and prim drab silk bonnet lined with white, which is thrown into shadow by the close form of the bonnet, and is separated from her fine complexion by her smooth bands of hair, and the neat ruche of gauze; she wears a drab silk dress, and a plain white shawl, over which is turned a collar of the whitest and most transparent lawn. It is positively a relief to the eye to rest on the quiet dress of this lady, after the shock it has received from the inharmonious contrasts we have just described. Formal and

stiff as the bonnet worn by the ladies belonging to the sect of Friends, is in shape, we cannot for a moment hesitate which is the most lady-like and the most becoming dress; indeed, it is somewhat difficult to imagine that Quaker ladies, who have the use of their eyes, have never, between the days of George Fox and our own times, made the important discovery that the semi-neutral colors which they so generally adopt, are very becoming to the complexion. If this were not the fact, why should Titian, Vandyck, and other great painters introduce a drab colored scarf or veil around the bust of single figures, and in contact with the skin? and why should this contrivance be adopted by modern painters also? It is known that the effect of the drab scarf is to make the flesh tints look brighter by contrast.

In the same manner the large ruffs—we do not, of course, allude to those which were stiffened with yellow starch—that were worn formerly, produced by the shadow of their numerous folds, the effect of grey, which received by contrast a tinge of the complementary color of the carnations, and so produced harmony. The ruff had also the advantage of separating, by its broad shadow, the carnation tints from the deoided colors of the dress.

When speaking of the use of grey as a harmonizing color, the subject of grey hair naturally suggests itself. We are pleased to see that the disingenuous and idle custom of concealing the encroachments of time, by the substitution of false hair, is fast passing away. To those who wear hair to which they have no claim but that of purchase, and who still feel disposed to hide their grey hair with borrowed locks of more youthful appearance, we would suggest that when, as Camoens says,

* The reason why the contrast of red, lilac or peach blossom with yellow is not harmonious, is because both colors are warm, now warm colors are always opposed to cold ones, consequently the nearer the yellow approaches to orange, the colder should be the violet or purple to which it is contrasted, and as the arrangement in the present instance was light red or warm purple, with yellow, which from the red stripe on the ribbon appeared orange, it will be seen that the rule to which we have referred was violated. In addition to the inharmonious contrast of color, there was also a discordancy in the *tone* of the colors. The yellow was too powerful for the light tint of purple to which it was opposed. Had the latter been dark—of the hue of the heartsease, for instance, the impression on the eye would have been less unpleasant, and the want of harmony in the colors less perceptible.

"Time's transmuting hand shall turn
Thy locks of gold to silvery wires,
Those starry lamps shall cease to burn
As now with more than mortal fire;
Thy ripened cheek no longer wear
The ruddy bloom of rising dawn,
And ev'ry tiny dimple there
In wrinkled lines be roughly drawn."

the face, as well as the hair, will bear unmis-
takeable traces of the lapse of years. The chest-
nut or raven hair of youth, never harmonizes

with the face and lineaments of fifty; but, by wearing the natural grey hair, the whole countenance acquires a general harmony which, when accompanied by an expression of intelligence and goodness, compensates in some degree for the loss of the bloom of youth.

Although we cannot see any beauty in hair when its color is in that state of transition, which Butler attributes to the tawny beard of Hudibras—

"The upper part whereof was whey,
The nether orange, mixed with grey."

we do think hair which is white, or nearly so, greatly improves the complexion when the latter is not of too deep a color. That this effect is totally independent of any associations connected with age, is, we think, fully proved by the former prevalence of the almost universal fashion of using hair-powder. We have already alluded to the good effect of white and of grey—produced by a ruche of tulle—round the face, and we cannot but think that the custom of wearing hair-powder, although it may have originated in the desire of some votary of fashion to conceal the inroads of age, was rendered popular by the discovery that it improved the complexion. White veils, lace, and gauze, approximate, by means of their folds, to grey; and are useful in softening and harmonizing.

But we are wandering from our subject, namely, the consideration of the adoption of different colors at the same time, as articles of dress. We should strongly recommend that, if different colors are worn at the same time, that they should be such as contrast, or harmonize, exactly with each other, and in such proportions as to produce the most agreeable effect on the eye. In general the broken and semi-neutral colors are productive of an excellent effect in dress; these may be enlivened by a little positive color, the accessories should be quiet and unassuming, and the contrasting color, which should always be chosen in accordance with the foregoing principles, should in general bear but a small proportion to the mass of principal color. A blue bonnet and dress, for instance, may, when contrast is desired, be worn with an orange colored shawl; but, as orange is a very powerful color, the blue, in order to balance it, must be of a very deep tone. In the same manner, a pink bonnet may be worn with a green dress—and a green bonnet with a pink dress, but the hue of each should be carefully assorted, according to exact contrast, as shown by the diagram. In some cases not only two, but three colors may be worn simultaneously, without incurring the imputation of gaudiness. This will, however, depend upon the skill with which the proportions,

and the different hues of color are adjusted. An instance of the unison of the three colors occurs in a favorite trimming for the exterior of summer bonnets, namely, a wreath of red poppies and blue corn flowers, mixed with yellow ears of ripe corn; the colors of which are sometimes very agreeably contrasted. Colored shawls, again, are instances in which a great variety of colors may be arranged with harmonious and rich effect; but to set these off to the greatest advantage, they should be worn over plain colored dresses. The variety of colors in shawls is frequently so great, and they are so broken and intermixed, that, at a small distance, they cease to be distinct, and must be considered rather as hues than as colors. It is always a rule that, if one part of the dress is highly ornamented, or consists of various colors, a portion should be plain, in order to give repose to the eye. For the same reason, figured dresses should be accompanied by plain colored shawls or cloaks. It is to this principle of contrast, without gaudiness, that the popularity of black scarfs, and cloaks, is to be attributed.

If it is necessary that the colors of the different articles of dress, should contrast agreeably or harmonize with each other, it is equally important that the same harmony should be preserved in the colors employed on a single piece of silk or stuff. In these and other textile fabrics we find too frequently that the fancy of the manufacturer has been the only rule for the arrangement of the colors, and the laws of the harmony and contrast of colors are set at defiance. The French manufacturers pay greater attention to the subject, and the good effects of this study are visible in the productions of the French looms. We trust that the influence of the schools of design, and the dissemination among all ranks of a knowledge of the laws regulating the contrasts of colors, will develop a more correct taste in this country, both among the producers and the consumers.

A certain amount of information, which appears rather to have been derived from tradition, than science, certainly prevails, with regard to this subject; and the bad use that has been made of it, proves the truth of the old adage, "a little learning is a dangerous thing." We cannot illustrate this better than by referring to the class of textile fabrics in which the warp and woof are of different colors, and which are familiarly called "glace" or "shot" silks or stuffs. It is commonly understood that red contrasts well with green, blue with orange, lilac with green, and purple with yellow, and an impression appears generally to prevail that if any two of these contrasting colors are united in one piece of goods; if, for instance, the warp is green and the woof red;

that the finished piece will present a rich and harmonious contrast of colors. If, however, all our manufacturers had been possessed of a more extensive knowledge of the principles of the harmony of colors, they would have been aware of the fact that red and green when mixed neutralize each other, producing, according to the proportions in which they unite, a semi-neutral tint, which, carried to the extreme, produces blackness. A very slight degree of observation on the dresses of this nature which one meets with in the street, will be sufficient to convince us that this effect is produced by the union of the colors above-mentioned, but the cause does not appear to have been understood. The effect

of such mixtures is heavy and sombre. Changeable and "shot" draperies are not a modern invention; they have always been favorites with the Italian painters, who have introduced them into their pictures with the happiest effects, and they were in use as early as the time of Cennini. Whence comes it then that draperies of this description are pleasing in pictures, while many of those which we see daily are displeasing to the cultivated eye? It is because the old Italian masters combined their colors according to the principles of harmony. And if we would produce the rich effects that they did, we must first investigate the principles by which they were guided, and then act upon them.

PEACE.

BY GEORGE HART.

BURN the tapers round the bed
Where a woman lieth dead:
Kneels the mother, praying humbly;
Kneels the husband, grieving dumbly.
Slipping gradual from his hold,
Sleeps a child with locks of gold,
Breathing sweetly on the bed,
Where a woman lieth dead.

All the years since she was wed,
Wept the woman lying dead:
With her grief and God alone,
Secret prayer and secret moan:
That the darling spouse and mother,
Loving her, should hate each other—
With a hate the years but fed,
Wept the woman lying dead.

In their hearts the last word said,
By the woman lying dead.
Awful as a distant sea
Breaks and breaks continually;
Till the husband and the mother
Turn, and sob, and clasp each other
Without speaking, by the bed,
Where the woman lieth dead.

Sleeps the child with golden head,
By the woman lying dead,
Sleep the taper-flames around,
And God's dove without a sound,
Casts her pinions o'er the place
Where the reconciled embrace:
It is "Peace," the last word said,
By the woman lying dead.

A HOME FOR ME.

BY C. CHANDLER.

On, a home for me,
O'er the deep blue sea,
On a gem from the waters riven:
Some fairy green isle,
Where the sun's bright smile
Seems a glance direct from Heaven.

I'm weary of life,
Its passions, its strife,
Its false bubbles tossing in air:
Wealth, honor, and fame,
E'en friendship's a name,
And love's but a meteor's glare.

To my islet home
Grief never should come,
Nor can, that would tempt me to roam:
The wind spirits sigh
My dirge when I die,
As they shroud me in Ocean's foam.

Then a home for me,
O'er the deep blue sea,
On an isle from the waters riven,
Where the soul's unrest
Finds quiet and blest,
Repose that would lead it to Heaven.

THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

BY SYDIL HASTINGS.

CHAPTER I.

An impulsive, buoyant, never-drooping spirit had Mary Rayson, or Mollie, as she was called by most of her numerous friends; and they comprised nearly all the inhabitants of Peacedale, the village where she was born and reared to girlhood. We wish we could describe her bright heart smile; her dark, fathomless eyes of hazel; her tall, reed-like figure with its willowy grace; the girlish abandon with which she yields herself to thrilling music; or sunny beam upon the lip, born of gushing merriment. But language is too weak to picture all this. They who knew Mary Rayson as the world only knows woman, knew her but as the idle gazer knows the sea, with the frail bubbles floating bright upon its surface, utterly unconscious of the jewels slumbering fathoms down below.

On the morning from which we date as the commencement of our story, clear and loud echoed the bell from the belfry of the old meeting-house. Just as the fall of footsteps, and the creaking of pew doors died away with the tolling of the bell, the tall figure of the minister rose erect in the pulpit. He prayed with simple eloquence for his Father's children gathered there beneath his spiritual guidance, and for all earth's wanderers. While he prayed, a shadow fell on the sunlit floor, and a tall stranger, in fashionable attire, stood just within the entrance. He had paused directly beneath the orchestra, and stood there till the hymn was given out, but when a sweet, bird-like voice, requiring cultivation but wonderfully musical, mingled with the peal from the organ, swelling through the old meeting-house, and rising clear above all other voices, he passed, with a quick, firm tread, up the aisle, and entered the pew of Dr. Allen, raising his eyes half wonderingly, half questioningly to the singers.

A face, a figure girlish in the extreme met his glance, but a face so fair, so innocent as to rivet his attention at once. The dark brown tresses were clustered in rich curls over brow and bosom; the glow was deep and warm upon that youthful cheek; while the parted lips half smiled as the soft notes gushed forth. There was nothing rustic in the young girl's attire; it was neat, almost elegant in its simplicity, and a doubt flashed over the mind of William Richmond as to her being

VOL. XXII.—9

a resident of Peacedale. But it was quickly dispelled, when the services of the morning being terminated, he beheld a tall, deep-chested man, with tawny brown hands, but dark, deep-set eyes, and a certain proud bearing that involuntarily inspired respect, approach to conduct her home. Eager to learn who she was, the young collegian, as soon as the congregation dispersed, asked her name of his relative, Dr. Allen; and learnt that she was Mary Rayson, the only child of David Rayson, the blacksmith of the village.

With all those false ideas of society which can see no nobility in those whose necessities require labor, William Richmond smiled in derision at himself to think that a humble artisan's daughter had nearly beguiled him into admiration. But, as time wore away, and day after day he saw Mary Rayson in the street, an intense desire, irresistible with all his pride and worldliness, to know her better, stole over him. But several weeks passed ere the opportunity was his, for there was no intercourse between the Allens and the Raysons, the former holding themselves somewhat aloof from most of the villagers. At length an accident occurred to assist him beyond his most sanguine expectations.

There had been the report of a dog in a rabid state seen in the woods not far distant; but little credence was given to the tale. One morning, however, William Richmond, with his gun and game-bag, entered the woods at an early hour. He had been out some time, and was walking leisurely forward in the direction of the village, when a wild, despairing cry for help rang through the woods from the opening a few rods beyond, and was echoed by a more distant voice. Richmond bounded forward in its direction; other cries following. He soon gained the opening, where he saw a young lady sinking fainting upon the green sward; while a mad dog, covered with foam, was dashing toward her. The young man immediately raised his piece: one loud report, and then another, in swift succession, arrested the ferocious creature in his progress, and laid him dead upon the field.

A smile of triumph and of joy lit up the gazer's features as he looked down upon the face of the insensible girl, for he recognized in her Mary Rayson.

Barely three weeks went by, ere one soft

summer evening, as he sat within the little parlor, with Mary Rayson by his side, and told his love. He spoke with all the impassioned eloquence of youth: pleading for a return upon her part: and it was accorded to him. Perchance then, in that witching hour of evening, with the sweet face raised to his, he was guiltless of insincerity.

With fervent gratitude and cordial hospitality the father had welcomed to his home the preserver of his motherless girl; and in that home William Richmond had met no ignorance to mortify, no vulgarity to shock the most fastidious taste: all there was simple and plain, but not to barrenness, for the hand of Mary filled the rooms with flowers, and the father's liberality placed choice and valuable books upon the table, and ministered with no sparing care to the culture of his child's intellect.

An intelligent, honorable man was David Rayson, owning no superior but his God, bowing in reverence to virtue alone. His only inheritance to his daughter was a name, untarnished by the faintest shadow of dishonor. He passed as proudly to his forge as the great statesman to the hall of legislature. He was one who recognized no degradation, but in false word or base deed. And this was the man whom Richmond presumed to look upon as *his* inferior. This was the man, whose profession, as the weak, young collegian thought, rendered Mary Rayson, the beautiful and good, too lowly for a rich man's bride.

But she knew it not, dreamed it not, until weeks of sweet hopes and glad joyousness had passed. Then, when an imperative summons reached Richmond from home, where his attentions to Mary Rayson had become known: then, when worldliness conquered what he dared to desecrate as love, by giving its name to mere sensual passion; then, when with a burst of selfish sorrow he told Mary Rayson, that loving her he must leave her, to return no more, and besought her not to put his memory from her heart as one unworthy, but still to love him in absence and hopelessness; then the veil was lifted, and in his arrogance, his utter selfishness and littleness, he stood revealed to her. The first cloud of life had stolen over her, and the storm raged fierce and wild in that young bosom; but soon all the pride of womanhood stirred within her spirit, and hushed the wild, despairing cry which rose agonizingly in her heart.

She looked upon him without bitterness. He had given her life when a terrible death yawned before her; and for that she was his debtor. She neither hated him nor scorned him, but she pitied him, and told him so. He saw it was not pride which dictated her words, that it was simple truth; and his very brow burnt with the

consciousness; but still he dared to beseech her yet to love him; and once more she spoke; and again there was no doubting her: she had ceased to love him. She had loved an ideal of her own creation, not him. And thus they parted, he with his pride humbled, but loving her more sincerely than heretofore; she pitying him, but utterly indifferent.

Long she remained by the window where he left her, but her glance followed him not as he passed down the garden walk for the last time, and no tears fell upon her white cheek. Weeks passed on, and William Richmond's name was never mentioned. Mary had told her father that he had proved to be unworthy of affection; and though the old man had a faint suspicion of the truth, he did not question her. The father saw that his child sorrowed as one who had been grievously disappointed, but that all love was over for William Richmond, and that Mary strove earnestly to forget the past. She succeeded at length; but she no longer possessed that girlish joyousness, that child like freedom from all care, which had previously marked her character, she grew more womanly, more thoughtful. The shadow of life had passed over her, making her more serious, more gentle, and she was lovelier than ever. And now to the father's affection for his daughter was added more reverence and confidence. He had not looked for such firmness in the indulged, sometimes wayward, but ever loving child.

Late in the autumn, Mr. Rayson received a letter from a younger sister of his lost wife, who had been separated much since her marriage from her own family, and who in consequence had not seen Mary since her early childhood, inviting her niece to spend the winter with herself and daughter in New York and Boston. It cost him no slight sacrifice of his own feelings to bring himself to part with his daughter, and Mary herself at first refused to leave him; but when he urged it upon her, and something in her own heart whispered her it would be better for her to do so, she finally consented; and the first of November was decided upon as the period of leaving Pencadale.

Mr. Rayson's means were not ample, but still sufficient to equip his daughter neatly, and genteelly, if not elegantly, for her visit to the city. But Mrs. Foster's loving care and pride, on receiving to her home the beautiful child of her lost sister, soon supplied all deficiencies, and Mary Rayson, with her grace and loveliness, won many hearts on her first appearance in the brilliant drawing-room of her beloved aunt.

Life now began to recover its joyousness and sunshine to Mary Rayson; and her long letters home were filled with glowing accounts of the

festive scenes in which she moved, and the kindness of Mrs. Foster and her daughter Alice. Once more she was happy. But still troubled thoughts would occasionally come to mar the present, and the beautiful lip would quiver in the crowded saloon. Often as she was receiving homage and brilliant adulation, she would question herself sorrowfully if it would be thus, were her position known.

One morning about six weeks after her arrival in New York, she went out to walk alone, immediately after breakfast. The air was clear and keen, and she drew her mantle very close about her. She had not proceeded far, before a poor, miserable-looking child of seven or eight years, standing upon the pavement, shivering with the cold, attracted her attention; and she paused as it stretched forth its half frozen hand, and placed a small sum within it. It was no ostentatious charity in Mary Rayson; there was apparently not a soul besides in the street; it was but the warm impulse of a generous heart. But she was not unobserved. Before a print window, seemingly gazing in upon its contents, stood a gentleman, whose attention nevertheless had been attracted by the sweet, low voice. His glance wandered to her fair face, and painted it in fadeless colors upon his memory. Days, weeks, months went by; and in solitude those low tones lingered on his ear, that sweet face smiled upon Clifton Hall.

A dim hope of meeting her, a vague presentiment that with the destiny of the young stranger his own was linked, haunted him, and would not disappear. But still time passed on, and she crossed not his path. He had long lost every hope of seeing her, when until one morning in the following spring, at an early hour he was crossing Boston Common. Suddenly his attention was riveted to the figure of a woman a few rods before him. She was walking leisurely forward in the same direction as himself, and apparently enjoying the beauty of the morning hour. She was dressed in a simple gingham morning dress, and wore a straw hat trimmed with white ribbon. When she gained the opposite entrance to the common, she turned to retrace her steps, and once more the soft, dark eyes of the vision of his dreams beamed full and clear upon Clifton Hall.

CHAPTER II.

THE rays of a lighted astral diffused a soft, mellow light through the spacious back drawing-room of Mrs. Charles Hall; while the contents of a fine conservatory beyond filled the apartment with fragrance. It was no home of today's inhabitance—its inmates were no people

of yesterday. The same fine paintings which adorned the walls, hung there, had hung there for years. A graceful man, of some five and twenty years, sat by the centre-table, with his deep-set eyes of blue, bent upon an open volume, which he held in his hands. His thoughts were, however, wandering far away from the page before him. While he remained thus buried in thought, there stole a sweet voice to his ear, breaking in upon his reveries, as a light figure came bounding through hall, calling upon her brother's name; then the door opened, and a pretty young creature, in a white evening dress, came dancing in to his side, heedless of the affectionate embrace crushing the soft folds of her dress, as he wound his arm lovingly about her.

"What were you dreaming of, Cliff? for dreaming you were I know by that quiet, subdued expression, and half smile upon your lip."

"Of one as bright as yourself, sweetheart."

"Caught at last! in love at length, Cliff! Who is it? Do I know her? Does she live in Boston? May I——"

"Hush! not so fast quite, sweetheart. To the two first exclamations I answer yes, to the three or four last inquiries I can answer with no degree of certainty, having put to myself more than once these very same questions, and received yet no satisfactory answer."

Kate Hall's countenance displayed much skepticism, if not actual doubt of her brother's words as he spoke, and with a merry smile she went on.

"Then, Cliff, you would have one to understand that you have fallen in love with one whom you neither know, nor have seen; some paragon of excellence, my dear brother, is it not, who is indefatigable in ministering to the whims of our respected maiden Cousin Deborah, or our bachelor Uncle Jonathan, and who in return does her the kindness to extoll her as a pattern young maiden to a model young gentleman like yourself?"

"Again you are in error, *chere* Kate. We have met, or the memory of a face of exquisite loveliness, a voice sweet and low-toned were not now lingering on mine ear; but twice only have we met; and yet, Kate, had I the power to do so, I would marry this woman without one fear for the future. Meeting her not until before the altar, I stand ready to pledge to her vows as faithful as ever passed the lips of manhood."

"And you do not even know her name, Cliff?" questioned Kate, in deep surprise, her merriment for the moment subdued by her companion's earnestness.

"No, nor where she lives, nor whence she came, but don't imagine, Kate, it is bright eyes or sweet smile alone which has captivated me."

"And what in heaven's name if, I may ask,

then is it, which has conquered this impenetrable fortress?" continued his laughing companion, holding up her white hands in feigned amazement.

"An act very trivial, but speaking much to myself, more than a thousand words breathed aloud could have done. The first time I beheld her was when I visited New York, during the winter. One morning, as I stood looking into a window filled with prints, a very sweet and low voice near by attracted my attention. A young lady had paused to speak to a poor, miserable-looking child, standing upon the *pave*, shivering with the cold. With the same tenderness with which I have beheld fond mothers do the same thing, I perceived her tie her own handkerchief about the child's throat to shield it from the cold. I will not say that had she been devoid of grace and beauty, I could have loved her for that deed, but however plain I should have revered her memory. I see, dear Kate, your bright eyes are eloquent now with interest."

But it was growing late; the carriage had been long in waiting for them; for there was a brilliant party that night at their friend Mrs. Francis'; and Clifton Hall paused only at Kate's request to gather her a bouquet from the conservatory. Was it a presentiment of the call which he would have for a certain exquisite white bud, blooming alone on a tall rose-tree, the last of the season, that compelled him to pull it and place it in his bosom, though scarce conscious at the moment of the act?

The music of the band was swelling through the spacious apartments of their hostess, and dancing had already commenced, as Clifton Hall, with his sister on his arm, approached Mrs. Francis to offer their salutations. The next moment Kate had relinquished his arm for that of another gentleman, who led her forward amid the dancers, and he himself was free to select a partner. He had half crossed the apartment for the purpose, when the voice of a gentleman by his side questioned eagerly,

"Can you tell me, Hall, who that divine creature is, dancing so bewitchingly with Vernon?"

There was a sudden thrill in the heart of Clifton Hall, and he forgot to answer his interrogator, as nearer and yet nearer floated the light figure of Mary Rayson, until the white folds of her dress brushed to and fro against him, as the fairy foot fell in measure to the thrilling music, in the half coquettish, half careless abandon of the *schottische*.

Half an hour afterward he himself was floating down that brilliant saloon, with the same little hand captive in his own, whose careless deeds weeks previous had captivated him beyond the passing hour. More than once he danced with

Mary Rayson, more than once he found himself by Mrs. Foster's side, who accompanied Mary, conversing with herself and niece as though they were old acquaintances. He soon learnt that Mary had been spending the winter with Mrs. Foster in New York, and was then accompanying her to her home, with the intention of leaving Boston the succeeding evening. He had danced the last polka; waltzed the last waltz with Mary; caught the last envious glance from Brown Vernon; and now stood in the small room where sherberts and iced lemonade during the evening had refreshed the votaries of the dance. His companion was growing weary of the bright lights. The air was fresher, the music came in softer tones to her there, as she leaned carelessly back in her chair shaking thoughtfully the ice in her half emptied goblet, with her dark eyes bent earnestly upon him as he spoke. But suddenly the fair cheek, which had slightly paled with fatigue, glowed with a deep, warm blush. She arose hastily, and with proud dignity stood erect, her clear, dark eyes bent in earnest scrutiny upon him. They drooped not beneath her gaze. Still his lip retained its serene smile, its sincere, truthful expression.

He had been speaking to her apparently of another, of her who had won his reverence and his affection, to her the brief acquaintance of an evening, and the conviction of the identity of herself, with her of whom he was speaking, rushed over her.

The long lashes drooped over the gazing eyes, the young head bowed lower, a fainter color was upon her cheek, a sweet, blissful hope was waking in her heart. If she was loved at length for something less perishable than the affection born of her mere beauty, was it not a love which would prove itself superior to idle prejudices? Would it not be brave where another's had wanted courage? She glanced up to see that it was no mockery, and still the same serene, truthful gaze was upon her.

Speaking no word, Clifton Hall took the white bud from his vest, and offered it to Mary Rayson. She placed it, timidly and blushing the while, amid the soft folds of her bertha. Then together they passed on to the drawing-room. His hand handed her to the carriage, and as she took her seat therein, he said, loud enough for the ear of her aunt, "I shall call upon you in the morning, Miss Rayson."

"Was I not too premature in my conclusion, at least in betraying it to Mr. Hall?" questioned the beautiful girl, with a sudden emotion of timidity and humiliation. But the memory of those earnest tones, that eloquent glance, fell like dew upon the passing pang of pride; while a tranquil sensation of happiness settled down

upon her heart, filling her dreams through the night with sunshine.

The first object that her eyes rested upon, in the light of morning, was the white bud unfolding into a rose, in the glass of water in which she had placed it, upon her dressing-table, the previous night.

She did not take that morning her accustomed walk; she felt in spite of herself too much agitated to go out, in the prospect of her approaching interview with Clifton Hall. The last words which he had uttered had been so significant. Still she tried to bring herself to anticipate his visit, with the same unconcern which she would have experienced in receiving any other gentleman; and she fancied that she had succeeded. But the color which deepened and faded alternately upon her cheek, as the servant announced his presence in the parlor, and her aunt desired her to make her excuses to Mr. Hall, as she was suffering from a severe headache, betrayed the slight fluttering of her girlish heart. Yet Clifton Hall read no token of the embarrassment of Mary Rayson, as she greeted him with quiet courtesy, and he drew a seat to her side.

For a brief space he conversed with her as a mere ordinary acquaintance, then he paused abruptly, and there was a moment's embarrassing silence, which Mary herself was on the point of dispelling, when he anticipated her by commanding abruptly,

"You will perchance think me very rash, very presuming to address you, Miss Rayson, as I am about to do. Still I trust that you will have the courage to forget that an avowal so premature is not in accordance with the customary rules of society; the goodness to overlook the seeming presumption of one a comparative stranger to you, thus boldly offering for your acceptance his love. Think it not but a boyish passion; that my mere fancy is taken captive, Miss Rayson, by the charm of your presence; but a deep, abiding sentiment born of something more stable than imagination, based on principle, springing from a deed holy in its impulse. I will not ask for a return of the love which I now offer to you, but permission to visit you at your own home, with a faint hope that honor and love may win you hereafter to regard me as something dearer than father or brother. And oh, Mary," he continued, bending nearer in his earnestness, and for the first time taking one white hand prisoner within his own, "with the thought of you I have woven so many bright, fair hopes, unconscious of my boldness until you have come before me, the realization of all that I have dreamed of as fairest and best in womanhood. Could you know, could you form any conception, Mary, of the holy pictures in which I have dared, in the might of

my love to paint you as my own idolized wife, you would not refuse me. But if there is any one reason why you may never love me I conjure you now to tell it to me." A sharp, sudden pang shot through his listener's heart, rousing her from the exquisite happiness which she had for the moment felt in hearing him. The hand which had been warm within his own grew cold with his last words, and she shivered slightly. The ice which had once before frozen in her heart, with tones which thrilled her spirit with their tenderness, seemed again to gather cold and chill therein. She felt her momentary dream of joy was over; but she was firm; she did not shrink from the trial; for with the vision of the father, even then toiling at his forge, came also a flood of tenderness for him. Could she desire a love that would droop because he, the dear, good, old man, called her child? Was it not unworthy her? But still the tenderness of womanly affection made the sweet voice lower, more tremulous than its wont as she spoke.

"There are two reasons why I may not yet accept the affection which you proffer. The first is, that you meet me here in a different position from what I am accustomed to occupy in my own home; here fashion and wealth surround me; there I have neither. My home is a lowly, but a happy one; my father a generous, honorable man, but a poor one; one who for his own and his child's support is not ashamed to labor with his own hands; who sees no degradation in honest toil;—a blacksmith. Others have seen disgrace in my father's calling: if it is thus with you also, do not shrink from acknowledging it. I shall not look upon you with bitterness, but as another victim to society."

He heard her all through patiently to the last word, and his answer was a kiss; so holy, so reverentially placed upon the honest lips, which had grown paler with each passing word, that she made no effort to resent it.

"If the remaining reason is so trivial, do not do me the injustice to name it," he said, gently. But now there was a doubt in his companion's heart, whether it would not be of far more importance to him than the previous. And it required a stronger effort to reveal. Once indeed there flashed over her a doubt as to its necessity. Many women, situated as she then was, would not have hesitated to conceal it; but not so with Mary Rayson. She repelled instantly the voice of the tempter, but her cheek grew whiter than it had ever been before, and she waited many moments for that firmness which came lingeringly to her assistance.

Clifton Hall marked the struggle, and turned aside his face, that she might not perceive any anguish that her words might inflict. It was

well that he did so, for a spasm of acute pain shot over his countenance, as she told him, in a voice so low, so clear that its faintest whisper was distinct, of a period when she had loved another. But as truth conquered pride, and word after word welled forth so sadly earnest, that he felt every hidden thought was gradually revealed to him, he became convinced that the first, fresh affection of girlhood's heart was not with her a wasted treasure, that it had not been given to mortal man, although she herself had deemed it so, but to an ideal of her own creation, and gathered back into her own heart when the illusion was over, to be kept there bright and undimmed for the realization of that ideal.

The first anguish passed, with irresistible eloquence he convinced her that to him her love would be still precious. Thus Mary Rayson became the promised bride of Clifton Hall, without one shadow of falsehood to lay dark and chill between them.

The white roses were budding in Peacedale, when a travelling carriage, with Clifton Hall and his sister Kate seated therein, drove rapidly through the village street, and drew up before the home of Mary Rayson. Kate marked a bright smile steal over her brother's lip, as they passed a certain brown old building, a few rods from the cottage. Ere it faded he was greeting his affianced wife, and receiving the almost tearful blessing of the old man. Even the heart of the gay Kate was touched by the murmured "God bless you," over her noble brother, bending his stately head to that tremulous benediction. But all awe soon passed in the bewildering excitement of bridal preparations, as half wild with joy and excitement, she chattered of the beautiful flowers which should grace her hair on the morrow, as bride's-maid to Mary.

And that morrow came, as clear and bright a day as ever dawned upon earth, since its creation. The bell from the old belfry rang a merry peal, and kind wishes were showered on the head of the fair young bride, as she passed down the broad aisle of the old meeting-house, with the bridal roses in her hair; most beautiful in her joyousness and hope, leaning upon the arm which she had chosen through life to be her support, in sorrow and in joy.

But the flowers which she laid aside with her bridal roses, as sacred reliques of that day, was the withered bud, the first token of her husband's love, and a sprig of honeysuckle from the vine creeping over the small, time-worn blacksmith's shop.

CHAPTER III.

THREE years have passed since the marriage of Mary Rayson. It is evening, and she is seated

in a handsome library, writing at the same table with her still young and handsome husband. Time has but touched to beautify the fair features; and the promise of her early girlhood, of graceful womanhood is well fulfilled. There is all the ease of one accustomed to society in her every movement, all the winning artlessness of a pure, true heart, radiating from her face. The dark, soft hair no longer falls in ringlets about her brow, but in satin like bands is wound about her little head; the color is not quite so deep upon her cheek; there is a softer light in her large eyes; and ever and anon her lip quivers with feeling, or parts with a glad smile. She does not know that her husband is gazing upon her, for he has a book within his hand, but his thoughts are busied with her alone. They have wandered back to the winter morning when first they met, to the hour when the old minister who had christened her in infancy gave her the holy name of wife: and through intervening years always the same loving, gentle spirit. He called her an angel as he gazed upon her; he prayed his "God to bless her;" his heart thrilled with a fear lest she should be taken from him as one too worthy of him. He longed to rise and throw his arms about her, and murmur as he had done a thousand times, "my Mary;" but he did not like to disturb her then.

And Mary was writing to Kate, who had been recently married, and lived in a neighboring city. It was too long a letter for us to give here, but we would quote one passage, to show the great secret of the unruffled serenity of her wedded life.

" You write me, darling Kate, of your desire to keep from your husband's knowledge, the trifling affair of which you and myself are alone cognizant, and which, having occurred before marriage, you do not think concerns him; but still you feel that it would annoy him. Kate, be brave! have more confidence in your husband, even though at first it may pain him; be sure he will love you better, respect you more than ever. By any unforeseen accident, should it become revealed to him, he would fancy that you have concealed it from motives more unworthy than mere cowardice; and an incident in reality of no moment would become serious. Do not think, love, that I am only exhibiting the penchant, married women have for moralizing with young wives; but through an affection for you, darling sister, that will not be repressed. You have spoken with enthusiasm of the holy serenity of the love existing between your brother and myself. Kate, it is born of mutual trust; there can be no pure, no abiding love without it."

The young wife had written thus far when a letter was brought in to her husband. He

appeared somewhat disturbed, and laid it down with a troubled expression. Mary arose instantly and approached him, not to question him, she never did, for she felt that of his own accord he would tell her all that it was well for her to know; but to part the soft, brown hair caressingly back from his intellectual brow, speaking in those sweet, low tones peculiar to her, and so winning in all women.

"Have you been busy to-day, dear Cliff? You look wearied to-night."

"Somewhat annoyed, darling. The father of the young man, who has been arrested for the forgery of a heavy draft upon Wilkinson, has been to me this afternoon, urging upon me the defence of his son: he was very urgent, but I refused his solicitations, and now he again writes to importune me."

"But why do you refuse him? It is not your wont, my husband, to refuse those who look to you for aid."

"Because, *cherie* wife, I utterly despise the whole character of the prisoner, which has been, since boyhood, one long career of reckless, unprincipled conduct." He said no more, for the face of Mary had grown strangely pallid, and the open letter which she held within her hand rattled with the shudder which passed over her.

"Are you ill, my Mary! my darling!" he cried.

But she answered, "no, not ill, Clifton," and bowed her face down upon the table before him and wept, not passionately or bitterly, but sorrowfully for a few brief moments. Then she raised her face, no longer pallid but full of pleading hopefulness to him, laid her finger upon the prisoner's name, at the conclusion of the letter before her, saying, fearlessly and earnestly,

"This was he whom I once fancied I loved, he who once saved my life. My husband, will you not plead for him? Rescue him if it be in man's power from infamy."

For a moment's space he looked upon her steadily, but the lashes drooped not over those starry eyes, and his own glance went down amid their fathomless depths, until all the glorious sunshine of the spirit, warm and bright, streamed over his own. His tongue was mute, it had no power to express the love, the reverence for her, sweeping in one resistless tide of tenderness over his heart. But he answered firmly,

"I will, my Mary."

And again she went back to her letter to Kate: again she wrote.

"I had written the above, when there came to my own spirit, yet more vividly from an incident which has this moment occurred, the necessity of that truth which I would urge upon you, Kate, in your husband. Once I myself was sorely tempted to deceive; had I yielded to the voice

of the tempter, oh! my sister, this hour had witnessed bitter remorse, wild, terrible despair. I could not have pleaded for his aid to rescue from dishonor worse than death, one to whom I am indebted, next to God, for the life once fearfully threatened."

Something over three weeks after the above was written, one very cold, stormy night, old Mr. Rayson, in a large, easy-chair wheeled, near the grate filled with glowing anthracite, was seated reading the evening papers, in the drawing-room of his son-in-law in Boston. It was a large, luxurious apartment, and the whole arrangement of the furniture, the paintings and flowers, which adorned the room, gave evidence of the presiding taste of an elegant woman. In a dress of soft crimson cashmere, buttoned close to the slender throat, with its small collar of delicate lace, and the same rich material half shading the small hands, wandering over the keys of the piano, was Mary, singing to her husband one of the sweet old English ballads he loved so well. He was looking uncommonly animated, with a certain air of proud triumph, as though a great object had been achieved; and well he might; for the power of his eloquence had that day cleared the darkened name of William Richmond.

While the young wife sang to him, the hall bell rang, and the next moment he was summoned to the library to meet a gentleman there awaiting him. It was just back of the drawing-room, from whence a large bay window, then closed and half shrouded by a curtain, opened into it.

As Mr. Hall left the room, the old gentleman by the fire arose, and approached his daughter, requesting her to sing to him a song which she had been wont to do in her own home. She did so, and the notes which echoed around floated on to the library, falling, like half forgotten music, upon the ear of the rescued man, who had come in his gratitude to thank his preserver. Clifton Hall listened silently and gravely to his words of eloquent gratitude, and when he had ended, answered quietly,

"It is not to me that your gratitude is due. Would you behold one at whose urgent solicitations I undertook your defence?"

His companion bowed in assent, and he went out, but just as the door closed upon him, William Richmond started up, listening eagerly. He was sure he knew that voice: more and more certain as it swelled upon his ear. He caught a glimpse of the partially veiled window, sprang forward, lifted a fold of the curtain, and gazed in upon the three there. He saw that Clifton Hall was waiting only the last word upon the singer's lips, to bring her to him; and that singer, oh! it was Mary Rayson, the forsaken, but only loved woman whom he had ever met.

But how came she there? And the old, despised blacksmith in that luxurious drawing-room? What had she to do with Clifton Hall, the great lawyer?

But he had no time to question himself farther, for she arose, she was coming to him, ah, and alone! Did she know who she was to meet? No, or she had not been so calm, so serene.

In the centre of the apartment, directly beneath the shaded light, he stood when she entered; but he had bowed his face within his hands. He had no courage to look up; he dared not until the sweet voice questioned timidly, "did you desire to see me, sir?" Then he sprang forward, knelt down at her feet, and raised his worn, haggard face to hers, murmuring passionately, "is it thus, oh, Mary Rayson, that we meet?" She half shrank from him as she recognized him, but the next moment, with the same calm, pitying look which he had last beheld, years previous, she gazed upon him. He was wild with joy that at length they had met; he prayed her despairingly

to pardon and forget the past; he questioned her almost angrily as to what she did there: and then it was very painful to perceive how cold and rigid he grew with suffering, when she told him that she was a wife, not triumphantly, not exultingly, but gently and quietly. She was not one to exult over any one, much less the fallen. But oh! she plead with him like an angel from heaven to reform, and strove to comfort him. He knew then that it was her, who he had wronged, that had saved him from dishonor; and all the buried goodness of his being awoke within him. No longer with wild words he wrung the pitying spirit. With a mighty effort he subdued his anguish, blessed her, and turned to depart.

She stretched forth her hand to him, and he bowed his head low above it. When he relinquished it, it was damp with his tears; and her own rained upon the crimson carpet.

Her husband's voice roused her, his gentle caress soothed her. His wife's gratitude, and never changing love were his reward.

THE LESSONS OF A LIFE;

OR, THE LAST WORDS OF ABDERAMUS.

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

FULL fifty years and more, I ween!
Cordova's Caliph I have been,
Piles of silver and of gold
It was mine to have and hold,
All the gems that wealth could buy
Lay before my joyless eye,
Golden goblets woo'd my lip
Of their brimming tide to sip,
Moorish maids of beauty bright
Flitted by me day and night,
Rival Kings before me bowed
And with fear their fealty vowed,
Hosts of matchless cavaliers
Guarded me with swords and spears,
Santons lauded, poets sung,
Fairest flowers beneath me sprung,
Fountains played in marble halls,
Diamonds glittered on the walls,
Rivers flowed through lawn and glade,
And a soothing murmur made,
Music woo'd the charmed ear
With its bird-tones soft and clear;
Still my thoughts when backward cast
To the many days I've past
As Cordova's King, I ween!
Find the blissful days I've seen,
Count in number but fourteen.
It was written so for me

In the Book of Destiny,
Allah Achlear! God of Love!
Let me tread the halls above,
Let my spirit wander free
With the blest eternally,
Let the Hour's beauty bright
Flash upon my raptured sight,
Let me feel the deathless truth
Of their never-fading youth,
Far more beautiful to see
Than e'en Zarab's self can be;
Mortals heed Cordova's King—
Fades full soon our earthly Spring,
Greatness is a fading flow'r,
And its sum of life an hour!
And our lives a fitful dream
Passing like the lightning's gleam;
Had we all that mortals prize
Underneath the starry skies,
Still would the undying soul
Seek its higher, brighter goal,
To the thinking of the Just
Earthly blessings are as dust;
I have ruled for fifty years,
And from out that time appears
That Cordova's King I've been,
All the blissful days I've seen,
Count them, they are but fourteen.

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 105.

At a back door of the little Fondé, which stands within the enclosures of the Alhamra, sat a little old man, or if not absolutely old, so withered and shrunk up that it was impossible at a little distance not to think him aged. But at a close view you saw by the sharp black eyes, the thin, but unwrinkled lips, and a certain elasticity of movement, that he had scarcely passed the middle age of life. A coat of drab velvet, with short cloths of the same material, a red flush waistcoat, knee and shoe-buckles of gold, and black silk stockings, at once swept away all idea of his being a native of Grenada, and to an experienced eye proclaimed him the retainer of some old English family. Besides all this, was an air of rather peculiar nicety in his apparel. His cravat was richly ruffled with lace, and flowed down ostentatiously over the red waistcoat; his wristbands were of the same costly material, with here and there a slight fray or break, which gave suspicion of some previous and more exalted ownership.

He sat upon a little wooden bench, with the branches of a fine mulberry tree bending over and protecting him from the rising sun. Brushes and blacking lay near one end of the bench, and on a drooping branch of the mulberry tree hung a gentleman's coat nicely brushed and left to the air.

From the spotless purity of his dress you would have believed it impossible that this dainty-looking servant could have been performing the menial services which these objects would indicate, but at the very instant we present him to our readers, Turner had his left hand thrust up to the sole of a delicately shaped boot, and with the lightest and most graceful touch imaginable was polishing it. Now and then he paused, looked at himself in the glittering surface, and fell to work not quite satisfied that the beloved image was thrown back with sufficient distinctness. He did not sing at his work, Turner took everything quite too seriously for that, still he kept up a faint, broken hum to the sound of his brush when in motion, but sometimes paused all at once and fell into a reverie, holding the brush and boot in his hands, as if not entirely pleased with his ruminations.

VOL. XXII.—10

At length the boot that he had been polishing seemed to be susceptible of no further brilliancy, and after holding it up to the sun and eying it with pleased satisfaction, he set it down, muttering, "now for the other!" He drew out from beneath his bench the tattered and soiled mate, and held it up with a disgusting shake of the head. "Alhamra dust—I'll swear to it—one, two, three—bah, it's no use counting. Every night up there—" Here he began to scatter the dust from his master's boot with angry vehemence.

"In search of the picturesque—fond of ruins—who believes it, I should like to know? One man don't, I'm sure of that, and his name is Turner, Thomas Turner, of Clare Hall, but perhaps his opinion don't amount to much, we shall see!"

Here Turner worked on, pressing his thin lips hard, and dashing away at the boot as if it had offended him.

"Out all night—the whole entire night—comes home at break of day, and steals through old Turner's room like a thief. Thought the old man asleep, as if Turner ever slept when things are going wrong with the boy."

Here the old man grew languid in his movements; his eyes took a sadder expression, and his touch upon the boot was like a caress.

"Fear—why who knows what won't come over him with these doings. His coat soaked with dew and stuck full of briars; his hair dripping with perspiration—everything at sixes and sevens; and instead of sleeping when he does get home, rolling about on his bed and trying to cheat the old man; lets him take away his clothes without saying a word; makes believe he's asleep, as if I didn't see that forehead working as it always does when things go wrong with him. He thinks to cheat old Turner—fudge!"

As the old man ceased, more and more earnest, his application to the boot became exciting enough; his elbow went to and fro like the play of a crank; his thin lips were gathered up into a knot, and he looked sternly around upon the coat and mulberry tree, as if challenging them to mortal combat.

That moment the little impish figure of an old

woman, with a red kerchief twisted over her mummy-like forehead, and a red skirt, came suddenly round a corner of the Fonde, and stood eyeing him with a glance sharp and vigilant, like that of a rattlesnake at rest.

Turner gave her a sidelong look over the instep of his boot as he held it up for inspection, but the weird sharpness of her glance was too much even for his immovable *sang froid*. His eyes sunk, and he began to gather up the brushes as if in preparation for a retreat.

The old woman came close up and addressed him in Spanish. He understood the language well enough, but either from cunning, or that inveterate hatred of everything French or Spanish which we often find among English travelling servants, continued gathering up his property as if he did not comprehend a word.

After uttering a few sentences half cajoling, half imperative, the woman turned away, muttering discontentedly between her teeth, and was about entering the back door.

"Halloo, where are you going now?" cried Turner, satisfied that silence would no longer answer his purpose. "Where are you going, old witch, not into my lord's room, surely?" This was spoken in very respectable Spanish, though with a sort of rude snappishness that mingled his hatred of the language with every syllable.

"So you can speak," answered the woman, with an oath, that springs to a gipsy's lip naturally as flame leaps from burning wood.

"Yes, I can speak your lingo when I choose to demean myself particularly, and that isn't often," replied Turner, with considerable vexation, that he had unwarily been drawn into speaking the hated language. "But what do you want, old beauty, nothing of my lord, or old Turner, I hope?"

"I want the Busne."

"The what?" cried Turner, looking toward the door, and kicking the brushes on one side.

"The Busne."

"And who on earth is that, old rose-bud?"

The old woman answered by a gesture of sharp impatience, and moved toward the door.

"Stop that," cried Turner, placing himself on the narrow threshold, and brandishing the glossy boot with one hand. "No one passes in here till I know what his business is. Speak up now, my precious old beauty. What's your name? Who do you want? What on earth do you mean by coming here at all?"

The old woman stood on the threshold alone, eyeing him keenly, and glancing now and then with the cunning of her race on each side of his person, to measure the possibility of passing him. But Turner was equally vigilant, and manfully kept his post, boot in hand.

"Better come to terms at once: no one gets through here without giving a passport, I can tell you that," said Turner. "Is it me you come after?"

"You!" sneered the old woman, and her thin lip curled upward, revealing the sharp, hound-like teeth beneath. "You!"

"And why not she-wolf? It wouldn't be the first of womankind that has run after the gentleman before you."

"I want the young gentleman—the Busne who lodges here. Let me go by, for I will see him!"

"Easy, easy," persisted Turner, giving a semi-circular sweep with his boot. "There is but one lodger here, and that is my lord. You can't see him, because he is in bed."

"No matter: he must get up then!"

"Must get up—now I like that—my master will like it—do him good to hear the word *must*; hasn't known the sound since he was a creeping baby; still, and nevertheless, my sweet witch of Endor, not having a fancy to get my head broken for teaching forgotten lessons, I shan't step from this spot till you go back to the master who sent you, and just have the goodness to say from old Turner, that we have given up all dealings with him or his imps long ago."

"I will see the Busne," answered the Sibyl, clutching her hand till it looked like a gnarled oak knot. "Curses rest upon you—I will see him."

"And just add by way of private information," said Turner, as if her last speech had escaped him entirely, "that if he has a fancy to get us into mischief, there would be wisdom in sending a younger face. It is astonishing how strange a man's principles become, what a deal of energy is given to his conscience when temptation takes a shape like yours. The amount of morality that lies in the contemplation of a face like a withered prune, and a form like a good English faggot, is wonderful!"

My great grand-dame was very, very aged, you will believe it when I tell you that these jeers on her person had no effect whatever, she did not even feel that they were intended for her, but determined in her resolve to penetrate to the young Englishman. She interrupted Turner's philosophical soliloquy with an impatient dash of her person toward the space left open at his right hand. A slight scuffle ensued, in which the gipsy buried her claw-like nails deep into the flesh of her antagonist's right arm, while he dropped the boot and grasped her lean throat with a force that made the breath gurgle from her lips.

That instant the sound of a voice from within the Fonde arrested the combatants, and after giving a farewell twist to the old woman's neck,

and wrenching his arm from the grapple of her fingers, which fell away with a blood tinge on the nails, Turner flung her off and disappeared through a side door that opened near the entrance.

In a little sleeping room, whitewashed till the walls looked like a snow-drift, and carpeted with thick rush matting, he found Lord Clare sitting upon the side of a low camp bed, and looking hopelessly around for the garments which we have seen fluttering upon the mulberry boughs, and in the possession of Turner. A beautiful dressing-case, with its rich apparatus of gold lay open on a little table. Above it hung a very small and very uncertain mirror, which gave to the beholder's face the effect of a slight paralytic shock, sending one corner of the mouth shooting up toward the eyes, and another wandering off in search of the left shoulder. Lord Clare had evidently attempted to commence his own toilet, but one glance at the mirror which appalled him with the apparition of a maniac leering over a razor, which he was brandishing as if to cut his own throat, terminated his labors at the first stage.

"Turner, take that glass away," said the young lord, as his servant entered, "and bring me something that will throw back the features of a Christian. This makes me look like a fiend."

"I shouldn't wonder," muttered the servant, "everything is going crooked with us; and perhaps the looking-glass gives back the truth nearer than we calculate."

"What are you saying, Turner?" said the young lord, in that quiet, gentle tone with which very proud men are apt to address inferiors.

"A little private conversation between me and the looking-glass, my lord; nothing else."

"It must be a very distorted argument," said the master, smiling; "but, Turner, I heard voices at the door—what was it? You seemed to be disputing with some one."

"Nothing of the sort, my lord. I don't know any one in this pestilential country worth disputing with."

"But surely there was more than your voice; I heard another distinctly, and it seemed like that of a woman!"

"Of a fiend, my lord—an imp of darkness—an old she-wolf. Look, here are the marks of her claws on my arm, they bit through to the bone."

"A gipsey woman?" asked Lord Clare, turning pale; "an old weird creature that looks like a child withered to the bone. Was that the person who assailed you?"

"Exactly, my lord, I couldn't have drawn her portrait better. You may hear her prowling about the door yet; but no fear, two bolts are drawn between us!"

"And what does she want?" asked Lord Clare, in a low and agitated voice.

"Your lordship, nothing less," replied Turner. "Is she alone?"

"Visibly, yes; but heaven only knows how many of her infernal sisterhood may swarm around her in the air."

"Does she seem excited—unusually so?"

"Here is an endorsement for that," replied Turner, stretching forth his arm, and touching the sleeve of his coat, through which a drop or two of blood had oozed.

"Bring my clothes here, and when I am dressed let her come in," said Lord Clare, abruptly; "I must see her—I must know what has been done," he added, in an under tone. "Thank heaven! the terrible suspense will be over."

Turner hesitated, he evidently had some dislike of encountering the Sibyl again, valiant as he was.

"If I open the door she will rush in—the old hyena."

"No, no, address her mildly," answered Clare; "say that I will receive her the moment my toilet is made. If she is restive, pacify her with a piece of gold; but go at once, I am impatient for this scene to be over."

Turner looked at his coat sleeve, shook his head, and cautiously undid the bolt. As he had expected, the Sibyl stood outside in the passage, her eyes blazing with fury, her whole frame quivering with impatient wrath.

"Not yet, my diamond of Golconda," said Turner, putting his back with his left hand, while he locked the door and drew forth the key. "Cultivate patience, darling, it is a Christian virtue very respectable and worth having; anybody's servant in England can tell you that."

"Your master, the Busne. Have you told him I am here?" inquired the Sibyl, subduing her evil nature into a vicious wheedle more repulsive than open malice.

"Yes, I have told him the honor intended."

"What did he say?"

"That you are to take this piece of gold to gloat over while he is dressing!"

"And then he will see me?" cried the old woman, tossing the gold away as if in contempt of a bribe. "Tell him I am the widow of a count!"

"He feels the honor, no doubt—I have had touching proofs." Turner glanced at his arm, and then at the old woman's throat; the dusky red which circled it like a collar satisfied him. He turned away chuckling, and went forth to collect his master's garments.

The moment he was gone the old gipsey turned her eyes upon the guineas that she had cast aside. Her fingers began to work; a cold, gloating light

came into her eyes, and creeping eagerly toward the gold as if it had been a serpent fascinating her, she clutched it eagerly, and buried it deep in her bosom.

When Turner came back he saw that the gold had disappeared, and, smiling grimly, entered his lord's chamber, satisfied that the Sibyl was quieted for a time at least.

A less keen observer than his old valet might have seen that Lord Clare was greatly agitated while his toilet was in progress. He moved restlessly; his cheeks blazed and faded by turns; his voice grew sharp and imperative, a thing which Turner scarcely ever remembered to have witnessed before. He seemed greatly annoyed by the valet's rather stubborn desire to elaborate his dress, and finally ordered Turner to bring in the Sibyl and leave him.

This injunction was anything but satisfactory to the old man. Both in manner and substance it was annoying. He felt that the key to all the mysterious movements of his master, during the last month, lay in the Sibyl, who so peremptorily claimed audience to his master. Turner was greatly puzzled and highly displeased. He felt as if his master and the gipsey were depriving him of his just rights and natural perquisites in thus securing a private interview. He went forth muttering his discontent. The old woman's inflamed throat gave him a gleam of comfort, and satisfying himself more and more that she was a dangerous person to be left alone with his master, he stationed himself very close to the door after she entered, so close that a suspicious person might have supposed him listening, especially as he had left the door very slightly ajar.

But my great grand-dame outmatched him over and over again in this sort of cunning. Before advancing into the room where the Englishman sat waiting for her, she closed the door and drew a bolt inside, at which Turner flung indignantly away, and took his seat on a bench beneath his lord's window which was open, and the muslin curtain flowing softly over it.

But scarcely had he seated himself when the window was shut down with a crash, and the curtains drawn close. Then Turner fell back against the side of the house and struggled with the Sibyl no longer, satisfied, as most men are who essay the experiment, that in a fair struggle of wit, tact, or management, few men ever come out successfully against a woman, younger or older, fair or otherwise.

Meantime the old gipsey stood face to face with the Englishman, who regarded her with an appearance of calmness which an anxious gleam of the eyes contradicted.

"One word," he said, breaking through all restraints as she was about to address him—

"one word before you speak of other things. Is Aurora safe? Is it to tell me this, or ask her at my hands that you come?"

The Sibyl was pleased with his agitation and his eagerness. It promised well for her mission.

"Aurora is safe!" she answered, and it was wonderful how the usual fierce tones of her voice were modulated; nothing could be more respectful, nay, winning, than her every look and tone. "Aurora is safe as yet—but our people have arisen; they will not be satisfied till her blood reddens the valley of stones."

"But you—you—oh, heavens—you cannot see this done. She, poor child, she is innocent as a flower."

"They do not believe it!"

"But you believe it—her grand-dame—you will be our friend."

"There is but one way—only one in the world, I have come to say this. You alone can save her from the fury of our tribe!"

"How can I save her? Point out the way, and if it is to purchase her life with my own, speak, and I will do it."

"You must leave Grenada, to-night, and take my grandchild with you!"

The young man's eyes fell, and the rich color burned, like fire, in his cheeks; but he remembered the scene that had passed that night in the Alhamra, and shook his head.

"She will not go! I could not persuade her to save her life on these terms," he said.

"No, not on the terms you are thinking of she will not, and I would see her torn limb from limb before my eyes; yea, help to rend her to death rather than see her live the shame of her people; but there is another way! Sometimes the rich men of our people have married among the gentiles. If our men take that privilege, it belongs to our women also. Make Aurora your wife according to the marriage rites of our people, and take her privately to your own country—leave the old woman gold enough to keep her from starving, and she will be content."

"But would this appease your tribe? Would they again receive Aurora?" questioned the young man.

"No; they believe her a castaway; marriage would be no atonement. I know that she is not the thing they deem her—but it would be of no use attempting to convince them. Do what I wish and they will believe her dead. They cannot take from me the right of a count's widow to punish those of her own blood with her own hands, privately or not as she wills. They will think that I have given her of the drazo, and that she lies in the bottom of the Darrow."

The young man was greatly agitated: he paced

the room to and fro; then he sat down, veiling his eyes with his hand, and fell into labored thought. At length he lifted his eyes to the old woman, who had been regarding him all the time in anxious and vigilant silence.

"Will Aurora consent to this?"

"Will the ring-dove fly to her nest when she sees the fowler's gun pointed to her breast?"

"Last night she left me in anger!"

"Since last night the poor child has felt what would have withered common hearts to a cinder," replied the Sibyl. "At sunset she was a child! The morning light found her a woman. Like an earthquake, terror and suffering have turned all the fresh soil of her nature uppermost. She is of the pure blood, and that is old and strong as wine that has been forgotten centuries in a vault."

"But if I consent to your plan—which certainly promises safety to the poor child—it will be but the very thing in fact that I myself proposed last night. No marriage ceremony which you recognize would be held binding among my people."

"What have we to do with your people? What do we care if they recognize our marriage rites or not?" answered the Sibyl, haughtily. "It is not their opinion that we regard, but our own. If I am content—I, her nearest relative—who shall dare to cast scorn upon my child, because she defies all laws but those of her own people?"

For a moment the young man's eyes flashed; but the excitement was momentary. His face became grave and stern; his heart grew heavy, and he shrank within himself as a proud nature always must when it feels in possession of a wrong wish.

"Understand me perfectly," he said. "If I submit to this ceremony, whatever it may be, it will never be considered a marriage among my countrymen. Aurora will never be received as my wife, have no claim on my property save that which I may, of my own free will, bestow, and in all things her position must depend on my will, my sense of honor." She will not even be looked on with respect; I can give her home, shelter, gold, affection, care, but my wife she cannot be."

"What Gitana ever was respected by the Busne: we are not fools enough to expect it!" said the old woman, bitterly. "As for your laws we despise them—your gold, surely no woman of our people expects more than her husband chooses to give; your whole nation—what is it to us but a curse and a thing to be abhorred? Could my poor Aurora go back to her tribe in safety, you should not have her for a ton's weight of the yellowest gold ever lifted from the Darrow. Now I ask that ceremony which we hold binding,

nothing more, save that I may not be left to starve, and Aurora is yours."

"But I shall be free by the law to marry another," said the young man, forcing himself to lay all the painful points of the case before the Sibyl, and thus relieving the clamors of his conscience.

"You *dare* not marry another, law or no law: Aurora is of my blood," answered the Sibyl, and the blaze of her fiery heart broke over her face. "A strong will makes its own laws and defends its own rights. You *dare* not marry another, she will not permit the treason."

"Heaven forbid that my sweet Gitanilla should ever inherit the fierce nature of her grand-dame, or my chances of happiness were small indeed," said the Englishman, inly. Then addressing the Sibyl, he added, almost solemnly, "no man should answer for himself in the future. I have no power to answer for my conduct to your grandchild beyond the present feelings of my heart, the present promptings of my conscience. It seems to me now impossible that I should ever wrong the trust you both place in me—impossible that any other should ever step between her heart and mine. God only knows what is in the future," he continued, with mournful sadness, "or how the past may break in and color it."

He seemed about sinking into a reverie, one of those to which he had been accustomed, and which gave a serious cast to a character naturally ardent and impulsive. But the old gipsey grew impatient, and broke in with something of her native asperity, which had been kept in abeyance during the entire conversation.

"It is getting late—have you decided, Busne?" she said, without once removing her eyes, which had been reading him to the soul; doubts, struggles, hesitation, all that went to make up the flood of contending feelings that raged beneath his calm, almost sad exterior.

"I *have* decided," answered the young man, in a firm, but very sad voice, "God knows I would have saved her otherwise if possible! When and where must this ceremony take place? Not in presence of the tribe, that I cannot submit to."

The gipsey uttered one of her sharp, bitter laughs.

"They would kill her and you. No, no, they will think her dead. Before dawn we went out together, I shall go home alone—they will understand that. It is not the first time that old Papita has done that, and always after, those who sought have found traces of her work—I shall leave them now. Fragments of Aurora's dress are clinging to the brambles where the Darrow runs deepest. They will find footstep

there ground into the soil, and tangles of black hair—they know Aurora's hair by the purple glow."

"But she, Aurora, tell me what you have done with her?" inquired the young man, half terrified by these details.

"She is safe. When the night comes, be ready, and I will take you where she is."

"At what hour?"

"Close to midnight, when you see the fires go out along the Barranco, expect me."

"I will."

"Have mules in readiness, and a disguise for the Gitanilla; something that our people may not fathom readily."

"It will be easy," said Clare, after a moment's thought; "my page died on the coast, Turner must have his garments somewhere among my luggage, I will speak with him."

"Gold will be wanted," said the gipsey, fixing her hungry glance on the young man with a meaning he could not possibly misunderstand. He stepped to a desk that lay in its leather case in a corner of the room, and took out several rolls of English guineas, enough to fill one hand.

"When you want more, here is an address, ask freely. Would to God all else were as easy as this," he said, muttering the latter words in his own language, and placing a strip of paper, on which he had hastily written, in her hand.

The Sibyl's eyes gleamed, and for the first time he saw a smile of genuine satisfaction flash over her face.

"Oh! this is something like: the Busne is magnificent," she exclaimed, eagerly concealing the gold in her dress. "Now they cannot starve old Papita like a sick hound in its kennel—this is power, and she can defy them. Let them question her if they dare—let them revile her if they have the courage, and say her grandchild had the death of disgrace. What does Papita care while she has gold and the drao secret?"

The young man smiled faintly. He could not comprehend this fierce passion for gain in a creature like that, left tottering upon the brink of her grave so long, with all her bad passions still retaining their keen edge. He, to whom wealth came freely as the air, could little understand how want and penury, from which in this world gold alone can save us, grinds down the most generous nature. He despised the old gipsey woman in his soul: but had he suffered as she had done, in what might he have been superior? It is easy to scorn the sin to which we have no temptation. Eager to count over her gold—more than satisfied with her morning's success, my great grand-dame left the Fonde chuckling to herself, and hugging her treasure

with both arms fondly as a mother caresses her child. On her way down the hill she met Turner, who eyed her like an angry mastiff, and muttered to himself in English something that she did not understand. He stood looking after her as she disappeared among the trees, but she was busy with her gold, and cared nothing for his scrutiny.

"Turner," said Lord Clare, as that functionary entered the Fonde.

"My lord!" was the terse reply, and by the very tone in which it was uttered Clare saw that the moment was unpropitious for his orders, but still he gave them, but with a faint blush and some hesitation.

"Turner, you will settle with the people here; pack up the luggage, and be ready to start at a moment's notice."

"Which way, my lord?" When Turner was out of sorts his words were very few, and those few come forth with jerks, as if he plucked them up one by one from the depths of his bosom.

"I—I have not quite determined. Back to Seville, perhaps."

"Humph!"

"This does not seem to please you, Turner."

"What right has a servant to be pleased, I should like to know?" was the gruff rejoinder.

"When an old servant is a faithful friend too, we like to see him satisfied," said Clare, in a voice that no woman could have resisted. But Turner felt his advantage, he saw that his master kept something back which he hesitated to speak out, and so resolved not to soften his embarrassment in the least.

"We shall require three saddle mules, the best that can be found in Grenada," said the master, at length.

"Three! humph!" ejaculated Turner again.

"And others for the luggage," persisted the young man, more decidedly.

Turner bowed stiffly. He understood this change in his master's tone, and did not like to brave him beyond a certain point. After a moment Clare spoke again.

"You have the clothes that the boy William left, I suppose?" he said, but without looking his old serving man in the face as usual.

"Yes, I have them, my lord."

"Very well—leave them out—they will be wanted. I take a new page with me from hence."

Turner did not speak now, but his features fell, and with a grave air, perfectly respectful, but full of reproof, he stood looking at his young master.

"Have you a wish to discharge old Turner?" said the servant, at length, choking back the emotions that seemed forcing the words from out his throat.

"Discharge you, Turner; why you wouldn't it will be visa versa, who knows." The blood go if I did," cried the young lord, forcing a rushed into Lord Clare's face, but before he laugh.

"Humph!" groaned the old man; "perhaps

could speak Turner left the room.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPRING WANDERINGS.

BY EDWARD D. HOWARD.

Down the hill-side, green and pleasant,
Where clear waters lava the shore,
Where the breeze comes stilly sliding
Glassy ripples surface o'er,
Stray'd I with such happy feeling,
I could stray forevermore.

Spring was in the skies above me,
Breathing of their genial blue,
And 'twas sweet to look upon them
Warming to such matchless hue,
That my spirit soaring upward
Into light and beauty grew.

Spring was in all earth and Heaven
Like a quickening delight,
Weaving in the woof of Nature,
Flower-blooms lovely to the sight,
Bursting forth in life and gladness
Wheresoever fell the light.

And as up the slope I wander'd
Where a grey old oak there stood,
Like a hoary-headed warden
At the portals of the wood,
In my heart I sang most sweetly,
Such was my entranced mood.

With a soft, delightful murmur
Moved the branches o'er my head:
And the red leaves of last Summer
Rustled underneath my tread,
Thickly parted in the sunlight
With small blossoms, white and red.

Onward where the brook flows brightly
Found I violets of blue,
Sometimes interspersed with others
Of a white and golden hue,
And they stirred sweet thoughts within me,
Sweetest thoughts I ever knew.

Is it not a wondrous beauty
That a little simple flower,
Such as in the early Spring-time
Warms to being in an hour,
Can awake such Heavenly feeling
As forever shall endure?

Flowers are pure, most pure and holy,
Thus it is and well may be,
When along the paths of Nature
Fairest flowers of earth we see,
Then we feel new-born'd within us,
Deathless love and purity.

Thus I walk'd, and thought, and ponder'd
'Mid the gladness of the Spring,
Till my soul grew bright and thankful
Such sweet pleasure life could bring,
Unto me so full of music
That I could not choose but sing.

And when on my pathway homeward,
By the aged oak I went,
To its boughs it seemed some greenness
Those few genial hours had lent,
And unto my heart such beauty
That I deem'd them not mis-spent.

SONG.

BY W. L. SHOEMAKER.

THE shadowy wings of night
Are brooding o'er land and sea;
But yet my soul is bright
With the pleasant thoughts of thee.
They come as the sunlight streams
Into a dungeon dim,
Till the weary prisoner dreams
That he hears the lark's loud hymn.
No sound the deep gloom cheers;
The musical breeze is still;

But a voice from vanished years
Doth my heart's lone chambers fill.
The shroud-like dark conceals
All forms that the day makes fair;
But memory now reveals
A beauty to me more rare.
No star shines out above,
Where the dismal clouds slow roll;
But thou, sweet star of love,
Dost ever illumine my soul.

THE STOLEN MARRIAGE.

BY MISS JANE STRICKLAND.

A CLANDESTINE marriage generally is a mysterious matter, without bridemaids and bridemen, cake, wedding favors, bouquets, smiles, jests, and other legitimate sources of mirthfulness, usually supposed to attend upon bridals where relative and friends meet together to witness the spousal rite. The union, unblessed by parents, is never joyous; it has often its misgivings, sometimes tears, and always after-repentance. The stolen marriage of John Brandon and Patty Bloomfield differed in some respects from clandestine marriages in general; it was celebrated in the face of the whole congregation immediately before the commencement of the morning service, to the infinite delight of matron and maid, aye, and of the children, too. Bachelors, young and old, alike seemed interested in the rite that made the timid, shrinking bride the wedded wife of the manly, fine, independent-looking fellow who had, in a voice that echoed along the only aisle of our parish church, vowed to "take her for better and worse, until death should them part." Patty seemed to feel her responsibility far more than her tall, upright partner; her vow was almost inaudible; her small, slight figure drooped, and a tear fell on the ring the lover fixed on her finger. The final blessing was scarcely spoken, before the bridegroom nodded and smiled upon the bride, as much as to remind her that, in spite of all obstacles, he had made good his promise of taking her, and her only, for his wedded wife. She looked up with a smile which gleamed like a sunbeam in the midst of her tears and blushes, signed her maiden name for the last time, took her tall bridegroom's arms, and vanished like a vision from the church, so sudden and stealthy was her departure. The whole affair resembled in nothing a stolen marriage, if the absence of relatives, and the choice of the clerk as the person to give away the bride, had not suggested something of the sort to the congregation. The surmise was quite correct; the union solemnized between John Brandon, cabinet-maker, and Martha Bloomfield, was quite against the wishes of their respective families, the parents of the parties having formed higher views for their children. The objection seems too ridiculous, but the reader must bear in mind that this is a true story, and a real stolen marriage, and that the working classes have their follies as well as their betters. The parents of John wanted a woman with a few hundred pounds,

to set him up in business; and those of Patty preferred the suit of an ugly, crooked farmer, whose farm-servants they were, and whom they very erroneously considered a gentleman. Now, John had a choice of damsels, upon whom, in consideration of their dowry, his father and mother would willingly have bestowed the parental benediction. They were well to do in the world, and therefore ought not to have been so mercenary, while the Bloomfields, with no means but hard labor, had a large family to bring up, and the marriage of their pretty daughter to their ugly master did hold out advantages that had inclined them to sacrifice one for the good of their other children. In fact, they lived rent free in Mr. Seely's own house; the woman, in consideration of her undertaking for the little crooked bachelor the services of a housekeeper, becoming the lawful possessor of the broken victuals left by that worthy, who, smitten by the charms of Patty Bloomfield, did not exact too rigorous an account of his housekeeping expenses. Now, Patty, *petite* in figure and round faced, had little personal beauty; but her skin was clear, her eyes large, dark, and expressive, besides a foot which would have rendered her a successful candidate for the glass slipper. Our little sempstress, too, was the neatest dresser in the world, carrying the simplicity of her attire almost to prudery; and her peculiar style gave her a gentility of appearance not often seen in persons of her calling. Her accomplishments were few, and confined to a sweet voice, modulated by a fine ear and the art of arranging flowers; and the ladies for whom she worked generally received with their muslin dresses a nosegay arranged in the prettiest manner in the world. Quite conscious of her influence over the mind of the farmer, Patty made free with his prize carnations and choice roses for these occasions, returning his courteous permission by placing on his side-table every Sunday a bouquet arranged in her own faultless style. She read well, had her own way of mental arithmetic, and wrote out her bills in a self-taught hand, till Mr. John Brandon undertook the task of reforming her "pot-hooks and hangers." Their acquaintance had commenced by her making a gown for his mother. She stayed late to finish the garment; he saw her safe to her home in the next parish. Her style of fitting pleased his mother, who saw no danger in thus associating

the young people together, because her son contradicted everything the little woman said, and found fault with everything she did. His cousin, Miss Juliana Maria Tipkins, from London, a ward of Chancery, with a sophisticated face and a thousand pounds, discovered the rudiments of a flirtation; and she was right. His seeming rudeness was Mr. John Brandon's style of courtship. After a time he became so eloquently tender with his eyes, that his mother called him a fool, and Patty Bloomfield a designing jade, and chose another dress-maker. Miss Juliana abused Patty; her cousin defended her; and after two years of courtship, fallings out, and alternative fits of jealousy and tenderness, the whole affair had terminated by a marriage on this lovely June morning, by licence, too, at our parish church."

The circumstances that had compelled Patty to live under the same roof as the ugly, crooked farmer, had led to many ill-natured reflections and surmises, so that her character was roughly handled in those circles where the uneducated usually waste their time in managing their neighbors' matters. Mrs. Brandon and her one maid also made Patty and her agricultural admirer a subject of conversation, and Miss Juliana Maria often put in a few comments, by way of improvement, till John's parents were fully persuaded that to the fault of poverty their future daughter-in-law added those of duplicity and unchastity.

Patty and her bridegroom had found, unexpectedly, in the farmer, an advocate to soften the displeasure of her parents; for to her own home John had conducted her immediately after their marriage, shrewdly suspecting that the farm-laborer and his wife would soon be reconciled to such an eligible match as himself. Nor was he mistaken. Dame Bloomfield remembered that his father was in better circumstances than most of his neighbors; and when her master generously was pleased to overlook the loss of her daughter, she and her goodman were not very unwilling to receive their tall, handsome son-in-law. After all, the crooked farmer had not a bad heart, nor any want of moral rectitude; the girl had never encouraged him, and she was now nothing more to him than the fair wife of another man; so he invited them both to dinner, and got up a bottle of port to drink their health, kindly telling John to bring his father and mother, with Miss Juliana Maria Tipkins, to dine with them, advising him to tell them at once that he had got married that morning.

Our bridegroom took his advice, and departed. Straightforward, bold, and rather blunt—and, moreover, relying upon his being the sole object of their affections—he entered the little parlor, and after delivering the invitation, added, "you

will find there a bride and bridegroom; so you had better put on your green silk gown, mother, and Juliana her fal-lals and flounces."

"What, then, that girl is married? I am truly glad of it!" replied his mother.

"It was quite time, I think," responded Miss Juliana Maria, very pointedly.

"She is, then, married to the farmer?"

"No, mother, to me."

He was prepared for anger, astonishment, scoldings, and vituperations, but not for the tears, the look of concern, the pathetic lamentation of his mother, and the melancholy shake of his father's head, accompanied with the grave remark—"son, if she had but been a good girl, I should have considered her as my daughter; but, seeing she is what she is, I will never think her otherwise than as an artful wanton, who has taken in an inconsiderate and disobedient young man."

"Come, father, remember that you are speaking of my wife—a good, virtuous, industrious girl as any in the country. Some of the old ladies who drink tea with mother have talked freely of her, I know, and with no cause so to do. Why, Farmer Seely cares very little about her, after all, for he is going to give us the wedding dinner, which is more than you have even thought about yet."

"If all is true that is said of him and her, a wedding dinner is a cheap way of getting rid of the girl," replied his father, angrily.

"Oh, John, John! you have done the worst day's work you ever did in your life," said his mother, in a tone of deep maternal tenderness. "In course, if she had been worth having, Seely would have been bitterly vexed. Don't tell me of a fellow giving a dinner to a man what's stolen his sweetheart from him! Seely he is by name, but not so silly by nature as to do that, without some good reason for his liberality."

"Now, dear Cousin John, do you think you could have done so?" demanded Miss Juliana Maria, coaxingly.

His start told that the dart had found an aim. His jealous temperament, constancy of affection, and sullen pride repelled the idea of such complaisance with scorn. His mother, too, was not violent; she wept, but she neither screamed with passion, nor abused the woman he had rashly made his wife. He turned pale, then red, and his powerful figure seemed to lose its strength. He sank into a chair, and rested his hot brow upon his trembling hand.

"If you had but consulted your best friends, John, before you were so headstrong as to marry her, you would not have made yourself miserable for life. What had we ever done to deserve such contempt on your part?" His mother rose, put

her arms about his neck—those arms that had carried him in his infancy—and wept like a child.

"Tell me all you know," he said, "dear mother. If I have any cause to doubt, why the matter will stand just as it did yesterday, and Mr. Seely may keep her for me."

Then there was a general outpouring of all the scandal, gossip, and envious surmises, which the conquest of the rich farmer and handsome mechanic had excited in the female part of their community.

"Well, I am rightly served for my disobedience to my good parents," said he; and then added, "Farmer Seely may eat his roast beef and plum pudding with my bride, if he likes, but without either my friends or me. I shall see her no more. I only cared for her while I thought her a good girl." He brushed away a tear, dined with his parents, and went to his own parish church, where he stared everybody out of countenance who ventured to scrutinize him.

The poor slandered bride, how did the day pass with her? For the first two hours, a feeling of tumultuous happiness swelled her breast, and glowed on her clear cheek. Her parents had forgiven her, and she had put on an apron, and made an immense plum pudding—"Sister Patty's grand wedding pudding," as her little brothers called it—and gave her aid in sundry housekeeping matters to her mother; then she set the dinner-table, readjusted her own dress, hoped that the prolonged absence of her husband would be productive of good results; and, finally, went into her chamber, to read the Morning Service, for she was a pious girl, and seldom spent her Sabbath in making plum puddings—but, to be sure, getting married would only happen once in her life. She had said "Monday;" but dear John had said, "the better the day, the better the deed," and she had given way. In the church, too, she had promised a power of things, and, among the rest, to obey him. She was sure he would keep her to her word; but to obey and serve the man she loved would be easy enough, she "fancied."

While the newly-wedded bride was picturing a happy future to herself, time stole on, and no bridegroom, no father and mother-in-law, no Miss Juliana Maria Tipkins appeared. The farmer wanted his dinner, the children cried for the plum pudding; and at last, when all the good things were spoiled, the party sat down to their late and comfortless meal. The bride became miserably anxious, wept, walked up and down the green lane leading from her native village to the post-town where he lived, and passed in tears and restless anxiety her cheerless wedding-day. Her eldest brother went out in

the evening, by her desire, to learn the cause of the bridegroom's unaccountable absence; but all he brought back was, the report that John Brandon had repented of his marriage, and was off to London by that night's coach. Patty dropped on the floor in a swoon, and was carried to bed in a state of insensibility. She kept her room for a week, and when she rejoined the home circle looked as if a deadly blight had fallen on her young blooming years. She went about the house with a step slow and uncertain, ceased to work, and passed her whole time in recalling her happy hours, and contrasted them with her present misery. Few stolen marriages, I know, are happy ones; but her misery had immediately followed her disobedience. To her grief for losing her bridegroom's affections was added the sense of shame. Her fair fame had been slandered; her unhappy marriage was the subject of jest, pity, or contempt. He believed her guilty, too. She could not get over it, and she began to prepare herself for that world whither her breaking heart was fast conducting her. She read and prayed much every day; and employed her hours in writing a sort of journal of her thoughts and feelings, to be given to him when she should be no more. His address had been kept a profound secret, but some busybody had told her mother that he was only waiting for his wife's death to marry Miss Juliana Maria Tipkins, and the poor girl was afraid it was only too true. She was never seen anywhere but at her own parish church; but after this report, she showed signs of consumption, and increasing languor kept her entirely at home.

How did the bridegroom conduct himself while the poor bride was breaking her heart for him? Why, he never mentioned her name, and worked fiercely at his business; but he could not forget her; no other girl attracted his eyes; and as for Miss Juliana Maria Tipkins—poop! he never thought once of her. He was, however, obliged to come home, for his father had hurt his hand, and he was engaged to do some work at the Hall, and his son must supply his place. Now, it happened that John had an aunt and godmother in a village where the stage stopped—a kind, good Christian, whom he valued very much; so he wished to chat with Aunt Mary, and came in just to speak to her, and, among other matters, to ask for some intelligence of his forsaken bride. "I suppose my wife is nearly married again by this time?" said he, in a careless tone, after the first greetings were over.

"Some girls would have married, I believe, after five months' neglect, as such a marriage is not a binding one, I fancy," replied his aunt, gravely; "but I hear she is breaking her heart!"

"That may be her pride, you know," replied

he, and he laughed—that is, he pretended to laugh. “Hearts are tough timbers: mine is not broken, at least.”

“You have neither been slandered nor forsaken, John, by the object of your affections,” returned his aunt. Then, after a pause, she said—“indeed, John, you have been very cruel to that poor girl, whose mortification and disappointment are bringing her to an early grave.”

“Well, ought she not to feel shame for her misconduct? To wrong and take in a fine young fellow like me, for that thing whose head might serve me for a walking-stick—and I loved her so dearly, so fondly, too! But why should we mention the girl’s name? The only name she deserves, you know, I must not mention to you.”

“I believe Patty Brandon to be a good, a very good, deserving, modest girl, and an injured one, too. Had she been otherwise, after the solemn promises you made before God, you ought not to have perjured yourself by forsaking her in an hour whom you had vowed to cleave unto till death dissolved the covenant. Pray, nephew, did you ever read the marriage ceremony through, till you so rashly plighted, and sinfully, I must say, broke your troth-plight?”

“Why yes, aunt, you may be sure I did, just to see what my wife was to do for me. I am sure she was to love, honor, serve, and obey me. As for what I promised, I am not so clear about that, as I was thinking just then what the old folks would say when I brought home my wife.”

The aunt took a small pocket prayer-book from a shelf, opened it, and folding down a leaf, remarked, “that he would have time to consider his matrimonial obligation during ten miles’ drive home.”

He took it with a smile; a long-vanished feeling of cheerfulness stole into his heart. His aunt thought Patty innocent and injured—and Aunt Mary, too, who was so good, pious, virtuous, and thoroughly respectable herself. “What, then, would you have me do about Patty, aunt?” at length said he.

“Go, ask her pardon, and promise to dismiss all jealous thoughts from your mind, forever, nephew.”

“Good-bye, dear Aunt Mary,” cried the young mechanic; “I am afraid I shall lose the coach.” And he was off like an arrow from a bow.

He was an outside passenger, and the winter was a cold one; yet he read and re-read that beautiful office of the church by which he had bound himself to Martha Bloomfield only to destroy her fame and peace of mind. He thought the journey would never come to an end. One of his father’s apprentices came to carry his travelling-bag—a piece of state his mother had imposed upon him, to impress the villagers with

a proper idea of her son’s consequence. “Tom, how do you do?” said he. “Are father and mother well?” And then, in an under tone—“I say, have you heard anything lately about my wife?”

“Yes, Master John; I heard that she was thought to be dying last night.”

The husband of Patty grew pale; still he could not be, for he rushed impetuously into his own house, sat down, and, leaning his arms on the table, wept and sobbed till his tears fell in a shower. It was a terrible sight to see a man weep in that feminine manner; and so his mother thought.

“John, what is the matter—my son, my John?”

“It is all about Patty Bloomfield,” whispered the apprentice.

Once—and once only—his mother had seen her son weep, and that was on the day, long years ago, when his little sister had been accidentally drowned; for his temperament was not tearful, but a little sullen, and these bitter drops seemed wrung from his very soul. What anguish is like the anguish of remorse; and what grief is so moving to a woman as that which wrings the heart of her sterner partner, man? Mrs. Brandon felt this, both as a woman and a mother. The agony of her son had touched, too, a jarring chord in her own bosom; the condition of the fine young creature her evil report had occasioned him to forsake, had awakened both regret and sympathy for poor Patty Bloomfield.

“What is the matter with our John, mistress?” asked the old carpenter, who came in and regarded his son’s grief with marked anxiety.

The young mechanic raised his head, and replied himself to the question. “The matter is, father, that you have loved and cherished your wife, and I have murdered mine.”

“Dear, dear John, you shall bring her home this very night,” replied his father, “only pray don’t take on so.”

“Mother, mother! why did you fill my head with suspicion, and my heart with jealousy?” said the young man to his repentant mother. “You did not ought to have done so, mother?”

“My dear John, I only said what people told me. Pray, forgive me!” And she threw her arms round his neck, and wept bitterly.

“Will she see me?—will she, can she forgive me?—must she die?”—and he disengaged himself from his mother’s arms. “Mother, I must go to see her!” and he rushed forth into the street with the speed of a madman.

Patty, supported by pillows, pale and emaciated, the shadow of what she had been, the large, dark eyes surrounded with the deep shade of care, sat listening to the word of God which one of her little sisters was reading to her, when

a man burst into the cottage, and flung himself prostrate on the ground at her feet, crying out, "my wife, my Patty, you are dying, and I am come to die with you." The poor forsaken girl wrapt her arms about him, leant over him with forgiving fondness for a moment, and then sank down lifeless into his arms. Did she really die? No, she did not, as the good-for-nothing fellow really deserved she should; but the long and death-like swoon into which she fell did so nearly resemble death, that everybody but the doctor thought she was gone forever. It was months before Patty was able to take possession of the pretty cottage on the village green, with its porch covered with honeysuckle and roses, which the penitent parents of her repentant husband had taken for her. John made all the furniture in the best style of his own neat workmanship, and the little crooked farmer presented the young couple with a cow and a pig. Aunt Mary, the author of the reconciliation, bestowed her own large family Bible upon them, and on the fly-leaf was written, "Those whom God hath joined together let not man put asunder." John makes an excellent husband and father, for he thinks he can never make sufficient amendment to his wife for the sufferings he occasioned her by his cruel desertion.

Aunt Mary and the little farmer stood for their lovely boy, born nearly a twelvemonth after their reunion, on which occasion his behaviour was so friendly, that after his departure honest John proclaimed him "to be a good honest fellow."

"So he is," replied his wife, "yet not exactly the sort of a person that a fine young man like you ought to have been jealous of." John grinned; it was the first and last time he ever heard his wife allude to their unhappy separation. "You say nothing about Miss Juliana Maria Tipkins, then, and your bad opinion of my taste?"

Patty did not smile; she knew that the report of his engagement to Miss Juliana had nearly killed her, but she wondered "how she could ever have credited the thing herself."

During her illness John had found and read her letter or journal, and had shed bitter tears over the record of her feelings respecting her abandonment. One sentence alone need be quoted here, and that because it is a just commentary upon stolen marriages in general: "Our minister has convinced me that I was wrong to marry as I did without consulting my best friends, my own parents; and that John was wrong too. He says that neither of us revered the third commandment as we ought to have done. I see it now myself. 'What I have sown, that have I reaped,' yet there are times when 'my punishment seems greater than I can bear.' My days will be short in the land, and then my husband will be free. I pray that like me he may not suffer for his disobedience." How often had John Brandon wept over this simple transcript of his wife's feelings; and his first decided religious impressions took their rise from her convictions. He became a wiser man, and his stolen union with Patty turned out better than such marriages generally do—that is, he and his partner suffered only a few months' misery, instead of the life long wretchedness that usually follows such hasty adoption of solemn and binding vows.

It is pleasant to witness, however, the domestic happiness of the young couple, now that years of peace have succeeded to those months of misery. The piety of the young wife has softened and subdued the impetuosity of the husband's temper, and when she comes to our parish church with her pretty children, the youngest carried by John, her small, delicate figure, supported by the arm of her tall, powerful partner, I sometimes remember the morning when I saw them plight their faith at the altar in the face of our morning congregation, and the interest we felt in the bride, whose desertion had followed within an hour of her stolen wedding. She was always a favorite of mine; and I can truly say that I sympathized with her sufferings, and rejoiced at the happy termination of the little romance in real life of which she was the lowly heroine.

E P I C E D I U M .

BY CHARLES H. STEWART.

Or them who wrapped in earth are cold—
No more the smiling day shall view,
Should many a tender tale be told,
For many a tender thought is due.

Why travel thus the tracks of Time,
The lichen-dotted tomb explore,
With pain each crumbling ruin climb,
And o'er the doubtful sculpture pore?

Why seek we, wearied and alone,
Through death's dim aisles to urge our way,
Remark the moss-grown tablet stone,
And lead oblivion into day?

'Tis spirit nature prompts the heart
To breast the flow of Lethe's wave;
And to forgotten friends impart
A fresh memorial o'er the grave.

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. IX.

STOPPING AND BACKING.—The lady must learn how to perform the perfect stop in all the paces. The perfect stop in the walk, is a cessation of all action in the animal, produced instantaneously by the rider, without any previous intimation being given by her to the horse. The slovenly stop is gradual and uncertain. The incorrect stop is a momentary and violent check on the action in the middle, instead of the conclusion, of the cadence, while the fore legs are coming to the ground. The proper movements should be performed, by the rider, so that the stop may conclude correctly with the cadence. The firmness of the hand should be increased, the body be thrown back, the reins drawn to the body, and the horse's haunches pressed forward by the leg and whip, so that he may be brought to bear on the bit.

The stop in the trot is performed as in the walk: the rider should operate when the ad-

vanced limbs of the animal, before and behind, respectively, have come to the ground, so that the stop may be perfected when the other fore leg and hind leg advance and complete the cadence.

The stop in the canter is performed by the rider in a similar manner: the time should be at the instant when the horse's fore feet are descending;—the hind feet will immediately follow, and at once conclude the cadence. In an extended canter, it is advisable to reduce the horse to a short trot, prior to stopping him, or to perform the stop by a *double arret*;—that is, in two cadences instead of one.

It is necessary that the lady should learn how to make a horse *back*, in walking: to do this, the reins must be drawn equally and steadily toward the body, and the croup of the horse kept in a proper direction by means of the leg and whip.

SUMMER FANCIES.

BY FRANK LEE.

The Summer rain is falling fast,
And singing to the ground,
And musically on the ear
Is borne the pleasant sound.
The drooping flow'rets ope their eyes
And laugh as if in play;
And I sit here and idly dream
These Summer hours away.

I hold a book upon my knee,
But the dancing rain-drops light,
The white clouds shining in the sun
Are dearer to my sight.
I, what are works that man hath wrought
To things that God hath given;
And so I watch the bright rain fall,
Like angels' tears, from Heaven.

And as I mark the changing clouds
I give my thoughts their wings,
And listen to the pleasant song
That joyous fancy sings.
I love a quiet tune like this,
I love to sit alone,
For I have fram'd for dreaming hours
A bright world of my own.

A world of peace, and joy, and light,
Throng'd with its dwellers fair;
I hasten from my earthly cares,
And long to linger there.
They say that I'm an idle wight,
And may be it is so,
But 'tis a kind of idleness
But very few can know!

I love my joys, my books, my thoughts,
I love my dreamings lone,
And better far than man I love
That bright world of my own.
I love the rain-drops falling fast,
They bid my heart rejoice,
And turn my thoughts from earthly things
By their soft, angel voice.

Let worldlings sneer at joys like mine,
Their praise—I ask it not,
Still from their breath my soul shall keep
One pure, undarken'd spot.
They say that I'm an idle wight,
And may be it is so,
Though 'tis a kind of idleness
But very few can know.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE GARDEN IN SEPTEMBER.—The garden now requires all our attention. Not a day should pass without the removal of all that has done its work, whether stems, leaves, or flowers. Many persons become careless now, and leave the withering vegetation to mingle with that which is full of life, until some general "clearing up" takes place late in the autumn. This is a policy we cannot too much condemn.

After being thoroughly cleaned, glazed, and painted, the greenhouse must receive its inhabitants, now fully prepared to flower in their seasons by the robust growth they have obtained by out-door exposure during the summer. The pits and frames must also be prepared to shelter the tender and half-hardy productions which are to be preserved for next season. Very slight erections will be of great service in this way, for thousands of pots containing roses, fuchsias, verbenas, and even more tender plants, are kept in perfect health in many gardens in pits whose sides are made of turf, and whose covering is a hurdle thatched with reeds or straw. Always remember that damp is more to be apprehended in winter than frost; for we have often known collections lost from the inroads of the former, which no cold had injured. When plants are struck and reserved for next season, the grand object should be to keep them alive, but not to promote their growth. Comparative dryness, therefore, will be highly favorable to this end, and if such pits are kept from heavy rains, a little shelter will prevent their being injured by the hardest frosts.

Toward the end of the month, such plants as are worth preserving may be taken up, potted, and consigned to a pit or frame during the winter, if they are of a kind to rough it in that manner; if not, they must have a place in the back parts of the greenhouse. In potting these some discretion must be used, so as to bring them into a small compass; and as a general rule, instead of taking them up with a ball of earth and forcing that into a pot, it will be best to shake out the roots, to prune them and the upper foliage, and then to pot them in well-drained soil. Supposing, for example, you wish to preserve a fine verbena, which has been flowering during the summer; you may cut off all the creeping branches within a few inches of the stem, and then treat it in the above manner. Pelargoniums or geraniums of every kind submit well to this process, and make far better plants when cut in close than when left with their summer growth upon them. It may be well to mention, that *scarlet* pelargoniums must not be trusted to pits or frames unless damp is excluded. They will bear a great deal of frost if kept dry, but moisture is fatal to them in the winter.

Bulbs must receive attention this month, and, if

possible, they should be in the ground before the close of it. It is the practice of many gardeners of the old school to plant tulips, &c., in December, and instances of this folly have come under our notice recently, it may be useful to say a word on the subject. If hyacinths and tulips are examined now, it will be found that they are already obeying the laws of their nature, and exhibiting the vitality within them by the evolution of the budding leaf and the emission of incipient roots. Now this is a clear proof that planting them cannot safely be delayed, for the bulbs will be injured by performing a process in the light which ought to go on beneath the ground. As soon, therefore, as the bed can be cleared of their summer crops, they should be prepared for the reception of the bulbs, by being dug up, and by the introduction of a little sand and decayed leaf-mould. At all events, every lover of a garden should now determine to what extent he will cultivate spring bulbs, and procure the stock required as early as possible.

A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.—A sprightly letter from Louisiana, enclosing a sketch, entitled "Ellen Cameron's Fourth of July," dwells thus on authorship amid mosquitoes and melting heats.

"Did you ever attempt to prepare an article for the press in July, beneath our Southern sky; especially on the banks of the great fathers of water? If so, you can imagine the difficulties that clog the wings of my aspiring genius. Very poetical and romantic are the sunny South, and the majestic Mississippi, to dream of in a colder clime, where mosquitoes are unknown, and the sun's rays not quite so powerful; but when one sits melting in the shade, or darting about in a very astonishing manner to avoid the slow torture of the annoying little insects, both of these poetic names lose their elevating influences, and appear very prosaic affairs. One more confidence and I have done. From my earliest efforts at school composition, one desire has followed me everywhere:—a longing to become an author, and a belief that I have within me the crude elements, from which might be wrought out forms of beauty, and thoughts to be remembered. Once I aspired to poetry, and was crowned the laureate of our dormitory at school; but I might as well 'choose some particular star and think to wed it.' Lower, and beautifully less has sunk my ambition, till I confess it would almost surprise me to find the creations of my brain appear occasionally on some spare page of your Magazine.

"Heigh-ho, I thought to pen you a sprightly epistle, but my heart fluttered so sensibly, that I feel more in the lachrymose vein, and there is a whirling in my brain painfully reminding me of the fearful authority of an editor. Dear Mr. Peterson, I have always regarded you as the most amiable of men, and the patron of faltering geniuses, like the one before you: do not deprive me of that pleasing hope, derived from a careful perusal of the 'National' for years. Surely you can make room for my humble offering. Then let me hear something favorable from the next editor's table."

Who could resist such an appeal? Not we, at any rate. Besides, the sketch is a good one, and worthy, on its own account, of insertion. So, fair Agnes, the story shall appear.

GIVE US CREDIT.—We scarcely ever pick up an exchange paper, without finding some article, copied from our Magazine, but without credit. Is this fair? We have not, be it remembered, followed the example of our contemporaries, who have nearly altogether abandoned the publication of original stories. We are, therefore, honestly entitled to credit for the tales we publish; and we ought to have it; especially in a crisis like this, when we are almost alone in offering original articles to the American public.

"AN! YES I REMEMBER."—This is the title of a very beautiful lyric, by Sidney Dyer, which has been set to music by Henri Vasouer, and published by G. W. Brainard & Co., Louisville, Ky. It is intended as Ben Bolt's reply to the popular song by Dr. English, and is dedicated to the memory of "Little Alice."

OUR PREMIUM PLATES.—If any person, entitled to a premium plate, has failed to receive it, we should be glad to know; for sometimes such things miscarry in the mail. We have given this notice once before, and now repeat it, as we do not wish a single one of our friends to be disappointed.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Dollars and Cents. By Amy Lathrop. 2 vols. New York: G. P. Putnam.—It is impossible for our old friend, the author of "The Wide, Wide World," to conceal herself by assuming this new disguise. No other living writer but Miss Warner could have composed the volumes before us. Not only is the entire handling of the story the same as in her two former fictions, not only do the characters exhibit similar peculiarities, not only is the general tone strikingly like, but the scenery, though placed in Pennsylvania, instead of being that of the Keystone state, is really that of eastern New York, where Miss Warner lives. The neighborhood around Glen-luna is a New York rural neighborhood, which is as distinct from a Pennsylvania one, as Broadway is from Chestnut street. Ezra Barrington is a New York Yankee, in dress, habits, conversation, everything; one might search Pennsylvania over, and not find a farmer to talk as he does. In short, Miss Warner, and nobody else, wrote this novel. And will she permit us to say that she has done herself an injustice by publishing it anonymously? In the first place, it does not sell as well, for hundreds who would buy a book by the author of "Queechy," do not purchase this, simply because they think it the work of a different hand, and, until they buy and read, they cannot discover their mistake, nor always even then. In the second place, "Dollars and Cents," taken as a whole, is a better book than even "Queechy," though a few of the earlier chapters

of this latter fiction are better than anything in "Dollars and Cents." The publisher has issued the work in a handsome style.

The Blithedale Romance. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. 1 vol. Boston: Ticknor & Co.—We do not consider this fiction equal either to "The Scarlet Letter," or to "The House of Seven Gables." Nevertheless the work is in one of decided genius, and brimful of Hawthorne's best peculiarities. The characters of Zenobia and Priscilla are well contrasted and powerfully drawn; and we almost recognize in the former a real portrait, so like is it to an eminent American authoress. But the great charm of the work is the under current of poetry which runs through it. Some of the descriptions of scenery are full of the loftiest ideality, and yet are graphic: they have, as it were, a double aspect; they paint the actual thing, and they suggest much that is beyond. The frame-work of the story is constructed around a communist community, the original having been that of Brook Farm, where, many years ago, Hawthorne spent a short period, in company with Channing and others. But the book has nothing of a political aspect. As far as can be judged from incidental passages, however, Hawthorne is no great friend of modern Socialism: perhaps the experiment at Brook Farm cured him of such speculations. The volume is elegantly printed, as, indeed, are all the publications of Ticknor.

The Romance of the Revolution. Edited by Oliver B. Bunce. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—This is a book so truly and thoroughly American, so rich in American genius, both of the pen and pencil, that no patriotic head of a family should be without it. Mr. Bunce is a man of fine talent, and capable, as this book proves, of bringing it to direct account; and he has here gathered up the fading traditions of our Revolution, facts that are more wonderful than fancies, deeds of devotion, heroic achievements, and wild adventures, that make one ashamed of knowing so little of what our liberty cost, to those who bled, and died, and suffered for it. The work is beautifully got up; the illustrations are full of character, and rich in artistic execution. The book itself is a casket of gems, which we cannot praise too highly.

Supernal Theology. By Owen G. Warren. 1 vol. New York: Soule & Wells.—We know the author of this book well—know him as a gentleman of the purest talent and undoubted honor. Marvelous as the things he records may appear, one thing we can answer for, he is satisfied of their truth: and however difficult it may be for us to draw the conclusions that he makes, from the same facts—however little we can follow him in our faith or belief, his convictions we must respect. The book is beautifully written, and has all the interest of a romance.

Courtesy, Manners, and Habits. By George W. Hersey. New York: Harper & Brothers.—Under a rather deceptive title, we have, in this book, a great amount of fine original thought, and a great deal of beautiful common sense. It is more interesting than one could well imagine from the subject, and well worth preserving in the library.

Fancies of a Whimsical Man. By the author of "Musings of an Invalid," 1 vol. New York: John S. Taylor.—Mr. Taylor always gets up his books beautifully, and never publishes one that is not well worth reading. Our opinion of the "Mutterings and Musings of an Invalid," hold good for this book also, which is something in the same strain, abating nothing in its interest or originality. We regret that severe illness has made our notice of this and other books later than we could have desired.

The Two Fathers. 1 vol. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—An unpublished Spanish work, translated into English by the author, and Henry Edgar. There is a sort of wild fascination in this first volume, which reminds one of the French modern school, without partaking of its worst faults. It is impossible to go through the first volume, all that is now presented, without an impatient desire for the second, which is promised soon.

Pictorial Field-Book of the Revolution. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This glorious book is drawing near to its completion; two more numbers and you will have a national work that the artist, the patriot, and the literary man may point to with pride. Next to our Pictorial History of England, nay, before it—for it is American body and soul—we hold this as the choice book on our shelves. It is indeed beautiful.

White Friars. A Romance. 1 vol. New York: Bunce & Brothers.—The superior manner in which this noble fiction is placed before the public, for twenty-five cents, strikes us as a peculiar recommendation, even were the contents less interesting.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF ASH COLORED DAMASK SILK, figured skirt, made long and full. Corsage high, and open in front. Mantelet of black lace. Leghorn bonnet, trimmed at the side with hollyhocks and ribbon.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF WHITE AND ROSE COLORED CHENILLE SILK, figured. Skirt full and very long. Corsage high and plain. Mantilla of the same material as the dress, made with a hood, and trimmed with a quilling of ribbon. Bonnet of pink silk, quite deep on the top, and trimmed with loops and ends of ribbon.

FIG. III.—CHILD'S DRESS OF WHITE CASHMERE, made en tablier, with the pieces which are set on at the side scalloped and worked in button-hole stitch. Three bands of cashmere, graduated, and fastened with large buttons, are placed on the front, between the side pieces. Corsage high, and made to correspond with the skirt. Loose sleeves, with cambric under-sleeves confined with a band. Drawn bonnet of white silk. Pantaloons short, and finished with embroidered ruffles. Cinnamon colored gaiter boots.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The new Albanian robes, having flounces edged with colored stripes, are now manufactured in very elegant style in bargee. We have seen some dresses of dark colored bargee, as, for example, maroon, purple, or dark green, the

flounces of which have plaided edges in gay and showy tints; in fact many have borders of decided clan tartans. Dresses, of drab or brown, have flounces edged with stripes in shades of blue or green. Silk dresses are also woven in the same style. Some with satin stripes of the same color as the silk, others in strongly contrasted colors, whilst black silks are sometimes woven in plaided patterns of very bright tints. The cashmeres are very gay, and where they are not woven in patterns, are usually of dark grounds, with huge bouquets of the richest colors running over them. Some are covered with large plaids. Many of the merinos and plain cashmeres are embroidered up the front, or around the skirt.

Our readers will find a decided improvement in these flounced dresses if they will make the petticoat quite narrow at the top, and put one or two deep ruffles on the bottom.

THERE appears to be a decided tendency to modify the width of sleeves—we mean the loose under-sleeves. Besides those in the style called pagodas, under-sleeves are now sometimes made to close on one side by a row of buttons. These have very little width at the wrist, and some are even shaped to the elbow, like the sleeves of dresses worn some years ago. The ends are trimmed with rows of lace set on nearly plain. For morning dresses of any colored material, under-sleeves of white jacquard are made in this new style, and they are finished at the ends either by a plain hem or by a hem surmounted by a few tucks.

THERE is no change to record as yet in the shape of Bonnets.

SHAWLS OF BAREGE, printed in beautiful cashmere designs, still continue as fashionable as they were last year. Some elegant square shawls of grenadine have made their appearance. They have satin stripes in various shades. The shawls of rich damask silk, which a few seasons ago were highly fashionable, are likely, during the present autumn, to recover the favor they formerly enjoyed.

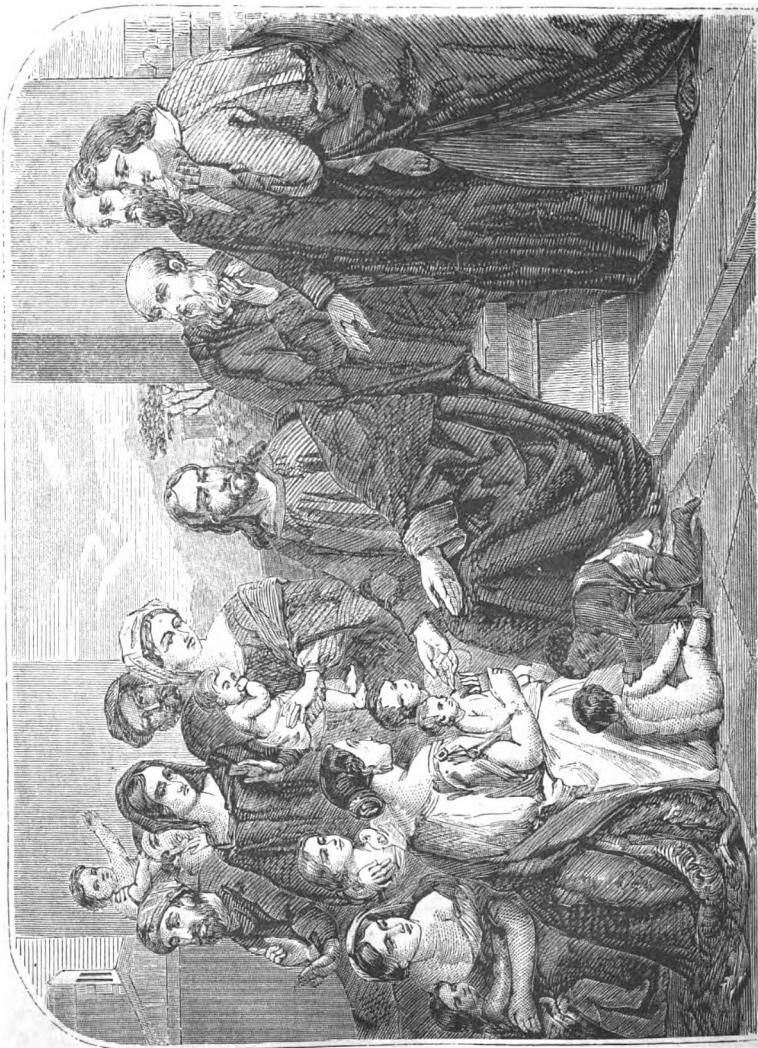
BLACK is decidedly more fashionable than colored silk for mantelets; and glace is the favorite material. The newest form is that of the scarf mantelet; but the shawl mantelet, of very small size, seems to be most generally adopted. For ordinary walking dress, a black mantelet may be trimmed in a very plain style; a few narrow frills, either pinked or simply hemmed at the edges, being sufficient. For a superior style of dress the mantelet may be ornamented with braid stitched on in rich and fanciful designs, rivalling the most elaborate embroidery; and, in addition to this braiding, the edge may be trimmed with fringe or lace. A single row of rather broad black lace, surmounted by several rows of braid, set on quite plain, form a very elegant trimming for a mantelet of black glace. Hoods are still fashionable. If the mantelet be trimmed with lace, the hood should also be of that material. If braided and edged with fringe, the hood should be trimmed to correspond, and, if trimmed with silk frills, whether pinked or simply hemmed, the hood should be in the same style.



LOOK AT YOURSELF NOW.

Illustrated expressly for Peterkin Magazine.

CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.



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No. 4.

LOOK AT YOURSELF NOW.

BY CARRY STANLEY.

DAME GRETCHEN's little daughter Louise was certainly the prettiest, as well as the most spoiled child in the village. She was already an embryo coquette, and pouted if the freshest flower or the largest apple was not given to her, or if she was not allowed to be the first to spring into the circles of the turning rope.

The mothers of all the ugly girls in Rhinefeld shook their heads, at every fresh outbreak of Louise's temper, and whispered of the heartaches she would yet cause poor Gretchen, whose easy disposition was never fretted, and who saw in her child nothing but the natural petulance of girlhood.

To the poor widow, this fair-haired, blue-eyed representative of her dead husband seemed to be the connecting link between his grave and heaven. For this daughter, no toil was too wearisome, that she might increase the small sum already laid by for her marriage dowry; for this purpose the white curd was broken, and pressed into golden cheese; for this the little wheel hummed musically and drowsily beneath the vines on the bright summer days; for this, the delicate lace was woven, in the long winter evenings, that was to grace some haughty countess.

None complained so loudly of Louise, as Gretchen's nearest neighbor, the bustling, systematic, managing Liza Schwartz. Her three plain, hard-working daughters never questioned her will, though their little brother Carl was nearly as rebellious as Louise herself; but as Dame Liza often said, "he was a boy, and that made a difference."

Carl was an independent, sturdy little fellow, who would gather more grapes, fight more battles for the smaller children, and win oftener at ball, than any boy in the village.

This same Carl had a perfect contempt for everything feminine, his mother's authority not

excepted. He was the torment of Louise's life. He called her "cry-baby" and "whey face;" set his ugly brown dog, Wolf, on her pet tortoise-shell cat, and usually managed to soil her clean dresses; or knock a particularly nice piece of bread and butter out of her hand.

'Tis true that he would allow no one else to tease her in this way, but to indemnify himself for his mercy he called her "only a girl," with such an exceedingly expressive voice and pantomime, that Louise felt herself as much aggrieved as if a bodily assault had been made upon her.

One cool autumn morning, Dame Gretchen's heavy sabots clattered over the cottage floor with unusual vigor. A party of village gossips were to spend the afternoon with her. She had drawn off a glass of sweet, home-brewed beer to test its quality, and found it perfect. It was as yellow as amber, as clear as crystal, and the rich creamy froth rose to the top most temptingly. But the great business of the day was yet to be accomplished, the making of the bread and cake, which was to exceed in lightness and flavor any bread or cake ever yet made.

Little Louise was delightfully busy. She greased the pans, handed the sugar, played in the flour, and made herself as useful as girls twelve years of age usually do at such times. She was making cakes, too, on her own responsibility, which was none of the least pleasant part of the business.

At length a savory perfume spread itself over the cottage kitchen. Gretchen had scrubbed, and swept, and dusted, and peeped into the oven times innumerable—and whilst the finishing touch of brown was being given to her cakes, and the bread was rising the last hundredth part of an inch, she clattered away to make her toilet.

In a short time she reappeared in her whitest linen cap, with her black silk kerchief reserved

for Sundays and holydays, and a string of heavy amber beads on her neck. Her short-gown was of unspotted whiteness, and the blue of her gown and petticoat contrasted well with the big scarlet pin-cushion, which hung at her side.

On the entrance of her mother, Louise became clamorous for the big cake which was baking especially for herself, and when it was given to her she carried it over near the door, and seated herself in her little oaken chair to await its cooling.

Presently she heard Carl's well known voice talking to his dog, and she instinctively put the plate in her lap, and covered it with her apron. Too late, however, for Carl had detected the movement, and his eyes danced with delight at so good an opportunity of teasing Louise.

"Hurrah," exclaimed he, "what have you got there, whey face? another kitten for Wolf to tree? Come, let's see! lift up that dish-cloth you call an apron! A cake, by Frederic! whew! it smells nice though—I guess I'll have a piece!" and, suiting the action to the word, the cake was broken in half.

Louise put the plate in her chair, and with tears and screams attempted to wrest her property from Carl. Dame Gretchen, who had been giving the finishing fold to her kerchief, before

the little kitchen glass, suddenly took it down, pattered across the room and held it before her child.

Carl was delighted. He went on munching his cake, and between each mouthful crying out,

"You're a beauty, ain't you? I never saw such a pretty face! Look at yourself now! Oh, what a beauty!"

Louise for a moment took her apron from her face, and caught its expression in the glass, then cried more lustily than before.

The mirror had been replaced, and Carl smacked his lips, saying, "that cake is very good, Dame Gretchen. I guess I'll take some more. I think Wolf likes it too—don't you, Wolf?"

Louise suddenly stopped crying, turned and saw the dog gazing wistfully at her cake between the slats of her chair, then seized her plate and ran up stairs, from whence she did not make her appearance till her mother's guests had all assembled.

Eight years after, Louise became Carl's wife. Her husband knew she prided herself on her beauty, so he always had a remedy for sullenness and frowns, for he would take down her mother's little old mirror from the kitchen wall, and say, laughingly, "Look at Yourself Now."

THE PICTURE.

BY RICHARD COE.

"I HAVE a picture, dearest mine,"

A gentle husband said,
Unto the partner of his joys,
His sorrows and his bed:
"A picture of a lady fair,
So beautiful and bright,
That gazing on it fills my soul
With exquisite delight!"

"I've placed it in a casket rare,
To keep it safe from harm;
In dreams I often cover it
With kisses fond and warm:
And when I wake the first fond glance
That greets my op'ning eyes,
Is of that pictured loveliness
That by my pillow lies!"

"Who may this wondrous beauty be?"
His tender partner said,
At half in jest and half in pique
She tossed her lovely head:
The time was when my husband dear
Within mine own sweet face,
Saw with an eye of tenderness
Such loveliness and grace—

That other forms, however fair,
No beauty had for him;
And other eyes compared with mine
Were lustreless and dim:
But now, alas! I mourn that he,
Unto my bosom dear,
Should thus requite me for a love,
So earnest and sincere!"

"Nay, weep not, dearest Beatrice,
But listen unto me,
The picture of that lovely one
The image is of thee:
The which the angel memory,
With all her magic art,
Has graven on that sacred place—
The tablet of my heart!"

Enclasping her within his arms,
In all a lover's bliss,
He printed on her forehead fair
A fond and fervent kiss:
A sight so pure methinks were meet
For angel eyes above,
A youthful and a happy pair
Enjoying wedded love!

TWO DAYS IN THE MAMMOTH CAVE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

A DAY'S journey south of Louisville, in the heart of the wild Kentucky hills, you will find the Mammoth Cave.

You know nothing of darkness until you have traversed its subterranean recesses. It is a labyrinth groping blindly through primeval gloom, for hundreds of miles under ground: and the darkness that fills it is palpable, enveloping you like black waters. Night, in our upper world, is never so profound but it has something of day remaining. A nebulous radiance, as of faint rays infinitely diluted, may be seen even in the murkiest hour: wandering gleams from sun, or moon, or star, penetrating the clouds, and vaguely diffused through the abyss of space. But in those silent depths night reigns eternal and supreme. No sun, nor moon, nor star has ever shone across that awful obscurity. There darkness sits devouring his prey from everlasting to everlasting.

The entrance to the Cave is scarcely a hundred yards from the hotel. Winding down a rural road, that you suppose leads to some secluded dell, you find yourself, on turning a sudden angle, in presence of the grim portal. Huge and vague it yawns before you, like the mouth of some great dragon. A spring breaks out from the mountain side just above the entrance, and the water solemnly dripping down across it, seems to warn sacrilegious feet against profaning the mysteries beyond. In vain your eye attempts, for a while, to penetrate the darkness. The shadowy gloom makes you draw back instinctively, with a momentary sensation of horror. For the deep night within is not all! Forever, forth from the monster's gaping throat, issues a chill, unearthly breath. With a single step you have passed from a July atmosphere to one that seems as icy as December. But while you still hesitate, oppressed with vague emotions, the guide approaches, and handing you one of several torches, leads the way downward. You follow, with a last look at the blue sky, muttering unconsciously, "*"facilis des-
census Averni."*"

A narrow passage soon brings you to an open gateway, where the quick blast of air nearly extinguishes your lamps. So far the light of day has attended you, though waxing fainter and feebler at each step. But now you are alone with night and silence, twin daughters of eternal chaos; and you pause, for a moment, to recover courage. At first you see nothing but the thick

darkness. All around is vagueness and unutterable loneliness, giving the idea of infinite void and space. The black rocks do not reflect your light, but devour it; and so, for a while, the battle goes on, a strife of life and death. Gradually, however, the pupil of your eye dilates. Gradually also the torches begin to melt away the gloom. You now see that you are in a vast, but rudely fashioned rotunda, whose walls of solid limestone rise dizzily above until lost in lofty shadows overhead. Slowly the light, radiating upward into the black darkness, reveals a gigantic dome resting on oval ribs of rock, ring within ring, narrowing to the top. You gaze in wonder and delight; it seems as if you could never gaze enough. For, in those profound recesses, the obscurity ever keeps the imagination on the stretch, and if a life-time was spent there, something would still be left to stimulate curiosity. At last you move forward, but without a word. Your sensations, in reality, are too profound for language. And still, even as you go, the night hangs, like a sullen cloud, before you, parting reluctantly to admit your passage, and greedily closing up behind.

You now enter an avenue, lofty as the nave of St. Peter's, with huge, jutting platforms of dark, grey rock on either side, like colossal cornices. Gradually this avenue emerges into another, and even vaster hall, with galleries on galleries circling above, wheeling and ever wheeling around the dusky ceiling. Here, in former times, the Methodists were accustomed to hold occasional meetings; and the effect of the congregation, with its countless torches, is said to have been very striking. To give you an idea of the magnitude of the room, the guide ascends to one of the galleries, where he seems a pygmy, so great is the distance, so massive the ledge on which he stands. Leaving this immense amphitheatre, you enter what appears a Gothic Minster, the high and vaulted avenue stretching on until it fades into remote obscurity. And ever as you go the darkness continues to envelope you like black waters, reluctantly parting before, and ravenously closing up behind.

Suddenly you see before you a huge sarcophagus, apparently hewn from the solid rock. It is of a size to suggest thoughts of the Titans who warred against Saturn, or of those mysterious giants who are said to have lived before

the flood. You pause with strange awe before it. It stands there on its lofty pedestal, so grey, so grim, so weird, that the unlettered slave as he hurries by, glances fearfully at it in secret dread. Nor is it he alone that feels its influence. The breath comes thick as you gaze, for imagination whispers that, within this mighty tomb, reposes perhaps some wizard of colossal race, whom enchantment has laid to sleep, and preserved through untold centuries, to guard these sacred recesses; and who, if light jest, or desecrating touch should profane the spot, would burst his ceremonials of stone, and amid the rocking of earthquakes and the crumbling of the mountain overhead, drag you down to darkness and death. So you pass by with noiseless feet, gazing askance on this grim relic of the Pre-Adamite world.

Continuing your progress, you enter an avenue through which an army might march, nor shake, with its tramp, the adamantine walls. For a while the passage runs straight as an arrow. Then it turns majestically, almost at a right angle, the opposite side wheeling grandly around like a dusky Colosseum. All at once the groined nave overhead disappears. You seem to have passed out into the open air; but, if so, it is day no longer: the midnight vault of heaven hangs above you; mountains as black as doom sweep away before. High aloft an enormous rock, arch-like, springs from the precipice, but stops, shattered through its midst, as if by a convulsion that has shaken the world. Looking past that broken, massive edge, and away into the immeasurable space beyond, you see a star faintly shining in the far, fathomless depths. You gaze in amazement. But now another and another begins to glisten; whole constellations follow; and soon the entire firmament sparkles with myriads of glittering lights. You are still looking, bewildered and enraptured, when all suddenly becomes black, as if the curtain of doom had been let fall upon the scene. Darker and yet darker it grows. You cannot see the companion you touch. The gloom of Egypt's fateful night could have been nothing, you think, compared to this. At last, in the remote distance, you discern a faint gleam. Slowly it brightens to a ball of fire. Then, as you look in wonder, all at once there streams toward you, spanning the gulf of darkness, a bridge of light, as when, in Milton's sublime poem, the gates of hell are flung open on the fathomless abyss of chaos. You cannot, for a moment, comprehend that all this is an illusion. But the cause is soon revealed. The guide comes up, and explains that the seeming stars were the glimmer of the torches on the crystals of the roof; while the sudden darkness resulted from his disappearing, with the lanterns, into a lower cave. The gush

of light, that shot athwart the gloom, had been caused by his emerging suddenly, he tells you, at a distant point, above the line of vision. And you say to yourself, "stupendous Cave, that could allow of such an illusion."

And now, retracing your steps in part, and ever attended by the darkness, like black waters enveloping you, you pass into a narrow lateral avenue. Winding through a labyrinth of passages, now broad and high, now cramped and low, here straight, there spiral, but ever descending downward, you enter, at last, what seems the crypt of an ancient Saxon cathedral, the stalactites and stalagmites meeting to compose the rude and massive pillars. The guide now distributes the torches of the party so as to illuminate the cavern to the best advantage. Amazement, for a while, keeps you dumb. Never, you mentally exclaim, did artist conceive such wonderful effects of light and shade. The broad glare immediately around each torch is the brighter for the profound gloom in the mysterious recesses. The columns, that stand out in bold relief, are the more distinct because so many darken into shapeless masses in the distance. The river of golden radiance, that pours down the long arcade before you, has a glory all the more effulgent, in contrast with the rippled gleams that dance, in alternate brilliancy and blackness, along the broken vista stretching to your right. Rembrandt, could he have seen that spectacle, would have broken his pallet in despair.

We traversed many miles, that first day in the Cave, and yet were only making a preliminary excursion, as it were. The grand tour, requiring a walk of twenty miles, we left until the morrow. To visit every part of the Cave would involve the labor of weeks, for the aggregate length of the avenues is computed at three hundred miles: hence few persons spend more than one, or at most two days in it, as a complete exploration is practically impossible, and these are sufficient for the most striking portions. The Cave is, in reality, a vast labyrinth, honey-combing the mountain limestone of Kentucky, occasionally expanding, as we have described, into halls of almost fabulous magnitude, and sometimes narrowing into avenues scarcely ten feet wide, and proportionally low in altitude. In various places the passage comes apparently to an end, a yawning, well-like gulf debarring further progress. But when you look down the chasm, a ladder appears; the guide bids you descend; and arriving at the bottom you find a new and probably spacious avenue opening before you. Not unfrequently these pits are crossed by wooden bridges, that hang dizzily over the stupendous gulf. Or they gape close at your side, black as a night of murder, fathomless as space itself. As you

gaze fearfully down them, they recall the awful chasms, which, in that grand prose-poem, the Pilgrim's Progress, appaled Christian in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. In vain a torch is hung over the edge, no bottom is ever seen. A bit of oiled paper, cast blazing down, fails equally to reveal the secrets of those mysterious recesses. A stone, dropped over the brink, falls and falls, seemingly forever, endlessly reverberating until the brain reels with the iteration. And ever, as you gaze, you hear water, far out of sight below, dropping further down into the awful abyss, and still dropping, dropping, dropping, through everlasting silence and gloom.

We started, on the second day, immediately after breakfast, our guide carrying our dinner nicely stored in a basket, while over his back was slung a canteen of oil, from which to replenish our lights during the long journey before us. And to do justice to Stephen, he is as great a wonder almost as the Cave. The handsomest, sprightliest and most obliging of mulattos, I still see in fancy his brilliant dark eyes, his well trimmed moustache and his light graceful figure. He has picked up something of Latin, and possesses a smattering of Greek; while his geological knowledge quite astonishes his unscientific visitors. But he is most remarkable for his readiness at repartee and his amplitude of words. I shall not soon forget him, as flinging himself on the ground, at a pause in the gothic chamber, he descended on the formation of stalagmites, with the knowing air of a savan and the careless ease of a spoiled child. He has been, for seventeen years, acting as guide through the Cave. Many of the most beautiful parts of it were, indeed, first explored by himself. His old master, but lately deceased, in gratitude emancipated him; and Stephen now talks of bidding the Cave farewell forever, and emigrating to Liberia. Should he carry out this intention the world will hear more of him. But there is a wife in the way, who is somewhat loath to go, and prefers to live and die among the green hills of Kentucky. Woman, the world over, clings to her home. Woman is your true conservative. The most astonishing thing in the Puritan emigration was that so many females accompanied it: and if we eulogized the Puritan fathers less, and the mothers more, we should do greater justice.

We turned to the right, just back of the giant's coffin, and entering a lateral avenue pushed briskly on. The way was occasionally rugged, but often comparatively level. Now the passage narrowed to a width of scarcely ten feet, now it widened again: and now the groined vault soared in air, gloomy and grand as in some sepulchral cathedral. Frequently jutting

galleries of rock, running along either side, nearly met on high; and often, through the narrow opening thus left, other galleries were seen above; sometimes three or four rising, tier above tier, before the vaulted ceiling was reached. These vast recesses, which the torches only dimly revealed, floated in a sea of obscurity, as if just emerging from chaos on the morning of Creation.

About two miles from the entrance, the guide bade us stop. Pointing to a small aperture in the side of the Cave, less than a yard square, he told us to wait a few moments and then look in. With these words he disappeared. Directly, through this opening, a vivid light shone forth, while simultaneously we heard his voice shouting aloud. Gazing through this natural window, we saw a vast pit, sinking downward further than the eye could penetrate, and rising overhead till lost in obscurity. This tremendous chasm was not circular, however, but shaped like the letter S, and wild and vague beyond conception. The vivid light, which Stephen had left us to ignite, could not, with all its intense brilliancy, entirely dissipate the horrible gloom. As if bored out of the solid mountain, by gigantic augurs, the chasm sunk beneath, or soared dizzily aloft, the smooth surface of the yellowish rock reflecting the glare of the torches, for a space above and below, and then the night swallowing all the rest, like a black, insatiate monster. This was Gorin's dome. As we gazed down into the awful gulf, we mechanically held fast, for it seemed that if we should tumble through, we should fall and fall forever through illimitable depths of space. Fall and fall forever, from darkness to darkness more profound, through infinite eternities of distance and despair.

A walk of another mile, past yawning pits and over hideous chasms, brought us to a low, narrow avenue, several hundred feet long, where we were compelled to proceed in a stooping posture. The Cave continuing to grow more circumscribed, we finally found ourselves traversing a serpentine path, worn through the rock by the action of water in countless ages, but so confined that a corpulent person would have found it impossible to pass. We had scarcely recovered from the fatigue of this cramped journey, when suddenly we came to a vast and lofty amphitheatre, with a sandy beach in its centre, in front of which lay a pool of black waters, like a lake of polished jet. All further progress appeared hopelessly cut off. On every hand the steep and rugged sides rose impassably, melting, without apparent break, or even seam, into the lofty dome overhead. While we were scanning the wild walls for some hidden outlet high up the dizzy acclivities, the guide called our attention to a boat,

drawn up on the beach, and bade us enter, smiling at our bewilderment. We took seats, but wondered the more. And now, with a dexterous turn of the paddle, he whirled the light skiff across the pool, and right against the face of the rock, to where a small horizontal fissure offered invitingly a sheltered nook for the still waters to slumber in. Telling us to stoop quickly, he shot under this low portal. For a short distance the roof continued to impend threateningly overhead; but gradually it began to rise, to expand, to swell into magnificent proportions. A few more strokes of the paddle, and we were in a vast tunnel, arching far away above, and winding onward beyond the range of vision: while filling it from side to side, flowed the subterranean tide on which we floated, a dark, and voiceless current, dwelling forever in aboriginal gloom.

It was the famous Echo river. For three quarters of a mile we navigated this mysterious stream, till suddenly it vanished out of sight as unexpectedly as it had appeared. I can find no words to express my sensations during that voyage. It was like sailing over a shadowy ocean, such as I had sometimes seen in dreams. It was like passing down dim shores, from which blew, chill and damp, breezes out of the land of death. As we glided along, the lights, which were ranged in the prow of the boat, projected vague figures on the wall, that followed us menacingly like silent, eager ghosts. The dip of the paddle, disturbing the quiet waters, sent a faint ripple lapping against the rocky side of the tunnel; and the sound of this, repeated in low echoes, indefinitely prolonged, seemed like the sobbings of disembodied spirits, lamenting and dying in the distance. And yet no feeling of horror accompanied all this. It was like one of those vague, yet sadly sweet dreams, which often visit us in childhood, when we seem to float, in the wide sea of space, close to unseen coasts, from which ascend the sighs of widows and orphans, though all the void elsewhere is full of whispers from angels encouraging us to proceed. Blessed visions, that, while they conceal not the gulf of sorrow which ever surges below this mortal life, reveal glimpses of the shining bliss beyond, and assure us of the presence of heavenly messengers, who wait to bear us thither.

Allowing these emotions to have their period, our guide sought finally to divert them, by showing the effect of singing on the river. He broke, at first, into a wild and plaintive air. The echoes that followed seemed endless. Nor did they run into each other, as is usual even in the finest repetitions of this kind, but each syllable was distinct and clear, as if sad voices answered to

sad voices down the whole vast length of the silent stream. A gayer strain ensued, that was prolonged, in a similar manner, like the musical laughter of maidens at play along the shores. And so, whiling away the time with merry interludes, we voyaged along. But gradually the melancholy of our feelings returned, and lapsing into quiet we floated once more dreamily on. Again we seemed to be sailing down a sea of shadows. Again breezes from the land of death were wafted chill and damp across us. Again the dip of our paddle woke the sobbings of unseen phantoms, that flitted lamenting before, and followed wailing behind.

By rugged ways, and through continually winding avenues, we reached, at last, the great series of caverns known as Cleveland's Cabinet, seven miles from the entrance. Here bountiful Nature has exhausted her munificent genius in the number, variety and beauty of her crystallizations. In one place, the rock is covered with a botryoidal formation, resembling bunches of grapes, perfect in both color and shape. In another the crystallizations seem enormous snow-balls, flung carelessly against the ceiling, and there adhering, whiter than whitest swan's-down. In still another, they imitate rosettes, carved in Carrara marble, and affixed, by some subtle cement, to the grey limestone wall. In yet others, the crystallizations assume the form of hanging moss; or of drooping lilies; or of other delicate, lovely plants: all white as the robe of spotless innocence. A small niche, opening from the main avenue, like a side altar in a cathedral, is called the Maiden's Bower; and is hung with similar snowy draperies of Nature's handiwork.

At last we drew near to a mountain of boulders, piled one above another in inextricable confusion, and rising to the very summit of the Cave. We were about to pause here, believing that further progress was impossible. But Stephen bade us push forward. These were, he said, the Rocky Mountains, which it was necessary to surmount before we could reach the end of our journey. We struggled up the difficult path, the roof of the cavern rising with us. Having attained an elevation, which our guide told us was nearly a hundred and fifty feet, but which appeared incalculably greater, we paused panting on the summit, and looked down into the gulf beneath. Involuntarily I caught my breath as the scene burst upon me. Would I could adequately describe that dark and dismal abyss. So wild was the descent, and so shadowy the obscurity below that the hill seemed to plunge downward to the very bowels of the earth. The effect was magnified infinitely by a vast dome, which soared above, savage and vague, increasing the apparent height and depth, and

exaggerating the awfulness of all. As I gazed into the void below, where the black darkness surged and heaved, under the flare of the torches, like the ebon sea that washes the shores of hell, and then turned above to the seemingly fathomless firmament, there rose, vividly, to my imagination Milton's sublime lines: and unconsciously I repeated them to myself.

"A dark
Inimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and
height,
And time and space are lost: where eldest Night,
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy."

It was a fit conclusion to our journey. The delight, amazement, and awe, which had succeeded each other all day, terminated here; and for one I wished to see nothing further, lest it might mar the image of that tremendous abyss. It was with relief, consequently, that I heard the guide declare there was nothing to be seen beyond, except some curious stalagmites, a lady's bower, and another bottomless pit, at the distance of a few hundred yards. Should other avenues ever be discovered in advance of this point, the effect will be to dim the impression of that gulf of horror. But now the spectator comes away, haunted by his glimpse into that wild abyss, whose recollection lingers in his memory, and recurs forever in his dreams.

On our way back, we dined at a spring, about two miles from the extremity. It would have kindled the dull blood even of an anchorite, to have seen us discuss the cold chicken and ham which Stephen had provided. Our drink was the cool, clear water from a neighboring spring. These springs are frequent in the Cave, some of them being impregnated with sulphur, and others with lime. The one we patronized was of the latter description. Around us were numerous empty bottles, relics of former parties, who not having the fear of the Maine Law before their eyes, had refreshed the inner man with Scotch ale, London stout, claret or *eau de vie*.

While my companions lingered behind to re-examine some crystallizations, I pushed forward alone, the solitude and sombre shadows of the Cave having for me a greater charm. To abandon your party in this way, requires a certain degree of courage. At first there is something exhilarating in the consciousness that you are out of sight of your friends, and that, when you shout to them, however loudly, only the echo of your voice comes back, through the long and lonely halls. But soon the sense of solitariness becomes painful. The gloomy walls closing in on every side; the narrow circle of light that radiates from your lamp; and the utter, utter desertion around, that encloses you as in a solid body, fill

you with vague fear. And now dreadful doubts creep in upon you. What if you have missed the true path, by unconsciously entering some lateral avenue? Perhaps already your companions have passed the spot where you turned off, and, if so, they will continue to pursue their way, believing you still leading in advance. It will not be until they approach the entrance, probably not until they reach the hotel, that your loss will be discovered. Then, too late, they will retrace their steps. Vain search! Of the hundred and more lateral avenues, that branch off from the main route, in the seven miles between you and the mouth, who can tell which to take? To explore all would require months. You see these things in fancy, and your nerves begin to give way. You imagine yourself having made, through long, long hours, vain attempts to recover the trace, and having sunk down exhausted. You have shouted, too, until your voice has failed you. You are agonized with thirst. Days appear to pass. You are starving to death. If, as you have heard, men lost not far from the entrance, have not been found for forty hours, what hope is there for you? Your lamp has long ago gone out, and you have no note of time. Only you know that death is approaching. Despair seizes upon you. You look dumbly on the sombre walls, now your prison, soon to be your grave. You recollect that you will be deprived even of Christian burial. For the search after you, though long persevered in, will finally be abandoned. Gradually the horror of your disappearance will fade from the minds of all, even your wife and children coming to regard you, in time, only as a dim dream. Perhaps, years hence, some adventurous traveller may stray into this avenue, and finding your bleached bones, may recall a tragedy he remembers to have heard in childhood. He will gather the relics together, and lay them in a corner. But that will be all.

So vividly do you imagine these things that when, at last, a faint gleam appears in the distance, you fancy, for a moment, that it is Stephen coming to your rescue after days of search. But in reality it is your companions leisurely following you. At first you see only a speck of light, like a fire balloon in a black firmament. But soon others appear; the dark and distant ceiling glows; and a gush of light dances toward you, revealing the welcome figures in the background. In a moment you are laughing at your late fears, and have resumed your journey, as gay and merry as the best. You walk on, and on, and on, until mile after mile is passed. Your great peril now is that of stumbling, for your eyes are on the rocky draperies overhead, when they should be picking out the rugged way

beneath. Almost every square foot of ceiling, cornice and wall is curtained, or festooned in stone, as if Nature, to mock at human genius, had decorated these silent, buried chambers. By one sweep of her graceful arm, by a single bold arrangement of her tapestry, she continually produces effects that artists could have attained only by severe study and long trials. She is equally at home in gay and fanciful hangings, such as those belonging to the Bride's Bower, as in the sombre masses, like impending thunder-clouds, that darken with horror her more giant chambers.

In returning, Stephen called our attention to a river, in which fish without eyes are caught. We did not stop, however, to secure any. Stephen had spent a night, just before we arrived, in catching several, so that he had a stock on hand. These fish are rather longer and larger than a man's finger, with something of the shape of a

cat fish, and of a greenish white color. They have no eye. Why should they, living, as they do, in eternal night? But it is to be presumed that Nature, which ever wisely adopts the means to the end, has given them a keener sense of touch. Besides these blind fishes, there is no living thing found in the Cave, except a species of cricket.

Though we walked briskly, it was four hours before we reached the entrance, so that, deducting for the delay at dinner, the time consumed proves the distance to be quite nine miles. The first view of daylight, as we approached the mouth, was indescribably beautiful. To see that cool, white brightness, which language is too weak to describe, is worth alone a journey to the Cave. It is a new thing in your experience: a glory and a loveliness beyond imagination.

And thus we left the land of shadows; and came forth again to the day!

I AM SITTING SAD AND LONELY.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

I AM sitting sad and lonely
Where oft I've sat before,
And thinking of the bright, bright days
That will return no more;
Oh! days of childhood, days of youth!
In mercy were ye given,
To shadow forth that better life,
That knows no change in Heaven.

Long years have pass'd since those bright days,
And still I love to trace
E'en though it be in mem'ry's glass,
Each well remember'd face;
And though the world seems chang'd to me,
And gloom is o'er me cast,
I still can catch some ray of light
In thinking of the past.

'Tis true my step is not as light,
My face is not as fair,
And silver threads are mingl'd with
What once was dark brown hair;
But yet, the change of face or form
Could not such grief impart:
The worm lies hid among the leaves,
The canker at the heart.

I am sitting sad and lonely
Where oft I've sat before,
And thinking of the bright, bright days
That will return no more;
A mist is gath'ring o'er my eyes,
A shadow o'er my heart,
For the fairy visions of my youth
Like twilight dews depart.

LINES.

BY W. C. BENNETT.

ROLL on, oh, river, to thy goal,
The far, illimitable main;
Gladdening the earth, thy waters roll
Through vale and fertile plain;
Oh, mighty joy! had it been given,
Majestic river, unto me,
Blessing and blessed of earth and Heaven,
To run my course like thee.

Yet, soul, content thee with thy powers,
The lowly powers to thee assigned;
The brook that winds through meadow flowers,
In that thy likeness find;
Scarce seen its course, and yet no less
That scarce seen course it loves to run,
Rejoicing its few fields to bless,
And gurgle 'neath the sun.

THE PAIN IN THE CHEST.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

"HERE is a shirt bosom I wish you to stitch, Emma," said Mrs. Harvey to her daughter, "it is for your father, and as he is in a hurry for his shirts, I must get you to help me."

"Oh! mother," said Emma, reluctantly taking the piece of linen, "you know sewing always gives me such a pain in the chest."

"But, my daughter, this is a case of necessity. Your father has to go South, next week, on business, and these shirts must be finished for him to take. I really cannot do them myself by that time."

Emma said no more. Ruefully sitting down, she began to stitch the shirt-bosom; and, for a while, worked with something like real industry. But this did not continue long. Soon she began to fidget; then to glance at the windows; and finally she laid down her task, under pretence of wanting some water. It took her a full quarter of an hour to satisfy her thirst; at least it was that period before she returned to her work. Several times, during the afternoon, she repeated this behavior. At tea she sat stooping over her plate, and when her father asked her what was the matter, she complained of a pain in the chest.

"What have you been doing?" he said.

"Oh! I thought I would stitch one of your new shirt-bosoms," replied Emma, hastening to answer before her mother could speak. "But it has made me quite sick."

"Never mind the shirt-bosoms," replied the fond father, with a look of concern. "I am sure I am as much obliged to you for trying, as if you had stitched me a dozen. You always were delicate, my dear."

The mother gave a glance of silent reproof to Emma, and said, "I am afraid, unless Emma can assist me, I shall have to hire a seamstress; for I cannot, without help, finish the shirts by next week."

"Oh! then get a seamstress, by all means. I declare Emma looks quite pale. Poor thing, she can't stand what you can, my love."

Mrs. Harvey was on the point of saying, in reply, that Emma could stand as much, if she would; but, on second thought, concluded to be silent. Yet she sighed, as many a mother has, to think how the inconsiderate fondness of the father was spoiling the daughter.

Mrs. Harvey sent for a seamstress that evening, and accordingly, the next day, Emma had nothing

to do. In the morning she made calls, and then came home to read a novel, over which she stooped until dinner time. In the afternoon, having finished the novel, she had recourse to her worsted work, over which she stooped until it was too dark to see. All this time she made no complaint of the pain in the chest, though she had stooped for a period twice as long as on the preceding day. Her mother, who watched her with a meaning look, for some time, at last said,

"Emma, how long have you been engaged on that bit of work, my dear?"

"About six months, isn't it?" replied Emma, looking up for a second only, and resuming the counting of her threads. "One, two, three; it was just after New Years' I began it; one, two; wasn't it?"

"And what do you expect to do with it?"

"Make a chair cover of it to be sure. Why you know that, mamma."

"But we have no chairs to cover."

"Oh! it will come in use sometime, or, if it don't, I can give it away, you know."

"How much do you suppose your worsteds have cost?"

"Three dollars. I believe that was it. But you know as well as I do, ma, for you were with me when I bought them."

"I had forgotten," said Mrs. Harvey. And she mentally added, "ah! I have more important things to remember."

There was silence for a short period, when the mother quietly said,

"Don't it sometimes give you a pain in the breast, my dear, to stoop, hour after hour, over this sort of work?"

Emma looked up, crimson with shame. She was a sensible girl, and felt the home-thrust. Dropping her work, she said,

"Give me a shirt-bosom, mamma, and I'll stitch it, indeed I will. I was wrong, last night, to say what I did."

"Oh! no," said Mrs. Harvey, with a slight irony in her tone, for she wished to make Emma thoroughly ashamed. "You had better go on with your worsted-work; for there is no hurry for that. And besides it is not for your father, nor even, it seems, for yourself, but for somebody, you don't exactly know who, or perhaps for nobody at all. No, my dear, I could not

think of taking you away from your useful employment, and putting you to one so worthless as assisting to stitch shirt-bosoms for your father."

"Now, mamma," said Emma, with the tears in her eyes, "don't, please don't. I have been very foolish. Oh! do let me help on pa's shirt-bosoms."

"No, my dear," replied her mother, gently, but firmly, and dropping her tone of irony. "I have hired Susan for the week, and if you should help us now, there will not be enough for her. And I'm afraid, my child, that you would soon tire of this sort of work."

"You don't mean so, ma," humbly said Emma; "now do you?"

"Indeed I do, my daughter. I have noticed, ever since you came home from boarding-school, that you like no work which is real work, though you will labor all day at some trifle more pretty than useful. Now, while I don't mean to say that making worsted patterns is always a waste of time, I do say it is so when things more immediately useful claim our attention. Moreover. Habits of industry and self-denial are to be acquired in youth, if ever; and if girls do only such work as they please, these habits they will never get. Young ladies don't like to do plain sewing, but are ready to stitch forever at fancy work; yet when they become wives, they will find that they must do more or less of the former, unless they happen to marry very rich men. And so work becomes a real trial, because they are unused to it. For a husband to find that he has a wife, good for nothing except to spend money, one who can't even sew without having a pain in the chest, is one of the most disheartening things he can experience; and will go very much further than what would seem, at first, more important things, to undermine his love."

Emma was now fairly subdued. She had never thought of the subject seriously before. Just

from school, and as yet undisciplined in household affairs, she had unintentionally allowed her indisposition to useful work to lead her into her late folly. She saw that her pain in the chest was mere fancy, and not reality, else it would have attacked her also when stooping over her novel, or her worsted. She felt that it was a willing mind she wanted, instead of bodily strength, of which she had enough.

Her mother continued inexorable. The shirts were made without her help, much as she desired to assist on them. Her worsted-work had now really grown distasteful to her; but her mother would not permit her to be idle; and so she had to persevere until it was finished.

The lesson was not over yet, however. One day Emma wished a new ribbon. It was not absolutely necessary for her to have, though it would have been a gratification. But her mother gravely refused to allow the expenditure.

"No, my dear, you must go without the ribbon. I paid Susan, for helping me make those shirts, just what this will cost; and as your folly inflicted that expense on your father, I think it but right you should make reparation. Here is an opportunity where, by a little self-denial, you can do so. You know, my child, you have no faith in repentance without works."

"You are right, mamma, as you ever are," said Emma. "You don't know how ashamed I am of myself. But please don't say any more about it, and you shall have no cause to complain of me hereafter."

Were all daughters as sensible as Emma, and all mothers as judiciously severe as Mrs. Harvey, the world would have fewer idle young ladies and thrifless wives to show.

But alas! when there is anything useful to be done, anything that is real work, a great many females, married as well as unmarried, have A PAIN IN THE CHEST.

STILL ASLEEP.

BY ERNESTINE FITZGERALD.

Still asleep! while the birds are singing,
Calling my pet with the silvery ringing
Of their musical matin bills!
Still asleep! come rouse thee, my darling!
Up and mimic thine own dear starling,
That of morn so joyously tells!

Still asleep! how the kind words will linger,
When Time shall point a far-away finger
To these innocent baby-hours!

Still asleep! when the world wants working,
So many a weed in its garden lurking,
That calls for a woman's powers!
Still asleep! when sly age is creeping,
And here is no longer a chamber for sleeping—
But ruining, crumbling decay
Points to the dust toward which dust is bending,
While Faith awakens to life unending,
And the light of a perfect day.

HOW TO MANAGE AN OLD BACHELOR.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

ABEL ARNFIELD was the neatest man that ever lived. This may, at first, sound like eulogy, but it comprises a catalogue of small crimes that sting with tenfold force, like mosquitoes, gnats, and other insects, discovering joints in the armor where larger ones would utterly fail. Abel, then, was fearfully neat. Neatness was with him a besetting vice, a sort of dark influence that overshadowed everything, and robbed life of half its enjoyments. *Half* did I say? He scarcely knew a moment's peace. Every cup was poisoned, for at the bottom Abel's far-seeing eyes were sure to discover some speck of dirt, that seemed, like the sword of Damocles, a never-failing torment, haunting every moment.

Abel was a bachelor. Not but that he had had his love-scraps, but experience taught him that going down on one's knees was detrimental to white inexpressibles, and violent emotion took the stiffening out of a shirt-collar. Then, besides, Abel's views of womenkind in general all tended toward a life of single blessedness. His version of the poet would doubtless have been:

"Oh, woman! thy name is carelessness?" and he kept as clear of the sex as though fearful of contamination.

If his fellow brethren lacked in his eyes the essential principles of neatness, the sisterhood seemed absolutely wedded to dirt and slovenliness. Many a time had he contemplated a pair of beaming eyes with pleasurable feelings, and then sighed because some thread of that tasteful attire was, perhaps, the fiftieth part of an inch out of the way. For Abel, in summing up a case of neatness, did not, like the children with their arithmetic, say, "never mind the mills"—no, indeed! he quite agreed with the man who said, "take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves;" and entertained the opinion that trifles make up the sum of earthly things.

Nor did Abel fail to put his theory in practice. He would have considered himself insulted had any one said that "he looked as though he had just stepped out of a band-box;" for, belonging rather to the gigantic order, it would have been impossible to find such an article capable of accommodating him at all to his satisfaction. And, indeed, I quite agree with Abel that people who step out of band-boxes must have rather a tumbled look.

Somewhere between six and seven feet in height, straight as a poplar, handsome and intellectual-looking, Abel deserved something better than the commendation bestowed upon him by an old lady, who, after surveying him through her spectacles, pronounced him "a very personable man." When I add to this description that he was one of the most eloquent members of the bar, and possessor of a handsome property, it is no wonder that his fearful neatness was the subject of sighs and groans innumerable.

Dirt seemed to glance off obliquely from those immaculate collars and wristbands—dust found no resting-place on that impenetrable coat of shining black—and mud dwindled down to low tide when Abel Arnfield crossed the street. His neatness encompassed him like a suit of armor; and he was held up as a pattern to slovenly husbands and careless sons, until they wished that fate would bestow upon him some of the grease-spots, mud, and dirt with which they were so liberally favored. But Abel still pursued the even tenor of his way, undisturbed, save by some chance arrows that Cupid let fly at him, merely *pour passer le tems*. These only stuck in the flesh and caused a slight irritation, without inflicting any deeper wound.

At one time, however, Abel certainly came very near falling a victim; and this circumstance was hailed with delight by the whole circle of his friends and relatives. They flattered themselves that a wife to keep in order might divert him from the contemplation of their short-comings.

Pretty Olive Mithers! She with the large, sloping eyes, and snowy eyelids, that gave such a Madonna-like air of purity to her face. You seemed to see her but through those eyelids; they took the attention at first sight; and as Daniel Webster went by the name of "all eyes" in his early career as a schoolmaster, it would not have been inappropriate to call Olive Mithers "all eyelids."

Abel was first "taken" in church. The premonitory symptoms were constant gazing at those wonderful eyelids, so sweetly cast down over her prayer-book—guilty looks when detected in the act—and a constant restlessness and uneasiness during the whole service. And Olive peeped slyly out from those white blinds, and laughed in her sleeve at the desperate struggles of the poor fish on the end of her line. Deceitful little

Quakeress! She looked an incarnation of purity and devotion—she was as mischievous a flirt as ever tormented an unfortunate man. But to do her justice, she was really in earnest with respect to Abel Arnfield. Yes, she had fully made up her mind that if the man proposed she would really take him, and enjoy the pleasure of tormenting him for the whole term of his natural life.

But, alas! poor Olive! you found by sad experience upon how slight a thing will turn our whole future fate. There was a pio-nic excursion, to which Abel and Olive were both invited. Already people looked upon them as engaged lovers, and significant glances followed their movements.

But Olive, in scrambling up a ledge of rock, disarranged the neat attire which had hitherto charmed the exacting lover. One or two tumbles by no means improved her appearance; and when they rejoined the party Abel's love had banished into thin air. Her dress was torn, her hair disarranged, and—

"A single spot of mud—that light, but guilty streak, Had banished all the beauty from her cheek."

In vain the figure of Olive prettily dressed, with those lids so meekly cast down, was placed before him, after this; the charm was broken, and something whispered to Olive that Abel Arnfield was lost to her forever.

Then there was Bessie Carson—whose face was a perfect sunbeam, whose conduct was like no one else's, and whose manner was fascination. She took Abel entirely by storm—he was obliged to surrender whether he would or not; and for some time he persuaded himself that the *appearance* of a soiled collar, which had lately haunted him in Bessie's presence, was merely the shadow glancing upon it.

But one day our bachelor, on entering the hall at rather an unexpected hour, beheld a pair of slip-shod shoes, which he immediately appropriated to Bessie. She never acknowledged the possession, not having been interrogated; but Abel Arnfield had a sort of feeling in his bones, and again he "roamed in maiden meditation fancy free." These disappointments rather soured him, and he began to look upon women with a cynical eye.

Abel had an only sister, who might be considered a fortunate woman, or might not, as persons chose to fancy; at any rate, she was the mother of nine children. Her description may have been a little exaggerated, but she always insisted that when Abel entered the door he drew his skirts carefully around him, and appeared from his manner of walking to be threading a labyrinth of live coals. He was not fond of

having the children's arms around his neck—objected to their wiping their hands upon his clothes—and altogether frowned upon other endearing little ways peculiar to childhood.

In spite of this, however, his sister urged, with tears in her eyes, that he would take up his abode with her; but Abel only shook his head in a very decided manner, and went back to his boarding-house. His landlady had learned all his peculiarities; and the good woman would as soon have thought of cutting off her own head as of abating one iota of the exquisite neatness that always distinguished his room.

But Adam was discontented even in Paradise; and one day Abel took it into his head that was quite time for him to see something of the world. People wondered what should induce him to travel. The dust in the cars, the doubtful beds, the thousand inconveniences to which travellers are subjected, seemed like so many dragon-heads to deter him from the venture. But Abel cut them all down at one stroke, and went forth to meet his fate.

Description would utterly fail in attempting to paint the horrors with which he found himself at the hotel with a soiled collar and dusty coat, and a face very much disarranged by the sparks, and other light craft, that sail so impudently in at the car windows; but after a careful examination of the damage he had sustained, he gave himself a thorough scouring, and went forth to seek his fortune. He found himself in one of the loveliest villages of northern New York; every residence was a miniature Paradise, and he sauntered leisurely along, admiring the principles of neatness which seemed to pervade the very trees, for every leaf shot forth in a uniform manner.

He had come to a full stop before an alluring cottage, almost smothered in a thicket of trees, and stood leaning on the paling, and looking over at the prospect. In the distance a Virginia fence hemmed off a piece of woods that seemed approaching too closely; and between that and the house was a beautifully cultivated garden.

Abel stood ruminating—thinking how happy life might be passed in such a place—when a slight rustling disturbed his thoughts, and he awoke to the consciousness of a young lady with a watering-pot in her hand. Abel! Abel! incorrigible cynic! thine eyes survey the graceful figure, from the crown of her head to the sole of her foot, not with the lover's generous blindness to all defects, but with the critic's insatiable thirst for something to find fault with.

Mary Ellesmore was not a regular beauty, but she possessed that exquisite neatness which throws a charm over the plainest features. Not that Mary was exactly plain, either; her face

was capable of looking pretty, but when it did assume that expression, it seemed to be a matter of congratulation as though the circumstance were an unusual one. She had one of those faces that light up with any passing emotion; thus seeming to contradict the extreme regularity of her dress.

"Well, Abel, what is the result of your investigation? Your eyes have travelled up and your eyes have travelled down, and at length you have come to the conclusion that the young lady with the watering-pot in her hand is the nearest approach to your beau-ideal of female loveliness that you have seen in sometime. The smooth, shining sheet of bright brown hair, that descended so prettily over her ears, with a half-blown rose in the richly twisted knot—the pink muslin dress, so faultless in every fold—the well-dressed foot, first peeping out from the hem—and the snowy collar—all these were perfections that sent an electric thrill to the heart of Abel Arnfield.

But all this time Mary has been represented as standing still to be looked at—making a picture of herself, in short, although she was totally unconscious of the presence of a spectator. When, therefore, on raising her eyes, she beheld a gentleman, who, if not very young, was certainly very fine-looking, gazing intently upon her, she blushed, of course, as any properly regulated young lady would do; and as the gazer seemed fairly nailed to the spot, she soon took her departure for the house, watering-pot and all.

This roused Abel from his lethargy; and extremely provoked at himself, he became conscious that he had been guilty of rather rude behavior, and quite in a brown study, he pursued his way to the house of the only acquaintance he had in the place. This friend Abel determined to sound with respect to the unknown young lady; but, like a prudent man, he confined his raptures exclusively to the house and grounds, and carefully concealed the fact of his having seen any live stock about the place.

"It was probably Mr. Hillier's," observed his friend, "but I advise you to spare your enthusiasm until you have gained the entree of the house—there is something inside much more worth seeing."

Here followed a long eulogy on Mary Ellsmore; during which Abel learned that she was the orphan niece of Mr. and Mrs. Hillier, who, having no children of their own, were completely wrapt up in her; and that Mr. Hillier was a perfect enthusiast upon the subject of farming—a prejudice which Abel was advised to humor.

In the course of the next day Mr. Arnfield was formally introduced at the cottage; apparently as much to the inmates' satisfaction as his own.

His absence from home was so much protracted, in consequence, that various affectionate missives were despatched to him, soliciting some account of his wanderings. He felt rather confused on reading these letters; but then he proudly reflected that he was his own master, and had an undoubted right to do as he pleased.

Mr. Hillier entered the parlor one afternoon, as his wife was delivering quite a panegyric upon their new acquaintance, and interrupted her somewhat angrily, as he exclaimed,

"The fellow has no more soul than you could put in a thimble!"

"*No soul, uncle?*" repeated Mary, in surprise, "when he talks so beautifully!"

"Talking and acting are two very different things," said Mr. Hillier, wrathfully, "I have just been showing him the beauties of the farm, and, in passing through the cow-yard, he remarked that 'farming was very dirty business.' Faugh! How I do detest those everlasting clean collars of his, and that careful step, as though he were walking on egg-shells! He is not the man for *my* money."

Mrs. Hillier prudently directed her husband's attention to Mary's burning cheeks; which her uncle surveyed with a look partly of surprise, partly commiseration. Her attention quite taken up with some things in the garden, the niece soon withdrew and left the couple to themselves.

"Why, Mary," said Mr. Hillier, that same evening, "you don't mean to say that the man has really proposed, and that you have accepted him?"

Mary *said* nothing; but her eyes were very eloquent.

"What possessed you?" continued her uncle. Something that sounded very much like "love" fell from Mary's lips; but her uncle recognized no such word in his vocabulary.

"Were I a girl," continued Mr. Hillier, "I should as soon think of falling in love with a tailor's walking advertisement as of 'bestowing my affections' (that is the term, I believe,) upon one whose whole energies are concentrated in preserving himself from the least spot of contamination. Why, child, you will have no peace of your life. You are neat enough, I should think, to suit the most fastidious, but this man is a regular fidget."

"Oh, but," said Mary, very quietly, while a sly gleam in her eye betokened some hidden fun, "I intend to cure him. Thinking it a pity that so many noble and interesting qualities should be obscured by this small weakness, I have concluded to take him in hand."

Now Mary, be it known, had the reputation of being a young lady of considerable energy and determination, all in her own quiet way; she was

one, also, who never made an assertion unless she had good grounds for doing so; when, therefore, she expressed her intention in this calm manner, Uncle and Aunt Hillier, though entertaining a few natural misgivings as to the wisdom of such a proceeding, gave their consent to the marriage, and the old lady was soon immersed in all the bustle of preparation.

Abel, having secured his prize, soon returned home; the happy day was appointed, and the bridegroom was to make his appearance on the evening before the ceremony. In the course of a few days an elegant box arrived for Mary; it contained a set of pearls, and a most affectionate letter from Abel's sister. People said that Mary was a fortunate girl; but the uncle and aunt shook their heads, as though the Ides of March were come but not gone.

The wedding eve arrived; the whistle of the last train of cars had died away in the distance, but still no Abel. Mournfully did Mary pace up and down the shaded walk to catch the first glimpse of her truant lover; but no approaching figure darkened the opening, and the shades of evening were fast gathering around. The bride-elect betook herself to a sleepless pillow, and ominous shakings of the head passed around the circle.

The bridal morning dawned fair and beautiful; and as Mary stood before the glass in her own apartment, a very pardonable feeling of satisfaction flushed her cheek, while wreathing the pearls in her shining braids. The bridesmaids were clustered in a knot together—the bride was dressed, to the last hair-pin; the clergyman, in his white robes, was filling the pleasant parlor with a peculiar air of solemnity—everything was ready but the bridegroom.

Low whispers were passing around, and glances of commiseration bent upon Mary; when, at the very last moment, up drove a carriage, and Abel rushed hastily into the house. Something about "unforeseen circumstances" was heard; but the clergyman, indignant at having been kept waiting, would allow no explanation, and in the course of a very short time the two were made one. Guests lingered in hopes of hearing something, but in vain; it was not until their departure that, urged by the questioning looks of Mr. and Mrs. Hillier, Abel proceeded to give some account of himself.

"You cannot imagine, dearest," said he, addressing himself to Mary, "how unhappy I felt at being obliged to delay our meeting; but yesterday morning, when my clothes were sent home, I observed that the tailor had actually sent me a coat of dark, bottle green, instead of the plain black that I ordered—and the washer-woman, in her hurry, had ironed my shirt-bosoms

the wrong way. Believe me, that no other circumstance should have retarded my coming."

Mr. and Mrs. Hillier looked just upon the point of exploding; but a beseeching glance from Mary arrested their indignation half way. The young bride said nothing; but her foot tapped the ground in an impatient manner, as though internals and externals were somewhat at variance.

It was with a reluctant feeling that the worthy couple consigned the child of their adoption to the care of her new guardian; but then, as they remembered Mary's strength of character, the burden of disquietude was somewhat lightened. The two immediately set forth upon the usual wedding tour; and then Mary found herself settled in the heart of a bustling city, in lieu of the quiet country scenes to which she had been accustomed from childhood.

Sometime after his marriage, Abel Arnfield was passing through his usual haunts, when a hearty slap on the back almost staggered even him; but a rough grasp on his arm quite prevented any thoughts of losing his balance. He turned shortly around to meet the face of an old acquaintance.

"Why, Abel, how are you?" shouted a hearty voice, "haven't seen you this age—been getting married, eh?"

At this salutation Abel looked rather sheepish, which on a person of his size was exquisitely absurd.

"But what do I see?" continued the speaker, after a more minute investigation, "don't you remember that we always used to call you the new bank bill? And now, I declare, one of your wristbands has a diminutive wrinkle in the left corner, and I positively see a spot of mud on the heel of your boot—in short, you begin to look like other people. Poor fellow! I always prophesied that you would get a slovenly wife. I suppose that her carelessness has broken your spirit."

"Indeed," replied Abel, somewhat sadly, "you are very much mistaken; my wife is neatness itself—*too* neat entirely. I would ask you to dine with us, but the fact is she never likes my bringing any one home to dinner. She is so afraid of her drawing-room."

"But I am determined that she *shall* like me," exclaimed his friend, who was quite anxious to witness the system of tactics by which any woman had obtained the upper hand of Abel Arnfield, with respect to such a point as neatness. "Therefore, you may consider me engaged for to-morrow, unless there is something in particular to prevent."

Very doubtful as to the effect of the communication at home, Abel was obliged to second the proposal as joyfully as possible; but it was done

in a manner that caused the waggish Mr. Larkton no little amusement. Abel, rather surprised himself at the change that had come over him, pursued his way homeward—meditating as he went.

In the drawing-room sat Mary, looking very pretty, and so exquisitely neat that one would have been almost afraid to touch her. She tried to evade her husband's kiss; and then smoothed her collar, and shook out the folds of her dress in a manner that quite provoked Abel. Indeed, during the year of their marriage she had contrived to torment him with her exquisite neatness in every possible way. The very day afterward she quietly informed him that she was disappointed in him.

"In what respect?" asked Abel.

"Why," replied Mary, "when we knelt down to pray, during the ceremony, I happened to glance at your glove, the one nearest to me, and I actually detected a small rip between the thumb and the fore finger!"

Poor Abel! This was the reward of his over-neatness. At the last moment he had drawn them on in the greatest possible hurry, without bestowing a thought upon the small chasm that so shocked his bride.

"I did think," continued Mary, "that you were neat—I have such an aversion to slovenly men—but the sex seem naturally inclined to be careless."

All this was gall and wormwood to Abel, and he found the tables turned in a most unexpected manner. Instead of having a wife to correct and admonish, he appeared to be undergoing a thorough system of training.

His domestic arrangements suffered not a little from his wife's troublesome neatness. Scarcely a servant could be found to stay with them, and the very neat ones had been detected in the act of taking liberties with the master's comb and brush; while they often considered the wardrobe of either master or mistress as quite a public concern. There was constant changing and dissatisfaction; sometimes an excellent cook would be dismissed in consequence of Mrs. Arnfield's unexpected visits of investigation to the kitchen—in the course of which she often discovered private proceedings that were altogether at variance with her shrinking delicacy. Her husband's observation that it was best to shut her eyes to these things, only caused them to open still wider in apparent horror and surprise.

Abel had long felt inclined to remonstrate against this state of things, but Larkton's visit fairly capped the climax. Mary received the visitor with a most uneasy glance at his boots; and a visible shade of annoyance passed over her face as the sofa creaked beneath the sudden plunge which Mr. Larkton made into its capacious

depths. He, apparently quite attracted by her sweet face and lady-like appearance, told his most amusing stories; but Mrs. Arnfield's smiles were very frigid ones, and she evidently regarded him with no friendly eye. Larkton, to be sure, had upset a small vase of flowers, thereby spilling the water over the drawing-room carpet; and while Abel assured him that it was not of the slightest consequence, his hostess' eyes seemed to tell a different story.

Dinner was announced; and after the first excitement of getting seated, a dead silence pervaded the circle. Abel, rather embarrassed at the state of affairs, helped the soup with a trembling hand, and in consequence of his agitation, several drops were spilled upon the exquisite table-cloth.

"Thomas," said Mrs. Arnfield, with perfect coolness, "remove the cloth, and bring a clean one."

Abel remonstrated, but in vain; the guest played with his bread during the discussion; and Thomas, one of those neat pokes who seem created for no earthly purpose but to torment one, crawled off with the various things in regular succession. Mr. Larkton thought of the play-bills that say, "an interval of five years is supposed to elapse between the acts"—Mrs. Arnfield looked satisfied—and Mr. Arnfield at boiling heat.

After a long interval of endurance a clean table-cloth was spread; the plates were brought back to their places; and a tureen of cold soup deposited before Mrs. Arnfield. It was removed almost untouched; and, in consequence of the delay, the second course was in very much the same condition. The ice-cream seemed, as the Yankee said of it on a former occasion, "a little tetch'd with frost;" and on rising from the table the two gentlemen were anything but satisfied with their repast.

On returning to the drawing-room Mr. Larkton saw, with some annoyance, that a servant was employed in removing the prints of his boots from the spotless carpet; and Abel really envied the fate of Jonah. Even the spirits of an inveterate wag are sometimes depressed; and, after a very short evening, Mr. Larkton took his departure.

"Oh, Mary!" exclaimed Abel, exploding at the first convenient moment, "how could you do so? You have mortified me beyond measure."

"I have only to repeat," returned his wife, with perfect serenity, "that I am disappointed in you."

"And I in you," groaned Abel, "little did I think that it would be such perfect misery to have a neat wife!"

There was a sly twinkle in Mary's eye as she

asked, "then you really think that a person can be *too neat?*"

"I think," returned Abel, with considerable energy, "that I would give half my fortune if you were only a sloven—yes, *an actual sloven!*"

To his great surprise, Mary had thrown one arm around his neck, and was laughing uncontrollably.

"How I have been watching for this avowal!" said she, "I had almost given you up as incorrigible—you bore all sorts of torments so stoically—but human endurance, it seems, could go no farther. Do you know, *cher ami*, that on our wedding day, in a feeling of pique at your considering the color of your coat of more consequence than an evening's *tete a-tete* with me, I planned this line of conduct, and determined to

carry it through? I think that now, having your eyes fully opened to the horrors of inordinate neatness, you will scarcely inflict upon me what you have suffered during the last twelvemonths."

Abel, being a sensible man, said very little, but actually kissed his tormentor in a sort of frantic delight.

Mr. and Mrs. Hillier soon after made them a visit, and observed, with some surprise, that, although Abel was still neat enough to escape an imputation of slovenliness, he no longer made neatness a ruling passion, or suffered it to interfere with his enjoyments. Mary, in reply to their surprised looks, referred them by a glance to her husband; but Abel was apparently surveying very curious things at the bottom of his cup.

ALICE IN HEAVEN.

BY REV. SIDNEY DYER.

How beauteous is the evening's close,
When twilight draweth nigh,
And gorgeously the mellow rays
Adorn the pensive sky;
It is an hour for holy thought,
But I! I love the even,
For 'tis the hour our darling one,
Our Alice went to Heaven!

We looked upon her angel brow,
Death's touch had made more fair,
Into those gently closing eyes,
The light of Heaven was there!
One fading smile—one look of love—
And life's last tie was riven,
And with the day's departing beam,
Our Alice went to Heaven!

The gloom of night spreads o'er the earth,
A night with starless skies,
But on our sad and riven hearts
A deeper darkness lies;

The dearest light of home is quench'd,
Whose rays such joy had given;
It set to rise no more on earth,
When Alice went to Heaven!

We listen for her cherub voice,
Her merry sylph-like tread,
We watch to see her beaming smile,
Then comes the thought—she's dead!
We murmur not; all is well;
Yet each returning even,
Sad thoughts will come, for 'tis the hour
When Alice went to Heaven!

But when such thoughts lie on the soul,
And tears suffuse the eyes,
When murmurs tremble on the lips
That thus the heart He tries,
We think of Him who hath the life
And Resurrection given,
And joy that we shall meet again,
Our Alice, now in Heaven!

THE BEE AND THE MAIDEN.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GLEIM.

Once a little Bee there flew
Busily about, and drew
Sweets from every blooming flower.
"Little Bee," the maiden cried,
Who was busy there at work,

"Oft therein doth poison lurk,
And thou sipp'st from every flower."
"Yes," said the Bee, "the sweets I sup,
And leave the poison in the cup."

ELLEN CAMERON'S FOURTH OF JULY.

BY AGNES LINWOOD.

"HEIGH-HO! how lonesome and dull a day is this for me," complained poor Ellen Cameron, as she sat at a front parlor window, watching wistfully the cloudless sky.

Poor Ellen sighed very often, as visions of former days, where she had moved queen of the dance, rose to mind; and she almost wished it would rain, just a little, to reconcile her to this imprisonment. Along the principal street of the village was hurrying a brilliant throng of passengers, all tending in one direction, all actuated by one impulse, to celebrate the anniversary of a nation's freedom. The mode of commemoration for the day was a pic-nic, the place a cool, shady grove on the outskirts of the village. Can we wonder then that Ellen, fair Ellen, a village belle and beauty, was pining to be with them; that she longed to be dancing on the pic-nic green, or beneath the cool magnolia shade, bantering the gay jest, or witty repartee? But she had promised her father to devote one gala day to higher purposes, and sweet Ellen was not one to hold to the letter, yet break the spirit of a vow.

While we have been speaking of Ellen, the crowd, even to the last pedestrian, has passed out of sight, each and every one intent to enjoy enough of dancing, dining, and speaking, to last them for twelvemonth.

We have spoken of Ellen's beauty. It was the beauty of intellect and genius linked with the most generous sympathies, pure and elevated sentiments: the light of a glorious soul radiating round her, and flooding home with its sunshine. Yet in society she was gay, and often trifling, as if she scorned to let the world know how deep and holy were her feelings: an often fatal error with the young and lovely.

Emerging from the nun-like seclusion of a country home, and the watchful care of a governess few months since, Ellen Cameron had assumed the charge of her father's house in town, and plunged at once into the whirlpool of fashionable society. Smile not, exclusive city belle, at the pretensions of a village, for our Southern towns afford as many facilities for thus wasting time, and have as haughty an aristocracy as the more enlarged though not superior circles of the east. Simple in habit, unconscious of her charms, fascinated, bewildered, Ellen yielded to the current, and but for

occasional glimpses of a higher purpose, would have been passed unnoticed by the few men in her set, who rose superior to, and disdained, the butterfly crowd. Her easy grace of manner, joyous ringing laugh, and unceasing flow of bright, sparkling thoughts, brought to her feet a host of lovers; but Ellen was difficult to please; and her cultivated mind sought a spirit-mate. Yet there was one who occasionally appeared in her train of adorers, among them, but not of them. Ellen was, to a certain extent, the embodiment of his early dreams; and he would have deemed her the perfection of loveliness in mind, as in person, if her ready laugh had not rung forth so joyously for every puerile witticism of the crowd: if she had not loved the world quite so passionately; if she had only given more of her sunlight at home. Often he repeated to himself that Ellen was a dear, winsome creature, and a desirable partner in the ball-room, but not the mate for life. "She, the star of her little world, could never bound her ambition to the domestic domain." Thus he often reasoned. But again and again her image returned to its shrine in his heart; and just now, as he wended his way to the grove, was uppermost in his thoughts.

While we have been reading the inner life of those two beings, Ellen had been dreaming of him. Her keen perceptions understood that lofty soul; her own was a kindred spirit, and she knew it; knew that he alone could make her happy; and feeling in the depths of her soul this truth, she shuddered at the strong probability that he would wed her rival. Often she had marked how carelessly he turned from her. While she thus pondered, the rapid trotting of horses aroused her, and glancing down the street, she saw the object of her thoughts approaching in his faultless equipage. The little heart fluttered as she thought how her rival would triumph to-day; but in an instant the envious feeling was crushed as she answered his greeting.

"What, Miss Cameron?" he said, pausing at the window, "are you not going to the pic-nic?"

"No," she replied, "pa is not here, and I could not go."

"Will you take a seat with me? It will give me pleasure to attend you."

"No," answered Ellen, decisively, "you are very kind, but I have promised not to go. Good morning, Mr. Merton."

He bowed and rolled on. Poor Ellen heaved one regretful sigh, and then rose resolutely from her seat, determined to spend the day pleasantly, and keep her thoughts at home. Here and there about the house, things out of joint caught her eye. Visions of their once faultless household rose from the store-house of old memories. Thoughts of her father's indulgent kindness, and the memory of his often half-suppressed sighs, came treading in the footsteps of these visions: then more shadows from the long-forgotten past—the loved mother, meek and gentle, the lessons learned in childhood from the now sealed lips: the olden time, with its lofty dreams, its generous aspirations, the holy purpose with which she entered on her duties, and the long vista of follies and frivolities which had followed; all these and more, came crowding on her brain, peopling its chambers with regrets, and new resolves, and bringing tears for the wasted hours, which had borne with them to oblivion no record, save of duties unfulfilled. The false lights which had led her on stood revealed in that hour of heart communing. She now appreciated the influence which an unceasing pursuit of pleasure exercised over a mind constituted like her own; and thankfully turned from the precipice of heartless and guilty selfishness on which she had trembled. The old purposes resumed their throne, and with a chastened spirit she resolved to begin again her career as a useful being, hoping thus to cheer the old age of her father.

While thus resolving and repenting, there came a knock at the door, which she hastened to open. There stood Mr. Merton, looking as if he had never thought of the pic-nic. His fine eyes beamed upon her with a kindly interest, but no more; and quietly he explained the cause of his return.

"I thought you must be very lonely and sad, Miss Cameron; and out there in the noisy crowd, the remembrance of your cool, shady parlor, and sweet music, had such an influence that I am here, begging you to tolerate my society, and bestow on me that music I love so well."

Ellen had grown very calm before he came, and she talked to him quietly now, as if he was a friend, and nothing more: as if his was not the power to stir her heart's depths, and call forth its sweetest or most thrilling tones. But self-possessed as she appeared, he held the key to her soul, and bending those deep, kindly eyes upon her, drew forth gradually, imperceptibly, the occupation of the morning. The recital over, he took his favorite arm-chair, and buried in its soft cushions, listened as her music, first grand and solemn, pealed forth, waking the sleeping echoes; then gay and joyous, like her own bird-like tones, seemed warbling around him; then changing to another strain, slow and soothing,

stole upon his ear, like her own sweet spirit dawning in its newer, gentle light. There was a clear, holy effulgence in those deep violet eyes, which was new and refreshing; a purity about the fair, delicate face, a calmness resting over all, which he found it difficult to account for, until she explained those morning reflections. And now he felt that he could love Ellen at last, that he had always done her injustice. He said to himself, "what an inestimable treasure, what a priceless gem would be her heart to him who won it; how heavenly the light she would shed round his path on earth."

Impelled by these feelings, he rose and took her little hands from the keys; then drawing her to the recess of a large window opening on a bed of flowers, he said:—"Ellen, Miss Cameron, for long months I have struggled against my love for you, thinking you too frivolous; but to-day I have seen that I misjudged you. Will you, can you pardon the error? Forgive me, Ellen! And oh, if it is possible, let me hope that you will be the guiding star of my destiny, the ministering spirit to interpose between my wavering heart and earth's allurements: my comforter, my consoler here, my soul's mate in eternity. Ellen, you are the arbiter of my fate! My life belongs to God; therefore if you reject me, I should not dare to fling it away, or to sully my soul's purity. No, I make no such threats. But the heart within, the sweet spring of hope, and happiness, from whose founts flow the joys of life—that will be crushed, withered, my life this side the tomb, hopeless!"

Ellen had stood listening to his words, pale, trembling, her hand prisoned between his, her head drooping. She was frightened at this sudden avowal. It was as if it brought wretchedness and misery, instead of granting the utmost desire of her heart. Her tears flowed: at first violently; then more gently as a calming influence stole over her; and soon her head sank upon his shoulder with a heartfelt love and trust, telling him better than words the story of those long months of uncertainty. Who can doubt her answer? But we draw a veil over those two hearts; for such scenes are sacred.

And Ellen and her lover were married. Not for them were the puerile pursuits of fashion: higher aims were theirs; nobler joys were before them. It was in domestic life that they sought happiness. The world, with its carking care and heartless ambitions, was shut out from their door. They lived for each other, and with each other, not for the vain applause of society. To the husband, each returning evening brought back home's sweet content, the peace of a satisfied heart. And when storms of sorrow came, his sympathy sustained Ellen in turn, his love repaid

all pangs of bitterness. When it was he that bowed before the storm, her hand still pointed upward, her sweet voice murmured, "trust in God."

Oh! woman, knowest thou thy glorious mission? If so, why strive for distinctions which bring but shame and sorrow? Ye restless ones, who have never tasted home joys, and go seeking after empty honors, know that woman's sphere is home, and her influence there one of the highest trusts Providence has placed in mortal hands. Standing on the threshold of her door she meets the wanderer, and encircling him in her arms, shuts out the world with its falsehood and disappointments. To soothe the over-wrought brain and calm the shattered nerves; to make the social hearth a charmed circle, impenetrable to care, and brightened by affection's smile: this is woman's lot in life! To lead man from wordly temptation, to win him on to loving the wise and benificent Creator: to sympathize with his aspirations, glory

in his triumphs, and brighten disappointment by the touch of love; is not this enough for woman? Let us leave to man the toiling for fame, the buffeting with the world. Let us cherish no higher ambition than banishing frowns from his brow, and smoothing the rugged pathway of life.

Is this sphere too contracted? Are thy energies too cramped here? Go forth into the world then—but go to the sufferer; this also is thy province; seek the indigent and sick, be to them a ministering angel: give of thy bounty to the starving, and thou wilt be an angel upon earth. Go to those who have never heard of a ruling Providence, of a God over all; and rest assured, while thy lips speak of pardon and peace to the miserable outcast, peace will enter thy own soul and still its discontent forever!

Let the lives of Ellen and Merton read you the lesson, and your own hearts find the moral which my pen is too feeble to point.

LEAD ME NOT THERE!

BY FRANK LEE.

Lead me not there! Lead me not there!
I could not look again
Upon that glad stream rushing free
Like a brightly woven chain.
Lead me not there! Lead me not there!
I could not bear to rest
Upon the daisies, 'neath that tree,
With the sunlight on their breast.

I know the dingle is fair to see,
The copse beyond is sweet,
I've often trod its dusky depths
With childhood's lightsome feet.
I know the brook is ringing clear,
I seem to hear it now,
And I can almost feel the drops
Come splashing o'er my brow.

Lead me not there! Lead me not there!
'Twas on a Summer day
I sat beside that gushing stream—
How fast it flew away!
That Summer day is ended now,
Its sunlight hours are o'er;
Those singing waves would seem to speak
The whisperings of yore.

I know the path o'er th' wooded hill
Where the wild-birds weave their nest,
And the purple blossoms grow, but there
I could not brook to rest!
I've wander'd far from that laughing stream,
My hopes are like trampled flowers,
And I could not bear to look again
In that haunt of early hours.

SONNET.

BY E. K. SMITH.

THOU dost not know—how he, the worshipper
Of his soul's idol from its earliest years,
Can draw a language from his hopes and fears,
And make a converse of his thoughts with her.
Thou dost not know—how oft amid the storm,
Remembrance of thee hath been gladly woo'd;
And even when Nature smiled in gentle mood,

I have forsaken her, to catch thy form;
And lingering nightly by the desert shore,
With none to see me but the silent moon,
Have dream'd of thee, in such delicious swoon,
So painfully pleasing like a dream of yore,
That Heav'n and earth, and moon, and that still sea,
Seem'd all discoursing with one voice of thee!

A L I C E V E R N O N .

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122.

A FEW days subsequent to the funeral of Mr. Vernon, Alice, taking Lily with her, visited the grave.

It was in one of those rural cemeteries, now so common, but then less frequent; a lovely and picturesque locality, a few miles out of town. The grave was in, perhaps, the sweetest spot of the whole place, a wooded bluff, overhanging the river, and commanding a beautiful prospect, up and down the sinuous stream.

Lily had never been at a funeral, so that the cemetery was a new thing to her. At first she regarded it only as a pretty garden. She was full of gaiety as they proceeded up the gravelled road, exclaiming with delight at the abundant flowers. But when she saw that tears were silently running down her mother's cheeks, her exuberant spirits vanished immediately, and she walked gravely along, holding her mother's hand, wondering much, yet saying nothing. As they entered deeper into the cemetery, and the white monuments began to appear, Lily's wonder increased, for she could not understand why any one should be sad in so beautiful a place. Once or twice she was on the point of asking her mother what these pretty monuments meant, but, with an instinct above her years, restrained herself, for she felt that it might increase her parent's sorrow. At last they reached the fresh grave of Mr. Vernon, where the tears of Alice became sobs, loud and violent.

Lily stood in silence, for some time, looking from the grave to her mother, and from her mother to the grave, and wearing an expression of mingled concern, awe and wonder. She could not understand why, but the child felt strangely, and could not speak, at least for a while.

"Mamma," she said, at last, nestling timidly to her mother's side, "why do you cry?"

Alice had, for some time, been unconscious of the presence of her daughter, so deep and engrossing had been her grief. She now looked down at the dear, affectionate child with something of compunction, yet uncertain, for a moment, what to answer. For how should she explain to that young intellect this great mystery of death!

"Because," she finally replied, "your grandpa is dead, and lies buried here."

Dead! What was that, reflected the child. It was something solemn, yet mournful too; and a vague instinct of its terrors froze her young heart.

She stood quietly for some time, gazing earnestly on the grave; then said, looking up, and speaking very low,

"Is grandpa, that you used to tell me of, down under the ground there? Is that what it is to be dead?"

"That is part of it, my love." The child shuddered.

"And can't he speak, or hear?" she continued, her large eyes dilated with solemn awe. "How cold it must be down there!"

"Your grandpa is not there: it is only his body; his soul has gone to heaven," said Alice, chokingly, her tears raining on the uplifted face of the child.

The countenance of the little questioner brightened, though the solemnity remained.

"He has gone to God then, where good people go. He is not shut up in that dark, wet place down there, all alone of nights. If I thought he was, mamma, I should want to get him out, and take him home, poor grandpapa: wouldn't you?"

"Yes, my child." And the tears continued to pour down. "But, thank heaven, he is not there. He is with bright angels, my love. Perhaps even now he looks down on us, and forgives your mother."

"Mamma," said Lily, her attention being so aroused, by what went before, that she did not heed the last part of the sentence, and she dropped her voice still lower, "do you think grandpa sees us? How I should like to see him. If he was only like that dear, nice old gentleman I met in the square, I know I should love him. Shall I never see him?"

"No, my dear, not in this world. But be a good girl, and you shall meet him in heaven."

"And must I, too, die, mamma, before I can get to heaven?"

"Yes, my child."

"And be buried?"

"Yes, love."

"But I shan't stay here, shall I? I shall go right up to heaven, where the angels are."

"Yes, dear."

"And will you and pa go too?"

"I hope so."

"Then, mamma," and she drew nearer to her mother, with a gesture of indescribable tenderness, "I think I should like to go to heaven, for there I should have grandpapa as well as you and pa. Heaven is beautiful, isn't it? You used to tell me it was full of flowers, and fountains, and birds, and woods, and everything lovely; and that little children played there, dressed all in white, while the angels made music to them. Oh! I should like to go to heaven."

"Perhaps you will, only too soon for us," cried the mother, in a passion of alarmed love, clasping the child to her arms. "You are too good for this world."

After that, Alice and Lily often went to the grave, until the idea of death became a familiar thing with the child. It had a strange effect upon her. It did not terrify her, as it does most children. But it filled her with a calm seriousness, that was not without a certain joy. So spiritual were the perceptions of the child that the unsightly grave was nothing in her eyes, while heaven was everything.

Meantime the revenge, for which Isabel had plotted, was being worked out. Poverty, pinching poverty was overtaking the Randolphs.

No sooner had the contents of Mr. Vernon's will become publicly known, than the creditors of Randolph began to besiege him in a body. With all his merit, not having yet made a name to lead the ignorant rich to patronize him, he had found very few persons to purchase his pictures; and hence had fallen deeply into debt. But so long as his wife's father lived, his creditors were content to wait; for Alice had the reputation of being an heiress, and it was supposed that when Mr. Vernon died, he would make provision for her, notwithstanding her elopement.

But now that the truth was made public, now that it was known she was penniless, every creditor presented his account. Randolph had nothing, however, with which to satisfy them. This year had been particularly unfortunate. His best pieces remained unsold, and he had not the heart to paint others, while this was the case. For his physical health was giving way, through the wear and tear on his nervous system, which his anxiety caused him. Sometimes he was tempted to think he had mistaken his vocation, and almost envied the street pavier, who, though working for a paltry pittance, had yet a certainty.

"Heaven knows," he said, one night, when he

had been harrassed more than usual, "heaven knows the beggar in the streets need not envy me. A place on the floor, a cold bone, and a bit of bread will satisfy his wants; but I have a delicately nurtured wife, and an angel of a child depending on me. Oh! that I had never seen a pencil; that I had been anything but an artist.

At this moment the door opened gently, and Alice stole into the studio. She had caught these last words.

"Say not so, George," she replied. "If no one else admires your pictures I do," and she stole her arm around him, and laying her head lovingly on his shoulder, looked up into his face. "Nor is it a mere wife's admiration for a husband's work. I feel, to my inmost soul—and in the soul alone is true art to be appreciated—that you are no common artist, and that, in time, the world will acknowledge this. Remember, dearest, how the old masters were slighted, at first."

"What advantage will it be to me," gloomily replied Randolph, "to be recognized as a great artist after we have been starved to death? Alice, look at this," and he drew a coin from his pocket, "it is my last dollar, and when that is gone I do not know where to get another."

Even the countenance of Alice fell.

"It is no longer a question of economy," he resumed, bitterly, "it is one of actual want. If I do not sell a picture we shall soon be without food."

"Surely it is not so bad as that," said Alice, trying to speak cheerfully. "The baker will trust us——"

"Not for a penny," said Randolph, almost savagely. "He has been twice to see me today, and, the last time, called me a cheat because I could not pay him. I even told him I would paint his portrait, if he would consent to wait, and serve us a little while longer. He only laughed at me for a fool; those were his very words."

There was a minute's silence. Then Alice said: it was her sole remaining comfort.

"God will find a way to help us. Do not let us despond entirely!"

But Randolph shook his head. His unceasing ill-fortune had utterly broken him down, at least for the time; and he had lost faith—as men will, though not women—in the protecting Providence of the Almighty.

"I wish, Alice, I had your child-like trust," he said, sadly. "But when I see unprincipled speculators, knavish attorneys, and griping usurers rolling in riches, while we have to struggle on, in this life and death way, it shakes my old belief in Providential interferences. No, the Almighty does not trouble himself about such poor worms

as I, but leaves us to the operation of known laws; and one of those laws is that the artist, who attempts anything above mere portrait painting, at least in America, if poor, must starve."

"Oh! George, this is worse than all," cried Alice, bursting into tears. "Don't look, and talk so."

His heart was softened at once. He pressed her to his bosom, and said, repentantly, "I forgot myself, Alice. May God forgive me! But if you knew how I have been harrassed to-day. Sometimes I have felt like a wild beast, as if I could turn on the world and rend it."

"I know it is dreadful. But, dear, dear George, don't blaspheme the goodness of the Almighty again. He is punishing us for our sins, and, instead of submitting meekly, and becoming chastened in spirit, you rise up in rebellion."

"I will try not to let such thoughts master me again. There, dry those tears, Alice: to see you weeping is more than I can bear."

Alice stopped weeping, at these words, and looking up with a smile, said,

"Have you seen Mr. Netherly? He was struck, you know, with your picture, when he was here. Didn't you go to him to-day?"

"Yes, but he seemed to have forgotten all about it," replied Randolph. "He told me he thought it a sin to waste money on pictures; that he gave whatever he had to spare to the poor; and that consequently he never purchased paintings. If I had been a beggar, perhaps, and asked him outright for money," he said, with bitter vehemence, "he might have given me an alms."

Alice sighed.

"Then I went to the exhibition," continued Randolph, "to see if any person had bid for a picture there. But no one had. Several, however, had greatly admired them, I was told." He spoke with a sneer.

Alice sighed again; but immediately brightened up, and strove to reassure her husband. "It is the darkest hour, they say, just before the dawn," she replied. "Perhaps Isabel has relented, and will do something for us."

"If Isabel saw you starving at her door, Alice," said Randolph, "she would not send you a crust, or allow a servant to bear you a cup of water." Randolph had, by carefully putting things together, at last divined the cause of Isabel's conduct. "She hates you, Alice, as women only can hate, and would rejoice to see you dead before her. Nay, do not stop me, for I speak God's truth. It was she that set your father against you, that kept his anger from relenting, that guarded his death-bed chamber lest you should have an interview with the old man, and that made the will which has beggared you."

He had spoken this with so much vehemence that Alice, though she had tried, could not check him. But now she replied,

"No, no, George! Isabel does not love me any longer, but she is not, she could not be as bad as that."

"Then why don't she give you your share of the inheritance? If she will only do this," he added, mournfully, "and keep you from starving, I will take a vow never to see you again."

"George, George, don't talk that way. Pray don't. You know I would never leave you. Isabel don't give me my share of the estate, because she knows that such generosity would be in violation of pa's wishes."

"Poor fool," said Randolph, holding her off from him, and looking at her pityingly. "You believe all this."

Alice was again in tears. "I don't know what has come over you, George," she said, sobbing. "You talk and look so queer. As if, sometimes, you were half insane."

"And I am," he answered, abruptly. "That is just the truth, sometimes I am half insane. Alice, I used to think myself a strong-minded man; but I am merely a weak child; I can't bear up against this incessant anxiety; it is wearing my life away. And I despise myself for it."

She was now weeping more violently than ever.

"Day and night, asleep or awake, it is still the same. I am haunted by this approaching starvation, which I see coming nearer and nearer, but which I cannot avert. I never told you before, Alice, but I have tried, within the last month, to get something else to do, I did not care what, anything that would preserve a house over your head, and buy bread for Lily. But I have failed. I know no mechanical pursuit, I never studied book-keeping, I am incompetent for a salesman, and if I solicited a porter's place, I believe, as I believe in eternity, that I should be told I was too weak. You see how my pride has fallen. I do not wonder that men, in straits like these, have committed suicide."

"Oh! George, oh! George." It was all the weeping wife could say.

"Men, I mean, who had no wife, nor child," he resumed, less bitterly. "God is my judge, Alice, I never harbored such a thought of myself." She clung to him convulsively. "No, while I live, and you live, I will fight on, though I die in the battle. There, forgive me for all this: it has increased your own sorrow. From this time forth, dearest, you shall never hear me complain again."

"It is not that which makes me weep," said Alice, drying her tears. "I have been foolish, that is all. I would rather, far rather hear you

speak as you have done, for then I know all that is in your heart; and then I can sympathize with, and soothe you, that is if you will let me," and she gazed up into his face, with a look of tenderness inexpressible.

"Will you?"

"Ah! Alice," replied the husband, his sterner mood giving way to one inexpressibly sweet, for the nature of Randolph combined the bitterness of manhood with the softness of a child, and hence his aptitude for his art. "Ah! Alice, you make me forget all my sorrows. What would have become of me without you?"

"You would have had none of these cares." And she sighed, as she added, "it is I that am the mill-stone which drags you down. But for me, you would have gone to Europe, and there you could have easily supported yourself, even though you sold but one picture a year."

"Alice," he said, seriously, "I can say truly that, with all our troubles, I have never regretted marrying you; and had I to live my life over, knowing all I do, I would take you again, and thank heaven for the gift."

Alice answered only by clinging closer to her husband, and shedding some glad tears secretly on his bosom.

"And now let us look for Lily," said Randolph, at last. "Where is she?"

"I left her in the other room, telling her to wait till I returned. I will go to her."

"We will both go," said Randolph, his heart full of gratitude for two such treasures as Alice and that child.

But what had become of Isabel? Now that she had obtained her revenge, was she happy? Happy! was ever sin yet happy, from that first great crime, when the first son slew the first brother, through all the ages of human depravity since?

Scarcely was her father dead when remorse awoke in Isabel's bosom. It was not that remorse which leads to repentance, and reparation; for her pride, if nothing else, would have forbidden this. But it was the remorse, which consists in a never-ceasing conflict between the relentless determination to have vengeance, and the struggles of a conscience not yet entirely seared. Night and day, asleep and awake, in her heart raged this terrible strife:—fit type of the torments of the world to come.

She could not remain in the house where her father died. His unseen presence appeared to fill it everywhere, oppressing her with an awfulness and horror indescribable. If, by chance, she entered his death-chamber, as she did once or twice thoughtlessly, she could scarcely shake off the feeling that he was lying on the bed in the agonies of dissolution. That despairing look

seemed to rise up before her. She heard in imagination, but as vividly as in reality, the words, rattling with the final breath, "it is too late—all is in vain, oh! my God."

Think not, ye who violate eternal justice, that the memory even of a single act will ever be annihilated! A deed once done exists undying. It may pass from the recollection; subsequent events may bury it, fathom-deep, under them; a long lapse of years, and a soul grown callous at last may seem to have utterly destroyed it. But it lives, and will live immortally. It will wake, at the hour of death, if it never wakes before. It will follow you into eternity. Forever and forever will it haunt you, with ten thousand, thousand similar spectres, a brood that never give you peace. Ah! if there could but be annihilation for the guilty.

Isabel chose a distant city for her residence. It was a fair, sweet town, on the banks of a lovely river. Its size was such as to secure for the inhabitants the luxuries and refinements, without the utter heartlessness of a great city. A mass of white buildings, buried among green trees, with snowy steeples soaring heavenward, it seemed a fit retreat for a wearied heart, seeking, imploring rest. But to Isabel it brought not this blessed consolation. At first, indeed, the change of scene gave her a momentary respite, and ever afterward she escaped the haunting horrors of that death-chamber; but perfect peace was not for one like her, who still hugged her revenge, still persisted in wrong doing.

She hired a companion, set up an equipage, and furnished her house with all that luxury and taste could suggest, or wealth supply. Her dwelling was one of the handsomest in the place, and commanded, from its drawing-room windows, a prospect of hill, meadow, wood and stream, which looked almost like fairy-land. Her beauty, style, accomplishments, and conversational powers made her universally courted. Old, retired *habitués* declared her the most charming woman of her time, "almost equal," they said, with a sigh, "to the belles of their earlier days." Many a fortune was laid at her feet, by those distinguished for fashion or otherwise. All the ladies of her gay, wealthy, luxurious, hollow, aristocratic set envied her.

Yet still she was not happy. Though surrounded by incense, it was yet not such as her better nature desired, and though smiling on it, she despised it all in her secret soul. For there is something in guilt that instinctively repels, as there is in innocence that attracts; a subtle essence indescribable, but which acts with irresistible power: and hence, though occasionally there approached her, even in this empty society, those whose esteem she might have prized, they

soon shrank coldly from her, nor could she, with all her arts, win them to her side.

One such was Edward Mountjoy. He was of a nature that had Isabel met him, even in earlier and different days, she could not but have loved him. But now, with a heart scourged by incessant tempests of remorse and a still unsatiated thirst for revenge, a heart that yearned with an agony inexpressible for affection as for the only repose possible in this life, she would have sacrificed everything, fortune, almost character itself, for the esteem of this man. Long she tried, by every wile known to her, to secure his love. Yet, with a score of suitors sighing at her feet, all wealthier, and many as talented as Mountjoy, she could produce no impression on him. For he had a great, noble, expansive heart, and with unerring instinct, it warned him against her.

"Why, Mountjoy," said one of his acquaintance, "I never knew so blind a fool as you are. Don't you see that Miss Vernon is dying for love of you? Such a person, such a mind, and, egad, such a fortune too: there are a dozen men in town who would almost sell their souls to win her."

"You flatter me," said Mountjoy, coldly. "But I am no suitor for either Miss Vernon's hand, or fortune, and what is more, I never shall be."

"You are incomprehensible."

"Perhaps to you, Harry, I am," said Mountjoy, for he knew well his trifling, though good-natured acquaintance. "But there is something, in Miss Vernon, magnificent as she is, which makes me shudder. One can't see into her soul. To you, no doubt, her eyes seem brilliant?"

"By Jove, I never saw anything like them."

"To me they wear a haze, like that which one might fancy, rose from the tortured abyss of the damned—"

"Are you crazy? Why, man, you make out Miss Vernon to be an ogress at heart; for that's the plain meaning, I take it, of your splendid trope."

"I don't say anything such thing. I only say

that she produces that feeling in me. I never look at her, when her face is quiet for a moment, without being reminded of Lady Macbeth."

"I declare you are the queerest fellow I ever knew. The beautiful, happy, adored Miss Vernon a Lady Macbeth."

"You ask me why I didn't marry her, and that is my answer. One can't help his feelings, you know."

"But I'd marry her for her fortune, and for the *éclat* of the thing, if she was only half as sweet on me as she is on you."

"I have no doubt you would," said Mountjoy, smiling, half scornfully, half pityingly. "You're an excellent little fellow, Harry, but you can't comprehend everything."

Harry was used to such remarks from Mountjoy. He winced under them always, as he winced under this now, but he did not grow angry. As Boswell would receive rebuff on rebuff from Johnson, yet fawn on the hand that administered them, so Harry could not rebel against Mountjoy, the sense of inferiority, and his pride in having such an acquaintance preventing such a thing.

"Of course, Harry," said Mountjoy, observing the crest-fallen look of his admirer, and almost regretting what he had said, "you'll not repeat this conversation. I say things to you, about myself, that I don't say to other people."

This was true, for Harry kept confidence honorably, and to talk to him was, in more respects than one, like soliloquizing aloud. The humble friend was restored to his equanimity immediately.

"I'll never breathe a word of it. But, egad, he added, in his lively way, "I'll never see Miss Vernon again, without thinking of Lady Macbeth. And now I reflect on it, I do believe she could play the character magnificently, with that tall figure, and those dark eyes: and that's what you mean, no doubt."

But Mountjoy only smiled vaguely, and opened a law-book, which Harry knew was a signal that he wished to be left alone. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A D E L E .

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

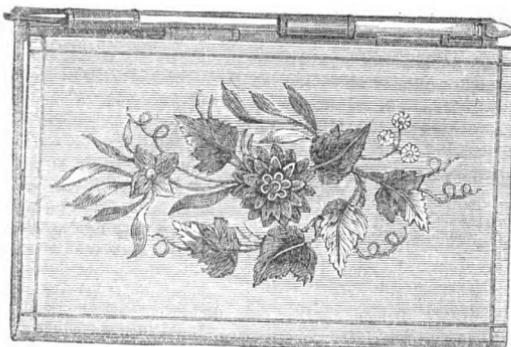
SHE was a picture—such as poet's eyes
Delight to view, all gentleness, all beauty;
With struggling soft between her will and duty,
Between Love's tenderness and filial ties.
Still through the day her mirthful song would rise,
Though many said they could perceive some sadness
Mar ev'n its liveliest notes of mimic gladness,

But through the night her song was made of sighs,
That with their sad and passionate melody, stole
Into the deep-thrill'd sense, until the ear
 Became most tremblingly alive—like fear—
And sound became concentrate in the soul;
Then would you pity her—and weep that Fate
Had form'd a heart so kind, so desolate!

OUR WORK TABLE.

EMBROIDERED NOTE-CASE.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—A piece of fawn colored kid, eight inches by eighteen; a small quantity of fine gold bullion and thread; five shades of blue green, and the same number of yellow green embroidery silk, seven shades of crimson, and three of lilac ditto, with a very few steel beads No. 2.

The engraving gives the group of flowers the full size; the design may, therefore, be traced from it, prepared, and marked on the kid. The note-case is about six inches long, and four wide, the outside of the pockets being made of the same piece as the backs. Both the backs are embroidered in simple patterns. They may be done alike, or otherwise, as may be preferred.

Line the kid with fine new linen, before placing it in a frame to be worked. This is to prevent the needle from tearing the leather, as it is apt to do when the stitches are very close to each other. The embroidery of this pattern is extremely simple. All the leaves are composed of two shades of green; some of the large ones have three, and the variety of tint is produced by selecting different shades for the leaves which are nearest to each other. A large light leaf may be worked with the three lightest yellow greens, having the darkest of those greens for the veining. Close to this leaf, another might be made of the three darkest shades of blue green, the veining being gold. A third leaf of the same group could be worked in the darkest yellow greens. Invariably the lower part of a leaf, and that nearest the stem are the darkest;

but there should be no abrupt transitions. The stitches should be blended by taking those of one shade irregularly—short and long alternately, and then working in those of the next shade with them. The veinings are either in the darkest silks or in gold. The small leaves are not veined, and the stitches are taken parallel and close together. The stems are done in half polka stitch. The tendrils are done in gold cord, laid on and sewed over, the ends only being drawn through the kid. The larger flower is a dahlia, worked in shades of crimson; as in Nature, the outer leaves are the darkest. The stitches are all taken radiating from the centre of the flower. Care must be taken, in working every part, to preserve the edges as clear and perfect as possible. The eye of the flower is made of loops of gold bullion—each about a quarter of an inch long, threaded on a needle full of silk. After threading each piece, the needle must be drawn down in the same place it was brought up, the bullion thus forming a little loop. Six of these with a steel bead in the centre, form the eye of the flower. The buds are made by forming a circle of gold bullion, and placing a steel bead in the centre of each.

The other flower is worked in lilac silks, and has a single bead in the centre.

These note-cases may be made up at a book-binder's; but the process is so simple, a little ingenuity will enable anybody to do it at home.

Line the kid with scarlet silk, having previously

cut it to exactly the size required, allowing a quarter of an inch every way for turning in. Cut two slits nearly at the edge of each pocket, to place loops of leather for the pencil. On one side a slit must be made about half an inch from the top, three quarters of an inch long. Leave rather more than an inch, and cut another. On the other side the slits must be made where the leather is uncut in this one. Pieces of leather, large enough to allow a pencil to slip in, are secured in those slips by means of gum.

Gum in slips of leather for the sides of the pockets, and fold over the turnings. A few sheets of paper, cut the proper size, with an outside one covered with silk like the lining, are held in the book by a bit of white ribbon fastened to the back.

Any book-binder with whom you may be in the habit of dealing, would stamp the outlines of the cover and pocket. This should be done before making up, but it may be dispensed with.

OUR WILLIE.

BY ELLEN LOUISE CHANDLER.

THERE'S a shadow around us resting,
At the morning hour of prayer,
Though our Father's glorious sunshine
Still lingers and gleams in our hair—
Or when with the blissful gloaming,
The daylight has gone to sleep,
And falleth the dew as if angels
Were bowing their heads to weep—
Like a cloud about us resting
Come memories olden and dim,
Till our voices seem to tremble
A singing the night-fall hymn—
For the one whose murmur was sweetest
In the psalms of the household band,
Is blending its tone with the singers
That chaunt in the botter land.

But we miss him still at the dew fall,
Or when morning, all golden, and fair,
Gleams down on the earth as it used to,
When it shone in the curls of his hair:
And the zephyrs go singing sadly
A dirge for the vanished years,
And our eyes cannot see the future
For the mists of the blinding tears.

Time was when the sun shone gently,
And the earth in its love-light smiled,
And the wind to the stars sang softly,
Like a prayer tone low and mild;
And there seemed a gleaming of glory
To brighten around the way,
That was leading us home through the darkness
To the regions of endless day.

But there came a ray to our Willie,
From the smiling sunset land—
Amid clouds all rosy, and golden,
The wave of a beckoning hand—
And angels sang sadly at dew fall,
And wild winds went breathing a wail,
When we knelt by his bed-side and kissed him,
On his forehead so coldly and pale—
And he wandered away with the angels,
And left but the sweet smile's glow,
That played round his lips like the moonshine
A kissing the fresh fallen snow.
But his memory lingereth ever,
And we dream sometimes that his eyes
Beam soft on our hearts like a blessing,
From the Father in Paradise.

A SUNBEAM AND A SHADOW.

BY J. R. BROWN.

I HEAR a shout of merriment,
A laughing boy I see;
Two little feet the carpet press,
And bring the child to me.
Two little arms are round my neck,
Two feet upon my knee;
How fall the kisses on my cheek!
How sweet they are to me;

That merry shout no more I hear,
No laughing child I see;
No little arms are round my neck,
Nor feet upon my knee.
No kisses drop upon my cheek,
Those lips are sealed to me;
Dear Lord, how could I give him up,
To any but to Thee?

THE CROWN PRINCESS.

BY MISS JANE STRICKLAND.

"Above all things, I wish my future daughter-in law to possess a Swedish heart," remarked the great King of Sweden, Gustavus Vasa, to his relative the Governor of West Gothland. "My son has talents, but his temper is volatile and unsteady. The influence of a beautiful and patriotic female may kindle high and heroic feelings in a breast at present cold to everything but pleasure. This is my reason for selecting his consort from among my own kindred and people."

"The crown prince is young, and with maturer years will cherish higher aims, your majesty," replied the governor, overjoyed at the prospect a marriage with the heir of Sweden opened for his daughter.

"At his age *I was in the mines of Dalecarlia*," replied the king, with a sigh.

"It is not in the power of every man to be the saviour of his country," remarked the future father-in-law of the handsome crown prince. "There does not live a second Gustavus Vasa; nor will a second rise for many an age; at least, so says my daughter, by which token your majesty will know that she has a genuine Swedish heart."

"I shall be happy if she possesses the loyal affection of my kinsman, and old companion in arms, Abraham Ericson," said the king, warmly pressing the governor's hand. "If worth be hereditary, Margaret must be worthy."

"She is your majesty's kinswoman," added the governor; "and, albeit, she is my daughter—my only one. I do not know a maid so fair, so wise, and so discreet at her years—aye, and so pious withal. She knoweth your majesty's exploits by heart; and well she studies the Bible as lately put forth in her mother tongue by your majesty's commands, and often pondereth the same. Her conduct, too, she shapeth thereby; and though the girl is motherless, she guideth well the household, and is right modest in behaviour and discreet of speech."

"So dutiful a daughter will make, no doubt, an excellent spouse," replied the king, "for the crown prince. She must come to Stockholm without delay. I will send a suitable escort for her; but thou must tarry at Gottenburgh to keep a watchful eye upon the discontented Papists. Bid Margaret assume the style of crown princess without delay. My heart is set upon this marriage."

The conversation then turned upon state affairs of more importance to the crown of Sweden than to Margaret Ericson, whose fate this brief interview had just decided.

Two days afterward, a flourish of trumpets announced the return of the governor to his expecting daughter, who, unconscious of the high destiny that awaited her, was sitting among her maidens embroidering the royal arms upon a banner, whose loyal folds were intended to wave from the Castle of Stockholm. Her eyes, wandering from her work, fixed themselves upon a portrait opposite to them, and her thoughts were with the unknown original of that portrait, whose image was engraven upon her young heart, closing it to every feeling but devoted love to him. That original was Gustavus Vasa himself! What mattered it to the daughter of the governor that time had furrowed the brow, or dimmed that eye, or slightly bent that noble form, he was still the idol of her fancy, the dream of her enthusiastic youth; and love and loyalty mingling their pure streams in the bosom of Margaret, gave birth to a sentiment that absorbed her whole being in the delightful vision, romantic indeed, but such romance withal as belongs only to the great and good.

"He has looked upon him—he has heard him speak," thought Margaret, as she embraced her father, and breathlessly awaited his tidings.

The old veteran motioned to her damsels to depart; the old nurse lingered, but an impatient gesture forced her to leave the room, although, for any privacy desired by her lord, she might as well have remained, for Ursula lingered outside the door, and being quick of hearing was soon as well advised of the important matter as her young lady.

"To see you engrafted again upon the noble stem of Vasa, my child, has been the dearest wish of my heart," said the parent, fondly and proudly contemplating his daughter. "Margaret, you will one day be Queen of Sweden; the king prefers you for that high station before many royal ladies who would be honored by this alliance."

There was an ambiguity in this abrupt communication that deceived Margaret, and flushed her cheeks, her brow, her bosom, with love's own delightful hues. Her eyes sparkled with enthusiasm, and then softened with rapturous tears as she hid her face on the veteran's shoulder, and

replied—"I am unworthy, too unworthy, to be his queen; and, if his wife, only worthy to be his slave."

"Nay, my child, you are thinking of a grey-haired suitor. No, no, the great Gustavus is not seeking a young wife for himself, but for the crown prince, his son, who is the handsomest young man in Europe, and a very suitable match for thee; a little wild perhaps, but those faults of youth a beautiful and prudent spouse may cure."

It was well for Margaret that her face was concealed, for bitterer tears of disappointment never flowed from the eyes of woman, than now suffused hers. The flush of love and hope faded away, and she felt ready to sink with shame and confusion. Her father could not read the language of these tears—that sudden paleness. The veteran warrior knew little of the fine feelings of Margaret, the delicate sensibilities of the female heart were all blank to him. He imputed her agitation to timidity, and thought the best way to reassure her, would be to show her the portrait of her future spouse.

Margaret scarcely looked upon the beautiful features. Perhaps she was the only young female in the kingdom who would have coldly regarded the portrait of Eric Gustafson. Nature had been so bountiful to the crown prince in all outward gifts and graces, that most women would have envied Margaret the privilege of being his affianced bride. Another miniature was presented to her, it was from the father of her destined husband, and the enthusiastic Margaret gazed upon it till her eyes overflowed with loyalty and tenderness.

She dared not open her mind to her father—she dared not refuse the splendid match he had accepted for her; but she slid the portrait of her sovereign into her bosom, and pleading indisposition, hastily withdrew to her own apartment. Thither a letter from the king followed her. Nothing could be more paternal than the spirit it breathed; Gustavus confided to her all the hopes he had conceived of her virtues, obtaining a lasting influence over the mind of his son. "Sweden asks a future patriot king from your hands, my daughter," wrote the monarch; "and upon your conduct as a wife depends the happiness of unborn millions." This patriotic appeal was not lost upon Margaret, and she determined to be as a daughter to him to whom she could never be anything more endearing.

The novelty of her situation lent an unwanted gravity to her deportment, and seemed to banish forever the gay spirits of youth, and when she met her father in the morning he thought she looked and moved with all the majesty of royalty. Between pride and grief the old veteran was

well nigh beside himself. He thought like an ambitious man, but he felt like a parent; and when the royal escort appeared at the castle of Gottenburgh to conduct the crown princess to Stockholm, he found that the heart of the father clave to the child.

Long, long did Margaret gaze on the home of her childhood, and faster and faster streamed her tears, for no hope gilded the prospect before her. She knew that she loved the father, and that she was about to be married to the son. Again and again she read the royal letter, till a feeling of lofty resignation dried her tears, and bade her live alone for Sweden.

Gustavus Vasa, excepting in years, was still the Gustavus of former times. He was yet distinguished by the same ardent patriotism, the same noble contempt of self, the same unshaking faith. He was the Swedish David, both in youth and age, and like him derived all his help from God. To this Christian king, Sweden owed her religious liberty, and it was he who bade the light of revelation arise upon the night of papacy, by setting forth the Scriptures in the vernacular tongue. Before the pure blaze of gospel illumination superstition began to fall slowly yet surely: thus he achieved greater liberty for his country—a liberty in which unborn ages were to rejoice—than even that he won with his sword.

French customs, French manners, had not then corrupted the manners of the Swedish court, which at this period took its coloring from its truly noble head. The national costume was highly picturesque, but it was unchanging; and when Margaret Ericson first appeared in the dress of her country, which greatly resembles that of Spain, her sovereign thought he had never looked upon anything half so lovely. Fair, yet less tintless than her countrywomen, the brilliancy of her complexion was relieved by dark blue eyes, whose thoughtful depth expressed both talent and tenderness, while the high, expansive forehead was shadowed by ringlets, whose hues were chesnut in the shade till the glancing sunbeams changed them all to gold. The light, graceful form, the beautiful features, the sweet smile, seemed to ensure to their possessor a firm hold upon the affections of her future lord.

The king thought he saw a softened likeness in this fair creature to his son, and drew from this resemblance a favorable omen of their future happiness. Gently he raised her from her lowly position at his feet, and then, for the first time, she heard the sound of his voice. Seen him she had not, for a mist was over her eyes, nor till he raised her up with words of kindly greeting, did she venture to look up. He presented the crown prince to her as her future consort, and then, and

not till then, did the unfortunate bride collect her scattered senses. The prince seemed, indeed, as abstracted and as silent as herself. He was taken with her beauty, but chilled by her reserve, and left the dangerous task to his father of drawing forth from the shade the latent fire and enthusiasm of her character.

In a few hours, Margaret, no longer awe-struck, hung upon the words, the looks of her sovereign, with admiration that banished all fear. The rapt attention of his daughter-in-law was gratifying to the great Gustavus, who was very far from guessing the nature of the affection with which, even while personally unknown, he had inspired her. He did not perceive that whenever the crown prince addressed her, she was inattentive, abstracted, and, in short, appeared hardly conscious of his presence at all. Eric was mortified and displeased, but he was not of a nature to feel jealous. Had his affianced betrayed the slightest interest for him, he would have yielded his heart to the claims of love and beauty, but she was cold as ice and adamant, and he was determined to be beloved. Nor was he wrong; and while Margaret was yielding to the fascinations of her sovereign in public, and weeping over her evil destiny in private, the crown prince was resolved to break off a marriage that seemed fraught with bitter mortification and regret; but perhaps he would hardly have taken such a decided step if he had not obtained some information from the Countess Uglas Piper, first lady of the bed chamber to the young princess. That lady had discovered that Margaret watched and wept while others were sleeping; she knew that the portrait of the sovereign was treasured in her bosom, while that of the crown prince lay neglected on her toilet. To her son, the bosom friend of the prince, she had communicated these startling facts, and he made Eric the repository of the important secret.

"I knew this some weeks ago from my own observations; and what is stranger still, Charles, my father is wholly unacquainted with the lady's preference," replied the prince. "I must have the avowal from herself, or he will believe it is a subterfuge of my own to be rid of the marriage."

"Your highness will forestall the princess, who hopes to induce you to refuse her before the dreaded nuptial day arrives."

"That artifice shall not stand; I will not save her the pain of confession; I will enact the humble lover so well that she shall have no room to quarrel with me."

"Your highness loves her then?"

"No, I think her a fair, frigid creature, too faultless a piece of perfection to love me. To be loved is essential to my ideas of wedlock, not as the crown prince, but as a private individual."

"Her taste is too mature," replied the young count. "Will your highness like a step-mother?"

"I do not mind a young, pretty one, still in her teens; but I do not believe my father will marry her; however, she is unhappy, and, therefore, to be pitied. I ought, out of dutiful respect to his majesty, to forgive her."

In a few hours every soul in the palace was well acquainted with Margaret's passion for the elderly King of Sweden—Gustavus himself alone being ignorant of the fact; yet the young enthusiast thought the secret only known to herself, for how could her candid heart imagine the system of espionage that surrounded her. New to a court, she had still to learn, that the actions of the great are constantly watched by those about them, nor dreamed that the contents of her cabinet were as well known to the artful countess as to herself.

The crown prince revenged himself by assuming the air of a passionate lover. Her embarrassment, her uneasiness amused him, and at length he rallied her upon her evident coldness, which he imputed to the right source—a pre-occupied heart.

Though the insinuation was made in a tone so low that it only reached the ears of his affianced bride, it aroused her fainting courage, and made her address a few lines to her tormentor which effectually severed the tie between them.

The three Estates of Sweden met upon the morrow to grant the supplies for the marriage of the king's son, and the crown prince was summoned to attend the council before the states assembled.

To the surprise of all the members that composed it, the crown prince declared his determination never to ratify his marriage.

The concern—nay, the deep displeasure of the king, was manifest by his change of countenance. "Nay, this is childish, and unmanly in the extreme, to express reluctance to a marriage almost concluded," said he. "Prince, my honor is pledged, this matter must go forward; I will not have a princess of my own blood injured by my son. What objection can you make to such a beautiful and amiable lady?"

"The lady has put many slights upon me, and, to sum up all, has avowed her preference for another. Yes, sire, the affections of my affianced wife have been stolen from me since her arrival at Stockholm," replied the crown prince, with apparent rage.

"And who has dared to seduce them," exclaimed the sovereign, glancing his eyes sternly upon the younger members of the council.

The younger privy councillors simultaneously smiled and looked at each other, the elder remaining impenetrably grave.

"Your majesty is mistaken," remarked his son, very pointedly. "The Lady Margaret Ericson's taste is more mature."

The countenance of the sovereign still betrayed no consciousness. "Beware of deceiving me," he continued, sternly; "I feel certain that your own fickleness is the cause of this rapture."

"Say rather the lady's misplaced affections," cried the prince, drawing from his bosom a billet, which he put into his majesty's hand, who read as follows:

"Your highness has too well read my heart. My affections are not in my own power: to fulfil my engagements would be highly criminal. Permit me to retire from court, and forgive me if I have occasioned you any displeasure. I beseech you to inform his majesty of my determination, and be pleased to look upon me with pity rather than resentment."

"This is strange!" cried the king, much affected by this mysterious billet; "who can have stolen the affections of this young creature?"

"The criminal is too high for me to name," replied his son. "Go to Lady Margaret, bid her be candid, and surrender up the idol image she cherishes in her bosom, and tell her that the crown prince can be generous when she is open. She must then avow that of which no one is ignorant but your majesty."

The king was troubled; indeed his utter unconsciousness and perplexity highly amused his son. The sovereign remembered the hot temper of his kinsman of Gottenburgh, and felt himself delicately placed. Those of his own house had lately raised the standard of revolt in Dalecarlia, and old Abraham Ericson would hardly pass over an affront offered to his beloved and only child, for he still thought some pique given by his son must have alienated the affections of the young princess.

Full of anxiety he now sought out the agitated and unhappy Margaret.

She had been lately weeping, for the traces of tears were yet fresh upon her cheek, but she was not alone. Solitude, that luxury of grief, was not permitted to her, for her attendant ladies, and even the envious Countess Ugla Piper, still remained about her person.

The king bowed to the ladies as they curtsied, and withdrew. There was a sternness in his manner at first that awed poor Margaret, till he noticed her tears, when his voice softened, and kindly taking her hand, he said, "Margaret Ericson, do you really wish to cancel your engagement with the crown prince—with my son? Is this your hand and seal?" He held up her billet to her view.

She faltered out an acknowledgment.

"Has some youthful indiscretions of my son, some pique caused this change; or do you really love another? The daughter of Abraham Ericson is my daughter; but if she does not give me her confidence how can I right her wrongs!"

Margaret was silent for a moment—but for a moment—for she felt compelled to vindicate the crown prince.

"There is no wrong to redress—none, indeed, your majesty. I alone am to blame. The prince has acted honorably."

"Who then has robbed him of your affections, and blighted all my hopes? For whosoever that man may be I denounce him as a traitor to his country."

"Ah, no!" cried Margaret, with something of her former enthusiasm, "he is its pride and glory. Blame me only, not him—for my love is unreturned, nay, more, unknown to its object." Maidenly shame bowed down her head, and her tears fell fast from her eyes, veiled as they were by her hands.

The king was much touched. "Come, my daughter," said he, "you shall not find me severe nor scornful. If your love be well placed, fear not to own it. I will serve you to the utmost of my power, and cold must be that breast that can remain insensible to charms and worth like thine."

Margaret was silent, but her tears flowed faster than before. The king took her hand, and continued: "Why this reserve—nay, pardon me the word—this deception, when you wear the portrait of your lover about your neck? Remember, that the confidence I condescended to ask as a friend I now demand as your king."

Margaret, trembling and awe-struck, put the portrait into her sovereign's hand reversed, and sank at his feet overpowered with shame. The king hastily turned it, and as his own features met his view, suddenly remembered the looks of some of his councillors, and understood the inuendoes of his son. He smiled to himself; and then raising the weeping suppliant from her feet to his arms, said, "would you really rather marry me than my son?"

Margaret Ericson's answer was neither indistinct nor inaudible, for she neither did nor could make any at all.

That night an embassy was despatched by the king to England, to demand the hand of the Princess Elizabeth for the crown prince; and on the following morning his majesty led his beautiful and enamored bride to the altar, whose love and loyalty were destined to make the happiness of his honored age. And however highly amused the court might be then at the singularity of the young queen's preference, succeeding events proved that she was right; and if Margaret was

satisfied with her choice, her father was no less so than herself. To be the father-in-law of the liberator—the regenerator—of Sweden, was a point of ambition his thoughts had never reached.

Gustavus was not insensible to the triumph of valor, of patriotism, and worth, over the youth and splendid personal advantages of his son. His first marriage had been one of state; but the beautiful mother of Eric had been regarded by him, as the Queen of Sweden, the partner of his high destiny; but she had wanted the noble enthusiasm, the conjugal devotion of the fair young creature, whose almost idolatrous affection for him demanded a corresponding return. In Margaret of Gottenburgh, he found in his age, the wife his youthful thoughts had pictured—fond, fair, and faithful; full of those glorious

aspirations, those warm, tender feelings that form the real beauty of the spring of life. He blessed her for the artless preference that had gilded his declining years with the glory of her conjugal affection. And Margaret, who can describe her happiness? for in loving the great Gustavus, she loved patriotism, piety, honor, truth; and, in thus loving her truly royal consort, she felt all the affection of the wife to her husband, united with the loyalty of the devoted subject to the king, while the sweet enthusiastic feelings which had made her prefer the old grey-haired hero to the graceful and beautiful young prince, never quitted the bosom of the matron queen, but rendered her the happiest lady in that northern land the sword of her lord had formerly rescued from slavery.

THE DYING WIFE.

BY MISS E. ST. JOHN.

A FAIR young wife is dying now,
All wasted is her form;
The beating heart, it throbs no more,
With love so pure and warm.

A stricken one beside her stands,
Deep bow'd in manly grief;
A Summer's rose her life has been,
As fragrant and as brief.

And friends have dropt the last sad tear,
And bore her form away;
But in her home, that lonely home,
She'll never smile for eyo.

Her vacant chair, alone it stands,
Where oft at eve of day
She sat to watch her babes to sleep,
And soothe all cares away.

Her love it seems to linger still
Around that hallow'd place,
As when in starlight's lonely hour,
She kiss'd each little face.

Methinks I feel her presence near,
And hear her softly tread;

From room to room the shadow flies,
And smooths the pillow'd head.
Mother! oh, that cherished name,
Who dares to breathe it now;
The solemn silence of the heart
Is warm upon each brow.

The flow'r's so sweet around the door,
Tell of her love and care;
The scented breeze in twilight's gloom
Wakes up her mem'ry there.

The past how quick it rushes by,
We scarcely note its tread;
Till from our midst, some lovely form
Is placed among the dead.

When evening's stars shine out so clear
An hour she dearly loved;
A mourning husband sits alone—
A broken chord is mov'd.

The cold sods of the valley lie
Upon her pulseless breast;
But in the realms of Paradise
He feels her soul has rest.

A THOUGHT ON THE WATER.

BY CHARLES H. STEWART.

SEE how, beneath the moonbeams smile,
Yon mimic billow rides,
Then having sparkled for a while,
Unmurmuring subsides.

Thus sparkles life, and for a day
Rides Time's eventful sea,
Then, having sparkled, melts away
Into Eternity.

ON THE HARMONY OF COLORS, IN ITS APPLICATION TO LADIES' DRESS.

BY MRS. MERRIFIELD.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 128.

THE secret of the success of the old Italian masters consists not in combining colors which *contrast* with each other, such as red and green, purple and yellow, which look well when placed side by side, but when united *neutralize* each other, but in combining colors which are *near* to each other in the prismatic scale, and which, when united, produce a clean color, a harmony of analogy, not of contrast. In the Consecration of St. Nicholas by Paul Veronese, the drapery of the first figure in the left hand has red shadows and yellow lights. Now these two colors, red and yellow, although not harmonious alone, make when united, orange, which is a clean color, and in the prismatic gradation is situated between, and is composed of the red and yellow. The effect of this combination of colors is bright and agreeable, and the discord or rather the suspended harmony of the two primitives is resolved by the formation of the intermediate color, orange. The drapery of the angel in the same picture has pink shades and light yellow lights; here also orange may be produced by the mixture of the two colors, and the effect will be equally pleasing with the last. In the Holy Family of Andrea *del Sarto*, the upper drapery of the Virgin is blue with deep or subdued yellow lights; now yellow and blue make when united, green; we, therefore, trace the same system of harmonious arrangement in this changeable drapery as in the others. Turning now to the portrait of Giulia Gonzaga, by Sebastian *del Piombo*, we find the colors still more nearly allied; the shadows of the drapery are green, the lights yellow, these, if mixed, would produce a yellow green, intermediate between the color of the lights and shades. In the Musical Party, by Titian, we find a figure whose drapery is green with yellow brown lights. The lining of the mantle of the Virgin in the picture by Vandyke has grey shades and pale yellow lights. We subjoin a few more examples from pictures on the continent for the sake of the combinations of colors, and to show how the principle of the harmony of analogy is carried out by the Italian masters. In a picture by Titian, at Brescia, there is a light blue drapery, with pale yellow

lights. Paolo Veronese introduces in one of his pictures in the Ducal Palace at Venice, a drapery with lake colored shadows and yellow lights, and in pictures of the Venetian School we often find the lights of draperies pink, and the shadows inclining to blue. Bernardino Luini was fond of introducing changeable dresses. Among other draperies in his pictures at Milan are the following: white lights with yellow shades; green shades with yellow lights; red shades with darker yellow lights; others with dark red shades and light red lights. From these examples, therefore, we may learn, that if changeable draperies are to produce brilliant and clean effects of colors, the lights and shades must be chosen from colors which approach each other in the prismatic scale, and that the contrasts of colors, with their complementaries, are to be avoided, unless it is wished to neutralize them and produce a sombre effect. Variations in the tone of the color, simply without changing the hue, are frequently sources of very agreeable combinations of color. Some of the most beautiful French figured silks are produced with two or three shades of the same color, with or without the addition of white. It is to be observed, that in these remarks, we allude only to the production of a pleasing and rich arrangement of color on the silk or stuff itself, without any reference to the effect on the complexion.

A few general observations connected with the subject of color, as applied to dress, occur to us. We shall mention the following:—

Black and dark dresses have the effect of making the persons wearing them appear smaller than they really are; for this reason they are suitable to stout persons. The same may be observed with respect to black shoes, which diminish the apparent size of the foot.

The contrary effect takes place with regard to white and light colored dresses, which make people look larger than they really are. Very stout persons should, therefore, dress in black and dark colors.

Large patterns make the figure look shorter, without diminishing its apparent size. The immense patterns which are now so much the fashion, are only fit for window or bed curtains,

or, at least, for a lady of gigantic proportions who wears a hoop.

Longitudinal stripes, in dress, if not too wide, are considered to add to the height of a figure, they may, therefore, be worn with good effect by persons of low stature. Horizontal stripes have a contrary effect, and are far from graceful.

Before dismissing the subject, it will be proper to advert to the effect of artificial light on the complexion and dress. The general effect produced by this light is to warm the complexion, which it does by increasing the orange tint, to strengthen and darken the shadows by the contrast of light and shade, and to increase the brilliancy of the eyes by the masses of shadow which it casts around them. The effect of artificial light on colored draperies is somewhat different. The light diffused being yellow, this color is rendered pale, and is frequently lost entirely. There are, probably, few persons who have not observed that primrose colored gloves appear white by candle-light. Orange and red become warmer by this light. Sky blue, seen by artificial light, acquires a green tint; indeed, it can scarcely be distinguished from green. Dark blue assumes a dark and heavy color, green nearly resemble blue, and purple becomes redder if it inclines to red, and darker if it inclines to blue. When, therefore, a dress is to be worn by artificial light, the color should be selected with a view to the modifications it will receive from this light.

The dress of gentlemen will not detain us long. Up to nearly the close of the last century, their dress was characterized by as many colors and extravagancies as that of ladies; but for the last fifty or sixty years, colors, as an appendage to male costume, and except as regards military or naval uniforms, are now, by common consent, almost entirely banished to the servants' hall. Here, however, the laws of the harmony of colors are as applicable as to ladies' dress. The colors of a livery suit should be as harmoniously contrasted as those of a court dress; and yet we frequently observe in the former inharmonious contrasts of color. It is hoped, however, that enough has been said on the general contrast and harmony of colors, to render any further remarks on this subject unnecessary.

We have thus endeavored to place before our readers an abstract of the laws which regulate the harmony of colors, and we have shown the application of these laws to the subject of ladies' dress. It may be considered by some persons that we have given the subject undue importance, and that the effect of our remarks will be to encourage vanity and frivolity, to awaken a taste for display, and to induce our fair readers to devote to the study of dress that valuable time, which might otherwise be occupied in the

improvement of the mind. Some also may object that the person who makes such a science of dress, will never apply to more severe studies. We shall endeavor to remove these objections. In the first place it has been said, "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well." Dress, therefore, being indispensable, it is incumbent on all persons to dress as well as they can, and to render their costume as becoming to themselves as possible, consistently, with a due regard to climate, convenience, and station in society. In the second place, quite as much time is consumed in dressing ill, as in dressing well. In fact, where there are no correct notions on the subject of dress, much time is unavoidably spent in the choice of the materials, when fancy or inclination is the only guide in their selection; article after article is turned over, and colors are admired or not, according to their beauty in the eyes of their purchaser, without reference to their harmonizing with the complexion, or with other articles of dress. The circumstance that Mrs. —— had a dress of this satin, or Miss —— one of that velvet, or the still greater recommendation that a dress or shawl was quite novel, that it was just received, will frequently be sufficient inducement to determine on the selection of an article, the color of which may be extremely unbecoming to the complexion. The article being purchased and worn, the purchaser disappointed in its effect; and if economy is no object, the dress is thrown aside, and another selected with as little judgment as the first. If, on the other hand, a lady, who is acquainted with the principles of the harmony of colors, has considered first whether she belongs to the class of blondes or of brunettes, and secondly, whether she is florid or pale, the difficulty of selection is in a great measure removed, and not only her own time, but that of the shopman, is saved by her naming the class of colors from which she means to select a dress, and which she knows is most suitable to her complexion. Having made this choice, the selection of other articles which harmonize with the color she has decided upon, is comparatively easy. When dress is selected with due regard to these two conditions, namely, harmony with the complexion, and harmony of contrast, it is worn with greater pleasure, the eye is satisfied with the arrangement, and the lady appears well dressed, because her dress is becoming to herself, and because one part of it harmonizes with the other. The dress of such a person will never appear remarkable; no violent or harsh contrasts of color will prevail in it, but it will exhibit such a proper mixture of positive colors with others of broken or quiet hues, or of black or white, as will produce an agreeable impression on the sight, and entitle the dress of

the wearer to the distinctive appellation of *lady-like*. It is our firm belief that such a knowledge as we have been endeavoring to inculcate of the principles which govern the selection of colors for ladies' dress, will, besides the advantages to which we have now alluded, be the means of economizing time, and thus of affording leisure for more valuable pursuits. With regard to the question of vanity and frivolity, we think that a

person who will study the harmony of colors as applied to dress in the manner we have indicated, will, by the time the principles of harmonious coloring are thoroughly understood, have imbibed such a love for the study, that the mind, instead of being debased, may be led on, step by step, to investigate the beautiful phenomena of nature, and from the study of dress, may rise to the study of natural philosophy.

LINES,

PRESENTED WITH A SUPERB AZALIA, FEBRUARY 19th, 1852.

BY M. L. RUTENBUR.

It came to my dwelling, that beautiful flower,
To solace my heart in a lone, cheerless hour!
I had seen two kind friends from our circle depart,
For far California. And sad was my heart
As I mused on this life, with its sunshine and shade,
The meetings and partings of which it is made:
And I felt at that hour in my inmost soul,
How the partings have over the deepest control!
And my yearning heart longed for the rapture on
high,
In that beautiful Land where we breathe not good
bye.
Then I turned to that sacred and delicate flower,
So cheerfully blooming in Winter's dark hour;
And it seemed, in its beauty, to breathe unto me,
Mourn not—"As thy day, shall thy strength ever
be!
I come as a type from the Father above,
To tell of a clime that is endless in love:

Where flowers ever bloom in its pastures of green,
And angels beside the still waters are seen!
Live the life of a Christian while thou art below;
Then, above, with thy loved ones, these joys shalt
thou know!
Thou shalt dwell where the song of the Paradise bird
'Mid the foliage of Heaven forever is heard!
Thou shalt gaze on the hues of its glorious breast,
As it floats o'er thy form in those regions of rest;
Thou shalt see not a tear, thou shalt clasp not a hand
Of parting—no dear one shall go from the band
That shall circle thee there in those scenes of delight,
Where the loved and the loving forever unite.
So, turn thee from earth, let it no more delude
Thy spirit! Be honest, be just, and be good!
Then trust thee to Heaven! and there shalt thou find
That peace in its bosom for which thou hast pined."
Thus comfort came to me with Heavenly power,
From the heart of that fragrant and beautiful flower.

LILLA'S FANCIES.

BY MARY C. DERWENT.

"CORAL bead!—Coral bead!
Never blush; but tell to me,
If a merry life they lead
In the chambers of the sea!
Where the dog-star cannot burn
The pale blossoms till they die;
And the waters in the urn
Never falter or run dry?"—
And the Coral answer'd me,
With a tiny melody—
"Love is lofty—Love is low!—
Deep as ocean, pure as air;
And wherever Love can go,
Music follows everywhere!—
Then sing—and ask no more."

"Feather bright!—Feather bright!—
Thou wast born in Indian bower;
Hath the bee-bird much delight
In his rainbow house of flowers?
Free to sleep the noon away
Cradled in a golden bell,
Kirtled in that rich array
That the sapphire doth excel?"
And the Feather made reply,
Half with laughter, half with sigh—
"Love goes ever with the sun,
And behind, his shadow Care;
But if East or West they run,
Music follows everywhere!—
Then sing—and ask no more!"

THE "SOPHIE WALTZ."

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

SCHAUSS was a second Orpheus, whose tender moving, spirit-stirring, rapturous music conquered the most inveterate enemy of Terpsichore; whose magic sounds soothes hearts, stilled sighs, dried tears, tamed wild beasts, and moved the stones themselves. Strauss composed waltzes that are more than many operas. In seven of his measures there is often more melody than in as many scores of other musicians. What a fulness of syren beauty, what a rich mine of poetry! What an inexhaustible fount of ever-gushing melody! and not the melody alone—the rhyme also, with magical influence, seizes the brain, and enters the heart. There are many waltz compositions as rich in melody, but few so rich in melting rhythm, as those of Strauss. By turns skipping, humming, warbling, gliding, dancing—so inviting, so irresistible, that no dancer can withstand their witching influence—it is the idol of woman. In every house—on every piano in Vienice, lie Strauss's waltzes. He has written over two hundred; all are favorites, all are sung, and trilled, and played throughout Europe. Cobbler and dandy hum and pipe them. Orchestra and barrel organ play them. We hear them in the street, at the ball, in the garden, and at the theatre. The dancing Viennese shout—"Strauss forever."

This Strauss, this waltz hero, loved the daughter of a count. Sophie was her name. Her eye was bluer than Italy's heavens, and softer than the sweet light of the evening star. Grace and beauty were in every motion, and music in every tone. In a word, Sophie was beautiful. He would have given worlds to win but one glance of love; but she was cold and stern. Madness, indeed, for a poor musician, with nothing but his violin, to dare to love the high born Sophie, who had as many noble ancestors as he had waltzes! "Impudent!" said Sophie; and when he came to give her brother a lesson on the violin, she scarcely deigned him a look. Shortly afterward Sophie was betrothed to Count Robert, Lord Chamberlain, who had, indeed, as many proud ancestors as Sophie, but beyond these and his titles, had nothing of which he could boast.

One day, when Strauss chanced to be alone with Sophie, he sank upon his knees before her, and with burning words, declared his love, and besought her to give him but one word or look of love ere he was driven to despair. But neither

tears nor protestations moved her. She was cold and unfeeling as marble. "I am an affianced bride," she said, haughtily, "and if I were not, think you I would become the wife of a poor musician?"

She turned scornfully away, and left him alone in his grief and despair.

The repentance which soon awoke in the heart of Sophie unhappily came too late. The bridegroom and her father hastened the marriage—in eight days she would be the wife of Count Robert. The ceremony was to be performed in the great saloon of the city, and the count called on Strauss to request him to lead the orchestra on that occasion, and also to honor his bride with the composition of a new waltz.

Strauss, the most miserable man in the world, promised him both. "He wishes to wound me yet more deeply," said the unhappy man to himself, "but I forgive him; and may she be happy—may she never repent her choice." He addressed himself earnestly to his work. This waltz should be the interpreter of his passion and his grief to Sophie. It should challenge, at least, her pity, if not her love. When all the great city slept, Strauss took his violin, opened the window, gazed out into the cold night, improvised, and moaned forth his sad tale of woe to the sweet stars above, that looked kindly down on the desolate and the heart-stricken musician.

The day of the wedding came at last. This fierce agony of soul had given him a waltz, every measure of which spoke a longing sorrow, a wailing woe. The hall glistened and shone with bright jewels and brighter eyes, but Sophie was more gloriously beautiful than all. The richest gems lent their charms and their lustre, the pure myrtle wreath bloomed in her golden hair, and the rare and costly bridal veil shaded her beautiful features from the full gaze of the adoring crowd. Strauss, a haggard, emaciated man, with brilliant, piercing black eyes, and sharp, strongly marked features, dressed in a suit of black—as though he had assumed this mourning livery for the bride now dead to him—stood sad and silent in the gallery above, directing the movements of the orchestra. Sophie danced now with one, now with another of the wedding guests, and as often as she paused after the giddy whirl of the dance, she turned her eyes toward the pale, grief-stricken Strauss, in his robes of sorrow and

mourning, and met his piercing look of despairing love. It was more than pity she felt—it was remorse—it was kindling love! A terrible pain awoke in her heart, like a swelling stream, growing ever wider and deeper, threatening to quite overwhelm and destroy her. Gladly she would have wept, but she dared not.

It sounded twelve o'clock, and Strauss gave the signal for the performance of the new waltz. The gay dancers stood up, Sophie hanging on the arm of the happy bridegroom—all stood spell-bound with the wondrous, witching power of those magic sounds.

They forgot to dance, they gazed wonderingly up at the pale man in black, whose grief-torn soul breathed out his woe, through the sounding strings of his instrument. His bow moved with

his heart—with his spirit. The bridegroom led off—they dance and dance—Strauss follows the flying pair with tearful eyes, and bleeding heart. They dance, and dance, and dance, without interruption. Strauss plays, and plays, and plays, with untiring energy, this wonderful waltz, which so fearfully affects both him and them. The dancers whirled around. He played, and played. Suddenly, the *E* of his violin snaps—and in that moment Sophie falls dead upon the floor.

Violin and bow fell from his trembling hands, and with a cry of horror he shrieked—"Sophie," and fell fainting on the ground.

Since Sophie's death, the waltz is called by her name. Strauss loved her until his death. He, too, now is dead; but his charming "Sophie Waltz" is imperishable as his fame.

I'M LONELY NOW.

BY IRA B. NORTHEROP.

My heart is sad and lonely, coz,
For thou art far away,
And there is none to cheer me now,
Or check me when I stray;
There's no sweet voice to cheer me now,
As when in days of yore,
Thy dulcet notes dispelled each fear
Which then my young heart bore.

There was a time when I felt gay,
Could mingle with the throng:
There was a time when I could while
An hour in sport and song.
There was a time when I could laugh
And chatter with the gay,
But oh! dear coz, I'm lonely now,
Those days have passed away.

Oh, little thought we once, sweet coz,
When wand'ring up and down
Old Peterboro's stately hills,
Or tripping through the town,

That in a few short years at most,
Such changes would be wrought,
That life to me, so pleasant then,
Would soon with care be fraught.

I often think of by-gone days,
Of days when you and I
Together raised our feeble voice
In prayer, to God on high—
I often turn my wand'ring thoughts
Back to those halcyon days,
When our dear mothers pointed out
The road to wisdom's ways.

That road our mothers pointed out,
I trust, will ever be
The aim in life to travel o'er
Of you, dear coz, and me;
And when at last we reach the end
Of life's eventful chain,
Oh, may we meet in Heaven above,
Where Christ, in love, doth reign.

NEVER GIVE UP.

BY CHARLES L. PORTER.

NEVER give up, though troubles surround thee,
Though thou hast drunk of bitterness' cup,
Though thou art destitute, homeless, forsaken,
Child of misfortune, never give up!

Dark tho' the clouds above thee are rolling,
And the sun hides his face in a mantle of care,
Still he is shining; cease thy repining,
"Nil desperandum"—never despair.

Never give up, industrious student,
Toil on—keep struggling—the victory's thine,
Though thou art harassed with care and vexation,
Still bring thy jewels from learning's deep mint.

Though destiny on thee a burden imposes,
And thistles and thorns fill thy pathway with care,
Still pluck, on life's journey, the lilies and roses,
And list to Hope's whispering, "Never despair."

EQUESTRIANISM FOR LADIES.—NO. X.

DISMOUNTING.—The first operation, preparatory to dismounting, is to bring the horse to an easy, yet perfect, stop. If the lady be light and dexterous, she may dismount without assistance, from a middle-sized horse: but, it is better not to do so if the animal be high.

The right hand of the lady, when preparing to dismount, is to receive the reins, and be carried to the off crutch of the saddle. The reins should be held sufficiently tight to restrain the horse from advancing; and yet not so firm as to cause him to back or rear; nor uneven, lest it make him swerve.

The lady should next disengage her right leg, clearing the dress as she raises her knee; remove her right hand to the near crutch; and then take her foot from the stirrup.

Thus far the process is the same whether the lady dismount with or without assistance.

If the lady be assisted, the gentleman, or groom, may either lift her completely off the saddle to the ground; or, taking her left hand in his left hand, place his right hand on her waist, and, as she springs off, support her in her descent. She may also alight, if she be tolerably active, by placing her right hand in that of the gentleman, (who, in this case, must stand at the horse's shoulder) and descend without any other support. Should there be any objection to, or difficulty found in alighting by either of these modes, the gentleman, or groom, may place himself immediately in front of the lady, who is then to incline sufficiently forward for him to receive

her weight, by placing his hands under her arms, and thus easing her descent.

If the lady dismount without assistance, after the hand is carried from the off to the near crutch, she must turn round so as to be able to take, in her left hand, a lock of the horse's mane; by the aid of which, and by bearing her right hand on the crutch, she may alight without difficulty. In dismounting thus, without assistance, she must turn as she quits the saddle, so as to descend with her face toward the horse's side.

By whatever mode the lady dismounts, but especially if she do so without assistance, she should—to prevent any unpleasant shock on reaching the ground—bend her knees, suffer her body to be perfectly pliant, and alight on her toes, or the middle of her feet. She is neither to relinquish her hold, nor is the gentleman, or groom, if she make use of his ministry, to withdraw his hand, until she is perfectly safe on the ground.

In order to dismount with grace and facility, more practice is required than that of merely descending from the saddle after an exercise or a ride. It is advisable to mount and dismount, for some days, several times, successively, either before or after the ride;—commencing with the most simple modes, until a sufficient degree of confidence and experience is acquired to perform either of these operations in a proper manner, with the mere aid of the assistant's hand.

THE LONELY CHAMBER.

BY ROBERT H. BROWN.

BENEATH a row of stately larches,
Looking on a terrace green,
Stands the chamber's gothic arches,
Where no sun-rays come between.
All around the day shines brightly—
All about is mirth and bloom;
Only shadows, cold and nightily,
Fall within that silent room.

Oaken carvings, quaint and olden,
In the sickly light and dim,
From the roof and cornice golden
Look with faces stern and grim,

Ancient portraits none now cherish—
Forms and features in decay—
Seem to languish, fade, and perish
For the breath and light of day.

Mystery is in the chamber—
Fears, like shadows, fit and fall—
E'en the cloth of gold and amber
Seems to shudder on the wall.
Sad cold winds, in doleful striving,
Fill the weary space with dread;
Speak in whispers to the living
Of the long-forgotten dead!

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR COLORED FASHIONS.—Certain of the public journals have fallen into the habit, lately, of contemptuously alluding to what they call "milliner's magazines," that is magazines with fashion plates. The sapient editors in question, we have no doubt, are either crusty old bachelors, or conceited young fools. If they knew half as much as they pretend to, they would know that every "woman who is a woman," as Lamb says, desires to render her personal appearance engaging; and that, if she has not this instinct, she invariably degenerates into a sloven. Fashion plates are to the sex, therefore, what guide-posts are to a traveller; they teach ladies how to dress gracefully, and in unison with the customs of the day. The prettiest woman alive would look hideous if attired in the costume of the fourteenth century, simply because people are no longer accustomed to the horned caps and other attire of that day. A lady, dressed even as ladies dressed twenty years ago, would seem absurd, and for a similar reason. Every woman "follows the fashions," as a necessity of her sex. They may not dress, in the new style, the first year it comes out, but they do eventually. How much more sensible to adopt it at once! The new dress, or dresses of each season might just as well be made in that year's fashion, as in the preceding one's.

A favorite argument of these addle-headed critics is that fashion cramps the waist and injures the health. If they knew more about the subject, they would know that this is precisely what *fashion does not do*, and that those ladies, who persist in lacing to death, do not know what the true fashions are. Nobody ever read, in this Magazine, a word in favor of tight-lacing; but everybody who takes the "National" has read many an article on that absurd practice, *than which nothing so certainly destroys the grace of the female figure*. Ladies who wish to dress sensibly as well as elegantly will take a periodical that gives the fashions: ladies who wish to look like scare-crows will undertake to dress without such a guide, and will of course lace tightly and commit all other kinds of exploded absurdities.

We continue to give, for ten months of the year, colored fashion plates, though they are the costliest embellishments that are got up. For instance, the expense of our colored fashions, this month, is as great as the printing of thirty-two extra pages would have been. Some of our contemporaries have dropped the fashion plates, and substituted heavy reading matter, and that not original, but selected. We could print as big a book, if we adopted the same plan; but we prefer to give the ladies, what we are sure they prefer, a lively Magazine, with one good mezzotint, a colored fashion plate, and as much original matter as can be afforded.

A COMPETENT JUDGE.—We copy the following from the "Lycoming Democrat," not for what it says of us personally, but for what it says of the Magazine. We are in receipt of scores of similar complimentary notices of our periodical. But, in this case, we happen to be acquainted with the writer—would we could say it of all!—and, therefore, know that he both says what he thinks, and is thoroughly competent to judge. It was our good fortune to visit Williamsport, where the "Democrat" is published, during a tour last May and June; and one of our brightest recollections is of a ride over the Bald Eagle Mountain, and a first view of that picturesque town as we whirled down the slope. Perhaps, in some early number, we may reduce into a word picture that May-day dream of apple-blossoms in the valley, blue mountains above, and the silver-smiling Susquehanna far below. But to the notice.

"We have before us the September number of this universally popular Magazine, and, as usual, rich in embellishments, attractive in contents, and with that air of indescribable refinement about the whole work which has rendered, and which will continue to render it, such a welcome visitor to the parlor. Mr. Charles J. Peterson, who is at the head of the 'Ladies' National,' we have long regarded, not merely as one of the best essayists in the country, but as a gentleman particularly qualified to cater for the intellectual wants of the newspaper and magazine reading public. His Magazine is the best evidence which could be adduced of his taste, tact, and talent. Mr. Peterson is assisted in the editorial department by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, probably the most popular lady writer in the country."

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Literary Edition of the Waverly Novels. Vols. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.—Of the many editions of Scott's novels, now competing for popular favor, this is, beyond all comparison, the cheapest and best. It is printed with large-sized type, having a neat duodecimo page, so that the eye is not strained in reading it, as in the case of all the other cheap editions. Each novel makes a separate volume, a convenience that cannot be too highly estimated. The illustrations are spirited and elegant. Even at double the price, this edition would be really the cheapest in the field; but it is afforded at even less, a volume, than its competitors. No intelligent family should be without the Waverly Novels, the best series of fictions, taken all in all, that we have in the language; and of the various editions, yet offered to the American public, this, we repeat, is altogether the most desirable. The first six of the series are now ready, and may be had in paper covers for mailing, or bound in ornamented cloth.

Hildreth's History of the United States. Second Series. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The present volume brings Mr. Hildreth's history down to 1820, and properly concludes the work, since to descend to a later era would introduce too many living characters upon the scene. The narrative is the most complete account of our annals yet written, and though not enlivened by such graces of style as we find in Prescott, nor by the comprehensive philosophy that distinguishes Bancroft, is clear, faithful, and generally impartial. Mr. Hildreth's sympathies are evidently with the old federal party, and his judgment of men and things are from that point of view. But no historian, who has discussed the events of his own nation, much less of his own times, has been without a political bias, from Hume down to Macaulay. The work is now complete in six large and elegant volumes.

Men of the Time; or, Sketches of Living Notabilities. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—President Fillmore, in a note to the publisher of this work, thus expresses his opinion of it. "It affords precisely that kind of information, that every public and intelligent mind desires to see, especially in reference to the distinguished men of Europe, but which I have found it extremely difficult to obtain." And this is the estimate which every intelligent mind will have of the book. If you wish to know any thing of the life, character, or deeds of any living notability, in war, science, art, or other department, in Europe, Asia or America, you will find it here. The work consequently is indispensable to whoever would be well-informed. About nine hundred biographies are embraced in it. The price is low, one dollar and fifty cents in cloth.

Pierre; or, The Ambiguities. By Herman Melville. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The reader will vainly look, in this new novel, for either the freshness or the naturalness of "Typee." Mr. Melville appears to be the victim of his reputation, for, in trying to sustain, and, if possible, increase it, he strains after effect, and becomes affected, obscure, and sometimes almost absurd. In addition, the plot is eminently improbable. Yet there are many passages of striking power in the volume, proving that if the author had allowed himself to be more natural, and had labored less to be profound, he would have produced a far better book. As it now stands, "Pierre" reads like a novel, written by a man who was half crazy.

Mary Seaham. A Novel. By Mrs. Gray. 1 vol. Philada: T. B. Peterson.—A new novel, by this popular writer, is an event in the literary world. The American publisher has purchased the proof-sheets of "Mary Seaham," in London, and issues them here in advance. The novel is probably the best Mrs. Gray ever wrote.

Lotus-Eating. A Book of Scenic Travel. By G. P. Curtis. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The most agreeable volume of the kind we ever read. The Catskill, Trenton Falls, Niagara, Saratoga, Lake George, Nahant and Newport are all brilliantly depicted.

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The Master-Builder; or, Life at a Trade. By D. K. Lee. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—This fiction is excellent, both in design and in execution. It is by the author of "Life on a Farm." Mr. Redfield has issued it in his usual superior style.

Pequillo. By G. P. R. James. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—As usual with James' novels, this is extremely agreeable reading, though without any decided spirit or originality. It is copyrighted, and sold, therefore, for fifty cents.

Hunting the Romantic. 1 vol. New York: Stringer & Townsend.—Very original is this pretty volume, full of adventure, and the better for containing a fine wholesome moral, which our young readers would do well to read.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—A WALKING DRESS OF DARK BLUE AND BLACK SHOT SILK, woven in the style called a *disposition*. Skirt trimmed with three flounces, each one having three stripes of satin woven around the bottom. Corsage made with a basque, and nearly high at the back, and open square on the front, over a lace chemise, and confined above the waist by three bands. Sleeves demi-long, and finished by woven satin stripes like the flounces and corsage. Crimson crêpe shawl. Bonnet of light green silk, puffed, and trimmed with one full ostrich feather. Under trimming of lace and pink flowers.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF GAY PLAIDED SILK, skirt full and long. Small mantelets of black velvet, trimmed with two rows of very deep lace. Bonnet of white satin, puffed, and finished with a feather, and pink face trimming.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is but little change in the style of making dresses, except that round waists are gaining ground. Round waists must not be confounded with short waists: for the former, the dress-maker ought, on the contrary, to endeavor to make the sides as long as possible, and merely suppress the point in front. Flounces are still very much worn, but have but little fulness;—the general rule is, that where the skirt has five breadths, six are allowed for the flounces. Three and five are the usual number of flounces on a dress, though some go as far as ten or even more. There are but very few figures tall or slender enough to look well with these last number.

VELVET RIBBON will be very much used in trimming the skirts of dresses. It is put on in three or five rows around the skirt, then a space, and the trimming repeated thus several times.

CASHMERMES are generally very gay, the colors being bright and varied, and the patterns large. Some even have designs of houses, bridges, pagodas, &c., on them. One pattern, called "*The Creation*," had nearly every flower that was ever known upon it. These are fantastic, rather than beautiful.

An elegant article for Walking Dresses is the Chamborde. The material is plain, and woven in dress patterns, with satin stripes around the skirt. It is too heavy for a house dress, being of worsted and thicker than a merino, and has a corded back, something like a poplin. The dark blue, maroon, and green ones are particularly rich.

An other handsome material, and not so heavy, is composed of worsted and silk, and is of a zig-zag pattern of white over colored grounds, such as brown, dove, &c. The patterns of brown have rich satin stripes in brown around the skirt, in bunches, that is in rows of five, three, &c., decreasing in number and width as they rise toward the waist. The dove colored ones have stripes of Mazarine blue in the same style.

Some of the newest dresses of Cashmere have flounces with palm-leaf borders in elegant cashmere designs, like the shawls. On a cashmere having a ground of brown, dark green, tan or straw color, these palm-leaves in varied colors are exceedingly effective. Chequered or plaided borders are also very fashionable for the flounces of cashmere dresses. The cross stripes forming the chequers are large and woven in satin. The cashmeres flounced in this style have frequently a ground of stone color, or some neutral tint, covered with running flower patterns, or with fanciful Chinese designs in lilac.

THE SILK manufacturers have recently introduced a novelty which imparts to a silk dress all that variety of hue which was formerly confined to fancy materials. This novelty consists in flounces, with borderings in various patterns and colors. Some of the new taffety dresses, having flounces in this style, are remarkably elegant, and showy in effect. Several

of these dresses are intended for evening costume. They are of white taffety, with five flounces, slightly undulated and edged with a satin stripe, lilac, blue or green, according to the hue predominating in the wreath of flowers which surmounts the stripe. The same style of flounces is adapted to dresses of pink, sea green, or azure blue silk.

THERE is no decided change yet in Mantelets.

It is also too early for the winter style of Bonnets, those in our fashion plate being of the kind now worn. Many are, however, taking off the light vapory trimming of the spring and summer from their straws, and replacing it by the rich, heavy ribbons. The simpler straws are generally trimmed with a *fanchon* or very wide ribbon passing over the top, where it is spread at its whole width, and gathered in at the ears, passing under the capo, and tied in a large bow under the chin. Another mode consists in two ribbons, the one crossing the brim, not straight, but brought forward in a point nearly to the edge, where it is held by a loop of straw; the other further back, but taking the same form.

A WORD to our readers on gloves. These are one of those details of the toilet which confer a stamp of distinction on female dress. A lady should be both well gloved and well shod. The fit of gloves is a point of the greatest importance; if too loose they make the hands look large, if too small they are liable to tear. Great care should, therefore, be observed in selecting them. Their color should be in perfect harmony with the dress with which they are worn, light with a dress of printed muslin or of silk of light hue, and dark with a dark colored dress. Any broad contrast between the color of the gloves and that of the dress is objectionable. Harmony, even in the most simple points, is the test of good taste. With a robe of the simplest and plainest material, with neat shoes, well fitting, unsold gloves, and a becoming bonnet, a lady will look well dressed, and will even have an air of elegance not to be acquired by the most costly toilet without a due attention to the accessories referred to.

THE CHAUSURES is also becoming quite an important part of dress. No lady can be elegantly dressed who has not on a neatly fitting shoe, or nice stocking. Stockings of thread or very fine cotton clocked with embroidery, and slippers ornamented with bows made of ribbon and narrow black lace, are worn in the morning—whilst the finest silk thread or silk stockings with black satin slippers are used in evening wear. A new style of boot is worn in Paris of bronze leather, and of a soft, light color; the boots have usually low heels, and are fastened with enamel buttons of the same color as the material of the boot.

THE NEW HEAD DRESSES are made to pass over the front of the head, about half way between the crown and forehead. They are composed of velvet, plaided ribbon, &c. A very beautiful one is a bandage of straw and black velvet plaited together, made to pass across the head, just above the forehead, and after being turned around the torsade at the back of the head, finishes with two flowing ends of velvet.



E.T. Parris

A.L. Dick

Julia?



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

Engraved for Peterson's Magazine from a daguerreotype by Root



F. J. Fleure

A. L. Dick

O Sulcis:



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

Engraved for Peterson's Magazine from a daguerreotype by Root

THE EVENING WALK.





FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

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No. 5.

"JUDGE NOT."

BY JANE WEAVER.

"I don't like Mrs. Stewart at all," said Emma Huntley, as the door closed on two morning visitors. "She has such a loud voice and rude manner. How different from her sister-in-law, Mrs. Penrose!"

"Mrs. Penrose is certainly the most lady like," replied the mother, quietly. "But we must not always determine from appearances."

"You don't mean," answered the daughter, in some surprise, "that you prefer the rude Mrs. Stewart to the elegant Mrs. Penrose?"

"Not altogether," said Mrs. Huntley, smiling. "A fine manner is assuredly a great accomplishment: and of two ladies, equally meritorious in other respects, the one who is well-bred is undeniably the most deserving. But there is such a thing as a finished behavior being accompanied with a cold and selfish heart; as a rude exterior often conceals a noble and generous soul."

"And you think our visitors are of this description?"

"You are too hasty in your conclusion again," said the mother, with another smile. "All I wish to impress on you is charity, and to refrain from judging your neighbors. You pronounce against Mrs. Stewart because her manner is bad, and in favor of Mrs. Penrose for her graceful politeness. Now both these qualities are mere outward ones, so to speak, and though not without value, are less important than those of the heart. As yet you know neither of our neighbors well enough to tell accurately what these latter are. It was against your hasty judgment that I protested."

"You may be right, mamma, and I suppose you are, for you are older and better and wiser than I am," said Emma, fondly kissing her parent. "But if, as I have read, the qualities of the soul become imprinted in the face, and developed in the manner, then Mrs. Penrose must be, after all, the best of the two."

"I never knew general rules to apply to all cases," answered Mrs. Huntley. "And I doubt," she continued, "whether your principle is correct. It is certain that some of the worst people that ever lived have been the handsomest and most fascinating, while others, the very best of their kind, have been plain-looking."

Here the conversation stopped. But it was not long before an incident occurred, which developed the characters of the sisters-in-law in their true light.

Not far from the elegant residences of the Huntleys, Stewarts and Penroses, was a row of meaner houses, where day laborers, widows, and others of the poor lived. One day a little boy, about two years old, the only child of a bereaved wife, was run over by a careless carman and so seriously injured that he died that night.

The news of the accident spread immediately throughout the vicinity. Among the richer neighbors Mrs. Penrose heard it first. She listened to the tale, as told by an affrighted servant, but though she well knew the widow's poverty, and though the distance to the house of affliction was but a step, she contented herself with saying how unfortunate it was, and what a shocking affair, but did nothing.

Not so Mrs. Stewart. The moment she heard of the disaster, she flew to the side of the half frantic woman, who sat wringing her hands by the bed-side of the crushed child, while a dozen poor neighbors looked on. The first inquiry of Mrs. Stewart was if any one had gone after a physician, and, on receiving a reply in a negative, she sent for her man servant, and despatched him immediately for a surgeon. When the medical man came, it was Mrs. Stewart who filled the place, which the agonized mother could not: it was she who afterward watched by the little sufferer until he died; it was she who prepared him for the coffin, furnishing one of her children's

most elegantly worked frocks; and it was she who paid, out of her private purse, the undertaker's bill, and the charge at the cemetery. It was she, too, who consoled the almost heart-broken mother in this sudden and awful affliction.

In a word, Mrs. Stewart proved herself a kind-hearted and thoughtful neighbor, who allowed no differences in station to interfere with her human sympathies, but who felt as warmly and acted as energetically for this poor widow as for the wealthiest.

Mrs. Penrose, if the sufferer had been one of her intimate friends, or even a rich neighbor, would, perhaps, have gone to her assistance; but the indigent woman, in a back alley, could not enlist her sluggish heart.

When Mrs. Huntley heard of the accident, which was not until the next day, she heard also of the different conduct of the two sisters-in-law.

"Now, Emma," she said, "you see how wrong we should have been, if we had judged our new neighbors from their appearance."

"Ah! mamma, you are always right, and I am always wrong," said the daughter. "But who would have thought that Mrs. Stewart's awkward

manner could be united with so much benevolence of heart?"

"When you become older, my love," replied the mother, "you will learn that it is often those who have the kindest feelings, that possess the rudest exteriors. Such persons are so engrossed with the useful in life, that they fall into the error of neglecting the mere ornamental. Mrs. Stewart, I suspect, is one of this kind."

"But Mrs. Penrose. How can such a polite and elegant woman be so heartless? I almost detest her."

"Hush, my child. Let us hope that there has been some mistake here, and that, had she known all, she would have gone to relieve the sufferer too. You know we heard nothing of the accident till all was over."

"But Mrs. Penrose did. She was the very first to hear of it."

"Then, if we are certain on that point, silence is our best course. When you can't speak well of a person, Emma, say nothing. Remember, there may be always something behind, which you have not heard, and it is wisest and fairest in consequence to be charitable. In other words JUDGE NOT."

EXCELSIOR.

BY W. LAFAYETTE HUBBELL.

List the pean loudly swelling,
Proudly swelling,
As it breaks upon the ear,
Hark the notes so gladly breaking,
Madly breaking,
As they ring the vaulted sphere,
Higher, higher,
And yet higher,
Floats a strain from Nature's lyre,
"Excelsior."

Where the tempest's wrath is sleeping,
Calmly sleeping,
Nursing fury for the blast,
Where the Storm King erst reposes,
First reposes;
When the elemental war is past,
Higher, higher,
And yet higher,
Floats a strain from Nature's lyre,
"Excelsior."

Where the lightning's livid flashing,
Vivid flashing,
Lights the lurid hue of storm,
Where the thunderer's chariot rolling,
Trolling, rolling,

Mocks the elements with scorn,
Higher, higher,
And yet higher,
Floats a strain from Nature's lyre,
"Excelsior."

Where the god of day is lighted,
Daily lighted,
At the architectural shrine,
Where the stars are nightly burning,
Brightly burning,
In their circling march divine,
Higher, higher,
And yet higher,
Floats a strain from Nature's lyre,
"Excelsior."

"Upward—onward"—ceaseless winging,
Tireless winging,
Through the shoreless space of Time,
"Lofty—loftier"—light unceasing,
Flight unceasing,
As it wings the realms of Rhyme,
Higher, higher,
And yet higher,
Floats a strain from Nature's lyre,
"Excelsior."

THE ORPHAN'S GRATITUDE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE STARK.

It was on a dark and stormy evening, in February, that Dr. Mordaunt was disturbed from a short nap after the fatigues of the day, by a sharp ring at the bell.

"I do hope, my dear, that is not a call for you," said his wife, who was sewing near him. "After having been out all last night, and the greater part of this tempestuous day, you ought to take some rest."

"That depends, however, upon the urgency of the call, Ellen. When you consented, my dear wife, to marry a physician——"

The doctor was here interrupted by the entrance of a servant.

"A woman is in your study, doctor, and wants to see you."

Dr. Mordaunt left the room, and entering his office was somewhat surprised to see a respectable Irish woman, whose husband he had attended the preceding winter in his last illness.

"Why, Biddy, what on earth brings you out this terrible night?"

"Ah! doctor, well may you ask the question, sure its no slight matter would make me trouble you the night. But you see, I was doing a day's washing for Mrs. Barnard, as keeps the boarding-house in —— street, yesterday; ah, sure, she's the hard-hearted woman. Well, sir," she said, remarking the impatience expressed in the doctor's countenance, "a poor dying cratur of a woman, with a sweet, darling child of about three years of age, was fetched to her door from one of the foreign vessels. She is an honest cratur whoever she is, for she made Mrs. Barnard understand, in her lingo, that she had but little money and no friends, but want to take a cheap room for a short time. The mistress answered her as short as might be, saying, 'she did not keep house for vagabond foreigners,' and bid her be off wid herself. I was jist going home, sir, and the thoughts of the poor, lone cratur's being turned into the street at that hour of the night was jist too much for myself, so I told the coachman to drive to my place. Sure am I she is a lady; and her sweet, darling child, it would melt the heart of a stone to see her waiting and watching by the sick mother. The mother is very bad the night, so I left a neighbor wid her till I could see you, sir; about her."

"Well, Biddy," said the doctor, "I cannot but admire your humanity in taking in the poor woman—I will come and see her at once."

VOL. XXII.—14

"God bless you, sir—I'll away home as speedy as possible—my mind misgives me the poor cratur will not last long."

The physician returned to his wife, who, on hearing that it was a call of charity, no longer opposed his going out.

On a low bed, in a small but clean room, lay the poor foreigner. She was apparently in the last stages of consumption. Her glassy black eyes rested despairingly on her child, who lay in its sleep the image of childish loveliness. One little arm was thrown around her mother's neck, the other pillow'd her head, and as the physician gazed on the high brow, glossy curls and delicate features of the infant, he murmured,

"She has been nurtured in a far different scene from this—I wonder who they can be!"

His skill soon ascertained that the mother could not be saved, and she was so utterly prostrated as to be unable to make any communication as to her family or friends. The doctor prescribed a cooling drink and returned home.

The next day the worthy physician, now accompanied by his wife, who had been much interested by his account of the family, called again. The mother was dying, and strove in vain to make herself understood by the sympathizing couple. She took the hand of her child and placed it in that of the lady. The mute appeal was understood, and drawing the child to her bosom and kindly caressing it, the lady answered the appeal thus affectionately made. The mother's eye brightened for an instant, but a sudden spasm convulsed her features, and in a few moments she breathed her last.

The child, breaking from Mrs. Mordaunt's embrace, threw herself upon her mother's body, "mamman, chere mamman," she said, pressing her lips to the cold mouth of the corpse. The sudden chill terrified her, and uttering a loud cry, she buried her head in the pillow.

Tears streamed down Mrs. Mordaunt's face, as raising the sobbing child from the pillow, she strove by her caresses to soothe her. Gradually the little one ceased her sobs, and addressed Mrs. Mordaunt in a sweet, childish voice. Neither Mrs. Mordaunt nor her husband understood French, but they endeavored to comfort and reassure the little girl.

A hasty consultation now took place between the worthy couple.

"I fear, my dear Ellen, you are undertaking a

serious charge, in thus assuming the care of this little foreigner. Your health is delicate, and our little Henry requires all your care."

"My dear William, what I could I do? The mother's appeal was not to be resisted. I thought of my own boy, and——"

"Well, well," said the doctor, "something may yet turn up that will not render it necessary. We may find something that can give us a clue to her birth. Both the mother and child bear the stamp of gentle blood."

But on examination of the trunk of the deceased no papers were found. The few articles of clothing were of fine and delicate texture, and a small box containing a bracelet was found among them. On examining it carefully, the doctor discovered a spring under the clasp, and on pressing it a miniature of a young and handsome man in regimentsals was discovered. The dress was that of a French officer: but no name or initials were engraved on it. On showing it to the child, she exclaimed, "*mon papa, mon papa,*" and covered it with her kisses.

Mr. and Mrs. Mordaunt now took the little girl to their own home. The child was at first frantic at being taken from her mother, but when introduced to Mrs. Mordaunt's nursery, she was soon soothed and pacified in the society of little Henry.

A week passed by. The little girl had made them understand that her name was Rosalie, but did not seem to know her surname.

The story soon spread among the doctor's acquaintance, and various surmises and much wonder was expressed "that a man who was far from being rich, and who had already a child to provide for, should be so imprudent as to burthen himself with a foreigner."

Among others a French lady of the name of De Courcy heard the tale. She had been married many years, but was childless, and on hearing of the French orphan, she resolved at once to visit it.

The child was delighted at hearing again her native language, but beyond expressions of love for her mother and wishes for her return, she could give no account of her origin or friends. Her beauty, grace, and winning manners greatly interested Mrs. De Courcy. She returned home, and soon persuaded her husband to allow her to take the child.

Mr. De Courcy was an intelligent, good tempered man, very fond of his pretty wife, but so much engrossed by his mercantile avocations as to have but little leisure to bestow upon her. He consented to her adopting the child, thinking that the education of the little one would serve to dissipate many hours of *ennui* of which his wife complained. The great responsibility of

undertaking this charge he never bestowed a thought upon.

The little girl was brought to her new home, and various costly toys and trinkets presented her, to win her love and reconcile her to being separated from her little playmate. Of a sweet, affectionate disposition, the little creature soon attached herself to her protectors. At first Mr. De Courcy had advertisements inserted in different foreign papers, describing the child and the miniature in her possession. But as months rolled away, and no claimant made their appearance, he at length resolved upon adopting her. Her winning, artless manners and affectionate disposition, joined to a most intelligent, fearless cast of mind, had not only won his love, but in a measure his respect. He was himself a strictly upright man in all his dealings, and on discovering in the child the germ of a noble, truthful disposition, that no fear of punishment or love of reward could swerve, he felt a deeper interest in her than mere personal grace or beauty could have inspired.

Years passed by, and the child had grown from a lovely infant into an intelligent, beautiful girl. She had been placed at one of the best schools, and every advantage that wealth or affection could bestow lavished upon her. Mrs. De Courcy loved her for her sweet disposition, her grace and beauty, and her pride was gratified by the admiration she excited. Then, too, her own vanity was soothed by the praise bestowed upon her exceeding kindness and generosity in having thus adopted one who had no claim upon her. But she did not appreciate the powerful mind that was gradually developing itself. Not so her husband. Every new trait of character in this gifted being was marked and appreciated; and when the lovely girl, her eyes sparkling with exultation, presented him the highest prize awarded by her school, we doubt whether any successful mercantile enterprize ever gave him half the real pleasure that he experienced at that moment.

Although much attached to his wife, he could not but feel that she was much his inferior in mind and ability. But Rosalie's talents were of a high order, and to his own surprise he found in her conversation a resource that he had not supposed it possible a woman could afford.

The happy days of her girlhood glided past, and the eighteenth anniversary of Rosalie's adoption by Mr. De Courcy was celebrated by a ball. Many were the lovely forms that graced that entertainment: but Rosalie's brilliant beauty bore the palm. She was encircled by a crowd of young men, all vieing for a word or glance from the young heiress. An old gentleman stood conversing with a young man in one corner of the room.

"Mordaunt," he asked, "why are not you one of yonder group?"

"None can admire Miss De Courcy more than I do, sir, but I cannot compete with the gay flatterers around her. And then a poor physician would have little chance of winning the smiles of one, whose attractions might prove fatal to his own peace of mind."

The old gentleman gazed earnestly at his young friend, and saw that painful emotion was concealed under the appearance of indifference.

"Miss De Courcy's early obligations to your family," he said, "ought to ensure you a cordial reception. She has a most amiable as well as beautiful countenance; and I shall be sadly disappointed in her if the chance that has thrown fortune at her feet, should render her ungrateful to those who were the means of having her rescued from the most abject poverty."

"Do not attribute such unworthy feelings to Miss De Courcy," eagerly exclaimed the young man. "She has ever maintained the most friendly and cordial intercourse with my family. Since my father's death, my poor mother, ever delicate, has become a confirmed invalid, and the most devoted daughter could not have shown herself more attentive than has Rosalie De Courcy. I deeply regret, sir, that my manner should have given you a different impression. But the truth is," he said, with a forced smile, "that my pride is such that I could not bear to be thought a fortune hunter. I have my own way to make in the world, and hope to win a position by my efforts."

"I admire your spirit, my dear fellow," said his friend, "and hope to live long enough to see you one amongst our eminent physicians."

The young man smiled, and was about to reply, when his attention was claimed by a gay young friend, who insisted upon introducing him to his sister.

Rosalie, although by no means displeased with the admiration so freely offered her, was not spoiled by it. Her heart was as affectionate, her intellect and self-knowledge as strong as ever; and never did she turn away from the tale of sorrow or distress. She had conversed much with Mrs. Mordaunt about her unhappy mother; and never did she pass the sad, pale face of a poor beggar, or see the imploring looks of her young offspring, without recollecting that from such a fate she had been rescued; and her heart and purse were alike open to the call of humanity.

In many of her visits to the poor and suffering sick, she encountered Henry Mordaunt. In her plans for their relief she was aided by his judgment and advice; and no fulsome compliment or flattering speech from her gay admirers, ever gave her half the happiness afforded by his cordial

approval of her charity. But it was only by the bed-side of the suffering that he seemed to meet her with feelings of pleasure. In the gay ball-room, or still more dangerous atmosphere of his mother's house, Henry's manner was cold and reserved; and Rosalie, deeply hurt by his apparent indifference, endeavored to stifle the feelings of interest with which he inspired her.

Many were the splendid proposals of marriage that she received, but she gave a cold denial to all; and when Mr. De Courcy pressed her for a reason, she answered him by an affectionate caress, and declaring "that as he made her home so happy, why should she wish to leave him."

But a change came over the fair fortunes that had so long blessed her. Mr. De Courcy was deeply involved by the failure of a commercial house. He endeavored in vain to retrieve himself. He grew desperate, and losing his wonted judgment, he embarked his all in one speculation. The speculation failed, and he was a ruined man. He returned home late at night stunned by his misfortune. A heavy weight seemed pressing on his brain; and when Rosalie rushed into the parlor, where she was summoned by a terrified domestic, she found him senseless on a sofa. Medical advice was at once summoned; but all in vain. He lingered for a few hours, and then expired. Mrs. De Courcy sunk beneath so terrible and unexpected a blow. For weeks was she stretched on a bed of sickness, and it was owing to Rosalie's devoted care that she ever left it again.

Now it was that the true beauty of Rosalie's character displayed itself. She very soon learned the utter ruin of their fortune; and rousing herself with an effort from the anguish caused by the loss of her dear father, she exerted her energy in the support of his afflicted widow.

Now it was that she felt the value of Henry Mordaunt. No longer cold and indifferent, he was ever at her side. He encouraged and sustained her, and when moments of uncontrollable agitation would come, he soothed her by his heartfelt sympathy. He would have persuaded Mrs. De Courcy and herself to come at once to his mother's house. But Rosalie had already formed her plans. She removed into a small house, and arranged it as comfortably as possible, and then proceeded to put her project into execution. She went to her friends and announced her intention of opening a school. She met with much sympathy; and on her return home one day, announced to the astonished Mrs. De Courcy that she had secured twenty scholars.

Rosalie opened her school, and it required all the energy of her character to sustain her under her trials. Mrs. De Courcy's weak mind had

been soured by her misfortunes, and poor Rosalie, fagged by her day's labors, was met when evening came by the peevish complaints or unavailing repinings of her companion. Mrs. Mordaunt was her best friend; and Henry had poured forth the passionate love no longer concealed by his pride.

Rosalie, touched by his devotion, pledged him her faith. But theirs must necessarily prove a long engagement, as Henry had still to secure a permanent support by his profession.

One afternoon, as Rosalie was resting from her labors, Henry walked in. His countenance was much agitated, and it was some moments before he could command himself.

"Rosalie," he said, "I have this afternoon received an offer which I hardly know whether to accept or reject. My friend, William Metcalf, has just returned from the West. He has purchased a large farm in the vicinity of a thriving town. His father owns nearly half the township, and they both declare that it is the very place for a young physician to establish himself. The prospect is flattering; but I cannot ask you, dearest Rosalie, to be mine upon the mere chance of success. And how can I leave you—you who have so much to sustain?"

"Go at once, my dear Henry," was Rosalie's prompt reply, "and do not let me have the additional burthen of feeling that I have marred your success in life. With God's blessing on our mutual exertions we will meet again, and believe me, our future life will be all the happier for having struggled through the clouds that now surround us."

Henry looked at her a moment in silence. "You are a noble creature, Rosalie, your courage is greater than mine. But I will take your advice, and trust to the future for my reward."

They parted. But Rosalie's heart sunk within her. She had been accustomed to look forward to his evening visits as her only source of happiness, and no wonder that her courage failed for a time when deprived of this happiness. But she felt that these feelings must not be indulged in. Her school was increasing in numbers, and she devoted herself to her scholars.

Much wonder was expressed by the gay world, at the firmness of character that the trials of life developed in a creature so delicately nurtured as Rosalie had been. Many were the daily mortifications she encountered. Capricious parents, requiring impossibilities to be effected for their children; and in others the purse proud arrogance that although lavish in display, deemed it not beneath them to try and beat down poor Rosalie's terms. Our heroine met the absurd requisitions of the capricious with a sweetness of temper that disarmed them, and the arrogance of wealth quailed before the dignity of her manner.

Five years of toil passed by. The school was now so large as to require a more spacious house. Mrs. De Courcy once more rejoiced in large rooms, and the luxury of a warm bath, which she had daily pined for, was again at her command. She could not but be sensible that it was entirely owing to Rosalie's exertions that she again enjoyed these comforts. Her health was very delicate, and she had not strength of mind sufficient to sustain the sacrifices that her loss of fortune had brought upon her. Her selfishness increased with her bodily weakness, and she had no compassion for anything but her own suffering.

But Rosalie's good-temper never failed. She devoted all her leisure hours to the invalid, and would listen to no remonstrance from her friends on the subject.

"Do I not owe her all and more than a child's affection?" was her indignant answer to one who ventured to hint at the utter selfishness Mrs. De Courcy displayed. "She gave me a mother's care and affection, and I would lay down my life in her service."

Her school flourished, and the best governesses and masters were now employed. Still her general superintendance was required, and her pale, grave, though still lovely face was ever welcome to her scholars.

Letters were frequently received from Henry. But they were not always cheerful. The first two years were spent in fruitless endeavors. But fortune ever smiles on those who are not daunted by trials; and "after the night the morning cometh." Mordaunt's skill gradually became known, and his spirits rose with the first gleam of sunshine. He went on steadily in his career, and patient after patient were added to his list. The town had now become a most flourishing one. It was situated on a navigable river, and not only the comforts, but many of the luxuries of the eastern cities were transported thither. The enterprize of its inhabitants showed itself in the steamboats that were seen passing to and from the busy wharf; and smiling faces, and open, happy countenances were proofs that prosperity was with them.

Two travellers were passing down the main street, accompanied by one of the inhabitants of the town.

"Whose house is that?" said one of them, pointing to a neat mansion of grey stone, around whose piazza flowering vines had been trained. "It is really the prettiest place your town can boast of."

"That is the residence of Dr. Mordaunt, a gentleman who formerly lived in your city. He has now gone East, and it is said intends bringing a bride back with him."

"I knew his father, but had lost sight of the son. Does he stand well here? His father was a most excellent man."

"He is the best physician we have in the place, and is very popular. There was some talk of sending him to Congress, but the doctor had sense enough to decline. He will make a fortune in time."

Henry had indeed left his Western home to claim Rosalie as his bride. He arrived in the city, and hastened to her residence. She was in great affliction. The grave had closed over Mrs. De Courcy, and Rosalie mourned for her with the truest affection.

Some months after Henry's return he stood before the altar, with Rosalie at his side. The solemn words were uttered, and they received the congratulations of the friends who had accompanied them to the church. They left at once for their Western home, accompanied by Mrs. Mordaunt. How happy that home was it is needless to say.

Two monuments bearing the names of Mr. and Mrs. De Courcy, attract the admiration of visitors to — Cemetery; and the tale of the orphan's gratitude is often repeated to strangers by those who knew and valued her.

TO THE RIVER CONNECTICUT.

BY D. ELLEN GOODMAN.

How long will thy murmur
With voices of Summer
Mingle as now?
While the green mossy shore
Bends like a shadow o'er
Thy shining brow!
Softly the fair sunlight
Over thy waters bright
Throws its white beam:
Weekly the sky above
Mirrors its eye of love
In the clear stream.

Through the long years agone
Hast thou been floating on,
Silent, serene,
With the same glance of light
Over thy wavelets bright—
Thy banks of green.
Sitting upon the shore,
Gazing thy waters o'er,
Musing and lone—
Canst thou not to my heart
Softly some tale impart
Of ages gone?

Ere the pale-face had come
From his far distant home,
Fearless and brave,
On the fair blue-eyed girls
With their long waving curls,
Smiled o'er the wave;
Ere the proud father bore
To a lone stranger shore
Youth's unbent form,
That o'er the infant brow
Freedom's own breath might flow,
Joyous and warm;

Ere the fond mother gave
From the cold, cheerless wave,

One parting sigh,
For her fair girlhood's home,
Never again to roam
'Neath its blue sky;—
In the deep forest shade
Thy waters softly played,
With the pure light
Streaming with glance of love
Through wreathing boughs above,
Golden and bright.

Meek flowerets lulled to rest,
Rocked on thy heaving breast,
Closed thy blue eyes,
Dreaming all pleasant dreams,
Bathing in golden beams
From the fair skies.
And the dark Indian maid
Through the deep forest shade
Glided along,
Twining the blossoms fair
In her long flowing hair,
Trilling a song:

Over thy tiny waves of blue
Floated her frail canoe,
Graceful and light;
To the fair azure skies
Looked up her soft dark eyes,
Flashing and bright,
In the pure white-winged cloud,
In the Heaven's gloomy shroud,
Or the clear gem
Peeping with eye of love
'Mid the fair host above,
Night's diadem;—
In the meek wild flower's eye,
Or the wind's solemn sigh,
Wasting its breath—
In her deep, guileless heart

Where Love's own tones would start,
Even till death;—
Read the dear maiden there
Of the Great Spirit's care,
Saw she his face—
Heard she his whisper low
In the calm streamlet's flow,
Blessing her race?

Ages with silent tread
Onward their course have sped,
Bearing the brave—
Bearing the young and gay
From thy fair shores away,
To the lone grave.
Long since the Indian maids
Went from their forest shades,
To a far home,
No more with glances bright
Over these waves of light
Gaily to roam.

And the proud Chief—for him
Grew the bright sun more dim—
Life's beacon star—
Palely he sank to sleep,
Not one his fate to weep—
Near, or afar.
Now forms of light and grace,
Now beauty's witching face,

Bend from thy shore:
Tones musical and free
Float in their mirth and glee,
Thy waters o'er.
River—how long shall gleam
'Neath the sun's golden beam,
Thy waters fair?
How long the flowerets stoop,
And the pale lilies droop,
In beauty here!
Smile over the eyes that now
Gaze on thy shining brow,
Loveful and bright,
Voices whose tones of mirth
Tremble in music forth,
Joyful and light—

Fair hands that twine the flowers
Plucked from thy shady bowers,
For love's warm breast—
Feet that with tread of fawn
At Summer's rosy dawn
Thy turf have prest—
All these shall pass away;
Still will the sunlight play
Warmly and bright;
Still kiss thy wavelets stream,
Smiling with silvery beam,
And glance of light.

PLEASURE'S QUEEN.

BY FRANK LEE.

WHY art thou here amid the gay,
The wildest in the throng,
Thine eyes as bright as night star's ray,
Louder as speed the hours away
Arise thy laugh and song.

Jewels are flashing o'er thy brow
Like stars on a snowy cloud;
A spell-touch'd group around thee now,
Each whispering the glowing vow,
He dare not breathe aloud.

There be many here to envy thee,
Many a lady proud!
There be fairy forms with long curls free,
But none with thy grace and witchery
Amid this mirthful crowd.

And yet amid this gleesome crowd
Despite thy laughter's tone,
Despite thine air and mien so proud,
Despite thy song so gay and loud,
Thy heart is sad and lone.

I knew thee in thine early hours,
When life was not as now!
Thou'rt mourning o'er its faded flow'rs,
Thou'rt wand'ring in its trampled bowers
Despite thy laughing brow.

And thou hast learned 'tis woman's lot
To keep the love-faith long,
To suffer grief, yet show it not,
To love madly and be forgot,
Yet hide thy bosom's wrong.

JULIA.

BY CATHARINE ALLAN.

LOVELY she is as a white moss-rose,
That fresh in the dewy garden blows,
Lovely and fair as a star-lit stream,
Or the music heard in a happy dream.

Pure is her soul as the lakes so bright;
That lie in the hills and kiss the light;
In the lap of the hills so old and grand
In the fastness-heart of her native land.

THE GAME OF LIFE.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

PRETTY Alice Carrington! how lovely she looked, as she sat and puzzled and pondered over the letter in her hand—alternately gazing out of the window, or beating time on the carpet with the tiniest of feet. A muslin morning dress of various light colors seemed just the thing to set off her pure skin of almost dazzling fairness; and it fitted admirably the faultless proportions of that sweet figure. Through the open window came the hum of youthful voices and peals of silvery laughter from the balcony below; for Ally Carrington sat in the large hotel of a gay watering-place, pondering over her dilemmas, and wondering if her puzzled ideas ever would arrange themselves in any definite form. Thus ran the letter:

"I have basked in the sunshine of your presence until, fairly dazzled by its rays, I could not lift my eyes to the happiness to which I have dared to aspire. When alone—free from that benumbing spell which seemed to chain my tongue, and paralyze every faculty—I have only remembered the sweet, angel-like nature that sympathizes ever with sorrow, and lost sight of that 'might and majesty of loveliness' that I have seen reprove, oh! so witheringly! the approaches of sin and guilt. Alice! 'twere folly to say that I love you: every glance has shown it—every word has breathed in broken numbers the one unending monotony, unceasing as the song of the ocean waves—every action has told the same old tale. Answer me, Alice, for I am weary with waiting—although willingly would I serve seven years for thee, my Rachel! and yet seven more. But let not these mild eyes gaze sternly back over the blotted record of the past—look to the future, Alice, and pardon, and *hope*."

Poor Ally! No wonder that she pondered; alone in the world, with no guardian or adviser but a married sister, she was seldom allowed to forget that she was the possessor, in her own right, of fifty thousand dollars—a sum magnified by rumor to at least three times the reality. Many had sought her for this golden charm, but Alice remained cold to their words of love; and suitors began to despair of ever sharing with her the wonderfully magnified fifty thousand.

People were somewhat afraid of her, too; notwithstanding that she had been brought up in the very atmosphere of fashion, by such a sister as the exclusive Mrs. Ravensham, Alice seemed

to walk among the gay triflers by whom she was surrounded with the cold purity of a vestal virgin—her snowy garments scarcely touching theirs as she passed. She was "the saint," and perhaps she rather liked to be thus looked up to and worshipped. In her the sweetest of natures was joined to firm religious principles; she had but little in common with the rest of the world—the gay world; and devoted to her poor, her church, and her prayer book, she seemed doomed, like many a lovely flower, to bloom her young life away unseen.

But lately there had been a change; the statue had smiled into life beneath the touch of that skillful sculptor, Love—and Alice came forth from her hermitage and mingled with the world. "Now," thought her sister, "she really will marry," and the match was all that could be desired. Handsome, intellectual and fascinating, Harvey Edwards seemed born to be a conqueror on any field that he chose to enter; and his known wealth and high position were with Mrs. Ravensham *sans reproche*.

Alas! for poor Alice; as people who have sharper eyes or finer smelling organs than their neighbors, are very apt to see and smell disagreeable things, so our young vestal began to make the discovery that her hero was not altogether a saint. Kind friends were particularly vigilant in opening her eyes to this unwelcome fact; and could she have believed all their statements, poor Harvey would have stood before her a monster of iniquity. They literally tore his character to threads; and when nothing more remained to be done, they employed themselves in tearing these threads into others still smaller.

No words of love had passed between them as yet; such a thing seemed almost as preposterous as it would seem to us Americans to be told that we were free. So that when Alice gave him cold words and colder looks, Harvey thought himself, at first, very ill-used; but after a while he grew more accustomed to it, and began to think it the natural consequence of her saintship. How could she, from the height of her immaculate goodness, look upon a poor sinner like himself with anything but contempt? If a stray ray of sunshine, in the shape of a smile, now and then played around him, he modestly thought it quite as much as he deserved, and humbly adored at the shrine of his patron deity.

With very little persuasion Alice had accompanied her to a gay watering-place, very much to her sister's surprise; and thither Harvey Edwards soon followed them. His feelings, however, could not always be restrained within just such a measure; and they had now boiled over into the letter that has so puzzled Alice. She sat there for a long time, finally, however, the little head gave an ominous shake, and she took out a gold pen and a dainty sheet of paper, and wrote a refusal as mildly as possible.

"I dare not marry you," she said, "I have not sufficient reliance on my own goodness to do it; and I can only pray that when you do marry, it will be one who, with greater strength of character, will love you as fondly as I do."

"Just as she had finished Mrs. Ravensham entered, leading a pretty child.

"I have brought Willie to see you," said she, as she glanced at her sister's burning cheek, "but I am afraid that we are both somewhat *de trop*."

"Oh, no," said Alice, faintly, "come in."

Mrs. Ravensham saw in a moment how matters stood.

"Now, Alice," said she, "there is no use in denying that you have had a proposal from Harvey Edwards—I only hope that you have not been foolish enough to refuse him?"

The silence that followed was answer enough.

"I do think," continued her sister, "that you are the most provoking girl! Here was family, fortune, intellect, appearance, everything! What more could you possibly want?"

"Goodness," said Alice, in a low tone.

"A saint, you mean," replied her sister, "and let me tell you, that you will never find."

There was a silence for sometime, and then Mrs. Ravensham continued,

"I don't believe, Alice, that you ever will marry—you are entirely too fastidious."

"I hope," said Alice, smiling, "that you are not anxious to get rid of me."

To conceal her embarrassment she began to fondle Willie; but that unappreciating baby set up such a cry of distress that his mamma immediately bore him off to her own apartments.

Alice could plainly see that her sister was both disappointed and hurt; and very much disposed to consider herself miserable, she sat with her head bowed oh her hands until tears slowly trickled through the slender fingers.

Miss Edwards, on entering her brother's room somewhat suddenly, found him in rather a deplorable condition. He was leaning on the table in a state of silent misery; and in the open letter beside him his sister recognized Alice's handwriting.

"Has that little witch then refused you?" she asked.

"Do not speak so, Kate," replied her brother, "I don't wonder at it, I'm sure."

"But I wonder at it," returned his sister, "I have no patience with people who set themselves up for saints, and frown at all who do not reach their standard of goodness! And for a Miss Alice Carrington to refuse Harvey Edwards is, let me tell you, a very impudent thing."

"I am afraid, my dear sister," said her brother, with a sad kind of a smile, "that you will find a great many Peter Bells in the world who will see nothing more in me than a plain yellow primrose, in spite of your own flattering opinions."

"But what is the cause of her refusal?" continued his sister, "was there anything that she could possibly want which you have not?"

Her brother smiled as he told her to read the letter.

"*Dare not marry you!*" So then she considers you a sort of monster who wants taming, and she has not courage enough for the undertaking!"

"Don't fly in a passion, Kate," said Harvey, for his sister's eyes were flashing ominously, "Alice has probably heard of my former follies, and she is so pure and perfect that I can well imagine the horror with which she must regard one like me."

"But you have not touched a card in how long?" said his sister, "and you frequent no more clubs, and spend nearly every evening at home."

"Harvey," said Miss Edwards, after a short pause, "this girl really loves you, and if you are so foolish as to care anything about her you shall have her yet!"

"My dear Kate," said her brother, with an incredulous smile, "has Aladdin's old lamp been discovered among the kitchen rubbish? Or has the benevolent fairy taken another lease of life, and come to offer you three wishes? Don't you remember that, when we were both children, I wanted Mrs. Arming's India shawl for an awning to my boat, and you, perfectly unabashed, stepped up to that lady and requested the loan of it? Depend upon it, you will find this a much more difficult undertaking."

"Leave it all to me," said Kate; and with a knowing toss of the head, she went in search of Mrs. Ravensham.

Now there is so much in that peculiar way of saying "leave it all to me," that it inspires hope even when hope is gone. Harvey Edwards knew his sister's disposition of old, and he felt certain that she would do *something*.

Mrs. Ravensham was soon found; and being quite of the young lady's manner of thinking, the two soon came to an understanding. Here were a couple really attached to each other, and

actually rendered unhappy by Alice's absurd notions. It was concluded that an attempt to touch her feelings might possibly succeed; and under the auspices of Miss Edwards it was soon noised about in the house that some particularly magnificent tableaux were in preparation for the evening.

Then began a scene of preparation forthwith. Queens and princesses that were to be rushed through the house in a state of excitement, collecting all the jewelry that they could lay hands on for the royal crowns—flowers were in demand—and white dresses rose fifty per cent. But these festivities were confined entirely to the young people; and spinsters and dowagers resolved to criticise most unmercifully.

Alice was walking demurely through one of the shaded paths from the springs, her sun hat hanging to her arm by its blue ribbon strings, and her eyes bent pensively upon the ground, when a whole bevy of eager performers intercepted her walk.

"Oh, Alice!" exclaimed one of them, "you really must be an angel—there is not another in the house!"

"Be an angel?" repeated Alice, considerably perplexed.

"Yes," pursued her companion, "you are just the very one. We are to have some tableaux this evening, and the whole community have elected you for the character of an angel."

"I believe that you must excuse me," replied Alice, somewhat coldly, "I have no desire to mingle in these gayeties."

"Of course not," said one of the younger ones, in a disappointed tone, "Alice is always so proud that she spoils all our pleasure."

"Remember, Alice, that the heiress of fifty thousand dollars cannot always do as she pleases," whispered her sister in passing.

Alice reflected a moment, and then consented to do what was required of her.

"It is not much," said the one who had first spoken, "we will dress you, and all that you have to do is to stand where we place you, and look as we tell you."

"In other words, be a good child and do as I'm bid," said she, with a smile; but her mind was occupied with other things, and retiring to her own room, she gave scarcely a thought to the evening.

Eight o'clock was the time announced for the commencement of the wonders; and at that hour the drawing room was crowded with eager expectants on tip-toe, who watched the curtain and declared that the time had long ago expired.

At length the thick screen, which every one recognized as a mammoth table-cover from the dining room, was drawn aside, and displayed the

beautiful scene from Marmion where Constance de Beverly is brought back to the convent to hear her doom. Over the curtain was written:

"——While on her doublet breast
She sought to hide the badge of blue,
Lord Marmion's falcon crest."

The shrieking figure of Constance, as the monk lifts the page's cap from her head, and the rich curls fall over her shoulders, was so beautifully represented that peal after peal of applause resounded through the room, and visibly discomposed the performer—one of the youngest and prettiest debutantes in the house. The curtain went down, and the blaze of light was hid from view.

Next appeared a scene from Pickwick, which threw every one into convulsions of laughter; and then there seemed an almost endless pause.

When the curtain was again drawn aside every one was at first mute; and then followed whispers as to what it meant. "The Game of Life" was written over the curtain; and in the blaze of light they distinguished a small table, on one side of which sat an individual whose identity was at once recognized, but whose name is not usually mentioned to ears polite. Being represented by one of the greatest scamps in the house, the character was considered particularly appropriate. Opposite to him was seated Harvey Edwards, with care-worn face and anxious looks, about to commence the game of life.

Near by, surrounded by a perfect radiance from innumerable candles, stood "the good angel," with sweet, imploring face, and arms that seemed wooing him from that dark influence. No one had known that Alice Carrington was half so beautiful. A robe of gossamer white floated around her slight figure, and her lovely, light brown hair was falling down through the thin veil that seemed to envelope her like a mist. A pair of silver wings were fastened on either shoulder, and as those sweet eyes beamed tenderly upon the young gambler, she looked like some delicate creation of a poet's dream. Harvey Edwards was gazing intently upon her—apparently under the influence of that gentle spell; and the good angel seemed about to triumph.

The audience were in raptures; the performers neither moved nor breathed; and Alice Carrington's admirers felt their enthusiasm rekindled without once thinking of her fifty thousand dollars.

"I want you to take a part, to-night, Harvey," said Miss Edwards, to her brother.

"What part? that of the discarded suitor?" he asked, somewhat bitterly, "I have no heart for these things now, Kate—were Alice to act there might be some inducement."

"She will act," replied his sister, "and it is for that very reason that I wish you to join us."

In spite of his former assertion, Harvey now began to show signs of retreating, but his sister was firm; and it was entirely through her agency that the audience had the pleasure of seeing him about to play at stakes with the Evil One.

Alice was entirely dressed, silver wings and all, before she knew that she was to play the part of good angel to Harvey Edwards; but it was now too late to retreat, and as they had anticipated, the peculiar circumstances of the case brought an expression of softness and tenderness to her lovely face that was almost angelic. Harvey Edwards could have sat gazing upon her forever; but the scene had already been unusually long, and the curtain was now drawn over the performers.

A genuine outbreak of enthusiasm almost prevented them from seeing that the enchanted corner was again a blaze of light, and again the angel stood before them. But her beautiful head was drooped—her arms hanging beside her in a state of utter abandonment—and the silver of her wings seemed tarnished. The gambler no longer gazed toward her, but with eyes fixed upon the fatal cards, sat playing a desperate game with the prince of darkness—the stake his own soul. The expression of despairing sorrow on the sweet face of his good angel was unheeded; he played on, forgetful of her presence.

The last scene represented the good angel, with outstretched wings, just soaring away from the scene of despair; and in the last look upon the object of her care beamed forth a love and sorrow too great for mere stage acting.

Alice had been very much excited. It was the truthfulness of the positions they had assumed that brought forth all the finer points of her nature, and threw into the representation that life-like beauty which gave so much force to the coloring. She felt a tenderness toward Harvey Edwards that almost startled her; and frightened at the revealings of her own heart, she sought to quiet its tumultuous beatings in solitude.

Other tableaux followed; but none bore the

palm from "The Game of Life," and numerous were the inquiries for the missing angel, but she was not to be found.

In a far-off corner of the grounds, nearly concealed by the thick trees, among which her white dress gleamed like a web of light, sat Alice Cartington—her hand tightly clasped by one who had been bold enough to intrude himself upon her solitude. Yes, Harvey Edwards saw the advantage that he had gained, and determined to follow it up. Tenderly and respectfully he pleaded his cause, and the soft eyes of "the good angel" were not averted.

"Be my good angel through life, dear Alice!" he urged, "you alone can keep me from the temptings of my own heart—you alone are perfect."

"But you forget," said Alice, archly, "that the good angel has just failed—if I could not keep you from selling yourself to the Evil One, what success can I expect in less important things?"

"Ah, but that was only a story," he pleaded, "had it been reality, you know that I would have gone with you, dear Alice."

Alice shook her head doubtfully, but she did not withdraw her hand; and encouraged by this condescension, Harvey actually dared to kiss it. Even this caused no very violent explosion; and surprised and delighted to find his angel growing quite earthly, he declared his resolution of remaining upon his knees until she promised to take him under her surveillance for life. What could Alice do? She had refused him only that very morning, but there really seemed to be a fate in it; and so—she scarcely knew what she said, but the next moment the gentleman had left his knees, and seated himself beside her.

Mrs. Ravensham laughed at her—Kate Edwards laughed at her—and Alice drooped and blushed under their mischievous looks; but then Harvey would approach, and she forgot all about them.

People said that it was a good lesson for Harvey—showing him what would be the end of his career; however that might be, he was certainly an altered man, and Alice never had reason to regret "The Game of Life".

THE YOUNG ARTIST.

BY HENRY J. VERNON.

A PAINTER born, you see am I,
To limn the mouth, the nose, the eye,
It's your own portrait, sir, you see.
Had ever one such verity?

Daguerreotypists, hide your heads;
Artists, betake ye to your beds;
Ye profile-cutters, take to rout;
For none can "shine" when "I'm about."

THE SLIP-SHOD WIFE.

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

ONE evening, the fastidious Harry Wentworth, on coming home tired and depressed, found his wife in the tea-room, dressed in a soiled morning gown, and wearing a pair of slippers down at the heel. To increase his vexation, she was sitting in a rocking-chair, with one limb crossed over the other, reading a trashy novel.

"Why, Fanny," he exclaimed, in amazement, for they had been married only a few months, and hitherto he had thought her the pink of neatness.

"Well, what is it?" she answered, looking up. Then noticing the direction of his eyes, she assumed a more becoming position, and continued. "You don't like my dress, perhaps: but really I was too tired to change it."

"What have you been doing all day?"

"Oh! reading this." She colored as she held up the book, and added, "and then it has been so warm."

Now her husband had been hard at work, all through the sultry August day, and had, as was usual with him when hurried, dined down town. Yet his attire was neat, and even his hair newly brushed; for he had gone to his chamber to do this before coming to the tea-room. It may be supposed, therefore, that he was annoyed at the slovenliness of his wife, the more so, as, on looking at the novel, he found it quite a worthless affair. He said nothing, however, except,

"At least change your slippers, my dear. You don't know how I dislike to see a lady slip-shod."

"Do you! How odd," said his wife, with a silly laugh, stooping to pull up the heels of her shoes. "There, that will do, I guess. I really can't walk so far as the chamber, this hot afternoon. I wish you would ring the bell for tea, its just by you, and I want to finish this chapter."

Her husband sighed, but did as he was bid. The tea came up, and he took his seat, but the chapter was not yet concluded, and so he was compelled to wait. When, at last, Mrs. Wentworth came to the table, the tea was cold. The meal, under those circumstances, was a dull one, and the husband, after it was over, finding his wife absorbed in her book, lay down on the sofa and finally went to sleep.

Mrs. Wentworth had been the belle of the village before her marriage. Her sprightliness and beauty had been the theme of constant admiration. But these qualities would have

failed to have won Harry Wentworth's heart, if they had not been sustained by a most exquisite taste in dress. See Fanny when you would, she was always carefully attired. And as Wentworth was particularly fastidious on this point, he thought himself the happiest of men when Fanny, one bright summer evening, promised to be his.

But unfortunately the bride had no real habits of neatness, but only a love of admiration. It was vanity that had induced her, while single, to be careful of her dress; but now that she was married, she gradually gave way to her natural indolence. The first occasion on which she did this to any very glaring extent, was the evening on which our story opens; but it was soon followed up by other exhibitions of slovenliness.

"I do wish, Fanny, that you would dress more neatly," said Mr. Wentworth, in a vexed voice, some months later still. "Night after night I come home and find you in that atrocious wrapper."

"You used to think me pretty enough in any dress," said Mrs. Wentworth, testily.

"But I never saw you in one like that."

"To be sure not." And she laughed ironically. "I always dressed for company, and I do now."

What could Mr. Wentworth say? If his wife did not think it so necessary to be neat in his presence, did not consider him as worthy of pleasing as the comparative strangers whom she called company, it was useless to argue with her. So, after tea, the slip-shod heels still annoying him, with a perceptible hole in the stocking to increase that annoyance, he moodily took his hat and left the house.

At first he walked up and down the street, but, at last, fatigued with this, stepped into a fashionable reading-room and drinking-saloon. Here he met several acquaintances, and gradually falling into conversation, the evening passed rapidly away.

When he went home Mrs. Wentworth, looking very sleepy, and a little out of humor, accosted him with,

"Where in the world have you been? I finished my novel an hour ago, and have had nobody to talk to ever since. I am moped to death. There was a time," she added, poutingly, "when nothing in the world could have induced you to spend an evening away from me."

Her husband was on the point of replying, in a similar upbraiding style, but he recollects that he had expostulated too often and too vainly, and so he said nothing.

It was a week before Wentworth spent another evening out. He tried sincerely to stay at home, but his annoyance at his wife's slovenliness was too great, and, at last, he left her again to her novel and her slip-shod heels.

Mr. Wentworth has now become a confirmed visitor of the reading-room, in connection with which a sort of club has been established, the members of which are chiefly married men: and if the full truth was known, it would appear, we believe, that most, if not all, have wives resembling Mrs. Wentworth. Sometimes there is an undue quantity of brandy drunk at these meetings, so that some members, and Mr. Wentworth among them, have been understood to have gone home inebriated.

It was on one of these occasions that an inti-

mate friend ventured to expostulate with Mr. Wentworth on his habits.

"It is easy for you to talk," was the bitter reply, "about the felicity of a man's fireside. Your home, I have no question, is a refuge for you, when you seek it, tired and dispirited, at night; for you have a wife, neatly dressed to receive you, a cleanly apartment to sit in, and cheerful conversation. But when I go home, it is to find my wife slip-shod, the room unswept, and the children dirty. Were I to stay at home, what comfort could I find? No, the club-room is far pleasanter, and there I will go. If Mrs. Wentworth don't like it, she has no one to blame but herself."

Mrs. Wentworth does not like it, but complains loudly, at what she calls her husband's cruel neglect.

We leave it to the reader, who has heard both sides of the story, to pronounce who is most to blame.

SUNSET.

BY MRS. T. K. HERVEY.

How softly melts the day!
All is unchanged: each season rolls the same
As when for us the long-loved Summer came—
And quiet eve died slow as, hushed, we lay
And watched the slanting sun stream down along
the golden bay!

Then fell no midnight haze
To follow on the track of love's bright noon,
But one harmonious rounding of the moon!—
Then, lost were we alone in thought's sweet maze:
Thou'rt fled!—and now my lonely foot finds out the
shaded ways.

New suns shall rise;—but thou—
When shall thy coming bring my day-spring back?
I stretch mine eyes like one upon the rack.

Life had a glorious Eastward once;—and now
To freeze beneath God's sunshine—for the ice is on
thy brow!

Death's touch hath frozen all!
Where once was Summer, now is Winter hoar.
We two shall take sweet counsel never more!
No more, like birds, the winged hours hear our call,
Dropping to earth from Heaven's cope, with a low
music fall.

My soul cleaves to the West;—
Beautiful sepulchre of lingering light,
Land of the dying beam and new-born night!
There, where fond dews may weep upon thy breast,
There, too, would I lie softly down where suns shall
take their rest.

THE IRIS.

BY GRACE NORMAN.

I bring a message, reject it not,
Though it come from a simple flow'r,
'Tis one of love, may it ne'er be forgot
In thy happy or gloomiest hour.

As my golden cup receiveth the dew,
Yet shrinks from the heaviest show'r,

So mayst thou turn from the glitter of earth,
And wisdom receive from a flow'r.

Though my leaves are bright, I'm a fragile thing;
That must droop and die in an hour;
Thou too art of earth, then forget not Him
Who made both thee and the flow'r.

THE SONG OF ANTONIA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HOFFMAN.

BY C. S. MOWBRAY.

ONE evening the members of the joyous club of Serapion had met at an early hour at Theodore's. The winter's wind, blowing in long flaws, lashed with snow the windows as they shook in their leaden sashes. A large brasier shone from under the old chimney, its warm light playing with a thousand varying reflections over the dark tints of the furniture, whose antique appearance strongly contrasted with the lively gaiety of the inmates of the apartment. Soon the pipes were smoking. The seats were drawn up, in order of seniority, around the table where simmered the bowl filled with friendly punch. The assembly was complete, no one was wanting at the call of the chairman; the cups were filled and circulated; the conversation commenced, the time flew; the punch and anecdotes were renewed; imagination by degrees became exalted, and excitement gained its highest regions.

"Come now, my dear Theodore," cried suddenly one of these jovial fellows, "the conversation will soon flag if you do not gratify us with one of those stories which you relate so well; we want something odd and affecting, something fantastic and anti-narcotic."

"Let us drink!" said Theodore; "and I am at your service. I will, if it pleases you, relate a singular anecdote of the life of the Counsellor Krespel. This worthy person was indeed the most extraordinary man that I have ever met. When I arrived at the University of H——, to attend the course of philosophy, the whole town was busying itself with the counsellor, and they related of him most surprising particulars—M. Krespel, at this time, enjoyed the most distinguished reputation as a learned jurist and an experienced diplomatist. A petty German prince, whose pride was greater than his domains, invited him to his court, to entrust to him the drawing up of a memorial, intended to justify his rights to a certain territory, adjoining his principality, which he expected to reclaim before the imperial court. The issue of this affair was so satisfactory, that, in the excess of his joy, the prince swore that he would grant to his favorite, in recompense for the famous memorial, the most exorbitant wish that it might please him to demand. The honest Krespel, who had been complaining all his life, of not being able to find a

house to his taste, concluded that he would now construct one to suit his fancy at the cost of the prince. The grateful sovereign even proposed to purchase whatever land the counsellor might choose to select; but he contented himself with little garden, which he already possessed in a picturesque situation near the town. He immediately set to work obtaining and bringing together all the materials for his future residence; and was seen, every day, attired in a most strange costume, which he had himself fabricated, mixing lime, sifting sand, and arranging stones in heaps.

"All these preparations were achieved without consulting any architect, and apparently without any plan. One fine morning, our friend came to the town of H——, and engaged a skilful master mason; he begged him to conduct, on the next morning, to his garden, the number of workmen necessary to complete his house. The mason, who, naturally enough, wished to discuss the price and plan of the undertaking, was quite astounded when Krespel gravely assured him that such a precaution was altogether useless, as he would himself arrange everything without dispute or trouble. Early the next day, when the master mason arrived at the appointed place with his laborer's, he found a trench already traced out in the form of a square. Krespel said to him:—'It is here that I wish you to dig the foundation of my house; after that, you can raise the four walls of the enclosure until I think them high enough.' 'Without windows or doors, and without partitions? what do you mean?' cried the mason, staring at Krespel, as if he were a madman. 'Do as I bid you, my good fellow,' coolly replied the counsellor, 'everything will come in its turn.'

"Only the certainty of being paid generously decided the master to undertake this construction, which appeared to him to be absurd. The workmen gaily set to work, cracking jokes with each other on the proprietor; they worked night and day, drinking and eating well at the cost of the counsellor, who never left them. The four walls mounted—mounted all the time; until one morning Krespel cried:—'It is enough!' Immediately the workmen stopped, like so many automatons, and quitting their scaffoldings, came to

arrange themselves in a circle around Krespel; and with a roguish air each one seemed to say to him:—"Master, what are we to do next?" "Make room, make room," cried the counsellor, after two minutes reflection, and running to the end of the garden, he returned directly at a slow pace toward his walled square, then shaking his head in a discontented manner, he continued this pantomime on each side of the enclosure; until at last, as if struck with a sudden idea, he rushed head foremost against a portion of the wall, crying with all his might:—"Here, here, my fine fellows, take pickaxes and break me a door!" He marked with charcoal, at the same time, the exact dimensions of the entrance which he called for. It was done in an instant. Then entering the enclosure, he laughed and grimaced, as if delighted with his work, when the mason observed to him, that the four walls were of the right height for a two story house. Krespel marched around the space within, followed by the masons carrying hammers and pickaxes; he measured, calculated, ordered one by one; "here a window, six feet high, four wide; there a lesser opening, three feet high, two wide!" And the workmen followed his orders.

"Now, my friends, it was during the progress of this singular work, of which everybody talked, that I arrived at H——, and indeed nothing could be more amusing than to see the crowd of idlers, their noses flattened against the palings of M. Krespel's garden, uttering hurrahs, every time that a stone fell under the pickaxe, every time that a new window burst forth from the wall as if by enchantment. All the work on this much noised mansion was executed in the same manner, without any previous plan, all according to the spontaneous inspirations of M. Krespel's brain. The piquant originality of this enterprise, the persuasion that it would yet succeed beyond all their hopes, and above everything else 'the generosity of the counsellor, so stimulated the zeal of the workmen, that, thanks to their activity, the house was soon finished. Externally it presented the most odd irregularity that it is possible to imagine; for not one window resembled another, each detail was different; but examined from within, it was really a most comfortable dwelling; as I myself agreed when, after a short acquaintance, M. Krespel did me the honor to exhibit it.

"He crowned his work by a feast, to which alone were invited the masons, their companions and apprentices who carried out his plans. This superb entertainment must have offered a most original scene. The most *recherche* viands were devoured by mouths little calculated to appreciate such delicacies; and after the supper, the wives and daughters of these good people formed

a ball; at which Krespel, as he was not able to dance in person, his limbs beginning to fail him, armed himself with a violin and kept his guests capering until daybreak.

"The Tuesday following, I met M. Krespel at the house of Professor M——. Nothing could be more strange than the figure which he that evening presented. Each of his movements was impressed with such an abrupt awkwardness, that I trembled every moment, expecting to see him cause some accident; but they were doubtless accustomed to his whims; for the lady of the house did not seem in the least frightened at seeing him, so often toss himself about near the stand covered with porcelain, so often play with his legs opposite the pier-glass, or draw his long sleeve ruffles through the glass drops as he turned the candlesticks one after the other. At supper, the scene changed. From being odd, Krespel became loquacious; he rambled without ceasing from one idea to another, he spoke of everything with volubility, in a voice by turns, shrill or hoarse, quick or drawing. We conversed on music and a fashionable composer. Krespel laughed and muttered:—"I wish that a hundred thousand devils would carry those wretched notes to the bottom of hell!" Then he cried suddenly in a voice of thunder, "it is a seraph in harmony! it is the genius of song!" And whilst saying this his eyes watered with furtive tears. It was necessary for one not to believe him more crazy than absent, to remember that, but an hour before, he had been talking with enthusiasm of a celebrated singer.

"A hare being placed upon the table, Krespel carefully put aside the bones, and called for the feet, which the daughter of the professor, a charming child five years old, joyfully carried to him. The children of the house appeared to have a great affection for the counsellor; and I was not long in learning the reason, for, after supper, I saw Krespel draw from his pocket a case containing a steel turning box, with which he commenced turning from the bones of the hare, a crowd of lilliputian playthings, which his little friends, ranged in a circle a few steps from him, divided with cries of pleasure.

"All at once the niece of Professor M———be thought herself to say, 'what has become, dear Mr. Krespel, of our good Antonia?' The counsellor made a grimace like a gourmand who bites a sour orange; his countenance darkened, and his expression became very disagreeable as he replied between his teeth, 'our—our good Antonia!' The professor, who perceived the effect which this unlucky question had produced, cast upon his niece a reproachful look, and, as if to divert the bad humor of Krespel, 'how are your violins?' said he, taking in a friendly manner the

hand of his guest. Krespel immediately began to laugh:—‘They sound better, dear professor, I have commenced taking to pieces the celebrated violin of Amati, which a lucky chance has thrown into my way; I hope that Antonia will have done the rest.’ ‘Antonia is an excellent girl,’ replied the professor. ‘Yes, certainly, she is an angel!’ cried Krespel, sighing, and seizing quickly his hat and cane, he went out precipitately as if in trouble. Quite interested by this strangeness, I questioned the professor on the history of the counsellor.

“‘Ah!’ said he to me, ‘he is a very singular man, and constructs violins as skilfully as he draws up memorials; when he finishes one of these instruments, he tries it for an hour or two, and it is delicious music to hear; then he hangs it up on the wall beside the others, and never touches it again. If he can procure the violin of a celebrated master, he buys it, plays upon it a single tune, takes it apart piece by piece, and throws the fragments into a great chest which is already full.’ ‘But who is this Antonia?’ demanded I, impatiently. ‘It is a mystery!’ gravely replied the professor. ‘The counsellor lived, some years ago, in a secluded house in — street, with an old housekeeper. The oddity of his manners excited the curiosity of the neighbors. He made some acquaintances, and occasionally showed himself at their soirees. He was so amiable that all loved him; they believed him to be a bachelor, as he never spoke of his family. After a while, he was absent for several months. In the evening of the day on which he returned home, it was remarked that his house was lighted up; presently an enchanting female voice mingled its sweet notes with those of a harpsichord which accompanied a violin powerfully animated under the bow. The passers by stopped in the street, and the neighbors listened from their windows in a silence full of charms. Toward midnight the singing ceased, the voice of the counsellor was heard harsh and menacing; the voice of another man seemed to be reproaching him, and from time to time the plaints of a young girl interrupted the discussion. Suddenly a piercing cry from the young girl terminated this crisis, then a noise, as if people were scuffling, was heard upon the staircase. A young man rushed weeping from the house, threw himself into a post-chaise which waited a few paces off, and all remained in a dead silence.

“Everybody sought the secret of this drama. On the morrow Krespel appeared calm and serious as usual; no one dared question him. But the old housekeeper could not resist the temptation of telling all those who wished to hear, that the counsellor had brought home with him a young girl whom he called Antonia; that a young man

desperately in love with her had followed them, and that nothing but the rage of the counsellor had driven him from the house. As to his relationship to Antonia, it was a secret to which the good woman possessed no clue. Only, she declared, that Master Krespel secluded her most shamefully, never let her quit his sight, or even to sing or amuse herself by accompaniment to the harpsichord. Thus the song of Antonia, which was heard but a single time, became the marvelous legend of the place; and to this day no singer can gain applause in our town—‘there is no one,’ say they, ‘who can sing like Antonia!’

“All that the professor had told me, made so strong an impression on my mind—that I dreamt of it every night—I became foolishly in love, and thought of nothing else but the means of introducing myself, cost what it might, into the house of Krespel—to see the mysterious Antonia—to swear to her eternal love, and to protect her from her tyrant. Unfortunately for my romance, things took a very pacific turn; for I had scarcely met the counsellor two or three times and flattered his mania of talking on violins, when he himself, with great simplicity, begged me to visit him at his house. God knows how I felt then, I thought that heaven itself was opened to me. M. Krespel made me examine in detail all his violins, and certainly he had more than thirty! without introducing me to any one—one of them, of a very old structure, was suspended above the others, and adorned with a crown of flowers. Krespel informed me that it was the ‘chef d’œuvre’ of an unknown master; and that the sounds which were drawn from it exercised an irresistible magnetism over the senses, the influence of which forced the sleeper to reveal all the secrets of his thoughts. ‘I never had the courage,’ said he to me, ‘to disturb this instrument to study its structure. It seems to me as if there was in it a life of which I would be the murderer; I rarely play upon it, and only for my Antonia, who experiences whilst listening to it the most sweet sensations.’ At the name of Antonia I started:—‘My dear counsellor,’ said I to him, with the most insinuating accent, ‘will you not do me the favor to play upon it before me for a single instant?’ Krespel, with an ironical air and nasal voice, replied, emphasizing each syllable, ‘no, my good Mr. Student.’ His tone disconcerted me, I said nothing, and Krespel went on showing me the curiosities of his cabinet.

“Before we parted, he took from a drawer a folded paper which he handed to me, saying very gravely, ‘young man, you love the arts, accept this as a precious souvenir.’ Then without waiting for an answer, he gently pushed me from the door and shut it in my face. I opened the paper; it contained a small portion of a *quinte*, about an eighth of an inch long, with this

inscription:—‘A fragment of the *quinte* by which the divine Stamitz arranged his violin, when he performed at his last concert.’ Notwithstanding the odd leave with which the counsellor gratified me, I could not resist the desire of again calling upon him; and it was well that I did so, for on my second visit I found Antonia with him, occupied in arranging the pieces of a violin which he was taking apart. She was a young girl, extremely pale, a breath would cause her to blush, and the next instant she would become as white and cold as alabaster. I was astonished at finding in Krespel, this day, a kindness and cordiality very different from the jealous tyranny of which the professor had spoken. I talked freely before him, with Antonia, without his appearing in the least to mind it; my visits were followed up and were well received, a sweet and frank intimacy even became established between us, much to the surprise of the gossips, who did not fail to make it the town talk. The eccentricities of Krespel amused me often enough; but I avow that Antonia alone was the attraction which drew me to his house, and which made me endure that in his character which often appeared too pettish and whimsical. Every time that I led the conversation to the subject of music he seemed irritated as a tormented cat; but, in spite of himself, he always gave way, and lent me an attentive ear.

“One evening I found him in a gay humor; he had taken to pieces an old Cremona violin, and discovered an important secret in the art. Profiting by his lively satisfaction, I began this time to talk on music; we criticised the pretensions of a crowd of *virtuoso’s*, whom the world admired. Krespel laughed at my sallies; Antonia fixed upon me her large eyes. ‘Do you not,’ said I to her, ‘either in song or accompaniment, do you not imitate the example of our pretended vanquishers of difficulties?’ The pale cheeks of the young girl lighted up with a sweet scarlet; and as if something electric had run through her frame, she threw herself before the harpsichord, opened the lids, and was about to sing—when Krespel, drawing her back, and at the same time pushing me by the shoulders, cried in a shrill tone—‘hold! hold! hold!’ Then renewing all at once his ceremonious manners of a former day, he added, ‘I am indeed too polite, dear Mr. Student, to pray the devil to strangle you, and I do not wish to throw you down the staircase. So then do me the favor to return home, and keep a good remembrance of your old friend, if—do you understand me?—by chance you should not find him again home.’ With these words, he seized me as at the former time and showed me out, without my being able to address Antonia by more than a sad and lingering look. The Professor M—— did not cease to laugh at me,

and to repeat that I was forever rased from the tablets of the counsellor. I left H—— with a wounded heart; but little by little, distance and absence softened my disappointment; the image of Antonia; the memory of that celestial song which it was not permitted me to hear, became dimmed, and insensibly veiled themselves in a mysterious sleep in the depths of my thoughts.

“About two years later I was travelling through Germany. The town of H—— lay in my route; by degrees as I approached it, a sensation of anguish oppressed my breast; it was evening; the spires of the churches began to appear in the horizon amid the azure dusk which precedes the coming night; all at once my breath failed me; I was obliged to descend from the carriage and finish my journey on foot. From time to time this sensation became still more strange; I thought I heard in the air the modulations of a sweet and fantastic song; directly I discerned voices singing a hymn. ‘What is that? what is that?’ cried I, in bewildered accents, which startled a passer by. ‘Do you not see?’ said the man, ‘the cemetery at your left, it is a burial which they are about finishing.’ As he spoke, a turn in the road overlooked the cemetery, and I beheld them filling up a grave. My heart sank within me; it seemed to me as if they were closing up in that tomb the whole of a life of happiness and hope. A little distance from the town I met Professor M—— leaning on the arm of his niece; they were returning from this mournful ceremony, and passed by without recognizing me. The young girl was weeping.

“I could not restrain the impatience which devoured me. Instead of entering the town, I sent my valet with the baggage to a *hotellerie*, then I hastened out of breath toward the little mansion of Krespel. On opening the garden gate I saw, under the walk of linden trees, the counsellor supported by two persons clothed in mourning, between whom he tottered like a man overwhelmed with grief. He wore his old grey coat which he had himself fashioned after so odd a pattern; there was no change in his appearance except the long crape which hung from his little three cornered hat. He had buckled around his waist a black belt, from which was suspended a violin bow instead of a sword. I shuddered at this sight. ‘He is mad,’ said I to myself. The men who accompanied him stopped at the door of the house. Krespel took leave of them in a troubled voice, then, as they retired, his glances fell upon me. ‘You are welcome, Mr. Student; do you understand me?’ And taking me by the hand, he conducted me to the cabinet where his violins were arranged. A piece of black crape covered them; but the violin of the unknown master was not there, a wreath of cypress

marked its place—I comprehended all. ‘Antonia! Antonia!’ cried I, wildly. Krespel stood before me, his eyes fixed and his arms crossed.

“‘When she expired,’ said he to me, with a voice which in vain endeavored to suppress his emotion, ‘the soul of the violin departed, and in leaving uttered a doleful sound, the table of harmony split with a groan. The old instrument which she loved so well could not survive her; I have enclosed it near her, in her bier.’ As he finished these words, the counsellor suddenly changed his expression; he began to chant in a hollow and cracked voice a buffo song; and it was frightful to see him leaping on one foot all around the chamber, whilst the crape floating from his hat shook all the violins as he passed, and even brushed my face. I could not restrain a piercing cry; he stopped immediately. ‘Stop, stop! why do you scream? Have you seen the angel of death? He always precedes the ceremony.’ Then coming to the middle of the room, and raising with both hands above his head the bow which he carried at his side, he broke it violently and throwing the fragments far from him. ‘Ah!’ cried he, ‘now I am free, free, free! I will make no more violins! no more violins! The unhappy Krespel howled these words in an unearthly cadence, and recommenced his course hopping round the apartment. Frozen with fright, I endeavored to fly; he stopped me with an eager arm. ‘Stay, Mr. Student, do not take my convulsions for madness; all this is inflicted on me, because that, some days ago, I had cut out a robe de chambre, in which I wished to resemble Fate, or the Deity!’ The unfortunate man then uttered a crowd of extravagancies, until at last, worn out by his excitement, he fell almost dead. His old housekeeper hastened at my cries; I left him in her arms.

“When I saw the Professor M——, I declared to him that the Counsellor Krespel had become a maniac. ‘I hope the contrary,’ replied he. ‘The fermentation of his feelings, which would destroy the mind of another man, will expend itself by action in our poor friend. His disordered agitation, by wearing out the excitement of his nervous system, will save him—the sudden death of Antonia has overcome him. But let one day pass, and, take my word for it, he will renew of his own accord his old habits, and his every day life.’ The prediction of the professor was realized. On the morrow Krespel was very calm, he repeated only that he would make no more violins, and that he would never again touch one in his life.

“All this did not satisfy me as to the connection which existed between Antonia and the Counsellor Krespel. The more I thought of it, the more, I know not what, instinct told me,

VOL. XXII.—15

without ceasing, that there was between the two some mysterious secret. Antonia always appeared to my reveries in the light of a victim. I could not leave H—— without obtaining an explanation, which might perhaps reveal some fearful crime. I became more and more excited from time to time. At last I rushed like a thunderbolt into the cabinet of the counsellor. I found him calm and smiling as usual, he was seated near a little table turning tags for children. ‘Wretched man!’ cried I, ‘how can you enjoy a single moment of peace—when your conscience should gnaw your heart like a serpent?’ The counsellor regarded me with astonishment, and laying down his tools. ‘What is that you say? my dear sir, have the goodness to be seated.’ This sang froid irritated me the more, and I loudly accused him of the murder of Antonia, swearing that in my quality of an advocate, I would use all the means in my power to provoke a judicial inquiry on the causes of this misfortune. The counsellor listened all the while very tranquilly, when I finished:—‘Young blunderer!’ said he to me, in a voice whose solemn gravity confounded me. ‘Young man, what right have you to penetrate the secrets of a life to which you have always been a stranger? Antonia is no more!—what matters the rest?’ There was in the calmness of the man something profoundly sad—I felt that I had acted insanely. I implored his pardon, begging him to relate to me some details of the angel whom I deplored. He then took me by the hand, and leading me to the balcony which overlooked his garden, confided to me a history, of which my memory only retains that which related to Antonia.

“The Counsellor Krespel had, in his youth, a passion for acquiring at any price the violins of old masters. His researches led him into Italy, to Venice, where he heard, at the theatre of San Benedetto, the famous singer Angela —. Her ravishing beauty made no less impression than her talent as a *virtuoso* on the heart of the counsellor. A secret marriage united them, but the beautiful songstress, an angel in the theatre, was the very devil in the household; Krespel, after a thousand and one stormy scenes, resolved to take refuge in the country, where he consoled himself as well as he could with an excellent Cremona violin. But the signora, jealous as are all Italians, came pitilessly to disturb him in his retreat. One day, she entered the saloon, where Krespel was improvising in a world of music. She placed her pretty head on the shoulder of her husband and regarded him with eyes full of love. The counsellor, lost in the regions of ideality, twirled his bow with so much ardor, that he grazed, without intending it, the satin neck of Angela. She sprang up furiously—‘besta tedesca!’ cried she,

and seizing in her rage the Cremona violin, she broke it in a thousand pieces on the marble table. The counsellor stood for a moment petrified, then with one of those nervous movements which cannot be described, he threw the beautiful cantatrice out of the window of her own house and fled to Germany. But, on the road, when he considered the strangeness of these events; for he had not acted with the least premeditation; he experienced the most bitter regret, as he remembered that the signora had indulged him in the sweet hope of becoming a father. Imagine then his surprise, when eight months afterward, he received, in the middle of Germany, a most tender letter, in which his dear wife, without alluding in any manner to the accident of the villa, announced to him the birth of a daughter, and begged him to return immediately to Venice. Krespel, fearing some plot, took pains to obtain information; he learnt that the beautiful Italian had fallen on a soft bed of flowers which preserved her from injury; and that the only result from the plight which this nightingale had taken from the window, was a happy change of character. The signora had no more caprices, no more storms, the conjugal remedy had done marvels. The good counsellor was so touched by this news that he at once ordered the horses to his carriage. But hardly was he in the carriage, when he began to consider:—‘The devil!’ said he to himself, ‘if the lady is not radically cured, will it be necessary to throw her again from the window?’ This question was difficult to resolve. Krespel turned back, wrote to his dear spouse a long letter, in which he congratulated her that his daughter had, like her, a mole behind her ear; then—he remained in Germany. Protestations of love, projects for the future, complaints, touching prayers flew, like turtle doves, from Venice to H——. At last Angela came to Germany and displayed to admiration her fine voice in the grand theatre of F——. Although she was not very young, she inflamed all, made some happy, and an infinity of victims. However, the little daughter of Krespel grew up, they called her Antonia, and her mother foresaw in her a singer of her own talents. Krespel, knowing that his wife was so near him, burned with eagerness to embrace his daughter; but the fear of the temper of the signora restrained him, and he remained at home amongst his violins—who never disturbed him. At this time, a young musician of great promise, became a suitor of Antonia’s; Krespel was consulted, he was delighted that his daughter should espouse an artist who had no rival on the violin; and awaited from day to day the news of the marriage; when a letter, sealed in black and by a strange hand, came to apprise him that Angela had died with a

pleurisy, the evening before the intended nuptials of her daughter; the last prayer of the cantatrice was to beseech Krespel to come and seek the orphan:—he set out without losing a moment.

“The young betrothed, who had not quitted Antonia at a period so mournful, was present at the arrival of her father. In the evening, when they were together, as Krespel was thinking of the deceased, Antonia placed herself at the harpsichord and sung a melancholy air; they who heard it, say that the soul of the mother trembled in her voice. Krespel could not restrain himself; the sobs choked his utterance; he rose, took the young girl in his arms and embracing her tenderly:—‘Oh!’ cried he, ‘if you love me, sing no more! It will break my heart!’ Antonia regarded her father with a long look, and in that look there was that which made him fear that his dream of happiness was about to vanish. Her black locks waved, in ebon curls over her snowy shoulders; her slender figure inclined toward him like a lily which is about to break; Krespel wept at seeing her so beautiful; for a fatal instinct revealed to him the future. Antonia became more pale, and in her countenance the counsellor detected a sign of death. He contemplated with terror this germ which every hour might develop.

“No, no, my friend!” said, a little while afterward, the counsellor to Dr. R——, a celebrated physician, ‘no, these spots of bright scarlet which color, when she sings, her cheeks, are not from animation! No, it is that which I fear!’ ‘Ah, then!’ replied the doctor, ‘I can no longer conceal my own uneasiness; whether it is that the young girl has made premature efforts in singing, or that nature has left some organic defect in a work so beautiful, I fear that the sonorous depth of her voice, which surpasses the faculties of her age, is an indication of danger, and I cannot promise her more than six months to live if you permit her to sing.’

“The counsellor stared at this warning, it seemed to him as if he saw a beautiful shrub, just blooming with its first flowers, which a pitiless hand was about to cut down at the very root. His resolution was instant. He opened to Antonia the two routes for the future, the one leading by marriage to the seductive life of the artist, which would in a few days plunge her into the abyss of the tomb; the other would preserve to her old father the life of a cherished child, his only joy, his last hope. Antonia comprehended the sacrifice which her father implored of her. She threw herself into his arms without a word. Krespel dismissed her betrothed, and two days after he arrived at H——, with his daughter, his treasure. But the young man could not thus renounce the felicity which had been promised to him. He set out on the track of Krespel and

overtook him at the door of his house. The counsellor repulsed him harshly. "Oh!" cried the poor Antonia, "let me see him, let me hear him once more, and I am ready to die!" "Die! die!" repeated the counsellor, wildly; "to see thee die! oh, my child, you are the only thing which attaches me to the world! Ah, well! let it be as you wish; and if you die, do not curse your unhappy father!"

"The sacrifice was decided upon. The young musician took his place at the harpsichord. Antonia sung; Krespel took his violin and played, his eye fixed upon his daughter, until he saw the purple spots appear upon her pale cheeks. Then he violently interrupted the concert, and motioned to the musician to retire. Antonia, seeing him leave, uttered a heart-rending cry and fainted.

"I thought for a moment," said Krespel, on finishing this sad recital, "that my poor child was dead. I seized the cursed *fiance* by the shoulders—away," cried I to him, "away quickly! for my daughter is so pale, that I know not what hinders me from plunging a knife into your heart, to rekindle and color those cheeks with your blood!" I had, doubtless, in uttering these words, so terrible an aspect, that the wretched man threw himself like a madman down the stairs, and I have never seen him since.

"When the counsellor raised his daughter, she opened her eyes and closed them again almost immediately. The physician, who soon arrived, said that the accident, although severe, would probably leave no serious consequences. Some days afterward, she seemed even to have almost recovered. Her love for her father offered the most touching picture, she devoted herself, with the most admirable resignation, to his whims and caprices; she aided him with an angelic patience to take to pieces the old violins which he bought, and to construct new ones. 'No, my dear father,' she would often say to him, with a melancholy smile, 'I will sing no more, since its afflicts you; I wish only to live and breathe for you!' And Krespel, hearing her speak thus, felt happy.

"When he had made the purchase of the famous violin, which he enclosed in the tomb of Antonia, the young girl, seeing that he was about to take it to pieces, regarded it sadly:—"What! this one too?" said she. Krespel, at the same time, felt within him a feeling which induced him to spare and even to try this instrument. Hardly had he commenced, when his daughter cried, clapping her hands—"it is my voice, it is my voice! I sing again!" It was true; the pearly notes of the marvelous violin seemed to fall from heaven. Krespel was astonished, the bow, under his fingers, created prodigies. Often Antonia would say to him, with a sweet smile, "father, I should like to sing." And Krespel would take the violin, and each time he drew from it delicious variations.

"A few days before my second visit to H——, the counsellor fancied that he heard, during a calm night, the harpsichord sounding in the next chamber; he thought that he could hear the fingers of the betrothed of Antonia running rapidly over the ivory keys. He endeavored to rise, but a hand of iron seemed to chain him down. Then it seemed to him that the voice of his daughter was feebly murmuring, as if afar off; little by little the undulations become distinct, it was a fantastic crescendo, each vibration of which pierced his heart like an arrow. Suddenly a bluish flash crossed the darkness at the end of the chamber; he saw Antonia and her betrothed, who sustained her in his arms. Their lips were touching, and all the while the celestial song continued. Overcome by a supernatural terror, the Counsellor Krespel remained, until daybreak, in a state of undefinable anguish. A leaden torpor paralyzed his feelings.

"When the first rays of morning shone with rosy tints under the curtains of his couch, he rose as if from a painful dream, and hastened to the chamber of Antonia. She was extended on the sofa, her eyes closed, her hands clasped; a sweet but fixed smile curled her pale lips. She resembled the virgin angel asleep. Her soul had returned to God!"

H E A R T - E C H O E S .

BY E. K. SMITH.

In life's bright morn, or mid-day hour,
When clouds of care a while depart,
Hath Nature's poesy a power
To rouse an echo in the heart.

Now breathes it low; now stronger swells—
As if the soul for freedom sighs:
It comes—that angel-tone—and tells
Where richer melodies arise.'

What though the world, with sound of strife,
The spirit-spell shall harshly break,
And we to scenes of sadder life
From all our day-dreams thus awake;

That music's memories linger yet,
To soothe the throbbing pulse of pain—
To bid the heart its grief forget
Till Eden's tones the earth regain!

A L I C E V E R N O N .

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DORA ATHERTON," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 176.

ANOTHER year had passed over the Randolphs. How they had managed to live through it, sometimes amazed themselves on a retrospect.

Nothing, indeed, but the management of Alice had kept them from starving. She had sold her few jewels, one after another, and had economized the proceeds as if her heart's blood. Her husband had occasionally earned something, and once had succeeded in selling a picture.

Throughout those protracted months Alice, however, was the chief support of the family. Not directly perhaps, but indirectly, for her husband's earnings were still the greatest. But it was her cheerful spirit, which, by sustaining his drooping ones, led to his incessant efforts. He had now resumed the pencil, and was continually painting; "I may strike off something," he said, "which may find a purchaser, and will try at least. Yes! try while life lasts."

This cheerfulness of Alice did not come alone from a naturally happy disposition. It was more the fruit of her trust in God. Whenever she felt despondent she had recourse to prayer. She remembered that ravens had fed Elijah. She recalled the text:—"I have never seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." And thus, fortified by the promises, and cheered by the presence of her Heavenly Father, she had a pleasant smile and an encouraging word even in the darkest hours of pecuniary distress.

There was a sad contrast between her and her husband in this respect. With all his noble and generous qualities Randolph had not "the one thing needful." Intellectually he admitted the truths of revelation. But still he was not a Christian. He trusted in himself, when he should have trusted in God; and hence, when beset by the Apollyon of poverty, his arm was weak, and his heart faint. Oh! there is nothing like faith in the hour of trouble. It is the chain, dropped down from heaven, to which we cling for safety, when otherwise the dark waters would go over us.

But Randolph's want of faith has been apparent from the first, or we have failed altogether to convey a true idea of him. It was the defect of his character.

"Oh! mamma," said Lily, one day, "let me hold brother a while. Do, dear mamma. I will take such care of him."

The little brother was not yet a year old. But Lily already was a most careful nurse. The greatest pleasure that could be bestowed on her was to be allowed to hold the infant.

"Well, if you will be very careful," said Alice, "you may hold him while I do a bit of ironing."

"Oh! thank you, dear mamma," joyfully cried Lily, clapping her hands with glee. "See, I am all ready."

She seated herself on the floor as she spoke, spread out her tiny lap, and with eager, expectant countenance waited till the babe was deposited in her arms. When she had received her brother, with what gravity she sang and talked to him, repeating her mother's pet phrases, till Alice, glancing aside occasionally to look at them, could not repress a smile.

"Now you mustn't do that, baby," said Lily, sagely, as the infant tried to pull at her dress. "Hush, hush, little dear," she continued, as the child, crossed in this purpose, began to fret. "You're not to cry, for that's naughty. Now be a good baby, and I'll sing you a pretty story."

With the words she began to sing a nursery rhyme, which she had caught by listening to her mother; and again Alice turned aside, and held her flat-iron poised for a moment, smiling happily. Ah! even in the bitterest poverty, a mother can be made happy by sights like these. Yet you, reader, perhaps, may smile at the whole thing as childish. God grant the day may never come when your desolate heart, recalling such scenes in memory, will yearn to give all you are worth to have the innocent little Prattler back at your side!

Sometimes Lily and the infant would become quite boisterous together. But this was only when he lay in his mother's lap. When Lily held him herself, or even when she was deputed to amuse him as he sat tied in his chair, the responsibility of her office sobered her too much for this. But when, the day's work being over, or a pause happening in it, the infant lay awake, how Lily would play with him, holding some

bright object for him to catch, then laughingly snatching it away, now excitedly shaking and kissing him, and now running to hide herself from his sight behind mamma's back. How baby would crow at all this, evidently enjoying it quite as much as either Alice or Lily, if not more.

But often the noise would annoy Randolph. He would frequently return at night, worn down with care, and with his head aching as if it would part; and, at such times, the noisy merriment would seem almost as much as he could bear.

"Do be still," he said, pettishly, one night. "You want to kill me, don't you?"

With what a look of surprise Lily glanced up. Alice, too, gazed at her husband. But it was with tears shining through the mild reproof of her eyes. Randolph's heart smote him. Yet he could not bring himself, in his nervous, irritable mood, altogether to acknowledge this.

"You are so boisterous, Lily, sometimes," he said, with a sort of lame apology, his eyes falling beneath those of Alice, and turning to those of the child. "I can't bear it."

Poor Lily! Her long lashes were wetted on the instant. Her little heart felt almost breaking, and rose in her throat chokingly. For a moment she tried to conquer her emotion; but the effort was in vain; and rushing to her mother's side, she buried her face there, and burst into a passion of tears.

How Randolph's heart smote him, especially when Alice, with another glance of mild reproach, said, "oh! George, you shouldn't talk so, for she's such an affectionate little thing, and can't bear it:—what if she was to be taken from us!" How repentantly he took the dear child up, and soothed her with kind words and caresses. It was long before her sobs wholly ceased, however, though she tried hard to check them, when she saw that they pained her father. For Lily bore no anger, but kissed and caressed her parent, even while sobbing. Sweet angel! Verily of such are "the kingdom of heaven."

You see, reader, we extenuate nothing in describing Randolph. Yet, with all this, he was one of the noblest and best of men. But none are perfect, unless indeed through God's grace; and Randolph still walked, or tried to walk in the strength of his own nature.

At last winter came. For years there had not been one so severe. Even in November snow began to fall, and fell frequent and heavily until April. Who does not remember that terrible winter for the poor?

The Randolphs struggled bravely, but to no purpose, and had finally to begin disposing of their little stock of household furniture, piece by piece, in order to buy food and fuel. For the husband and father had not sold a picture for

months, and could get no other employment, though he tried daily. Every avenue to work was crowded, all through that pitiless season, by hundreds of hungry applicants, accustomed to manual labor, so that a person like Randolph had no chance whatever.

There were, it is true, benevolent institutions, which, if applied to, would have assisted the unfortunate family. But beggary is a resource the possibility of which men like Randolph never contemplate; for to them death appears more durable, nay! better. The honest poor seek alms but rarely, and even accept them with shame. But a proud man, who has been rich formerly, thinks the grave preferable to receiving pauper's aid: and pride is the last weed that the trials, or even sorrows of life eradicate from human nature.

"George, dear," said Alice, one day. "Will you take this cameo and sell it?"

"Not that," said her husband, quickly. "Any thing else, Alice." For he knew it was a gift from her father, a few days before she left her early home, and that she valued it, on that account, above everything but her wedding ring.

"No, take it," she said, with composure. "I can do without it better than the children can without the bed; and one or the other must go, you know, for there is nothing else."

Randolph looked gloomily around the room. But one solitary chair was left. Not only every thing in the shape of ornament had disappeared, but the bureau, wash-stand, and even crib were there no longer. There was not a yard of carpet either left upon the floor. The stove, though the day was intensely cold, had just enough fuel in it to preserve the family from actually freezing; while all the coal they had was in the scuttle, and there was not sufficient to replenish the fire.

Randolph beheld all this. He noticed also that Lily was blue with cold, though her mother had wrapped her in her own shawl. A wild temptation came over him, like that suggested to Job, "to curse God and die." But, at that moment, his eye met the mild look of resignation and trust in Alice's. He felt conscience-struck, and silently taking the ring, departed.

Many similar scenes occurred during that winter. Piece by piece they parted with almost everything, Alice's street dress, Lily's bonnet, finally even the bed on which they slept. Nothing was left but the hard, coarse, straw mattress, on which the other had lain. None of them had more than a single change of garment now. Often Lily lay abed, while her mother, the delicately nurtured heiress, washed, in those cold, winter days, the clothes the little one had taken off.

But all this was borne by Alice with comparative resignation, until Randolph's health began

to fail. Eager to earn something he went out daily, even in the stormiest weather, and this though he had only one pair of boots, and those summer ones, now cracked and leaky. His feet consequently were always wet. A succession of violent colds, caught one after another, was the result.

At last his illness became so serious that prudence would have dictated his remaining altogether in the house; and, for a time, Alice insisted on his doing so. But when she noticed his restless anxiety, the result of being thus kept in-doors, she insisted on it no longer. While out, his mind being occupied, was prevented from preying upon itself; but at home he had nothing to divert his thoughts, and the low, nervous fever, which had seized on him, became worse.

Now was made evident the difference between the eloquent man and the trusting woman. Had there been peril to face, Alice would probably have shrunk back, in true feminine terror, while Randolph would have sprung forward, like a second Richard, to meet it half way. But when patience, and hope, and faith were the virtues demanded, oh! how immeasurably the man of intellect fell behind his wife. Ah! the world is not always right in according superiority to what are called the more masculine qualities. The Saviour was "meek and lowly of heart," "long suffering," and went uncomplaining "like a lamb to the slaughter." Can we be nobler than to imitate him?

Ye mild daughters from womanhood, who guide others by the silken bands of love, and seek no part in the stormier paths of life, to you is it given to represent on earth, as nearly as mortals can, the gentle divinity of Jesus of Nazareth. Let your more ambitious sisters aspire to take lead in public councils, to mingle in the noisy strife of the streets, and gradually thus imbibe the selfishness, heartlessness, and other characteristics of man. But keep ye your hands unsoiled, and your hearts untainted, preserving, in your innocent homes, a type of heaven on earth. Be ye meek and lowly of heart, and when reviled revile not again; so shall ye imitate the most glorious image of humanity that ever lived, and so, believe us, shall ye obtain and keep more influence than if ye paid back neglect with neglect, or scorn for scorn. The province of the heart is that of your sex. Your sceptre is the affections. If death has ever entered your household, you know that it is love alone which survives the grave. Will ye, therefore, surrender this glorious heritage of woman, this better part of the divinity within us, for the coarser attributes of man? Will ye give up your holier mission for one more showy, but less heavenly! *Lucifer fell through the intellect, but the world was redeemed by Love.*

"Dearest," said Alice, one day, as Randolph, after being racked for nearly an hour with a terrible cough, prepared, on its temporary cessation, to go out, "do remain at home, to-day. You are not near so well as usual, and it is storming slightly."

But Randolph shook his head.

"No, love, I must go."

"Surely there is no such pressing necessity. Wait at least till toward noon, by which time it may clear up."

"But, indeed, I must, and now. I did not intend to tell you, Alice," he said, "till I was certain of success; but yesterday I heard of a place where I can probably get some writing to do. It is to copy papers for a great lawyer. An old college acquaintance, whom I had not seen for years, stopped me yesterday in the street, and as I saw he seemed surprised at my dress, I could not, when he asked how I was getting along, deny my destitution. So he thought a moment, and told me of this place. He is leaving town, to-day, for he does not reside here, but he promised to speak to his friend, last night. For me not to be punctual, therefore, would not do. It might create a prejudice against me at once."

Alice, after this explanation, made no further opposition; and accordingly Randolph set forth.

It took some time for him to reach the office of the great lawyer. The streets were slippery with a drizzling rain that froze as it fell, and he was weaker than he had supposed.

He entered modestly. The glowing fire in the grate diffused such genial warmth throughout the room, that new vigor entered into his chilled limbs, even before he had closed the door behind him.

The great lawyer looked up. But seeing only an emaciated, care worn man dressed in a threadbare suit, and whose hat and garments were wet with rain, he supposed naturally that a beggar stood before him.

"There's nothing here for you," he said, gruffly, resuming his reading.

Randolph's first feeling was to leave the room. But he remembered the little ones at home, and conquering his pride, he said,

"I came about the writing, sir."

The great lawyer looked up with a stare of surprise. But Randolph courageously continued,

"The copying, sir, of which my friend, Mr. Mountjoy, spoke to you in my favor. I am thought to have a legible hand. Would you wish to see me write?"

The astonished stare of the great lawyer changed gradually to one of polite incredulity as Randolph spoke. When the latter had concluded, he said,

"That won't do here, so you'd better take yourself off. I never heard Mr. Mountjoy speak of you——"

But Randolph, who felt like a man whose very life hung in the balance, for he saw no way, if he lost this opportunity, of supporting his family, interrupted.

"Surely, sir, you remember. I saw him only yesterday. He must have mentioned me. Randolph is my name."

The great lawyer might have seen, from the earnestness of the speaker, that there was no attempt at deception. Perhaps he did. But he had known so much of poverty, in the way of his profession, that it had made him callous to it. Besides he happened, on this particular morning, to be occupied in studying an important case, and he was one of those men, not rare in the intellectual profession, who become irritable on being interrupted at such times.

So he answered tartly,

"Take yourself off, I say; and the sooner, the better; or I'll send for a police-officer, to arrest you as a vagrant. You can't play the imposter here."

To this had Randolph come. He, a really better man than the great lawyer, was to be thus insulted, merely because he wore a threadbare suit.

He turned away. He felt, at that moment, as no words can describe. Shame, mortification, disappointment and despair all crowded, together, upon his mind. A temporary blindness seized him. Yet he succeeded in staggering toward the door, opening it, and gaining the street, choking down his emotions by a violent effort.

As he looked up to the pitiless sky, that yet seemed less pitiless than his brother men, his mental agony proved too great for his weak frame, and a stream of warm blood rushed up to his lips. In his agitation he had broken a blood-vessel.

"God help Alice and the little ones now," he murmured from the depths of his broken heart, for he looked on this as his death-warrant.

There was a grocery store close by, and toward this he moved, like one in a dream, and asking for some salt, he put it into his mouth to absorb the blood. Then he turned homeward.

All the way back one thought possessed him, to the exclusion of every other:—it was what would become of Alice and the little ones, when he should be no more.

And almost for the first time in his life, he prayed earnestly, and not in mere form of words, that God would show pity to "the widow and the fatherless."

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

AUTUMN.

BY IRENE NORWOOD.

MAIDEN, thou comest laden
With sheaves of golden grain,
Mellow fruits and juicy grape,
To glad the festal train.

The trees have doffed their verdant hue
For richer garbs of gold.
The rainbow thou hast taken
To dress thy limbe of old.

But with all thy glad display
Thou tell'st us Winter's near;
By thy bright and changing hue,
By every leaf so sere.

Methinks I hear thee whisper,
"As bright Summer passeth,
As old Winter draweth near,
As all of beauty fadeth,

"So shall thy life's Summer be,
So shall thy Winter come,
So thy stay on earth be o'er,
So shall thy life be done.

"As the leaf sinks to the ground
And is buried in clay;
So within death's chilly arms
This feeble dust shall lay."

But must all of life end here?
Have we no brighter token?
Is the future a period
Of annihilation?

No! thanks to the Triune God,
We have a home above;
Eternal in the Heavens
The trophy of his love.

A glittering, priceless gem
This clay no more shall hold.
The spirit shall soar away
To streets of shining gold.

This mortality shall put
On immortality,
And this corruption shall rise
In glory to the sky.

MY COUSIN'S VISIT.

BY JOHN R. WHITE.

One beautiful morning in June I received the following letter:

NEW YORK, June 20th, 18—.
“MY DEAR COUSIN—I will be with you on the 25th inst. I come by the cars to Auburn. It is so very warm here that we can do nothing but start for the country. Give my love to aunt and Cousin Lucy, and I remain, dear cousin,
Yours truly,
JOSEPH DANES.”

I hastened home and handed this letter to my mother. As she was reading it, my Sister Lucy entered, and listened eagerly.

“Cousin Joseph coming,” exclaimed Lucy, gaily waltzing round the room, for Joseph was a great favorite of hers, “how rejoiced I am. Oh, Fred, are you not glad?”

“I am glad that it gives you so much pleasure,” I answered, and turning round walked off, much to the annoyance of my sister.

Before going further it is necessary to give a few words of explanation about who Cousin Joseph was. Joseph was an only son of my mother's brother. He was born in the city, was educated there, and now lived there. He was said to be handsome by those who had seen him, and amongst them was my sister; I had never myself met him. I was, however, much pleased at the prospect of having a young companion; for although a couple of years younger than him, I knew we would soon become friends. My family lived on the shores of Owasco Lake, about six miles from Auburn, one of the loveliest spots in the state. Fish of all sorts were to be had in the lake in abundance, and game near the shore and in the woods. Our neighbors were hospitable, friendly people, and kept up a close intimacy with our family.

Everything was in readiness for my cousin's reception, and as I prepared to start to Auburn with the carriage, my sister said in confidence,

“There will be several young ladies here this evening, and I expect you will be pleased and surprised when you see some of them.” I wondered as I drove off what she meant, for I had not been at home long enough to know many of the young ladies who lived near, and I knew of only one whom I would be glad to see, but I was sure she would not be there. I had become acquainted with her but lately, on my returning home from college. The train had stopped at

Utica, when the conductor entered the car, and asked,

“Is there a gentleman in this car going to Auburn?”

I immediately answered that I was: and he said,

“Will you take this young lady in charge, and leave her at the Mansion House?”

I replied that I would be most happy to do so. She was soon seated, and the cars again under way. I found my companion a very beautiful young lady who was going to visit some friends. She said they lived a short distance from Auburn, but they would be expecting her, and she had no doubt they were there even then awaiting her. Her name I did not ask; and she, I suppose, forgot to tell it. The distance between Utica and Auburn seemed short; and I felt a pang at parting with her that I had never felt before. The adventure was altogether so strange and romantic that I did not mention anything about it when I got home. That I loved her I felt sure, but how I was ever going to find out who she was, I could not tell. I determined, however, on calling at the Mansion House, and learning there all they knew about her. I accordingly went to the hotel, and ascertained that a carriage had come for her shortly after I left. But where it had gone, no one could say.

Meantime the train arrived, and with it my Cousin Joseph. He was all he had been represented, a gay, frank, handsome young fellow; and in a few moments we were friends, feeling as if we had known each other a whole life-time.

“I have brought guns and fishing tackle,” said he, “all you will have to supply is the dog. I expect from what you say to have some glorious sport. I hope my aunt and Cousin Lucy are well.”

In this way he rattled on during our drive home; one moment telling me some anecdote of the city, and at another bursting into raptures of delight at the beautiful scenery. The lake, he said, was lovely; and would be a splendid place for a sail occasionally. He asked if there were many ladies living near; and when I told him I did not know, he looked surprised.

“Have any ladies arrived in the neighborhood lately?” said he, with considerable interest in his manner.

“I really cannot say,” I replied. “I do not

visit much. My sister is continually going to some party or pic-nic, and she really had the conscience to ask me to a pic-nic last week."

"And you did not go?" said he.

"Certainly not," said I, "I had other things to look to, that day: besides it is always so dull at those pic-nics."

"I think the contrary," said he, "for I always enjoy myself when I am sitting under some fine shady old trees, where all around is fresh and delicious. It is not like the burning, hot sidewalks of our cities. I tell you, cousin, you can never enjoy the country, unless you have lived in one of our largest cities, where all is bustle and confusion. To me, who have always lived in town, it is quite a treat to have even an excursion in the country. But there is the old house," he exclaimed, as we came in full view of my home, "it looks as usual, and I declare I can see aunt ready to welcome me, and Cousin Lucy too. But I say, cousin, who are those other young ladies?"

I expressed my entire ignorance of who they were. I noticed, as we drew up at the door, that Joseph gave a look of surprise and pleasure at one of the windows; but before I could catch a glimpse of the person, who was gazing from it, she had vanished. My mother welcomed Joseph warmly, and kissed him as she would myself. Lucy welcomed him, but did not kiss him, although he looked as if he could undergo that penance from all present.

I was now introduced to the ladies, but did not look half of them in the face; and therefore could not tell one from the other afterward. Supper was soon announced. I conducted the only young lady I knew, Miss Isabella Graham, to the table.

As we withdrew to the parlor, she said,

"What do you think of Miss Gertrude Walton?"

"Which lady do you mean?" I replied, "I am not interested enough, to know one from the other."

"Well, really, Mr. Leonard," said she, "I ought not to tell you; but I will take compassion on you. Mr. Danes is now talking to her."

I looked in the direction indicated, and imagine my surprise, when I beheld the lady I had escorted from Utica to Auburn. I fear Isabella found me a very dull companion from that moment, for I scarcely knew what I said or did, until some person proposed a walk on the lake shore.

All felt the beauty of the scene sink into their souls; for though when they first came out, they were talking and laughing, now they were silent, and walked along each one deep in their own

thoughts. At length we arrived at a lovely grove which was near the lake.

"What a lovely spot," exclaimed Danes, as we entered. And truly it seemed as if the wand of a magician had been at work to beautify the scene, for the moon now rose in all its splendor, casting a silvery light over every object far or near. The lake seemed to dance in its rays, and objects before indistinct were now seen almost as clearly as by day, only the light was purer and more heavenly. The hall was in view from where we stood, and it was bathed in a flood of moonlight. It never looked so beautiful. I turned to Gertrude, and saw her and Danes looking in one direction on the lake. They seemed to have thoughts in common, for whenever he would point out some spot more beautiful than the rest, her eyes lit up, and she would gaze on it evidently with more pleasure, than if any one else had directed her attention to it. It caused me a good many pangs to witness this, but I could not withdraw my eyes from the pair. I almost cursed Danes for his good fortune.

The evening soon passed, and we returned to the hall. In a short time all who were going home left, not, however, before they had arranged for a pic-nic in the grove. It was to take place the day following the next; and after it—in the evening—we were going to ride on the lake. Gertrude went home with her Cousin Isabella. The next day Danes and I went shooting, and on our way to the woods passed the beautiful grove, we had been in the night previous.

"It is not quite so beautiful now," said he, "as it was last night. I never yet saw anything more lovely than it was then."

We shot on till near two o'clock, and then sat down beneath the shade of a fine old tree, to discuss the good things we had with us. We were both tired and hungry, and did full justice to the viands, while for drink we had pure water that ran from a spring near us. As we lay, after our repast, Danes said, •

"Fred, I am going to get married."

I started. I know not why, but I felt a chill run through my frame; and I knew that his words were of more import to me than they should warrant.

"You seem surprised," he continued, "but it is so, and the lady is Gertrude Walton."

I started then in reality, and Danes, observing it, said,

"I feared, Fred, from your conduct, last night, that you were smitten. She told me she travelled from Utica to Auburn with you; and she seemed surprised at your not recognizing her. I would not have told you so soon, but I feared it might get to be something serious on your part. We were engaged six months ago, and it was decided

that I should come here and meet her. I hope, I hope I have done right in telling you all," said he, as he concluded.

I pressed his hand, and rose from the ground. I could not trust my lips to speak, and therefore turned away.

"You are not angry, Fred," said Danes, kindly.

I now found time to calm my agitation, and answered,

"No, Joseph. I am glad you told me before it went further. You were right in your conjecture, for I thought I loved her, and in a short time would have done so, if you had not told me all. But now I will be able to withdraw my thoughts from her." He pressed my hand in silence, and we resumed our seats. He told me all, how they loved for years ere her father would consent to their union. He intended that she should wed his ward, and would have made her do so, if his ward had loved her, but he fortunately preferred another, and her father had at length consented.

"She was," he said, by way of explanation, "a cousin of Isabella Graham. You will be considered in the light of a very dear friend, Fred, by Gertrude; and, you know, I think as much of you as if you were my brother. I would it were otherwise, but we must do our best to make you happy."

The day of our pic-nic came round, and at twelve o'clock all were in the grove, making preparations to pass the afternoon as pleasantly as possible. Wreaths of evergreens hung from the trees, and flowers were interwoven with them, making them appear as a vast vine in full bloom.

Flowers were also strewed in abundance around, so that the air was fragrant with their sweet odor. All were happy, all were gay, and among such a party it was impossible for me to be sad. Isabella was my companion, and I forgot all about Gertrude, as I listened to the silvery tones of her voice. We conversed on all topics. The afternoon wore away, and evening approached, but still I could have listened on for hours longer. The moonlight ride was yet to take place, and all agreed it would be the best way to end the day's pleasure. We were to go in pairs, a gentleman and lady in each boat; and of course I went with Isabella. It was a calm, lovely night. Not a breath of wind disturbed the lake, which seemed like one vast mirror, in which houses and trees were reflected as clearly as by day.

There was one glad shout from all as we left the shore, which was caught up by the hills and echoed all round. It seemed to welcome us forth. Never did a gayer party set out for pleasure. Moonlight and such scenery are dangerous: and so I found it.

I am now the happy husband of Isabella; and Joseph Danes and lady are with us on a visit. It is night, and the moon is as bright as it was, the night Isabella first won her way to my heart. We talk over the ride in the cars and our meeting afterward.

"I came near stealing him from you, Isabella," said Gertrude.

I kissed my wife and answered,

"I only thought I loved Gertrude; but I know that I love you."

THE Housatonic.

BY S. E. JUDSON.

'Tis a bright little river that winds on its way
Through many a landscape smiling and gay;
But here where the rocks rise rugged and steep
Its channel is narrow; and silent but deep
The waters move on 'neath the gloomy shade
By the grey old rocks, and the fir-trees made,
Till round the base of the mountain they glide,
Then the silvery sheet spreads bright and wide,
And the blue sky above is mirrored below,
The waving trees and the sunset glow;
While far down its course the clear waves dash
Swift o'er the rocks, and sparkle and flash
Out in the sunshine like ripples of gold,
Or like glittering gems of value untold,
Till winding away 'tis lost 'mid the trees

That so gracefully bend to the evening breeze.
And watching this scene so lovely, yet wild,
Many a long weary hour I've beguiled
Of its weight of care; but soon the rich light
Will fade, and from the stream its coloring bright,
And the scene will be gloomy, when like a pall
The darkness of night settles down over all:
So now ere the shadows of twilight come,
I'll leave it all brightness and seek my home.
It is not life e'en like the restless stream
That out in sunny brightness will gleam,
Or lie dark with the shadows over it cast,
Moving through light and shade, till at last
The tiny rush of its waters will be
Lost in the roar of the boundless sea?

MRS. ELLIS' BABY.

BY FANNY SMITH.

THERE certainly was never such a baby born as Mrs. Ellis'. The maternal grandmother dandled it, and rocked it on her knees, and covered up its tiny red hands in its blanket, in all the pride of grandmothership; whilst the Grandmamma Ellis put on her spectacles, and peered at it, declaring it was the image of its father, and had his nose precisely. The Ellis nose, by the way, was considered as distinctive a feature in the family, as if they were the only people in the world who had noses.

Mr. Ellis, the father, did not seem quite so enthusiastic about the beauty of the baby, as the mother and grandmother, but he was an unobservant man, and it was not to be expected; and terribly awkward withal, for when he took the "little treasure," as Mrs. Ellis, senior, called it, it was generally upon outstretched arms, holding it from him the greatest distance possible, and stooping over it; handling it in fact very much as an uncouth, overgrown school boy might be expected to handle his sister's doll.

Then as to the likeness, when the resemblance to all the Ellis' in general, and himself in particular, was commented upon, he said, "yes, it was wonderful—he saw it very plainly," but in his secret soul, he only thought it was a little thing, that should be handled like fine china, with cotton around it, and that it was very much like other babies after all.

But as we said before, he was very unobservant, poor fellow.

As to Mrs. Ellis, junior, she was a strong minded woman, and was already revolving such plans in her own mind, for the education, both mental and physical of the child, as would make him a Soloman, a Crichton, and a Hercules combined.

In pursuance of this admirable resolution, as the baby was too young for her to effect much in mental training, she commenced with its bodily wants.

The poor little thing was unwrapped from blankets, and flannels innumerable, and plunged up to its neck in water nearly at the freezing point, till it started and kicked like something galvanized, and its little quivering voice came through its blue quivering lips in gasps, as it caught its breath; and then when it was perfectly purple with cold, it was taken out and laid shivering on its mother's lap, till the tedious operation of dressing was completed.

And Mrs. Ellis had a most mathematical head too. She was determined her baby should be hungry by rule, and fed by rule, and as the "three hour system" was a favorite one of hers, the poor little soul sometimes cried for nearly an hour of sheer hunger, and when the white china bowl was brought, which it knew contained its pap, and as its cries stopped, its little eyes sparkled, and its feet twitched from excitement as it thought it was to be fed—the Spartan mother sat composedly till the hour for its meal should strike, for not five minutes would she vary it.

As to all the old fashioned comforts for infancy, she utterly discarded them.

That luxury, the cradle, which soothed the cries of our grandmother's babyhood, was pronounced as highly injurious to the brain, from its constant motion; and the representative of the Ellis' was laid in its crib open-eyed, to cry itself to sleep.

Heaven only knows that our grandmother's brain seems as sound as ours any day, and if there has been any change made by the banishment of the cradle at all, we have suffered rather than gained by it.

But the poor young mother was really to be pitied after all. What with the cold baths and the "three hours' system," to say nothing of the colic, the child cried so much that Mrs. Ellis sometimes thought it must be the worst baby living, or it would certainly thrive under her care.

One morning, a sister of Mr. Ellis' called, whilst the child's screams filled the house.

"Poor little dear," said she, "it must be hungry, Charlotte."

"Oh, no, not at all," was the reply, with a despairing sigh, "he was fed but little more than two hours ago."

"Two hours ago! goodness gracious! well then I know he is hungry."

But Mrs. Ellis averred that she never fed him more than once in three hours, and she knew that was not what ailed him.

"Well then, maby a pin sticks him," replied the sister-in-law, who was the happy, good-natured mother of seven happy, good-natured children.

But a flush of surprise and indignation passed over Mrs. Ellis' face, as she replied with some *hauteur*,

"Impossible, Margaret, I dressed him myself."

But Margaret had not raised seven healthy children, not to know that a pin might stick them sometimes, even though she did dress them herself, so she stooped down, and passing her hand down the baby's back, felt her fingers slightly pricked.

"If you will put your hand there, Charlotte, you will find that if you do dress your baby yourself, it may be pricked sometimes as well as other folks," said she, angrily.

And then Grandma Ellis' cap fairly shook with indignation when she found that "William's baby" had the colic, and nothing was given to cure it.

"Do give it some of Dewees' Carminative," suggested she, one day, to her daughter-in-law, but Mrs. Ellis shook her head.

"I'd as soon give it poison," replied she.

"Well then," said the old lady, "give it some Homeopathic medicine. Mrs. Price says it acts like a charm with her baby."

"Cold water will do as much good," was the angry response.

"Well, my dear, give it some gin then; some pure Holland gin; it can't hurt him," continued the indefatigable grandmother.

"Yes, and make a drunkard of him from his cradle," said the mother, shortly.

"Why, I never heard of a man who loved liquor, because he took gin for colic when he was a baby," replied the old lady, simply, but she found her daughter-in-law would not permit

the slightest interference in the nursery, so she saw the poor baby suffer in silence.

At a certain hour, too, every day, the infant was capped and cloaked for a walk, through wind and cold. There was no waiting for an hour or so, to see if the wind would not die away, or the sun would not gleam out again, nor was it sent out half an hour earlier, because there was a probability of the air growing more raw and cold; oh, no, that was a thing beyond the comprehension of Mrs. Ellis' mathematical mind.

In all weathers except a decided rain, the little thing had its airing.

Now none can deprecate small, over-heated, ill-ventilated nurseries, more than ourselves, none more fully believe in the panacea of bathing, plenty of fresh air, and exercise more than we do, but we think mothers make great mistake in sending little infants from a hot nursery into the cold winter air, on raw, chilly days; and some make equal mistake by keeping their rooms too cold, with the little necks and arms of the children bare, forgetting that what may be comfortable for them covered to the throat and wrists with merino, is a low temperature for infants having no exercise, and clothed in cambric, with sleeves looped up to the width of a tape string.

But Mrs. Ellis, like ourselves, had a plan of her own for raising children, and the image of his father is now struggling through a sickly babyhood, because his mother is a strong-minded woman.

OLD FEELINGS.

BY E. R. BOWEN.

ONCE in my childish days I heard
A woman's voice that slowly read,
How 'twixt two shadowy mountains sped
Four colored steeds, four chariots whirr'd.

I watched until she laid the book
On the white casement ledge again;
My heart beat high with joyful pain
O that strange oracle to look.

Day after day I would ascend
The staircase in that large old house,
And still and timorous as a mouse
I sat and made that book my friend.

I saw the birth of seas and skies,
The first sweet woman, first brave man;
I saw how morning light began,
How faded—over Paradise.

I stood with the first Arab boy;
I saw the mother and the child,
Of Oriental vision wild,
Laugh by the well for utter joy.

I saw a youth go forth at morn,
A traveller to the Syrian land,
And in the lonely evening stand
An exile weary and forlorn.

I saw him by the road-side lay
His sunken head upon a stone,
And while he slumbered, still and lone,
A dream fell on him, fair as day.

I saw a golden ladder reach
From earth to Heaven among the stars,
And up and down its gleaming bars
Trod stately angels, without speech.

What wonders did I not behold!
Dark gorgeous women, turbaned men,
White tents, like ships, in plain and glen,
Slaves, palm trees, camels, pearls, and gold.

Ah! many an hour I sat and read,
And God seemed with me all day long;
Joy murmured a sweet under-song,
I talkt with angels, with them fed.

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 143.

"TURNER!"

"My lord!"

"Have you prepared the dress I spoke of?"

"It is ready; what shall I do with it, my master?"

"Leave it in my room. The preparations, are they all made?"

"All."

"And you will be ready to start at a moment's warning, night or day?"

"The mules are saddled now; everything packed!"

"It is well; I shall not want you again for some hours. As we leave Grenada so soon, you may have some friend to part with, something to purchase, so go into the city if you desire."

"Thank you, my lord!" replied Turner, with more than ordinary meekness; "I am much obliged by the permission."

The young earl looked up suddenly. There was a dryness in Turner's voice that he did not like, but the immovable face of the old man revealed nothing. He touched his hat with military brevity and moved away, measuring his long strides down the avenue with a slow regularity that marked all his movements.

Lord Clare looked after him anxiously, and muttering to himself, "well, well, we must manage him somehow," entered the Fondé, and spent some hours alone in his room walking to and fro, and tortured with those thousand wild dreams that haunt an imaginative person so like demons when the great epochs of life are close at hand. The sunset paled around him, and night came more darkly than is usual in that climate. Still he ordered no lights, but placing the bundle of page's garments on the table near his elbow, sat down and waited in sombre silence. To reveal all the thoughts that flowed through his mind, one must have known all his previous life, and of that even to this day I am not informed. Nay, who is ever informed of those acts which give the well-springs of thought in any human being? Men and women live together under the same roof, sit at the same board, and talk of knowing each other's hearts, feelings, lives. At the day of Judgment when all hearts will be read, fold

by fold, like the leaves of a book, how will these persons be astonished at the unspoken feelings, the unimagined acts that have marked the lives, and buried themselves upon the hearts with which they have believed themselves so familiar.

Lord Clare sat motionless now, for he was waiting with that intense anxiety which makes one's own breath an annoyance, because it disturbs the stillness with which we desire to surround ourselves when listening. At length he heard a step, soft and cat-like, stealing through the passage. Then the door of his room opened, and in the darkness he saw two eyes glancing in upon him like those of a tiger, when the rest of its body is concealed among the dusky limbs of a forest tree.

"Come," said the voice of old Papita, "it is time." Lord Clare started up and moved toward the door. "The clothes, give me the disguise," whispered the Sibyl; "where is it?" Without waiting for a reply she put forth her claw-like hands, felt her way to the table, and grasped the bundle. "Come, come this way," she whispered, seizing Lord Clare by the hand.

It seemed to him as if his fingers were grasped by the claw of a demon, so hard, dry and hot were those fingers as they clutched his; and as he stooped that she might whisper in his ear, the hot breath that passed over his cheek made him shudder. She led him out back of the Fondé amid broken timbers, loose rocks and rubbish of every description: she scrambled, dragging him after her, till they stood by a small wooden door opening, as it seemed, into the embankment behind the Fondé.

Papita pushed at this door, and it gave way, revealing the mouth of a subterranean passage choked up with darkness.

"Come quickly, or some one may be on the watch," whispered the Sibyl, for Lord Clare had hesitated at this forbidding entrance. He was a brave man, but at this instant many stories of gipsey vengeance flashed through his mind, and his companion was not one to reconcile these doubts. There was something too impish and unearthly in her for that.

"Do you fear: the Busne is brave," said the

Sibyl, scornfully—for even interest could not always keep down her malice—"like a gipsey baby, afraid of the dark!"

"Peace, woman. It is not fear; but I go into this place only when I am certain what it contains, and where it ends," replied the earl, firmly.

"It contains Aurora, and it ends in the palace of the Alhamra," answered the Sibyl, promptly. "It was through this passage that the last Moorish King, Boabdil, left the Alhamra forever; you stand upon the very earth where he came forth to the day which he had learned to curse."

A deeper gloom fell upon Lord Clare. He looked upward. The black, rugged towers of the Alhamra loomed between him and the sky. Clouds hung low upon them, and the dim trees were thick and pall like, blacking the night below him.

The unfortunate Moorish King seemed standing near by: never, perhaps, had history pressed so close upon a human heart. Lord Clare for a moment forgot his own position, the Sibyl, Aurora, everything in his intense realization of the past.

"In, in," exclaimed the Sibyl. "I see a man creeping round yon corner of the Fonde; we have no time. If you fear still stay behind: the men of our people know how to avenge themselves in the day time as well as in the dark."

"Have done—have done," exclaimed the earl, sharply, "how can you judge of my thoughts? I trust you in nothing, but am sure of myself; if you play me false I will shoot you like a dog, woman or no woman: so move on and only speak when you have something to say."

He entered the passage speaking, and the next moment was engulfed with his wierd companion in the thick darkness.

"Truly, Thomas Turner, my estimable friend, you have got a sad fool for a master, that is a dead certainty!" muttered old Turner, for it was his figure the sharp eye of the Sibyl had discovered—"to trust himself now with an old vagrant like that—to plunge headforemost into that black pit with the imp of Satan for a guide. Its enough to make one's heart leap into his mouth and freeze there. But of course its the bounden duty of a good servant to follow his master. Thomas Turner you are a good servant, every lady admits that. Therefore, Thomas, my friend, follow—follow like a brave fellow as you are!"

With these words, Turner, who was in truth a brave fellow, drew his travelling pistol, settled the lock, and holding it in his right hand, stole cautiously into the passage.

Nothing could have been better calculated to daunt even a brave man than the profound stillness—the palpable blackness of this subterranean passage. Turner had proceeded only a few paces when he felt that like a cavern it had its compartments and its intricate windings—steps to

ascend and descend. There to his dismay he found that it branched off into vaults, and what appeared to be dungeons or secret chambers for concealment. He paused and listened. Nothing was heard, not even the sweet gush of waters that in Grenada are ever present like the sunshine or the breeze. All was profound stillness. No footstep, no voice. The deep midnight and solid stone walls surrounded him alone. He groped about, advancing he knew not whither, tempted every moment to call aloud, though certain that this rash act must defeat his own object. At last, completely bewildered, he held forth his pistol, and with a finger on the trigger was about to fire, that at least he might have the benefit of a flash to guide his course. But that moment a faint sound reached his ear. He dropped his hand, listened, and moved on. Yes, it was a light, the faintest possible gleam breaking over the rugged corner of a wall, but it burned steadily, proving enough to guide him onward.

He moved cautiously, for now the faint hum of voices came stealing through the vaulted passage, and he knew that the slightest mistake might expose his presence. Obtaining an angle of the wall, he crept into its shadow and held his breath. Before him was a small chamber, or it might be merely an enlargement of the passage. A large house lamp, rust-eaten and moist with mould, hung from the ceiling, evidently trimmed for the first time in years, for the flame was half buried in clouds of smoke; and drops of the olive oil, with which it had just been filled, rolled down the chased sides, leaving a green path in the rust.

In this strange, murky light a group of persons was standing around a mass of black marble, in which Turner, with difficulty, traced the outlines of some very ancient sculpture, like that which in his travels he had seen an Egyptian idol. Two other persons beside the Sibyl were present, both in strange garments, and unlike the class of persons he had yet seen in any province of Spain. But Turner scarcely gave them a thought, his attention was too eagerly fixed on Lord Clare, who stood before the platform on which the idol had been lifted, holding a young girl undoubtedly of gipsey blood by the hand.

From their attitude they must have just risen from a kneeling posture, and some ceremony seemed just concluded. What that ceremony could be which had brought his master, the wierd Sibyl, those strange men, and that wildly beautiful girl around that mutilated form of black marble, Turner could not even conjecture. But the whole scene was wierd and wild enough for the wildest conjecture. The Sibyl stood forward directly under the lamp. The smoke wreathed in clouds around the fiery red folds of her turban. Her saysa was edged knee deep with the richest

gold lace, bright in broad flashes, then tarnished to a green hue, but still of unique splendor; her ear-rings glowing over those mummy-like shoulders like drops of congealed blood. The wild, exulting brightness of her eyes were absolutely terrific in their effect. She looked so like an evil spirit that poor Turner absolutely believed her to be one, who had cast some infernal charm upon his master.

He shrank away crowding himself hard against the wall, but still with his eyes fixed on the group. Lord Clare was very pale, and the grim light made this pallor and the glitter of his eyes almost unearthly. A look of weariness and painful disgust was on his features, like that of a man who loathes the thing he has forced himself to do. Once he dropped the Gitanilla's hand, looking wearily around as if for something to sit down upon.

Then for the first time Turner saw the eyes of my mother, those wonderful, glorious eyes, fiery as a star, soft as the dew in a flower. They were lifted to Clare's face, fondly, wonderingly, as if she marveled that he could thus break the delicious joy that thrilled from the fingers that enlinked his. There was something of lingering terror yet in her face, but so blended with the wild, deep passion of her love, that it kindled up her features like lightning. The old woman was regarding her not with tenderness, that was impossible: if she had any, it lay so deep in that rocky old heart that no ripple of it ever disturbed the hardness of her features.

The Gitanilla drew toward her, took her rigid fingers, and pressed them to her lips and forehead. She uttered a few words in a tongue unknown to Turner, and tears crowded one after another into her great bright eyes. They must have been full of passionate feeling, for the hard, keen eyes of the Sibyl grew strangely dim, and with her hand she put back the jetty waves from my mother's forehead, making the sign of some strange writing upon its bloodless surface.

They stood together thus, the bright red flounces of their sayas mingling in waves of gold lace and heavy crimson; the blue bodice of the girl pressed to the jet black velvet that clung to the form of the Sibyl like the fragment of some funeral pall. There was something terrible in their appearance. The old woman's arms clung around that lithe form with serpent-like folds. Her turban blended like waves of fire with those raven tresses. It seemed like the embrace of a dream. For the lamp whirled and flared overhead, swinging to some concealed current of wind, and the smoke flung around them a dusky veil, now of heavy grey, now threaded with fire by the unsteady flame of the lamp. Besides the contrast of her rich youth with that

terrible thing, a wicked old age. No wonder Turner shrunk against the wall and grew chilly without knowing why—no wonder Lord Clare was aroused from all the feelings that had enthralled him till now! He started forward and would have taken my mother from the embrace of her last and only relative. But the old woman thrust him aside, and spoke eagerly with the granddaughter in the Romanny tongue: and in this tongue my mother answered her.

Shall I tell you what she was saying? My mother left me a record in the fragments of her journal. The Sibyl first urged her to win the Busne to the sending of more and more gold; then she extorted a promise, a fearful promise, which the poor girl kept but too well. Sometime I will tell you what the promise was, but not now.

When the Sibyl relinquished my mother from her embrace, the poor child staggered and fell away from her arms like a crushed lily. Her rich lips were violet color; her face more than colorless. She seemed to be dying.

Lord Clare took her in his arms and laid her face upon his bosom. It was beautiful to see the warm flood of life come back to the mysterious influence of his touch. Directly the rich peachy bloom stole to her cheek; her lips grew bright as strawberries; and the free surging tears that rolled from her half closed eyes glowed upon the velvety surface of her skin like dew upon ripe fruit. You could see her tremble from head to foot, so deep, so passionate were the feelings that flooded her young being with their delicious joy.

The Sibyl looked on with grim satisfaction, but the two strange men seemed to expostulate with her, or to ask some directions. She answered them haughtily, and touching the ruby ear-rings with her finger, pointed down the passage.

They obeyed her at once, each bending his head submissively as they passed the old woman. I do not know how far those ruby ear-rings were symbols of authority, but my great grand-dame had some mysterious claim of obedience from the descendants of those few of her people who had aided her ancestress in the betrayal of Maria de Padilla, and the two men were all of our tribe, who could boast of the treacherous blood that had persuaded that heroic woman to her terrible death. They believed that obedience unto death was due the last descendant of the arch sorceress, who had most effectually worked out their national hate against the whites. To them the ruby ear-rings were a symbol of absolute power. Had my great grand-dame commanded them to leap into the Darrow without a struggle for life, they would have done it. She only imposed secrecy craft, and unscrupulous falsehood, and those things came so naturally that it required little authority to enforce them.

These men passed Turner without seeing him. He did not heed them, but still kept his eyes bent upon the persons who remained standing near the Egyptian idol.

The Sibyl stood directly before Lord Clare, who still half supported her grand-daughter. Now her manner was imposing, her energy sublime, the sorceress blood seemed to glow and burn in her veins as she spoke. It was to Lord Clare she addressed herself, not to the girl. The whispered words that had withered her cheek and lip, were all the farewell admonition she had to give her; but that which she said to Clare had the same effect. Aurora shook with terror as her relative uttered her last—it might almost be called malediction.

"Go," she said—"go, and with you take the last flower from the door step—the last drop of my blood that burns in a human heart. Take her—keep faith with her, nor dream that this marriage is less binding than if all the high priests of Spain and of your land, wherever it may be, had celebrated it in the great cathedral down yonder, with the high altar in a blaze of light, and the tomb of Queen Isabella giving sanctity to the spot. Look at your wife, how her eyes dwell upon you—how full of hope and trust they are—how wildly she wishes to be free from this dim vault, alone with you, and away from her last of kin. The blossoms that live half in sunshine, half in snow on the Sierra Nevada are not more stainless than this child. The hot sun that ripens the orange on the Guadelquivir is not more fervent than her passionate nature—more burning than her pride. Be just to the child, or beware of the woman. She is in your hands, make of her what you will, a gazelle or a tiger, the thing you call an angel, or the thing you fear as a fiend. That which you make her she will be, a blessing or a curse, that will cling to you forever and ever. Free to act, free to marry, these were your words twelve hours ago. This you believed, and I, the old gipsey, smiled at your folly.

"In England, you say, and here with us marriages are alike binding unto death—death and nothing but death can separate you from this child. You have sworn it before my god: she has sworn it before her god: and I have sworn by all the eternal powers that exist, high or low. Hope not to shake off Papita's oath, your own here. Your laws!—all the laws of this nation or yours are but shadows against the stern will of a woman whom nature has made strong and treason has made desperate.

"I looked for the stars to-night, they were troubled, buried in clouds pale and flashing in vapor, as the Darrow flings them back when it is turbid and muddy. So it always is when

I would read her fate and yours. That be-speaks—"

"Stay!" said the earl, sternly, "you are killing her—see how white she is—how she trembles. Why torture her in this way, it can do no good?"

"I declare to you again I feel it in my soul, and read it in the stars, nothing but death shall separate you from this, my grand-daughter. Swear it again!"

She spoke to Aurora, who either from weakness or obeying the Sibyl's gesture, laid her hand on the forehead of the Egyptian idol, and her white lips moved as if uttering some inward vow. Turner saw this, but Lord Clare mistook the sudden recoil as an evidence of exhaustion, and with a flushed cheek sought to protect her from further persecution.

"This has gone too far," he said; "I will submit no longer. Make what preparations you will, but in haste, for the night is wearing on."

"It is enough," answered the Sibyl. "I have said my say, and the oath is sworn."

"Be in haste," answered the earl, impatiently, drawing forth his watch. "It is now past midnight."

The old woman drew aside, and by the smoky light Turner saw that she was searching for something in the folds of her dress.

"Here," she said, coming forth, "this trinket may be worth something to you. Our people would have crushed it up for the gold, but I would not let them."

She held it in her hand, so that the light fell directly upon an exquisite little miniature formed like a shell, which the reader will remember as a portion of the plunder, which Chaleco brought from his expedition to Seville. That side of the case was open which held the female face, and on that a flash of light fell with peculiar brightness upon the features.

As Lord Clare saw it he recoiled a pace, drew a sharp breath, and the sudden paleness that crept over his face was terrible.

"This, and in your hands," he said, in a husky voice, fixing his enlarged eyes on the Sibyl. "How dare you, fiend—how dare you?"

The old woman gave a low hiss with her tongue, and looking hard at Aurora, said in a clear, sharp manner, "remember the oath; you will have need; remember this face too."

Lord Clare snatched the miniature from her hand with a violence that made the case shut with a snap, that seemed like the click of a pistol before it goes off. But my mother had seen the face, and though it made little impression at the time when everything seemed like a dream, she remembered it in after years.

"Now," said the earl, more fiercely than be-

had spoken before that night. "Prepare her at once, I will remain here no longer."

The old woman withdrew, leading my mother with her. They went into some side passage, and Turner lost sight of them, for he was too deeply interested in the movements of Lord Clare to leave his position.

The earl watched till they were out of sight, then sat down with his back against the idol, opened the miniature, gave one glance, shut it again, and bent his forehead upon the hand in which it was clenched. Thus he remained motionless till a sound of footsteps aroused him; then he sprang up, thrust the miniature in his bosom, and stood calm and immovable as a statue ready to receive his wife. I call her his wife, and never, never while there is a spark of life in my soul will I, her child, his child, admit that she was not. Are not our laws as sacred as those of England?

My mother came forward clad in the pretty attire of an English page, and so disguised, so full of that beautiful, shrinking modesty which true women always feel when presented in a

doubtful position before a beloved object, that it could not fail to arouse Lord Clare from the strange stupor that had fallen upon him. He smiled faintly as she came forward, and drawing her arm through his, followed the Sibyl down the subterranean passage, guided by a small lamp that had stood before the Egyptian idol. They came out into the fresh air, on the very spot where the Moorish King gave up the splendor of his life. Lord Clare thought of this, and his heart grew heavy again.

Turner followed with long measured and noiseless strides, and gliding behind the Fonda like a shadow, stood by the mules that had been drawn up beneath the thick trees ready to receive the party.

An hour after my poor mother was looking back to obtain one more last glimpse of Grenada, and the gipsy Sibyl sat alone in her cave with a heap of gold in her lap, counting it over and over by the dim light that struggled down from a niche in the smoky wall.

(TO BE CONCLUDED.)

THE EVENING WALK.

BY MARY POWERS.

THANK God for memory! This is the green dell;
I hear the rill with music's ripples flowing;
The scents of flowers recall my childhood well;
I feel the sun of new-born Summer glowing,
And in my spirit's view I see the stream,
And the bright fish that through the waters gleam.

Thank God for music!—for the pleasant voices
Of boughs and winds and waters as they meet;
For every bird that in the wood rejoices;

For every note in Nature's concert sweet;
To me the lark's clear carolling on high
Reveals the whole wide, blue, bright Summer's sky.

Thank God for hope! that after life's short night,
Cheered fair dreams and memories, I shall rise
To fields with never-falling verdure bright;
Unfailing fountains, pure, unclouded skies;
And see the world which will not pass away,
In the full sunshine of perpetual day!

A STORM IN AUTUMN.

BY ROBERT KNOWLES.

As leaves upon the Autumnal blast,
At random hurled, are hurrying past,
So swift along misfortune's track,
My weary speed may not slack.
And fate my spirit grieves,
As winds do Autumn leaves.

How brightly green, when Spring was here,
Those leaves bedecked the early year!
So bright with many-tinted rays

VOL. XXII.—16

Did hope adorn youth's halcyon days.
But then came Autumn's gust,
And leaves and hopes laid in the dust!

Green leaves again the earth will cheer;
Green leaves adorn another year;
But flattering hopes and visions gay
No more shall cheer life's dreary way.
And Autumn's faded leaf
Well typifies my grief.

HOW TO WRITE FASHIONABLY.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

"My dear," said Mrs. Jones to me, one evening. "I want to go to writing school."

I looked up from the evening paper, which I was perusing, and answered in astonishment.

"To writing school! Surely, my love, you are jesting. You, who write so beautifully, want to go to writing school?"

I saw, in fancy, as I spoke, the exquisite chirography, which had made the letters of Mrs. Jones, before we were married, such treasures to me; and involuntarily I rubbed my eyes, to see if I was not asleep and dreaming.

But Mrs. Jones replied somewhat tartly,

"Indeed I don't write beautifully. I've an ugly, vulgar round hand, just like that of a school mistress; and you don't call that beautiful, do you?"

At hearing this I pinched myself to be assured again that I was not dozing. Finding that I had never been more thoroughly awake in my life, and seeing the eyes of Mrs. Jones bent on me as if indignant at my silence, I stammered out a reply.

"My dear creature," I said, "I don't—really—understand you. You are not serious—in saying that you don't write well——"

But she interrupted me at this point.

"I didn't say anything about writing well," she replied, pettishly. "I said I wrote a vulgar, round hand. And I now say," she added, emphatically, "that I want to go to writing school to learn to write the fashionable hand. I'm positively ashamed of my present style of writing."

"It seems to me," I answered, still bewildered and amazed, "that it couldn't be more elegant. The hair strokes are so delicate, and the thick strokes taper off so beautifully, that it really looks like the finest engraving——"

"You men never understand anything," said Mrs. Jones, interrupting me, with a contemptuous toss of the head. "To think that there is any style in hair strokes!"

"Your hand is so legible——" But again I was cut short.

"The more vulgar for being so. Legibility is a merit in the hand-writing of a clerk, but not in that of a gentleman, much less a lady."

"You don't mean to assert," I retorted, beginning to think my wife crazy, "that you want to learn to write illegibly?"

"I mean," said Mrs. Jones, decidedly, "that I

won't write my round, school girl hand any longer; and that if I can't learn the fashionable hand I won't write at all. I have to blush for my ignorance every time I receive a note from Mrs. Brown, or Mrs. White, because I can't reply in the same stylish hand-writing."

"Ahem!" I said, beginning to comprehend the mystery, for both these ladies were the very quintessence of fashion. "Pray," I asked, "who teaches this new hand?"

"Miss Sharp."

"Ah! a lady. I thought, perhaps, it was some famous writing master."

"A writing master! As if they didn't all alike teach the same vulgar, common-place, copy-book hands." And Mrs. Jones spoke with extreme contempt. "No, Miss Sharp is an English lady, who has moved in the first circles abroad, where this hand is used exclusively."

Light was beginning to break in, more and more, on my bewildered mind. I did not speak yet, however, but waited for further developments. My excellent wife went on.

"The Duchess of Sutherland employs no other hand, and the Queen herself writes it always, except when signing state papers——"

But now I interrupted in turn. If the queen wrote the hand, I knew it was useless to hold out, so I determined to surrender with a good grace.

"Say no more, my love," I cried. "You should have told me this at once. Go, by all means, and learn this new hand: it cannot but be both *distingué* and elegant."

The conversation ceased at this point. Important affairs of business, moreover, drove the subject from my mind, though occasionally I could not avoid noticing how much my wife appeared absorbed in correspondence. She was always now writing, or receiving little, perfumed notes, such as ladies are continually sending to each other.

At last, one evening, she interrupted my reveries about stocks, the money market, and other subjects of masculine interest, by handing me what seemed a bill. I say what seemed, for the writing was totally illegible, so that I could judge only from the general appearance of the slip of paper. I turned it first one way, then another, and held it in a dozen different lights, but I could see nothing except a few lines of strokes, as we

used to call them at school. These strokes were at such a decided angle that they looked like rows of bricks in process of tumbling, arranged, by some mischievous urchin, to knock each other down indefinitely.

"What, in the name of sense, is it?" I cried, at last. "Chinese writing, or what?"

As I spoke, I looked up, and was quite amazed to see Mrs. Jones very red in the face. Before I could say a word more she snatched the paper from me.

"Chinese writing indeed!" And, truth compels me to say she answered in quite a huff. "You know very well what it is, Smith, only you think you'll make fun of me. But I won't submit to any such vulgarity, let me tell you. So give me the twenty dollars at once, for teachers like Miss Sharp, who have had the Duchess of Sutherland for a pupil, are not accustomed to waiting."

The scales fell from my eyes. I gave a prolonged whistle. I well knew my wife would consider me a low fellow for doing it, but I could not have helped it to save my life, my amazement was so great.

"That's the new style of writing then," I exclaimed, when I recovered breath. "You've to

pay twenty dollars for learning to scrawl in that fashion—"

But here I stopped suddenly. There was a warning flash in the eyes of Mrs. Jones that arrested my words. I knew how nervous the dear creature was, and that therefore it would not do to excite her. I had already, I reflected, gone too far. So I meekly drew forth my pocket-book, and taking out a twenty dollar bill, gave it to my wife.

There was little said during the remainder of the evening. Indeed several days passed before Mrs. Jones became entirely affable. Nor to this day is she convinced that I was not trifling with her sensibilities on that occasion; for, whenever I venture to recur to the subject, she becomes frigid to a degree that precludes all amicable discussion.

I have since discovered that Miss Sharp was once a maid servant, in some English nobleman's family; but it is extremely doubtful whether she ever saw her mistress write, much less the Queen. However she has managed to become the rage, or rather her angular hieroglyphics have, and I had the pleasure of paying an additional twenty dollars to-day, in order that my daughter also might learn to **WRITE FASHIONABLY**.

H E A V E N A N D E A R T H .

BY H. J. BEYERLE, M. D.

HAVE the troubles of this life,
Bereft thy soul of rest?
Doth thy spirit grieve in longing
For the regions of the blest?
Oh, thy tenement of clay
Is not so vile as thou'lt believe,
And life hath many pleasures,
Which the world cannot perceive.

God hath reserved within thy breast,
A place wherein to dwell,
And where He makes his residence,
The charms of Heav'n excel.
Then give thy heart to Him,
And ever holy be,
And Heaven with its blessedness
And joy will come to thee!

F O R M U S I C .

BY HENRY SYMMES.

Go, go! thou must leave me:
I would thou wert gone;
I never can love thee
As once I have done.
Take, take this love token
I valued before,
For proofs of vows broken
I value no more!

The gay, flattering crowd
Shall win thy young heart,
By proclaiming aloud,
Oh, not what thou art!
Go, seek them, and leave me,
Thou cold-hearted one;
They never can love thee
As once I have done!

PHYSICAL EDUCATION OF GIRLS.*

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It is part of the purpose of this Magazine, as our readers well know, to discuss all matters pertaining to the sex, whether useful or ornamental. We cannot, therefore, pass by a work which has lately appeared, from the press of Putnam, entitled, "The Laws of Life, with Special Reference to the Physical Education of Girls," especially as the author is a woman, and one of those who have, in pursuance with the advancing spirit of the age, studied medicine for the purpose of practising among females.

The volume contains the substance of a series of lectures, delivered by the author, Mrs. Elizabeth Blackwell, to a class of the most intelligent and refined ladies of New York. The great object of the work is to inculcate the necessity of physical, as well as intellectual and moral culture. The author's ideal of what woman should be, and would be under proper education, is an exalted one, and must commend itself to every candid mind. For Mrs. Blackwell, while she contends for proper physical training, does not forget that inner spiritual culture, without which the most healthy and beautiful woman is but a Cleopatra or Aspasia. The great truth of the *double nature* of the human being is kept continually before the reader.

Like every other correct observer, however, Mrs. Blackwell pronounces the evil of modern civilization to be, especially as regards woman, a *low condition of physical health*. She contrasts the females of former ages with those of the present, and says truly that "the breakfast feasts of Good Queen Bess and her maids, on rounds of beef and mugs of ale, seem incredible in our poor dyspeptic days." She mentions the well-attested fact of the comparative ease of child-birth among races of healthy women. She dilates, in powerful terms, on the alarming increase of nervous disorders. And, especially, she calls attention to the fact that all these evils are perpetuated, in the very nature of things, so that each successive generation must be inferior to the preceding, unless means can be found to avert the deterioration, and restore the bodily well-being of the sex. Hence she confines herself exclusively to considering the physical education of

girls. This purpose is thus stated at the close of her introductory chapter.

"My object in the present course, is to call your attention to the importance of this subject—the physical education of the young—and to urge upon you the means by which our present degeneracy may be checked, and a steady progress made in the improvement of the condition of the race. To do this, I shall, in the first place, point out the great principles which govern existence, and according to which the material life of our bodies is carried on. I shall show the way in which these wonderful bodies of ours grow, and what they require for perfect growth. I shall indicate what *nature* has to do, and what we have to do in the grand work of growth—and by an examination of our present habits of life, I shall search out the causes of evil—the way in which we defeat the designs of nature, and produce our present condition of suffering. In the course of my remarks, I shall notice some of the important functions of our economy, and state the conditions of their normal action, dwelling on such points of physiology and hygiene as bear directly upon our subject. And lastly, I shall consider what changes we may accomplish in the arrangements of practical life, by means of which the truth we have gained may become a living fact, moulding our lives for good. And I trust that our efforts may have the influence of all earnest endeavor, in hastening that grand future when man shall attain to the harmonious action of all his powers, and bear once more the image of the Creator!"

The great principles which govern existence, Mrs. Blackwell declares are threefold:—the necessity of exercise, that such exercise has a proper order, and that there must be for healthy development, a balance of exercise. The necessity of exercise no one will dispute. What she means by the order of exercise is indicated, in a measure, by the fact that such exercise as is suitable for an infant, whose muscles have not hardened, is not suitable for an adult; and she would wisely push this analogy throughout our every day conduct, and thus secure, for all times, the proper exercise; giving, during the first twenty years of life, the largest attention to exercise of the body, and afterward to that of the mind, and always, whatever the period, apportioning that which

* The Laws of Life, with Special Reference to the Physical Education of Girls. By Elizabeth Blackwell, M. D. 1 vol. 180 pp. New York: George P. Putnam.

was fit to the season and occasion. Under the phrase, balance of exercise, she seeks to convey the important truth that, at no epoch of human life, should we attempt to separate body and soul, but that both should be cultivated together, and the wants of the whole nature be satisfied: a self-evident proposition, it might be thought, yet one that is continually violated, as we may observe in the one-sided women and men about us, some with large brains and sickly bodies, others with vigorous health but small intellects, some with brilliant mental yet low moral qualities, and only a few, alas! how few, with equally balanced bodies, minds, hearts and souls. Most eloquently does she speak of that class of these one-sided beings, who live aimless lives, *and do nothing.*

"We would now speak of the *aimless existence*—that strange anomaly in creation, a human being with nothing to do. Most miserable, worthy of most profound pity, is such a being. The most insignificant object in nature becomes a source of envy; the birds warble on every spray, in ecstasy of joy; the tiny flower, hidden from all eyes, sends forth its fragrance of full happiness; the mountain stream dashes along with a sparkle and murmur of pure delight. The object of their creation is accomplished, and their life gushes forth in harmonic work. Oh, plant! oh! stream! worthy of admiration, of worship, to the wretched idler! Here are powers ye never dreamed of, faculties divine, eternal; a head to think, but nothing to concentrate the thoughts; a heart to love, but no object to bathe with the living tide of affection; a hand to do, but no work to be done; talents unexercised, capacities undeveloped; a human life thrown away, wasted as water poured forth in the desert. Oh, birds and flowers, ye are gods to such a mockery of life! Who can describe the fearful void of such an existence, the yearning for an object, the self-reproach for wasted powers, the weariness of daily life, the loathing of pleasure, of frivolity, and the fearful consciousness of deadening life—of a spiritual paralysis, which hinders all response to human interests—when enthusiasm ceases to arouse, and noble deeds no longer call forth the tear of joy—when the world becomes a blank, humanity a far-off sound, and no life is left but the heavy, numbing weight of personal helplessness and desolation.

"Oh! happier far is the toiling drudge who coins body and soul into the few poor shillings that can only keep his family in a long starvation; he has a hope unceasingly to light him, a duty to perform, a spark of love within that cannot die; and wretched, weary, unhuman as his life may be, it is of royal worth—it is separated

by the immeasurable distance of life and death from the poor, perhaps pampered wretch, who is cursed by having no work to do.

"Noble work! Welcome struggle, suffering, torture, if that be our path—it is bliss, it is angels' food, if so we may accomplish our destiny—if so we may fulfil a divine use!"

Mrs. Blackwell next proceeds to discuss the *laws of organic life*, or those by which we simply exist; and, under this head, she furnishes various excellent hints in regard to the management of infants. She next proceeds to what she calls the *related life*, which she explains thus: we quote her own language, for it would be impossible to state the idea more tersely.

"The true life of man, the life of the soul, only proves itself by its manifestations, by speech, expressed thought, by action, by social and national relations, and all those various forms of incarnated soul which we call art, science, religion. All this external life is simply the *relation* of the inner life, the soul, to man, to nature, to God, and the only way in which this inner life can so express itself, is by employing the body as a medium. But if we could take from man the power of speech and movement, the electric glance of the eye, the language of touch—could we even paralyze the greater portion of the brain, and thus deprive him of every possible method of displaying the life of the soul, the individual would still live on, the stomach would continue to digest, the liver would still carry on its complicated processes of vital chemistry, the lungs would breathe in the purifying air, the heart would distribute fresh blood to every part of the body, and the warm living tint of the skin would indicate the continued existence of organic bodily health.

"Here, then, we have at once a broad distinction between the *organic life* of the body, which is self-supporting and independent of individual will, and the *related life* of the body, which is the necessary instrument of the mind, directly under its control, and capable of immense development. The *organic life* has a fixed type of its own, we cannot educate it, each organ has its special peculiar use, to which any action of ours would be an impertinent interference, but the *related life* has our highest interests as its object, our interference is *essential* to its growth, it is capable of a wonderful education. The reason of this striking difference is evident from the order of movement which we have already observed. The lowest and coarsest forms of being always appear before the higher. The body is first in the order of development, it has to prepare for the mind, every function is fully and permanently established before the intelligent will make its

appearance; the body must therefore necessarily have its own independent laws in the child, and it remains through life independent of the experiments, the mistakes, and the long-continued efforts by which alone man can acquire knowledge—a fixed point, without which we could make no exertion; a broad, firm foundation stone, on which we may build the beautiful edifice of a noble life.

"By the organic or involuntary life of the body, we mean the active life of those parts of our material frame-work which would be necessary to keep the body alive if we had no souls; thus the action of the heart, lungs, stomach, skin, &c., belongs to the *organic* life, while by the related or voluntary life we indicate those parts of our physical organization which are the direct instruments of our intelligent will, the brain, senses, and muscular system."

To exhibit this *related life* properly in connection with the physical education of girls, Mrs. Blackwell discusses the muscles, the organs of sense, and the brain, and shows how each should be treated by a judicious parent, or teacher. She points out how muscular exercise aids the circulation of the blood, keeps every part of the system into working order, promotes animal heat and electricity, assists the healthy action of the nervous system, and, in a word, maintains the tone of the whole body. This is the great object to be studied in educating the child. We must give Mrs. Blackwell's remarks, at some length, in order to do justice to her.

"We need muscles that are strong and prompt to do our will, that can run and walk in doors and out of doors, and convey us from place to place, as duty or pleasure calls us, not only without fatigue, but with the feeling of cheerful energy; we need strong arms that can cradle a healthy child, and toss it crowing in the air, and backs that will not break under the burden of household cares, a frame that is not exhausted and weakened by the round of daily duties. We want faces that can smile and light up with every noble sentiment, and not be rigidly set to vacancy, or wrinkled by care, faces that will greet the stranger with a welcome that he can feel; that will show to the loved ones the rich affections of the heart; that can lighten with indignation, or glow with honest approbation: we need faces that know how to move and express true feelings, instead of remaining like an icy barrier, through which the warm feelings of the heart strive in vain to break. We need developed muscles that shall make the human body really a divine image, a perfect form rendering all dress graceful, and not requiring to be patched and filled up and weighed down with clumsy con-

trivances for hiding its deformities. Bodies that can move in dignity, in grace, in airy lightness, or conscious strength, bodies erect and firm, energetic and active—bodies that are truly sovereign in their presence, the expressions of a sovereign nature. Such are the bodies that we need, prompt to do and to feel, truly our own. And such nature intends us to have. In order to give us so perfect and beautiful an instrument, the muscular frame was constructed, so rich in every way, so obedient to the mind. Exercise, then, the means by which the muscular system may be developed, assumes its true position, as of primary importance during the period of youth. It is the grand necessity which everything else should aid."

After stating that, in the earliest years of life, the child may be left to itself for exercise, and only requires watching, so that it may not injure itself, she proceeds thus:

"But the child grows on. With the period of second dentition the mind has assumed a different character. The irrational pursuits of early childhood no longer attract—it is impossible to absorb the attention for hours with the position of a few sticks and pebbles, or the manufacture of dirt pies. Exercise must now have a meaning, an object; it must be rational exercise in order to attract, and a book will be far more inviting than a game of play, if there is no mind in the game. The instincts of the body are no longer imperative as with the infant; they are not the same trustworthy guides. The child has now been for a long time under the influence of social habits moulded to the wants of adult life, and nature no longer speaks through it, in the same clear voice; the intelligent will is awaking, and the demands of the body are henceforth made in an humbler tone. But does exercise really become less important to the well-being of the child at this age? Most emphatically not! Every part of the body is in active growth, and exercise is essential to the perfect nutrition of active growth. The bones have not attained their due solidity, they will yield to the pressure of long continued or constrained position; the textures are soft and incomplete; the muscular system is growing, not grown, and demands imperatively its condition of growth—exercise. The nervous system is so extremely susceptible, that muscular exercise is absolutely needed, to balance its activity, and save it from morbid irritability; and the most important physical changes are preparing in the system, the crowning work of the body, whose effects are of vital consequence to the well-being of adult life—the age of puberty, viz.:—which demands the most favorable material conditions, that it may be accomplished in that slow and

complete manner, which can only be the result of perfect muscular development.

"Most evidently then the freest and fullest exercise is required, until the period of puberty is fully established and its functions consolidated. It is only then when the bodily growth is healthily completed, that the physical discipline may relax, that our object may change, or rather receive its completion in the full development of the mind. Until that period of perfected physical growth is reached, all neglect is dangerous; the evils to which I have alluded, will inevitably arise, and imperfection or disease through the whole of life will be the result.

"Our *special* duties to the muscular system commence, when the earliest childhood is past; it is then that our intelligence is absolutely needed, to make physical exercise intellectual, and thus suit it to the wants of the growing child, and it is at this period that we may be said for the first time, truly, to *educate* the body. We have to provide the object, as well as the method of obtaining it. This object is the exercise of the mind through the body; it is the expression of ideas by means of the muscles: spiritualized physical exercise is the demand of this second stage of youthful life.

"The method by which this object may be attained is, first, the subjection of the muscular system to the supremacy of the will, by obtaining a perfect control over all the muscles of our body, and a knowledge of the combinations of which they are capable; second, the application of the power so obtained to the overcoming passive resistances, as in climbing, running, throwing, &c.; to the overcoming active resistances, as in fencing, wrestling, &c.; to the expression of sentiment, as in pantomime and national dances; and to special adaptations of the muscles, as to the eye in archery, to the ear in singing, to the touch in swimming. But it is not my purpose here to enlarge upon this subject."

Mrs. Blackwell's remarks on the next branch of her subject are few, for which she gives two reasons. The first is that the senses have not the same powerful influence on the *material health* as have the muscles. The other reason is that the present means of educating the senses are very limited, and that where little is certainly known, it is best always to wait for experience. This is true, however, only to a certain extent. More attention might be devoted to this subject, we grant; but still we do not think Mrs. Blackwell has done it that justice which she might. Through the medium of the fine arts, cleanly homes, tasteful attire, the study of Nature, and other similar means the senses can be cultivated far more than they are, and with a certainty of adding to our happiness. It is, perhaps, a fault of American life that the senses, as distinguished from the purely intellectual faculties, receive too little culture. There is a common, but mistaken notion, that the senses are something base and low, which it is well to ignore, and which are never called into exercise without impropriety; and hence not only are we less of a musical people than most Southern races, and have less taste—but we also have less physical beauty, and appreciate life itself with less zest. Perhaps even the lazzaroni of Naples are *happier* than the richest and most intellectual Americans; and, if so, it is almost entirely because they cultivate the senses more.

The final branch of her subject, the brain, is discussed at considerable length. No less than two chapters are devoted to this alone. Many excellent suggestions are made in relation to the intellectual training of girls, and much severe, but deserved censure passed on systems of fashionable education. It would give us pleasure, if we had space, to present our readers with some of these remarks. But our article has already reached the limits proper for one of this class.

AUTUMN.

BY I. WARNER.

AUTUMN comes across the hill-top,
Down into the quiet dale;
And the warm air mourns its coming,
With a melancholy wail.

Dry the yellow leaves are rustling,
Underneath my wandering feet;
And the woodland paths have vanished,
Which in Summer time they beat.

All the flowers in the meadow
Stately blooming sweet and fair,

I have hunted until weary,
But I cannot find them there.

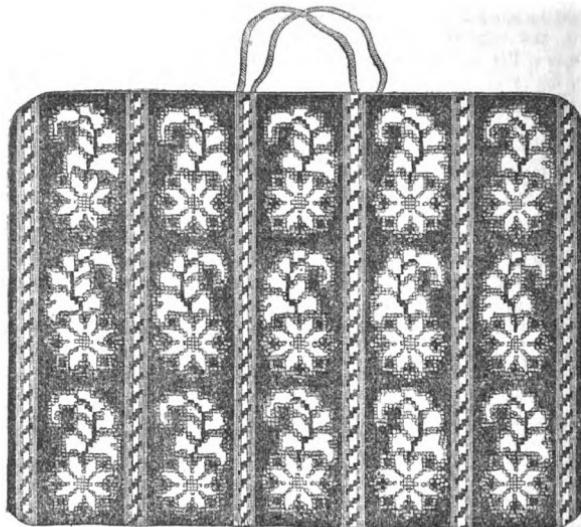
Oh! a plaintive sadness lingers
On the air and in the wood,
But 'tis sweeter far than gladness,
For its memories are good.

And I sorrow as I wander
In the yellow dying day,
That its brightness e'er should perish,
Or its sunlight pass away.

OUR WORK TABLE.

LADIES' CARRIAGE-BAG IN BERLIN WOOL.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—No. 16 French Cotton Canvas, 15 inches wide, by 26 long: 4 ozs. of Claret Berlin wool: 1 hank of large steel beads, 4 ozs. of chalk white, 4 ozs. of turquoise blue, and 2 ozs. of black; all these beads are of a size considerably larger than seed beads.

The pattern is formed entirely in beads. It consists of wide and narrow stripes alternately; the former contains an elegant pair, bending first to the left and then to the right, the ground being filled in entirely with Berlin wool. The narrow stripes consist of beads only.

Those who select the materials for themselves, must be particularly careful so to assort the canvas with the beads, that each one of the latter may just cover two threads of canvas in each direction, equivalent to a cross stitch. If the canvas be too fine, the beads will look crowded, and the effect will be spoilt; if it be coarser than it ought to be, they will not cover the threads.

Divide the canvas in half, for the two sides of the bag, and herringbone all the edges of each.

For the narrow stripe, being the border, up the sides, beginning at the lowest left hand corner.

1st row.—One blue, one black, two white, two blue.

2nd row.—One blue, two black, one white, two blue.

3rd row.—Two blue, two black, two blue.

4th row.—Two blue, one white, two black, one blue.

5th row.—Two blue, two white, one black, one blue. Repeat these five rows up the sides and between every two broad stripes.

BROAD STRIPE.—1st row.—Wool only, twenty-three cross stitches.

2nd row.—Eleven wool, one blue, eleven wool.

3rd row.—Eight wool, one blue, one wool, three blue, one wool, one blue, eight wool.

4th row.—Seven wool, four blue, one black, four blue, seven wool.

5th row.—Four wool, four blue, one white, one blue, three black, one blue, one white, four blue, four wool.

6th row.—Four wool, one blue, two black, one blue, two white, one blue, one black, one blue, two white, one blue, two black, one blue, four wool.

7th row.—Four wool, one blue, two black, one

blue, three white, one blue, three white, one blue, two black, one blue, four wool.

8th row.—Four wool, four blue, three white, one blue, three white, four blue, four wool.

9th row.—Two wool, two blue, four white, one blue, five white, one blue, four white, two blue, two wool.

10th row.—Three wool, two blue, four white, one blue, one white, one steel, one white, one blue, four white, two blue, three wool.

11th row.—Two wool, two blue, one black, one blue, four white, three steel, four white, one blue, one black, two blue, two wool.

12th row.—One wool, two blue, three black, two blue, one white, five steel, one white, two blue, three black, two blue, one wool.

13th row.—Like eleventh.

14th row.—Like tenth.

15th row.—Like ninth.

16th row.—Like eighth.

17th row.—Four wool, one blue, two black, one blue, three white, one blue, three white, one blue, two black, three blue, two wool.

18th row.—Four wool, one blue, two black, one blue, two white, one blue, one black, one blue, two white, one blue, two black, one blue, one white, two blue, two wool.

19th row.—Four wool, four blue, one white, two blue, one black, two blue, one white, four blue, two white, one blue, one wool.

20th row.—Six wool, five blue, one black, one white, five blue, three white, one blue, one wool.

21st row.—Six wool, one blue, one white, two blue, two white, one black, eight white, one blue, one wool.

22nd row.—Six wool, one blue, five white, one black, seven white, two blue, one wool.

23rd row.—Six wool, one blue, five white, two black, five white, three blue, one wool.

24th row.—Six wool, one blue, four white, two blue, two black, six white, one blue, one wool.

25th row.—Six wool, two blue, two white, two blue, two white, one black, one blue, four white, two blue, one wool.

26th row.—Seven wool, four blue, three white, one black, seven blue, one wool.

27th row.—Nine wool, one blue, four white, one black, one white, four blue, three wool.

28th row.—Three wool, three blue, three wool, one blue, three white, one blue, one black, four white, two blue, two wool.

29th row.—Two wool, two blue, one white, one blue, two wool, two blue, two white, two blue, one black, five white, one blue, two wool.

30th row.—Two wool, one blue, one white, two blue, three wool, four blue, one white, one black, one blue, four white, one blue, two wool.

31st row.—Two wool, one blue, one white, one blue, four wool, three blue, two white, one black, two blue, two white, two blue, two wool.

32nd row.—Two wool, one blue, one white, two blue, three white, one blue, three white, one black, two white, four blue, three wool.

33rd row.—Two wool, one blue, two white, five blue, two white, one blue, one black, three white, one blue, five wool.

34th row.—Two wool, two blue, five white, three blue, one black, one blue, three white, one blue, five wool.

35th row.—Three wool, one blue, six white, two black, one white, one blue, two white, two blue, five wool.

36th row.—Three wool, two blue, four white, one blue, three white, four blue, six wool.

37th row.—Four wool, six blue, three white, one blue, nine wool.

38th row.—Nine wool, five blue, nine wool.

For the next pine, work from the first to the sixteenth row (inclusive of both) exactly like those already given; the remaining rows must be worked backward, beginning at the end of each, and working to the commencement.

The third pine is worked like the first.

When both sides are done, the bag should either be mounted at a carpet-bag manufacturer's or by the worker. The sides are usually of leather. We have given a size which we think generally useful; but it may be made larger or smaller according to fancy. Done on fine canvas, with seed beads, it is very pretty for a hand reticule.

THE BUTTERFLY'S DEATH.

BY HORACE JOHNSON.

A BUTTERFLY lit on a lady's lip,
To seek for the flow'r whence the odor came
That had drawn it thither, wishing to sip
The nectar that Love exhaled from his flame.

It trembled in ecstasy's ardent thrill,
Such bliss was the warmth of the lady's breath,

That no fear of danger was felt, until
A sigh of despair brought the chill of death.

No ruffle was seen on its azure plume,
But the blight of the lady's love was there;
And the butterflies dread the strange perfume,
That, burdened with bliss, may create despair.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

REDUCTION OF POSTAGE.—We congratulate our readers, and the public generally, on the new Post-Office Law, by which the postage has been so materially reduced, that hereafter the legal charge on ordinary numbers of this Magazine, like the present, will be only half a cent. On double numbers, which we occasionally give, and which are double numbers, it should be remembered in plates as well as in pages—for no other Magazine ever gives double numbers of that kind—the postage will, of course, be heavier. But the ordinary charge cannot legally exceed half a cent, where you pay quarterly in advance: and we advise you, to save trouble, to pay for the entire year ahead. The postage for this periodical, double numbers and all, for 1853, will not exceed eight or ten cents. Remember that, lady-fair! For about a dollar and thirty-one cents, all told, you can procure for the ensuing year, the most elegantly embellished and most readable of the monthlies: the only one that will give colored fashions, or that can be relied on, at all, in matters of taste, or novelty in dress. Who will not subscribe under these circumstances? If we do not have a hundred thousand patrons, before the first of March, 1853, and you, fair reader, with all your friends, among the number, we shall conclude that it is scarcely worth while to publish an original, elegant and lively Magazine, or to have the postage at half a cent a number.

NOW FOR CLUBS.—You cannot begin too early to get up clubs for 1853. Are you the only subscriber at your post-office? Procure two others, and get your copy for \$1.66, or seven others, and obtain it for \$1.25. Is there a club already in your place? Double it for next year, if for no other reason, at least to patronize the only *original* Magazine left. We promise you twice the worth of your money, once in plates, and again in first-rate American stories. Remit early. Your names will be faithfully entered, and the January number sent as soon as it is out, which will be by the first of December. Remember that this Magazine has been ten years in existence, has always faithfully fulfilled its pledges, and that it is perfectly safe to send money to it, which cannot be said of the new mushroom affairs of the day.

COLORED FASHION PLATES.—We give our subscribers, this month, a fashion plate like those usually published by our cotemporaries, only our styles are the very latest. Who would not prefer an exquisitely engraved and colored plate such as we published last month? Our friends will, hereafter, be better able to appreciate how superior our fashions are to others. As we have not wished,

however, to save money off our friends, we have inserted an extra plate, besides extra pages. Next month we shall again publish a superb steel fashion plate colored *a la mode*.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Philosophers and Actresses. By Arsene Houssaye. 2 vols. New York: Redfield. Philada: Zeiber. Whoever has read that most fascinating of all fascinating works, "Men and Women of the Eighteenth Century," will lose no time in procuring these companion volumes by the same author. The work sparkles with wit, yet is full of poetical feeling, a rare combination of qualities, but one most successfully effected in the present instance. No book equally agreeable has ever been written on the same subject. The biographies here collected have been winnowed, in fact, from whole libraries of memoirs. But the volumes have a merit higher than even this. They present a picture of France, in the Eighteenth Century, as truthful as it is brilliant, and which no reflecting mind can contemplate without comprehending, more thoroughly than ever before, the horrors of the Revolution, which, in 1793, put an end to that gilded comedy of real life, known as the old *regime*. Houssaye has, in truth, recalled the Regency and the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, with a vividness that is appalling. In reading his pages, we feel that, notwithstanding the outward beauty of the age he depicts, the poison lurks beneath: under the flowers we hear the rattle of the deadly snake. Mr. Redfield has issued the volumes, we are glad to see, in a style commensurate with their merits. Two exquisitely engraved portraits of Voltaire and Madame Parabare adorn the title-pages.

Heroic Women of History. By Henry C. Watson. 1 vol. Philada: J. & J. L. Gihon.—In this large and elegantly printed octavo, we have one of the handsomest as well as most agreeable and useful books of the season. The principal examples of female courage, disinterestedness, and self-sacrifice, which history has afforded, have been collected with industry and set forth with eloquence, so that the volume is, as it were, a monument of the heroic virtues of woman in all times. A work equally fascinating, even in fiction, it would be impossible to find. Here we may read how Joan of Arc saved France, how Marie Stewart died, how the Quakeress Dyre endured martyrdom uncomplainingly, and how others, less known, bore the greatest trials meekly, or shed their blood to give testimony to the truth. Every lady in the land should have the work. We could not recommend a more suitable gift for the approaching holiday season, for the book is both beautifully bound and handsomely illustrated.

Mary Seaham. By Mrs. Grey. 1 vol. T. B. Peterson.—Mrs. Grey has attained the foremost rank in that list of distinguished female novelists, who have so conspicuously stamped the impress of their genius upon the literature of the nineteenth century. This last production of the gifted authoress is unquestionably one of the best, if not the best of her efforts. It is marked with all that delicate perception of the varied phases of woman's character, in which Mrs. Grey so eminently excels in depicting and laying bare. The struggles of the heroine, in loving not wisely, yet too well; and the gradual yet natural transfer of her affections to a nobler object; are all colored with that rare tact and fidelity of narration, which only the most consummate knowledge of a woman's heart could have achieved. The general tone of this novel is of a higher cast than many of the previous productions of this lady's pen. There is a thrilling intensity in many of the incidents, a bolder development of individual character, and a more artistic handling of her subject, which in our estimation places Mary Seaham as indisputably the most powerfully written novel Mrs. Grey has hitherto produced.

Library Edition of the Waverly Novels. Vols. VII., VIII and IX. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.—The novels of Scott need not be interdicted, even to the youngest persons. They give no false views of life, and are full of genius. In truth if every family would keep a set of Scott's novels in the house, so that the children might freely read them, it would prevent the secret perusal of much vile trash. The imagination, especially in youth, craves food, and will not be denied; and if good reading of this character is not at hand, bad may supply its place. We repeat what we said last month, that of the many editions of Scott now competing for public favor, this is the only one that we can honestly commend; for it is the sole one printed in type sufficiently large, yet in volumes convenient for reading. The twenty-eight romances are to be published in twenty-five volumes, of nearly uniform size, handsomely bound, and illustrated with elegant embellishments. When completed they will form the most beautiful library edition ever issued on this side of the Atlantic. T. B. Peterson is the Philadelphia agent of the work.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments. With Numerous Illustrations. 1 vol. Philada: J. & J. L. Gihon.—This is altogether the best popular edition of the famous "Thousand and One Nights" which has yet appeared in the United States. Costlier ones have been published, indeed, but none superior in the elements of lasting success. The volume contains over five hundred pages, closely, yet neatly printed; and is profusely embellished, and bound with great taste.

Chambers' Life and Works of Burns. Vol. III. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This volume fully sustains our former commendations of the work, as being altogether the best biography of Burns ever published, or that probably ever will be published.

Hagar. A Story of To-Day. By Alice Carey. 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—We always receive Redfield's books with pleasure, they are so fastidiously got up by the publisher. The present volume charms one by its niceties of printing and binding, for instance, before one has read a word. To sit down, with such a book in hand, is, in fact, a positive pleasure. Nor does the perusal of "Hagar" alter one's opinion. Without being particularly artistic, or without leaving any decidedly happy results behind it, this fiction is yet one of power, and remarkable for its subtle delineation of character. Among the rising authors of the land, Miss Carey holds a prominent place, which, if we mistake not, will become even more commanding, as study and practice mature her genius. Writing from the great West, too, where all is so fresh, she deserves, more perhaps than any cotemporary, the encouragement of the public, and especially of her sex.

New Book of Cookery. By Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brother.—Mrs. Hale, it has often been said, never undertakes anything which she does not do well; and the present volume affords a fresh example of the truth of this remark. Of the many excellent books on Cookery which have come before us, whether editorially or otherwise, we are inclined to think this the best. It is not only fitted for the epicure's kitchen, but is admirable in a small family. We had marked several new receipts, which we intended to copy as specimens of the book, but find that our space compels us, for the present at least, to omit them. Meantime we advise every housewife, and we hope all our fair readers are such, in theoretical knowledge at least, to purchase the treatise without delay. It is published in quite a neat style by the Messrs. Long.

Scenes at Home. By Mrs. Anna Bache. 1 vol. Philada: J. & J. L. Gihon.—Under a pleasant story of the adventures of a fire-screen, Mrs. Bache teaches, in this volume, lessons of practical wisdom, to which every young lady would do well to take heed. The book is a most charming one, and, when once taken up, will not be laid aside till its reading is finished. The publishers have issued it in a neat style, and with several pretty illustrations.

The Personal Adventures of "Our Correspondent" in Italy. By M. B. Honan. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is a racy book, written by the Italian correspondent of the London Times, during the eventful year 1848. It has been well characterized as a gay, rollicking description of political, military and social scenes, full of wit, and sure always to raise a laugh. It is not a reprint of letters, as has been said.

The School for Fathers. By T. Gwynne. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—An excellent story, in which the folly of attempting to place a son in a sphere for which he is unfitted, is forcibly pointed out. We must say that a novel, without an instructive moral of some kind, appears to us a sad misapplication of talents.

Bishop Butler's Analogy of Religion. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The American public is really indebted to the Messrs. Harpers for so convenient an edition of this great work. Nobody can remain a skeptic, after perusing this book, unless his mind is utterly deficient in candor and comprehensiveness. It ought to be placed in the hands of every young person as soon as he or she is old enough.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—CARRIAGE OR PROMENADE COSTUME.—Dress of rich brown gros de Naples; the skirt made perfectly plain. Cloak of black velvet, trimmed with a broad row of sable at the bottom. The mantle has a cape, the front part of which covers the arm-hole, forming at once a substitute for a sleeve, and producing the appearance of a double mantle. The cape is edged with a row of sable, about half the breadth of that which trims the bottom of the mantle. The fronts are edged with sable, which widens toward the throat, and at the back of the neck is shaped like a victorine. A small sable muff. A drawn bonnet of brown satin, lined with pink satin in drawings. Under trimming of small pink flowers. On one side a brown ostrich feather twisted spirally.

FIG. II.—CARRIAGE DRESS OF POMONA GREEN SATIN, the skirt very full and long. The front of the skirt is ornamented by two rows of lozenge trimming formed of green velvet, the lozenges graduating in width from the waist to the bottom of the skirt. Each of these velvet lozenges is edged round with narrow black lace. Up the front of the corsage there is a single row of velvet trimming, the same as that on the skirt. The sleeves, which are demi-long, and of very moderate width, are ornamented on the inside of the arm with lozenge trimming. The under-sleeves are trimmed with two rows of Brussels lace. Drawn bonnet of white satin, with a fronce of white satin round the edge of the front, and continued along the bavocet at the back. The under-trimming of the bonnet consists of bouquets of scarlet geranium blossoms, made in velvet. On one side a white ostrich feather. A cloak of maroon colored velvet, trimmed with ermine, and lined with white quilted satin.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The straight corsage is now universally worn by the best dressed people, in place of the pointed corsage, which was so long the fashion. The greatest change, however, which has taken place is in the sleeves. The tendency to modification is decidedly observable in sleeves of lace or needlework, those, in short, which rank in the category of *lingerie*. The reign of pagoda sleeves seems to be drawing to a close. They have become a general fashion, and all general fashions approach more or less to the vulgar and common. One of our principal dress-makers has introduced a very pretty style of sleeves for silk dresses. They have two seams, one on the inside and the other on the outside of the arm, and in general effect they are not very unlike the tight sleeves worn some years ago. They are not, how-

ever, cut exactly in the same manner. They have a seam in the inside of the arm, shaped so as to obviate folds at the bend; but the outside seam extends only from the elbow downward, so as to follow the shape of the lower arm. This sleeve is adapted only to dresses of silk, or materials not thin or transparent. It should not descend to the wrist, but only about two-thirds down the lower arm, thereby affording room for an under-sleeve, consisting of a puff of muslin or net, fastened at the wrist by a band. A sleeve of the form here described is frequently worn under pagodas, when it is wished to cover the arm.

ANOTHER form of under-sleeves consists of a single puff of the usual width. The wristband, which is about three inches wide, is trimmed with two rows of needlework or lace, falling downward. This style of sleeve is worn under wide sleeves.

But there is no doubt that for out door dresses, as the autumn advances, a close kind of sleeve will be found desirable, for the arm is readily sensible to the effects of either cold or heat. Many silk dresses have lately been made with sleeves nearly as close at the lower arm as from the shoulder to the elbow. These sleeves are just sufficiently short to show a small white under-sleeve. It may be mentioned that even when the sleeves are not diminished in width, the under-sleeves are much less full than those hitherto worn. Other sleeves resemble those worn by our grandmothers—that is, tight to a little below the bend of the elbow, and finishing there with one or two ruffles with a heading.

THICK COLLARS AND SLEEVES are also beginning to reappear: the latter are generally *a la chevaliere*; that is to say, with rather deep cuffs, turned back, widening at each side, where they meet into a point, and fastened by double sleeve buttons in gold or enamel. This style goes remarkably well with the vest and *gilet*, and is better suited for the ensuing season than the thin muslin and lace sleeves, which for summer were so light and cool, and whose open shape allowed the air free access.

FLOUNCES are, if possible, more worn than ever; the single flounce, with a heading, is much in favor, and very graceful; it is better suited for young ladies than the number of ruffles adopted by the married ones, while at the same time it can be worn by ladies whose *embonpoint* renders a more ample trimming objectionable. Great care should be taken, however, where there is but one flounce, to have it sufficiently deep, or it cuts the figure in two.

BANDS OR FOLDS OF MOIRE are beginning to be employed for out door costume. On a dress of grey or black silk, moire folds of dark blue or violet have a very pretty effect. They are also employed for edging flounces, for the basques of jacket corsages, and for the front trimmings of high dresses.

BONNETS.—It is said that as the season advances the bonnets, which now merely perch on the back of the head, (that is according to the actual fashion, though none of good taste have never adopted the extreme) will completely change their form, and be worn as round and close as they are now open. The bonnet strings are longer and wider than ever.

1850.



FLIGHT OF TIME.

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VOL. X

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXII.

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1852.

No. 6.

JEPHTAH'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MARY V. SPENCER.

A GOLDEN autumn day was drawing to a close, when the chariot of the great leader of the Gileadites, attended by the triumphant hosts of Israel, approached the dwelling of Jephthah. The Ammonites, who had so long struck terror into his people, had been reduced, by the mighty leader, to sue for peace; and he, who had once been an outcast from his native land, was now returning, its acknowledged chief, followed by acclamations along his entire route.

"Ah!" said he, to one of his chosen warriors, a bosom friend, "the vow, which I made as we went forth against the Ammonites, is heavy at my heart. I swore unto the Lord that if He would deliver the children of Ammon into my hands, I would dedicate to Him whatsoever came forth from my house to meet me, on my return. I mistrust that, when I thus vowed, I thought secretly more of my own personal advancement than of the glory of Jehovah; and I tremble lest He should take vengeance, by sending forth to meet me some one whom I love."

"Alas! it was a rash vow," said his friend. "Even for high and holy purposes we should not make such."

The great hero sighed, but made no reply, for at this moment, his chariot reached the top of an acclivity, from which might be seen a lovely valley, between a range of hills, the sun setting in the distance, and in the foreground a stately mansion almost embowered in trees. It was the home of Jephthah, and giving the reins to his steeds, the chariot thundered down the hill.

The shouts of the warriors, however, had preceded him, and when he was yet some space off, the doors of the house flew open, and there came forth, with a timbrel, dancing, a graceful maiden, in all the first glorious beauty of womanhood.

The great hero, who had faced the shock of battle unflinching, staggered back, the reins dropping from his hands.

Vol. XXII.—17

"Alas! my daughter," he cried, and rent his clothes, "thou hast brought me very low. I have opened my mouth to the Lord, I have vowed a vow respecting thee, and I cannot go back."

His steeds, unbidden, had stopped in front of the portal, and his child, for such was the danger, had heard these words. She became deadly pale. But she answered dutifully as a Jewish daughter should, bending her lovely head before him.

"Father, here I am, do thou with me according to thy vow; for the Lord hath taken vengeance for thee of thine enemies, the children of Ammon."

The face of the father fell into his hands; and hero though he was, he groaned aloud: for the speaker was his only child, the idol of his heart, dearer to him than all things beside.

"My daughter, oh! my daughter," he cried, in agony of soul; for he could, as yet, say no more.

"What is this vow, which makes my father so sad?" asked the beautiful girl, looking anxiously upon the attendant warriors. But turning to her parent, before they could reply, she knelt before Jephthah, and cried, "father, father, tell me yourself: it is something dreadful, I know; and it will come sweetest from your own lips."

And then the parent, with countenance of ashy whiteness, told his child of the rash vow he had made. She heard it in stony silence, and, for a space, answered not. Her father, with poignant grief, said at this,

"Alas! my child, have you no word of forgiveness for me? Pity me, who suffer almost as much as you, my child."

She looked up finally at these words, that glorious young girl, and answered,

"Father, I do forgive you: it is the Lord's will, let it be done. Pardon my momentary shock. It does, I confess, seem terrible for one so happy and so young to leave this bright

world, and henceforth be as nothing to it; but better a weak girl should thus be sacrificed to the Lord, than that Gil-ead should have fallen before the children of Ammon. Give me but two months that, with my maidens, I may go up and down the mountains, bewailing my fate, and I will, without a murmur, yield myself to the fulfilment of the vow."

And it was done. The sacred pages tell how, at the end of her respite, the daughter of Jephthah returned to her father, who, in the emphatic words of Scripture, "did with her according to his vow which he had vowed." That this vow only dedicated her, as a vestal, to the service of Israel's God, but did not, as is popularly believed, make a human sacrifice of her, we would fain

believe; for it is certainly more probable that the calling her "a burnt offering" is merely figurative, than that Jephthah should have considered the murder of his child would be acceptable to Jehovah.

He never saw her more, however, for that was the substance of his vow. From that hour the sunshine of her smile went out in his home; and henceforth he was a lonely, childless man, whom neither power nor grandeur could make happy. The dedication of his daughter to heaven was a burnt offering, not merely of her, but of his own heart.

And to all time his woe is perpetuated, and his example held up, on the Sacred page, as a warning against rash vows.

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY MARIA NORRIS.

One Christmas night, an orphan child
Walked trembling through the snow;
With sighs he marked the hurrying guests
Pass gaily to and fro.
With sighs he marked the many lights
Outshining far and nigh;
The night was dark, and over all
There arched a starless sky.

He heard the sound of dancing feet—
He heard the music's strain;
He saw the shadows sitting by
On many a window-pane;
And presently the tapers beamed
From many a Christmas Tree—
“I wish,” the child in anguish cried,
“A bough were dressed for me!”

So passed he up and down the street
Till guests began to part:
Poor boy! Each kindly word they spoke
Brought sorrow to his heart.
Each echo of their festal mirth
Called forth his tears like rain—
“I'll go,” said he, “to yonder wood,
And pray to God again!”

He laid him down upon the snow—
The snow so soft and white—
And scarcely were his eyelids closed
When visions of delight,
Like sundown beamed upon his soul—
“Dear child,” an angel cries,
“Come quick with me, thy Christmas Tree
Is blooming in the skies!”

NEVER ALONE.

BY H. W. PAYSON.

Never alone—for around us are gliding
Immortal, unchanging, ethereal forms,
Invisible pilots our destiny guiding
Through life's rugged ocean of tempests and storms.

Never alone—holy beings are round us
Commission'd by Heaven to watch o'er us here,
To duty to prompt and with hope to enliven,
The hope of a blessed eternity near.

Never alone—for as silently treading
Around us are demons of poisoning breath,

Temptors to evil, yet charming, inviting,
Beckoning onward to ruin and death.

Never alone—for within the heart's temple
Is placed a deviner of each spirit's aim,
Approving the good and denouncing the evil,
Warning us ever of danger and shame.

Never alone—yet more potent than ever,
Angels or demons, good counsel or ill,
Free in its choosing, and free in refusing,
But yet to account for its course is the will.

LILIAN FLOYD'S CHRISTMAS VISIT.

BY GARRY STANLEY.

"My dear," said Mr. Luke Floyd to his wife, "we never hear anything of poor Tom's widow and child. I really think we must write and invite them here. These family ties ought to be kept up, and Tom was the only brother I had;" and Mr. Floyd scraped the back bone of the turkey on his plate with renewed vigor.

Mrs. Floyd settled herself in her chair, flipp'd the crumbs off her napkin with her delicate ring-covered fingers, and said,

"I am sure, my dear, I have no objection, but had we not better leave it for a while? Christmas is so near, and I suppose, poor soul, she would feel out of place during so much gaiety."

Mr. Floyd held up his glass of generous old port to the light, and gazed lovingly with half closed eyes at its ruby oiliness, as he replied,

"I don't think Mrs. Tom will feel herself at all out of place, my dear, for she is a very respectable lady, and has some money of her own"—a sure sign with Mr. Luke Floyd that a person was respectable.

And so it was that the letter was written, that put Lilian Floyd in such a state of excitement.

Mrs. Tom, as her brother-in-law designated her, declined the invitation for herself, but accepted it for Lilly, who with the unsubdued spirits of seventeen, danced about the house in delight.

"Isn't it a good thing, mamma, that I didn't get a new bonnet and cloak last winter?" asked she. "Mine are as fresh now as can be, and my garnet-colored cashmere I have only worn two or three times—it is as good as new;"—and so Lilian talked on, making the best of her small wardrobe.

To Mrs. Floyd's greater experience, however, her daughter's outfit, looked very slender, but then her income was inconveniently small.

And now, such altering and fitting, such making up of new things, and doing up of old, the little cottage had never before witnessed.

First, there was the new dark blue silk, and the French chintz dresses to be made. Then there was the white mull, which had been bought for the last winter's cotillion party, and had done church service during the summer, to be washed by old Mattie, and ironed by Mrs. Floyd's own careful hands; and the short sleeves were to have new thread edging and blue ribbons on them;—and the white silk stockings were to

receive a new flesh-tint, from a dipping in cochineal water;—and the one pair of white kid gloves (we are ashamed to confess it, dear reader, but Lilian never had but one pair,) had to be cleaned with flannel, and new milk, and white soap;—and her colored ones had to be rubbed with stale bread-crumbs and India-rubber:—oh, altogether, Lilian never recollects so pleasant and busy a time.

She had no misgivings to mar the pleasure of these preparations. She looked upon her uncle Luke as a modern Aladdin, who possessed a magic lamp, that made him master of countless riches, and on her Aunt Floyd as the most lady-like, fascinating personage in the world; and on her Cousin Harriet, as the perfect embodiment of fine young ladyism, as lovely as laces and silk could make her.

The warmth of her reception no way disenchanted Lilian. She was unusually pretty, lady-like, and well educated; and her relations were too thoroughly bred to have expressed any disappointment, had she not been so; while she was of too healthy a moral nature to imagine slights where none existed.

The whirl, the gaiety, and the splendor of the city perfectly bewildered her. Magnificent furniture, superbly bound books, gay silks, rich embroideries, jewelry piled in the windows in spendid confusion, which she in her innocent little heart thought must be worth a king's ransom, made the store windows one long line of enchantment, till she almost fancied that the glories of the "Arabian Nights" were not fabulous; that alabaster sofas overlaid with gold, and floors inlaid with precious stones, must be common things.

Lilian had never been dissatisfied with any thing in her life before, but it must be confessed that now she was in danger of thinking her little village home rather a dull affair.

And so several weeks passed, but Lilly Floyd was beginning to be just the least bit in the world disenchanted. She had been accustomed to all the honors of belle-ship in an humble way; the first to be invited to parties, pic nics and sleighing excursions; the first in the dance, and the last at home after the revel; but here, after the novelty of crowded rooms, innumerable lights, stirring music, gay dresses, and expensively set tables had worn off, Lilian discovered that she

had little share in the scene, except as a looker on. She was too quiet and unobtrusive among so many strangers to be at all noticed, and though some "fast" young gentleman would pronounce her, "a pretty specimen of still life," or "a beautiful wall flower." They vowed she must be a fool, for she could not talk at all; in truth, the pure-hearted girl had no sympathies in common with them, so they went off to flatter and flirt with her more brilliant cousin.

The plain or middle-aged gentlemen to be sure were most polite in asking her to dance, when no more fashionable partners were to be had; but Lilly sometimes saw that she was a *dernier resort*, and often refused with a quiet, "excuse me, sir, if you please," when her feet were fairly twitching to be off, keeping time to the gay music.

But Arthur Thornton, her cousin's admirer, or lover as she thought him, formed an exception, for he was neither plain, nor middle-aged, but young, eminently handsome and very wealthy. He good naturally sent Lilian bouquets, danced with her, and handed her out to supper, because he saw how lonely she sometimes seemed; and Harriet looked on, rather well pleased, for she feared no rivalry from her cousin, and it kept the gentleman's attentions from other quarters.

One morning, as the girls were preparing for a shopping excursion and promenade, Mr. Thornton came in.

"Just going out?" asked he, "well, I'll not detain you. I only called to see if you would not go with me to-morrow night to hear Parodi, in *Lucrezia Borgia*?"

Lilian's eyes fairly sparkled with delight. *Brindisi*, and the other gems of the opera were familiar to her; but to see Parodi in the whole drama, was what she had not dared to hope for. She was passionately fond of music, had a correct ear, and exquisite taste, which her mother, who was a proficient herself in the art, had most carefully cultivated.

It was not only the music, but the acting which had enchanted her. Her uncle had taken her to see several of the best opera's, and here was now a chance for "*Lucrezia*." She almost held her breath from excitement, till Harriet answered,

"To morrow night! Why you know we are engaged to Mrs. Lane. I hear the party is to be a most brilliant one."

Lilian's countenance fell in a moment. She was so disappointed, that tears almost forced their way into her eyes. Mr. Thornton noticed this, and said,

"Are you going to Mrs. Lane's too, Miss Lilian?"

"Yes, I expect I must," was the half petulant reply.

"Well, if you do not care too much about the

party, suppose you accompany me to the opera. I do so dislike going alone, and you are so very fond of music, that I think you will enjoy it."

Lilian's spirits rose again.

"Oh, thank you," said she, "I want to hear Parodi so much, in *Lucrezia*, and if I can convince myself that Mrs. Lane will not be miserable at my absence, I will send her a regret," continued she, laughingly.

"Come, ladies," said Thornton, when they had reached the hall door, "do let me accompany you on your shopping expedition, I am somewhat curious to know how expensive a luxury a wife is going to be."

And as store after store was entered, he watched with some amusement the indifference with which the brilliant Miss Floyd turned over the gay goods, and the astonishment with which Lilian heard the prices.

"Well, ladies, I am almost frightened at the thought of matrimony, after all these extravagances. Suppose we have a promenade now, as the day is fine."

But the walk in the direction which they were taking was suddenly stopped by falling bricks, dry mortar and dust, from an old building which was being torn down, so they turned into a crowded but less fashionable street.

In passing a toy-shop, they saw looking eagerly in at the window, three bright faced, happy-looking little girls, very commonly dressed, with their school satchels on their arms, each with a loud voice, pointing out to the others what she would buy if she only had the money.

"I'd have that bureau," said one.

"Oh! that ain't pretty, I'd take that box with chairs and sofas in," answered the second.

"I wouldn't," said the third; "if I had money enough, I'd buy that doll with curly hair, for Anne, because she's lame, you know."

Mr. Thornton and the cousins had been walking very slowly, and Lilian had heard the children's conversation. Their sparkling eager little eyes affected her powerfully. Oh! how she longed for just a little more money, that she might feel justified in gratifying them, and when the little lame Anne was mentioned, she thought to herself, "well, I'll do without that pair of gloves, then I can afford to give them the money, it will yield them so much pleasure;" and as Thornton and Harriet were eagerly debating the merits of some acquaintance, she stepped back to the little group at the window, and handing each a piece of silver, said,

"Run in, now, and buy what you want with it;" and turning to the last speaker, she said, "do you get the doll if you can for Anne." With these words she again joined her cousin.

The children looked at each other, and then at

the retreating figure in amazement. The luxury of fairy tales was unknown to them; but they were nevertheless inclined to believe that there was something supernatural in the lady who had just left them.

The little girl with the lame sister was the first to recover speech. She ran after Lilian, and taking hold of her dress, said,

"I am very much obliged to you, good lady, indeed I am."

"So am I," and "so am I," reiterated the others.

"Why Lilian, what is the matter? have you been playing the Lady Bountiful to those little monkeys?" asked Harriet.

"Oh, no, only I heard one of them say she wanted to buy something for a lame sister, and I gave her a little money," was the reply, "I love so to see children happy."

After impatiently counting the long hours, the time for the opera at last arrived. Lilian had been dressed since the middle of the afternoon; her hood, cloak, fan, and her cousin's opera glass were all lying on the bed in readiness; she was giving the *last* touch, for the fiftieth time, to her collar and the black velvet on her wrists, when Mr. Thornton was announced; and throwing on her cloak and hood in haste, she went down stairs. At the parlor door she met her aunt, who exclaimed, "why, where are your gloves, Lilly?"

"I was going to wear my black lace mitts, aunt, will they not do?"

"Why no, child, people always go the opera in full dress, you know."

"Well, I am very sorry. I hope Mr. Thornton will not be ashamed of me, for really I have no white gloves fit to wear, and I shall not put on soiled ones."

"But I thought you bought a pair yesterday," said Mrs. Floyd.

"No, I was too poor," replied Lilian, laughingly; "this living in the city, and going to parties and the opera, I take to be rather expensive."

Now Mrs. Floyd was a very good-natured woman, but she would not have violated the proprieties of the opera, by going without white kid gloves, or an elegant head-dress, for the world; and she really felt annoyed, fearing the elegant Arthur Thornton would be equally so.

Poor Lilly entered the drawing-room with all the happy expectation banished from her face, for this trifling *contretemps* had suddenly dashed all her pleasure.

Mr. Thornton had heard the whole conversation through the open door, and shrewdly suspecting that Lilian could have afforded to have bought a pair of new gloves, if the little lame

Anne had gone without a doll, he said, as Lilly proceeded to draw on her mitts.

"In how much better taste those black lace mitts are than white gloves, at least, for young ladies." Lilian's face brightened in a moment.

"I am glad," said she, "that you are not ashamed of me, I did not know how strict opera etiquette was here, till Aunt Floyd told me. However, I suppose the music will sound just as well with these," continued she, holding up her round white arm, looking whiter than ever, from the contrast with the black lace.

She reached the opera house in high spirits, and once there, her annoyances were all forgotten. She listened with sparkling eyes and flushed cheeks, and her warm breath came pantingly, till the last scene, where the mother acknowledges herself to her son, and at the terrible "*si son quella*," heightened by Parodi's inimitable acting, she sprang from her seat, and would have shrieked from excitement, had not Mr. Thornton, who had been watching her, laid his hand on her arm to recall her to herself.

Thornton was amused, as well as interested; he had never seen quite such a natural young lady, and seldom as pretty one. In truth, to the fashionable man, Lilly Floyd was delightfully refreshing and piquant.

And now the day before Christmas had arrived. The display in the store windows was so tempting, that the purse clasps of the veriest miser flew open as if by magic.

Lilian and her cousin were going home from a walk that afternoon, and Lily almost returned to her belief in the reality of the riches of the Arabian Nights; jewelry, splendidly finished work boxes, writing desks, books in all the gorgeousness of green and crimson, blue, purple and gold bindings, fairly bewildered her. The fathers of families were hurrying home with well filled baskets, where plump turkeys, and crimson cranberries, and crisp celery, and rosy-cheeked apples lay in most tempting confusion. The mothers were bending under huge dolls, prancing horses, whole menageries of animals, and locomotives which never went except by gravitation; laughing, half grown school girls, had their muffs filled with pretty toys, and inviting bon-bons for younger brothers and sisters, so delighted with the pleasure they anticipated giving, that they could scarcely keep their own secret; and little boys stood gazing into the shop windows, with their hands in their pockets, and their chins in their comforters, debating in their own minds which of the articles before them they would coax papa to buy.

It was a perfect carnival of mirth and happiness. Crowds of happy-looking children, and as happy-looking parents filled the street; the

very dogs frisked and jumped about, and run between your feet, as if Christmas time was a matter of importance even to them; the middle of the streets were filled with light sleighs, which skimmed along like bright colored birds; the excited horses dancing and prancing to the voice of the driver, and to the silvery music of the tinkling bells.

Twilight had arrived, and the stars came out, and yet still the crowd did not diminish. Parlors were beginning to be brilliantly illuminated, and through the undrawn curtains could be seen gay pictures in gorgeous frames, and large mirrors giving back light for light to the heavy chandelier. In some, festoons of evergreen, from which gleamed the crimson of the holly berry, were gracefully drooping on the walls, and the happy faces of dear little children were pressed against the window panes, peering at the gay groups in the street.

As Lilian and her cousin were ascending the steps of their own house, a little boy about nine years of age accosted them. There was something so wan and sad in his pale face and sunken eyes, that Lilian stopped, though she had been much laughed at by her uncle's family, on account of her sympathies for street beggars.

Harriet entered the door, saying,

"Come, Lilian, he is an impostor, you may be sure."

But her cousin was listening to the child, who said, in an imploring voice,

"Oh! won't you please give me something, Miss?"

"Do you want some money for Christmas?" was Lilian's smiling answer.

"No, Miss, but my mother's very ill, and my little sister died to-day, and I ain't used to begging, Miss." As he spoke this, he burst into tears.

"Do you live far from here?" questioned Lilian.

"No, Miss, only a little way around the corner, up Gray's court."

"Come, then, I'll go with you;" and forgetting the late hour in the impulse of the moment, off she started.

When Harriet entered the parlor alone, and Mrs. Floyd asked for her cousin, she replied,

"Oh! she is at the door, talking to some beggar. Her Quixotism is perfectly absurd. She is not as used to impostors as we are," continued she, on seeing Mr. Thornton seated on the sofa.

"Well, the hall door must be closed, at least, partially, for too much cold air comes in," said Mrs. Floyd.

"Permit me to do it for you, madam," said Thornton, as he arose and went to the door.

But Lilian was not at the steps. "She should

not be out by herself, at this time of night," thought the gentleman, and straining his eyes as he looked up and down the street, he thought he recognized her figure, as she passed under a gas light some distance ahead.

To go back in the hall, snatch his hat from the table and pursue her, was the work of an instant.

As she turned the corner, he hastened his pace, fearing to lose sight of her. He beheld her now enter a dark, dirty-looking court, lighted by one lamp, with two coal heavers plodding sullenly along, and a drunken man staggering home over the hard trodden snow that crunched under his feet; the whole presenting as strong a contrast as possible to the street which he had just left. The place looked as if the Christmas festival had never been instituted for its inhabitants, as if the great event which the next day was to commemorate brought no amelioration, no glad tidings to them.

The only sign of the happy jubilee was a group of children standing under the light, examining with eager, almost envious eyes, a small drum and a clumsy pocket knife, exhibited by two of their triumphant companions.

Just as Lilian and her little guide reached the door, they were joined by Mr. Thornton, who said,

"You are very imprudent, Miss Lilian, to go out at so late an hour; I had to come after you."

"Oh, I didn't think about it, Mr. Thornton; and I suppose I am; but there is a poor woman very ill here, and her baby is dead."

The boy opened the door, and they entered a room, tolerably clean to be sure, but with none of the comforts, and scarce any of the necessities of life. A tallow candle, running in huge gutters, standing on the rude mantle shelf, threw a dim, worrying kind of light through the room; the floor was bare, and the furniture consisted of a broken stove, two dilapidated chairs, a deal table, and a camp bedstead, with a most scanty supply of clothing.

Lilian was far from rich herself, but she had never seen anything to equal this. None, except those living in large cities, have an idea of the extreme poverty of some of the poor there.

On the bed lay the living mother and the dead infant together. A coarse, hard featured woman was at work on the piece of white muslin, that was to robe the little form for its last resting-place; and the poor mother wept as she thought of the bright Christmas day that would pass so happily to so many little children, and to so many fond mothers, and of the cold winter storms that would howl around the grave of her child; and of the white winding sheet of snow that would cover it; and of the violets and birds that would be there in the spring-time. She wept

too, as "one without hope," for the poor human love of the mother could not yet look up with the eye of faith, and see her babe with the white winged band around the Great Throne.

Arthur Thornton stood by the door in silence. He had never witnessed a scene like this either. A new phase of life was revealed to him.

He knew that there were such poor, such very poor people, but a fortunate life had never before brought him in contact with them. He was not a selfish or unfeeling man, only a prosperous and thoughtless one; but as Lilian Floyd bent over the bed, and with the sympathetic tenderness of a truly kind heart, talked to the woman, as if she had been used to the haunts of poverty all her life, he silently vowed that, hereafter, the talent committed to his care should not lie unproductive.

Lilian, in the meanwhile, was gathering the history of the sick woman.

"I am a widow, and used to sew, Miss, for the shops," said she, "till I got a cold in the fall, carrying some work home in the rain; then I was laid up, and it came dreadful hard on us; for I didn't get enough money to put any by, and Philip only got a dollar a week, for being errand boy in a grocery store. And his money, Miss, I had to take for rent."

"Was the baby sick long?" asked Lilian.

"Yes, Miss, about two months. She took the fever from want of food and fire; it was that that killed her," and the mother burst into a passion of tears.

"And the doctors didn't care, Miss," continued she, "to come to see us poor people, when there ain't much chance of their being paid. They tell us to go to the dispensary physician, but when we get too ill to go to them, we generally go to the grave next."

"But have you had no help, all this time?" again asked Lilian, almost appalled.

"The neighbors have been very kind, and give us all they could, but they are most as poor as us," was the reply.

Thornton, during this conversation, had sent the boy for a physician for the mother, and taking a bill from his pocket book, had ordered him to procure whatever was wanted from the grocers.

After slipping some money into the hand of the sick woman, Lilian arose to go, promising to call the next morning.

"Isn't it horrible," said she, when they got into the street, to her companion, who seemed buried in thought, "isn't it horrible to think that a little child should die from want in such a great city?"

"I never before realized it myself," replied Thornton, "I have always wrapped myself up as in my own comforts, that the cold winds of poverty could not pierce them."

As he spoke, he again fell into thought, for Lilian Floyd had unconsciously, by her benevolence that night, sown seeds that were hereafter to bring forth fruits for the great harvest of eternity.

Mrs. Floyd scolded her niece in a lady-like way for running home with all the beggars who might choose to impose upon her, and after hearing Lilian's story, said that she would order the housekeeper to put up some wine and other things, and send them by a servant, but that it was not proper for her to go there again. Harriet laughed contemptuously and somewhat spitefully, and said it was a new way to create an interest in the heart of a fashionable gentleman.

Notwithstanding these insinuations, Lilian was early with the bereaved mother on that bright Christmas morning. She now thought the coarse, hard-featured woman, whom she had seen the night before, absolutely beautiful, when she discovered that the little grave dress had been purchased from her own hard earnings, and saw her place the stiffened form of the dead child in the coffin with such motherly tenderness, and drop great tears on the waxen fingers when she crossed the little hands.

Oh! death, and poverty, and sorrow, that come in such terrible guises, how little do we know, when we tremble at your presence, that we "are entertaining angels unawares."

The little coffin had been born away, and the poor mother lay on the bed in all the agony of inconsolable grief.

An old worn Bible was on the mantle shelf, and Lilian, who had determined to stay till the neighbor should return, took it down and commenced reading.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And then she turned to the fifteenth chapter of Corinthians. Gradually the sobs from the bed became less frequent and loud, while in a low reverential tone, that gradually rose to one of exulting, Lilian read on—

"So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, death is swallowed up in victory. Oh, death where is thy sting? Oh, grave where is thy victory?"

Unnoticed by the young reader, Thornton had entered and stood with bowed head, such tears filling his eyes as he had not shed since he stood by the grave of his mother, and there seemed to come over him the same child-like peace there used to, when he knelt by her knee when a little boy and prayed, "God bless me, and make me good."

A few days after this, Lilian took her departure, “why who does he know here? What did he come for?”

“To fish, he says,” responded the mother.

“To fish!” But Lilian made no other comment.

The glorious summer weather had come again, and the meadows were green, and the waters sparkled, and the young leaves rustled around Lilian’s home.

She returned from a walk one day, when her mother said,

“A friend from the city was here whilst you were out, Lilly.”

“A friend of mine from the city! who was it, mamma?”

“The Mr. Thornton, whom you used to write so much about, as being so polite to you.”

“Mr. Thornton,” exclaimed Lilian, in surprise,

The hotel keeper, with whom Mr. Thornton boarded, said it was strange that he always went down the street to go fishing, for he had told him several times that the trout streams were in quite a different direction; but when, in the next autumn, a handsome travelling carriage whirled off with Mrs. Tom Floyd and Arthur Thornton, and little Lilian as a bride, to the city, the good man nodded his head, and laughed one of his full, mellow laughs, as he said to a neighbor,

“This comes of trout fishing, and Miss Lilly’s Christmas Visit.”

“I LOVED THEE.”

BY CLARENCE MAY.

I lov’d thee dearly—but, ‘tis past;
Time cannot change the fate,
That sever’d all those heart-warm ties,
And left us desolute:
Yet oh! my thoughts will wander back
To those soul-cherish’d hours,
When love stole softly o’er our dreams,
As Summer dew on flow’rs.

And oh! when I am lone and sad,
And life weary thing,
My spirit soars to thee, dear one,
And rests its drooping wing;
And stars ne’er smile from Heaven above,
Nor moonbeams kiss the sea,
But mem’ry chaunts a softer lay,
And brings thee back to me!

And when I dream of some bright isle,
Amidst the blue South Sea,
The love of other years will come,
And link that thought with thee;
Or when among the gay and proud,
I hear a voice like thine,
I think of all those burning words,
That woke a love like mine!

And when the dear lov’d hours steal on,
That bring the weary rest,
And flowers are bending low in tears,
Upon the green earth’s breast;
I gaze upon the soft sweet star,
That gems the brow of even,
And think—tho’ parted here, dear one,
We yet may meet in Heaven!

WINTER.

BY FRANK WALTERS.

THE songsters of the bower have gone,
Whose carols whiled the time away—
Where Summer skies, a brighter dawn—
Presage the king of day.

Stern Winter with his chilling breath,
Has wrecked the charms of yesterday;
And flowers o’er the fragrant heath—
Are rudely swept away.

How marked we late the roseate gleam—
The Summer’s gentle presence gave—

Now fetters bind the tiny stream—
As multitude of wave.

No more come out, with song and shout
As late the king-god of the day—
And stars in fleecy folds look out—
That brighten up our way.

Yet welcome Winter with thy train,
For Spring shall break the icy sway;
Affections warm and brighten still—
And we are blest alway.

COUSIN MERCY'S CURL.

AN EXTRACT FROM "LES LARMES."

BY ELLA RODMAN.

AND why should not I have "*Les Larmes*" as well as Miss Blanche Amory, of Pendennis memory? Although mine are not "bound in blue velvet, with a gilt lock," but only in plain calf skin, with memory for a clasp, they more truly merit the title than all those fictitious woes that were so liberally poured forth upon Laura Bell—for they are the real, genuine article. But alas! where am I to begin? For

"They gather—
See! how fast they gather."

I have it! Childhood is proverbially a privileged period; so, shade of Cousin Mercy! remember that "you'd scarce expect one of my age"—that is, the age I claimed then—to find out Master Cupid when he chose to wander so far from his proper orbit.

So, some years ago, when I was a little imp of a girl, it was my unlucky fate to come between, not exactly two lovers, but two who might have been such but for my untimely interference. Miserable child that I was! thus to extinguish the faint blue flame that was just struggling into life! How tenderly I now would fan it into a blaze—how anxiously watch it as it wreathed slowly but surely upward!

And yet I clumsily destroyed all the frostwork of that dawning love-passage, just as a bear might be supposed to entangle himself in a silken network—little knowing, and perhaps little heeding, the mischief I accomplished. Had it been any one else—one whose youth was some foundation for the assurance that "there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught"—but Cousin Mercy, who was like a summer flower in autumn time, felt the cruel blow most keenly.

It is not much wonder, either, that the idea of placing "Brother Britties" in the light of a suitor never once entered my head, and that when they told me he came to see Aunt Starr I should implicitly believe them; for Cousin Mercy had various little endearing peculiarities that stamped her as an old maid.

I one night shared her couch; (the first and the last time, by the way) and during the enjoyment of this felicity, I watched her performances with considerable interest. The first change in her appearance that struck me particularly was the total disappearance of some very rich-

looking curls, and the substitution of a very singular night-cap, securely tied on the top of her head.

Being of rather a tender age, I puzzled over the curls with a troubled spirit; but every conclusion at which I arrived failed to satisfy me. At first, I thought that she might have burned them off in the candle; but then her remaining hair did not look singed—so I gave that up. She might have brushed them out and put them up in papers—but no papers were visible; and I remained very much puzzled, with eyes very wide open for the next occurrence.

Cousin Mercy now deliberately took out a whole row of false teeth, and laid them before her on the toilet-table. I conceived, at first, that I must be dreaming, and closed my eyes to open them again; but there were the teeth—not exactly "a living evidence," to be sure—but the next thing to it. Yes, the fact was not to be denied; and now, quite prepared for the shedding of a set of limbs, intended to come apart and fit together, like the puzzling maps, I watched in a state of benumbing astonishment. Her next performance, however, was quite an innocent little piece of old maidism; it was merely to place a pitcher of water and a tumbler by her side of the bed, to be ready for an emergency.

Horrified at what I had seen, I fairly trembled when Cousin Mercy climbed into the couch; and retreating, as she advanced, I shrank off to the farther side. The bed, unfortunately, was in the middle of the room; and not being protected by a barricade of wall, I slid entirely out of it, and, to Cousin Mercy's great annoyance, fell upon the floor. She decided that I was too troublesome a bedfellow; and having been banished from her apartment, which seemed to me almost like Blue-Beard's blue chamber, I was kindly picked up by Aunt Starr, who always took compassion upon stragglers. I found this a very pleasant exchange—except that the old lady had a habit of snoring, which often kept me awake; and then I pondered upon the curious metamorphosis that I had witnessed in Cousin Mercy.

"Brother Britties" was an innocent, unwordy-minded minister, of the Baptist denomination, who was distinguished by the peculiarity of a red cotton umbrella. Winter and summer this sanguinary-looking article kept company with

"Brother Brittles;" in stormy weather it sheltered him from rain and snow—on pleasant days it kept off the sun—and when not on active duty it was shouldered like a musket, and answered the purpose of a flag warning. Far off the red symbol gave notice of his approach; and prevented any flutterings that might have arisen from his unexpected appearance.

I had seen him at church, and passed him in our walks; but I had never yet been actually face to face with him. My first acquaintance with "Brother Brittles" was on this wise:

At Aunt Starr's I always heard a great deal about "going to bed with lambs" and "rising with larks;" and I was there persuaded that bread and milk was the only supper that could be partaken of with any degree of innocence. Sometimes, to be sure, I did suspect Aunt Starr and Cousin Mercy of taking something a little more hearty after I had retired to bed; and once I glided down and caught them in the very act; but, upon the whole, I was pretty credulous; and could, without much trouble, be persuaded that black was white.

Aunt Starr's farm was rather retired, and I saw very few visitors; therefore, I disliked to miss any that did come—not much caring how my object was accomplished. I had retired, one evening, in lamb-like fashion; but, not feeling very sleepily inclined, I kept my ears wide open to listen to any unusual signs below.

Before a great while I distinctly heard the front door open and shut, and a man's step in the hall. An actual visitor, and I in bed! The sound of voices was absolutely galling; and without troubling myself about the consequences, I glided down stairs in my night-dress, and placed myself close beside the parlor door.

This happened to be open; and as the weather was very warm, it was only lighted by the swinging hall lamp. It was not my intention to listen—I only wished to see; but that being denied me, my attention was soon wholly engrossed by some very unwelcome companions. Shoals of snapping bugs had flown in through the open doors and windows, attracted by the light, and these were now buzzing about my ears in a manner that was anything but agreeable.

Two or three of the largest and blackest fairly settled themselves on my white drapery; and started out of all prudence, I sent forth a shriek that drew Aunt Starr, "Brother Brittles," and Cousin Mercy to the scene of action. The good-natured clergyman took the little, trembling, white-robed figure in his arms, and brushed off the bugs; while the others overwhelmed me with questions. "Brother Brittles" seemed resolved to believe that I had been walking in my sleep; but Cousin Mercy smilingly shook her head.

She did not wish to contradict the visitor; but she looked very incredulous, notwithstanding.

That evening was one of unalloyed enjoyment. Poor "Brother Brittles!" Naturally good-natured, and doubtless supposing that he was thus establishing himself in the good graces of his "ladye-love," he placed me on his lap, where I sat enthroned like a little queen, and received his homage with infinite zest. From what I can remember of Cousin Mercy's manner on that particular evening, I have good reasons for supposing that she wished me back again in my nest; but I was too busy in repeating long poems to "Brother Brittles" to heed her "nods and becks."

Misery loves company; and with all the sufferings, "both of body and mind," attendant upon the acquisition of that knowledge, still fresh in my remembrance, I imparted to "Brother Brittles" all my stores of geography, philosophy, and history. I was deep in the siege of Troy when the clock struck ten; and, much to my dismay, Aunt Starr insisted upon my returning to bed. What did I care if the lambs were tired of waiting for me, and had gone to sleep long ago? Young as I was, I had experienced an excitement in finding, in a lonely country place, something in a hat and coat to talk to; and the enjoyment had not yet palled upon my senses.

As I left the room, I had the satisfaction of hearing the visitor say, "that is really a wonderful child!" An idea probably echoed by Cousin Mercy, but with the addition that there are various ways of being wonderful.

About once a week "Brother Brittles" came to take tea; and although I have reason to think that he was one of those innocent minded men who would go on visiting in this way for five years and a half, and then, on being asked "what his intentions were," be fairly shocked into an abrupt departure—Aunt Starr and Cousin Mercy had come to the conclusion that "Brother Brittles" attentions were very particular.

"I really don't know what to think of 'Brother Brittles,'" said Cousin Mercy, one day, when I sat on a very high stool, hemming a very interminable handkerchief, "every time I take a walk with him, I'm afraid that he'll propose."

Aunt Starr pushed up her spectacles and gazed at her daughter with infinite astonishment, as well she might—for was not "Brother Brittles" the straw sent by kind fate to prevent Cousin Mercy from drowning in the Lethe of single blessedness? And did not that perverse maiden actually hint at a feeling of indecision with respect to grasping said straw? So Aunt Starr looked, and finally came out with:

"Don't be too hasty, Mercy—you remember how Doctor Kilworthy—"

But here Cousin Mercy pointed to me, with the wise observation that "little pitchers have large ears," and thus cut short a most interesting communication.

Well, time passed on, as the novelists say; and one evening Cousin Mercy came in from the garden, where she had been taking a moonlight walk with "Brother Brittles," wearing a most perturbed air. She carefully avoided the light, and remained seated in a shaded corner of the apartment—quite unheeding the mysterious signs that were directed toward her by her parent.

Aunt Starr perfectly delighted in a courtship; and she could never be persuaded that two single people, who were brought together with reasonable opportunities, would not eventually turn out a pair of lovers. She smiled benignly upon "Brother Brittles"—she made signs to her daughter that she was ready to evacuate the apartment if desired; but the evening passed, and nothing came of it.

After the visitor's departure, Aunt Starr was evidently preparing herself for a blushing confession, or a whispered entreaty of: "mother? give me your blessing!" but Cousin Mercy merely unburdened her heart with the announcement that one of her sidecurls was missing!

"Depend upon it," said Aunt Starr, in a knowing way, "that the poor man has captured it when you were not looking. Quite romantic, I declare! He'll be rather surprised," she added, more soberly, "to find it fastened on a comb."

Cousin Mercy groaned in spirit, and searched the house and garden through in vain. A conviction that "Brother Brittles" *must* have taken it forced itself upon her mind; but, as a sort of forlorn hope, she enlisted me in the search, and promised me two shillings if I succeeded in bringing to light the missing curl.

Pieces of silver were in those days very much like angels' visits with me; and I resolved that, if human exertion could win it, the prize should be mine. Oh! how I searched through that garden, and how endless seemed its extent! How I trampled down Aunt Starr's favorite plants in the vain expectation of seizing the treasure, when it invariably turned out to be something else! How I laid awake o' nights spending that two shillings!—very much as Mrs. Caudle laid out the five pounds her husband had lent—and how I arose in the morning and went at the search with renewed vigor!

Days passed, and still no curl; and what was also puzzling, no "Brother Brittles." Blessings brighten as they leave us; and now that the worthy clergyman seemed only to have crossed her path like a bright meteor, I am convinced that Cousin Mercy discovered a thousand perfections in him that had hitherto lain concealed.

One afternoon I was digging away in my own little garden—having almost given up the curl as a hopeless search—when, happening to lift my eyes toward a lilac bush, that grew most provokingly in the centre of my plot, I saw—jointed dolls, and wooden tea-sets! what did I see? I thought of Absalom's fate as I unbolted the devoted curl, and wondered if he wore side combs?

With my prize clutched in one hand—with eyes fixed on a shining two-shilling piece—heedless of all intervening obstacles—I rushed into the very midst.

As I entered the parlor, there sat "Brother Brittles," and there sat Cousin Mercy; and in a transport of rapture I called out,

"Cousin Mercy! here's your curl! I found it in the lilac bush!"

Had so many pounds of lead been dropped into their midst it could not have produced a greater heaviness than the silence which followed my unlucky advent. I had restored Cousin Mercy's curl, to be sure—but how? Very much as the bear chased flies from the face of his friend.

"Brother Brittles" was so extremely innocent and unworldly that he would doubtless have believed you had you told him that baked apples grew on trees, and that fried fish were the ready tribute of some particular ponds—but here was proof positive that hair didn't always grow on heads; and with a troubled spirit, that worthy man took his departure. Cousin Mercy felt that the last link was broken; and "Brother Brittles" concluded that it would never do for a missionary's wife to wear false curls. That red umbrella is now flourishing about somewhere among the savages of the Feeji Islands.

I received my two shillings and my walking ticket very much at the same time; my delightful company had failed to give satisfaction. With the wisdom of riper years I have often in solitude mourned that little *fauz pas* of my inexperienced youth; but alas! to Cousin Mercy I might cry "peccavi" in vain, and repeat the question, "what's in a name?"

A HINT TO THE FAIR SEX.

As lamps burn silent, with unconscious light,
So modest ease in beauty shines most bright;

Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief does it all.

THE GIPSEY'S LEGACY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Edward Stephens, in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 229.

CLARE HALL is the first bright picture upon my memory, like the rich tints in a cloud: there is in my mind a background of gorgeous and hazy confusion, indistinct and mellow as a sunset cloud. Then comes a misty outline of distant mountains melting into the more clearly defined middle distance, and in the foreground a beautiful stream sleeping beneath the old trees sparkling through the hollows, and spreading out like a lake in the green meadows. A lawn rose softly upward from the banks of this river, broad and green as emerald: if you parted the soft grass, an undergrowth of the finest moss met your view like velvet beneath a wreath of embroidery. Clumps of trees shaded the lawn here and there, and on either hand, so far as the eye could reach, a park of magnificent old chestnuts, with a fine admixture of oaks, filled the eye with the vast wealth of their foliage.

A dozen avenues led through this park, some of them miles in length, and almost all of them commanded some view of the old hall; one revealed a gable cutting picturesquely against the sky, another commanded the back entrance, with the massive stonework of the entrance burdened with heavy armorial bearings, heaped with quarterings till the Herald office itself would have been puzzled to unravel them; a third opened upon the east wing, which with its broad bay windows curving into old stone balconies covered with ponderous sculpture, its antique casements filled with single sheets of plate glass shining through the ivy-like flashes of a river between the trees that fringe it, blended all that is gay and cheerful in our times with the sombre magnificence of the long ago, beautifully as we find the sunshine at times pouring its glory into the dark bosom of a forest.

This view I remember best, for it was the first object that ever fastened itself upon my memory. A waste of flower beds, clumps of rich trees, and what was called the wilderness; a tract of land in which all the wildness of nature was carefully preserved, lay between the little antique cottage that I was born in and the hall.

Lord Clare had his own apartments in that wing of the building, and a footpath bordered

with wild blossoms, rich ferns, and creeping ivy wound from a flight of stone steps, well concealed by the honeysuckles and white roses that draped the balconies around the circular flower beds, and through the wilderness to the jessamine porch of our dwelling. It was a well trodden path when I first remember it: and no foot ever passed down its entire length but that of Lord Clare. Even the gardeners felt that to be in that portion of the grounds, after the master left his apartments, was an intrusion. Turner, dear good old Turner, came to see us every day, but he always came down the chestnut avenue. No other servant from the hall ever visited us.

An old Spanish woman who never learned a word of English, was all the domestic we had. Lord Clare had brought her from Malaga, and if she had spoken English, her knowledge of his history or that of my mother was so limited, that the most prying curiosity itself could have gained no information regarding them from her.

Our cottage was the loveliest little dwelling on earth, white roses, rich golden multiflora, and the most fragrant of honeysuckles covered it to the roof. You had to put back a sheet of blossoms with each hand like a drapery every time you opened a casement. The stone porch was sheeted over and fringed down with white jessamine: and the garden that surrounded it was a perfect labyrinth of blossoms, crimson fuchsias, purple and white petunias, verbenas of every tint, roses of every clime made the earth joyous, and the air soft with fragrance.

The peaked roof shot up among the branches of a noble elm tree, and when there was a high wind you would have loved to watch the old rook's nest sway to and fro above the chimney tops, while the birds wheeled and cowered among the branches like widowers at a funeral.

The interior of the house was like a cabinet. Pictures collected from abroad, each a gem that might have been piled an inch deep with gold and its value not yet obtained, hung upon the walls. Little antique cabinets of tortoise shell and gold, lighted up with precious stones, stood in the principal room; soft, easy chairs glowing with crimson velvet; tables of Sevres china, in-

which beds of flowers and masses of fruit glowed, as if just heaped together by some child that had overburdened its little arms in the garden; others of that fine mosaic only to be found in Italy; carpets from Persia, from Turkey, and one from the royal manufactories of France, rendered that cottage one nest of elegance. Every thing was in proportion, everything selected with the most discriminating taste. Small as the building was compared to the hall, it did not seem overloaded; there was garnered up every thing that Lord Clare held most precious. It was well for us, for he could not have lived away from the beautiful. His taste, his luxurious habits, his sensuous enjoyment of material things might be sharpened by brief contrasts of the hard and the coarse. Thus it was often said that no man endured privation or the toil of travel better than he did. He not only endured but enjoyed it. The contrast sharpened his appetite for the luxurious and the beautiful. In his whole life Lord Clare was an epicure. Heart and soul he was an epicure.

Perhaps he had some motive beyond his own convenience in thus surrounding my mother with objects a queen might have envied. Perhaps he wished to overwhelm her remembrance of the miserable gipsey cave in the ravine at Granada by this superb contrast. I do not know, probably it was only a caprice, a natural desire to surround her and himself with things that enrich the intellect and charm the sense. My mother thought it a proof of affection, but she was a child. I am wiser. We often heap material benefits on a being who has a right to our devotion as an atonement for the deeper feeling which we cannot render. The heart that truly loves requires no stimulant from without. It is always surrounded by the beautiful.

Another might have feared that this sudden change of condition would have set awkwardly on a creature so untutored as my mother—for remember she was a mere child, not more than sixteen when I was born—but genius adopts itself to everything; and if ever a woman of genius lived, that woman was the gipsey wife of Lord Clare. His wife, I say—his wife—his wife! I will repeat it while I have breath; she was his wife. What had the laws of England to do with a contract made in Spain? What—but I will not go on. My blood burns the wild Romanny blood of my mother: it has turned his blood into fire that burns, but will not consume. There are times when I hate myself for the English half of life that he gave me. Yet I cannot think of him, so kind, so gentle, so full of intellectual refinement, without a glow of admiration. It is his people—his nation—his laws that I hate, not him—not his memory. Indeed, at times, I feel the

tears crowd into my eyes when I think of him. My hate is a bitter abstraction after all. It glides from him like rain from the plumage of an eagle.

You should have seen my mother in that beautiful home back of the wilderness at Clare Hall. The moist climate of England refreshed her beauty like dew; her little figure had become rounded into that graceful fulness which we find in the antique statues of Greece, still the deer-like elasticity, the wild freedom remained. She was more gentle, more quiet, almost sleepily tranquil, because the fulness of her content arose from perfect love and perfect trust. She had left nothing in Spain to regret; and every hope that she held in existence was centred at Clare Hall. Never did there exist a creature so isolated. She had no being, no thought save in the heart of her husband. In the wide world he was her only friend, her sole acquaintance even.

I do not think that she left the park once during her whole stay in England. The noble little Arabian that she rode knew every avenue and footpath in the enclosure, but never went beyond. She did not seem to feel that there was a world beyond the shadow of those old trees. She felt not the thralls of society, or cared for its mandates no more than she had done in the barranco at Granada; but a delicious and broad sense of freedom—an outgushing of her better nature made this, her new existence, perfect heaven compared to that.

All this her intellect had started into vigorous life. Time, a teacher so beloved, with perceptions quick as lightning, had kindled up the rich ore of her nature, and you could see the flash of awakened genius in every change of her countenance. Still the world remained a dream to her; she never thought of human beings except as they were presented to her in books—and Lord Clare selected every volume that she read. He was not likely to present knowledge of conventional life to a mind so acute and so richly vivid. No, no, it was the lore of past ages that she studied. Those noble old authors of Greece and Rome whom Clare understood so well, became familiar to her as his own voice. Without having the least idea of it, she was deeply imbued not only with classical knowledge, but with the lofty feelings that inspired those ancient authors, who seldom find themselves echoed with full tone in the mind of woman.

Think what a character this must have been, with all this grand poetry grafted into the wild gipsey nature.

Still my mother was not perfectly happy, a vague want haunted even her tranquil and luxurious existence. It was a feeling, not a thought, the shadowy longing of a heart loving to the

centre, which finds half the soul that should have answered it clothed in mystery. She could not account for this hungry feeling. It was not suspicion—it was not a doubt, but something deeper and intangible. The love which fills a heart like hers always flings its own shadow, for love is the sunshine of genius, and shadows ever follow the pathway of the sun.

Still her life was very happy, not the less so, perhaps, for these wandering heart-mists. Then came my birth, and it seems to me that no woman thoroughly sounds the depths of her soul till she becomes a mother. I have read her journal at this period, and every sentence is a rich, wild gush of poetry; you can almost feel a torrent of blissful sighs, such as a mother feels when the first born sleeps upon her bosom, warming the paper.

And now I have an existence, I am a human soul growing like a flower in the warmth of that young bosom, flitting through the house and haunting my mother's lap like a bird. The first memory that I have is like a starbeam, as quick and vivid. My mother sat in a little room somewhere in an angle of the building just at sunset. Her hair was down; the Spanish woman had unbraided the long tresses and shook them apart in dark wavy masses. They fell over the crimson cushions of her chair to the ground. The sash doors were open into a stone balcony choked up with clematis. The sunset came through in golden flashes, kindling up those black waves till they glowed with purple light. Her dress was crimson, of camel's hair, I think, with a violet tinge, and flowing down her person in soft folds, that glowed in the light like pomegranites on the bough. Half over her shoulders and half upon the chair, was a cashmere shawl of that superb palm leaf pattern which looks so quiet, but is so richly gorgeous; a profusion of black lace fell around her arms and neck, lighting the golden brown of her complexion. Her eyes—I never saw such eyes in my life—so large, so radiant, and yet so soft; the lashes were black as jet, and curled upward.

It is useless. I can remember but not describe her, that pearl-like bloom, those soft lips so full, so richly red. I have no idea where I was at the time, only that I saw her sitting there so much like a picture, and felt that she was my mother.

She was looking into the garden with an expression of tranquil expectation on her face. I remember watching the shadows from her eyelashes as they lay so dreamily on her cheeks, for though she evidently expected some one, it was not with doubt; she was quiet as the sunbeams that fell around her, now and then turning her head a little as the Spanish woman gathered up a fresh handful of her hair, but still

with her half shut eyes fixed upon the footpath that led through the wilderness.

I sat down upon some cushions that had been left in the balcony, and watched her through the open sash till the heavy folds of hair were braided like a coronet over her head, and her look became a little anxious. Then I too began to gaze across the intervening flower beds upon the footpath, as if a share in the watchfulness belonged to me.

At last, as the golden sunset was turning to violet, and one felt the unseen dew as it fell, I saw, through the purple mist, a man walking slowly along the footpath. My heart leaped, I uttered a little shout, and clasping my hands, looked up to my mother. Her lips were parted, and her eyes flashed like diamonds.

"It is the Busne—the Busne," I said.

She took me in her arms, and smothering me with glad kisses, murmured, "my Busne, mine, mine!"

I answered back. "No, no, mine," holding my hand to her mouth, and still shouting "mine!"

Her beautiful face grew cloudy. My words made her restive: she would not have her entire right questioned even in play by her own child. She placed me upon the cushions, and turning away entered the room again.

My father came across the flower garden with a quicker pace. He held a light basket in his hand which I saw with a shout, and made a desperate effort to clamber over the old stone balustrade, which was at least ten feet from the ground. He held up his hand, reprovingly, called for me to go back, and turning a corner of the house, was in the room with my mother before I could disentangle my hands and clothes from the multiflora and clematis vines into which I had plunged.

This too was the first time that the person of my father fixed itself definitely on my remembrance. He stood leaning over my mother's chair, holding her head back with a soft pressure of the hand upon her hair, and gazing down into her upturned eyes with a smile that would have been playful, but for a certain undercurrent of sadness that could not escape the sharp perception of a child like me. Yet even this added to the singular beauty of his face, a strange type of beauty that combined the most delicate physical organization with a high order of mental strength. His forehead, square and high, without being absolutely massive, was white as an infant's, and in moments of rest as smooth. But a painful thought or a disturbing event would ripple over its delicate surface like the wind over a snow-drift. The brows grew heavy; two faint lines marked themselves lengthwise upon the forehead just between the eyes; a peculiarity that I have

never seen save in persons of high talent, I might almost say of genius, for it is very difficult to trace the point that separates one from the other. The contrast between him and my mother was almost startling, he, so fair, so refined, so slender, with a reservation as if he concealed half. She, dark, vivid, resplendent in highness both of body and soul, with every impulse sparkling in her eye before it reached her lip; wild as a bird—uncalculating as a child, but with passion and energy that matched his. When two such spirits move on harmoniously it is heaven, for the great elements of character are alike in each: but when they clash, alas! when they clash!

I cannot tell what feelings actuated my parents, or if anything had happened to disturb them, but they grew sad, gazing into each others eyes. With a faint smile he dropped his hand from her head, saying, "am I late, Aurora!"

She answered him, and rising with a bright smile, drew the shawl around her. He sat down in her chair, and she sunk noiselessly as a woman of the orient down to the cushions.

I was completely overlooked, but if they were forgetful, I was not; the little basket stood upon the floor where my father had placed it. I crept that way softly, took up a layer of fragrant blossoms, and there interspersed with vine leaves I discovered some of the most delicious hothouse grapes, purple and amber-hued, with peaches that seemed to have been bathed in the sunset.

In my delight, I uttered an exclamation. My father looked round.

"Come hither, mischief," he said, threatening me with his finger! "Come hither with the fruit. It is for your mother."

She half started from her cushion, and held out both hands, as I came tottering across the carpet, with the basket in my arms. It was for her, and he brought it. That was enough to render anything precious; besides, the fruit was very fine, and the hothouses at Clare Hall had produced none that season. Her eyes sparkled as she received the basket in her lap.

"There," she said, filling my greedy hands with a peach and a bunch of grapes; "go away, little ungrateful, to forget papa's kiss in searching after plunder, sit down and be quiet."

I sat down, and while devouring my fruit watched and listened as children will.

"How beautifully they are arranged," said my mother, placing and replacing the peaches with her hand, for she had the eye and taste of an artist; "and the fragrance—how rich, all the exquisite delicacy of a spring blossom with a fruity ripeness. One can almost taste the fragrance in a peach, at least, I fancy so."

"Your fancy would almost create a reality!" said my father, smiling.

"How beautiful, how kind in you to devote so much time and so much taste all for us," continued my mother, lifting her radiant eyes to his; "for I know who did all this, not the old gardener, nor dear good Turner, they could no more have blended these leaves than you would have ripened the grapes, it is so like you."

"Nay, nay," answered Lord Clare, over whose lips a mischievous smile had been playing, "do not fling away so much thankfulness, neither the gardener, Turner, or myself had anything to do with it. The fruit came from some kind neighbor, I fancy, who wished to break my gardener's heart, for not a peach or grape has ripened as yet under his supervision. I found the basket on the table in my room, and as it was very prettily arranged and looked deliciously ripe, I brought it over for you and the child."

A shade came over the superb eyes of my mother, but she smiled and murmured, "very well, you brought them, that is real at least."

"Yes, yes, I brought them sure enough," he answered, laughing, as he watched me crowding one grape after another into my mouth, while I devoured the basket with my eyes. "See, is it not one of Murillo's children eating grapes? You remember the picture in Munich?"

"Yes, oh, it is very like! What eyes the creature has! how greedily she eats, she is the picture itself," and my mother laughed also, the last thoroughly mellow gleeful laugh that I ever heard from her lips.

I did not trouble myself about the Murillo, but the fruit was delicious, that was quite enough for me, so I shook my head and would have laughed too had that been possible with so many grapes in my mouth.

"Ah, what is this?" exclaimed my mother, holding up a rose colored note which she had found among the cape jessamines that lay in a wreath between the basket and the fruit.

"This will explain who has sent the gift I fancy," answered my father, taking the note, "I searched for something of the kind at first, but could find nothing."

He unfolded the paper carelessly as he spoke, she was looking up, and I had stopped eating, curious to know all about it. I shall never forget the change that came over my father, as the writing struck his eye. His face even to the lips whitened, he felt her gaze upon him and crushed the note in his hand, while flashes of red came and went across his forehead.

She turned pale as death also, and without asking a question stood up, swaying as if a current of air swept a chill over her. Some magnetic influence must have linked us three together. Surely the pulse in my father's heart reached some string in ours by those subtle affinities that

no wisdom has yet explained. I felt a chill creeping over me, the fruit lay neglected in my lap, I cast it aside upon the carpet, and creeping to my mother, clung to her hand half burying myself in the folds of her robe.

My father still held the note, gazing upon it in silence, and buried in thought. His face had regained its pallid composure, he seemed to have forgotten our presence—at length he looked up, but not at us, and with a forced smile broke the seal. He glanced at the contents, then held it forth to my mother with the same forced air and smile, but his hand shook, and even I could see that something very painful had come over him.

"The Greenhurst." This with a date was all the note contained. She read it over and over again. It explained nothing. It was but a single sentence. The name of a place of which she had never heard, but she looked in his face and remained pale as before. The intuition of a heart like hers is stronger than reason.

A constraint fell upon us, I crept away among my cushions, and felt the twilight darken around us. Then I fell into a heavy-hearted sleep, for my parents were both silent, and I was soon forgotten.

When I awoke, the windows were still open, and the room seemed empty. The moonbeams lay white and full upon the clematis vines, and then blossoms stirred beneath them like masses of snow. Children always turn to the light. Darkness seems unnatural to them. I crept out into the balcony, and clambering up the old balustrade, looked out on the garden. Close by the wilderness where the shadows lay deep, I saw a man walking to and fro like a ghost; once he came out into the moonlight, and I knew that it was my father.

A narrow flight of steps choked up with creeping vines ran down from the balcony. I scrambled down them on my hands and knees, tearing my way through the clematis like a wild animal, and leaving great fragments of my dress behind. I ran through the flower beds trampling down their sweet growth, and pausing on the verge of the shadow—for I was afraid of the dark—called out.

My father came up hurriedly with an exclamation of surprise, and evidently alarmed. His hat was off, and his beautiful brown hair, damp and heavy with night dew, but his hands were hot as he lifted me up, and when I clung to his neck and laid my cheek to his it was like fire. Moonlight gives almost superabundant brilliancy to the human eye, his glittered like stars.

"My child, my poor child," he said, "what is the matter? how came you abroad? Your little feet are wet with dew, wet, wet clothes and all;

what has come over us, my pet, my darling, how cold it is!"

He took out his watch and looked at it in the moonlight; it was twelve o'clock; holding me close to his bosom, he strode across the garden and up the broken steps, crushing the vines beneath his feet. There was no light in the chamber, but upon the cushion which she had occupied at his feet sat my mother; the moon had mounted higher, and its light fell like a great silver flag through the casement; she sat in the centre motionless and drooping like a Magdalene, with light streaming over her from the background, as we sometimes but rarely see in a picture.

At the sound of my father's footstep, she started up, and came forth with a wild, wondering look.

"How is this, Aurora," he said, in a voice of mild reproof, "I left you with the child hours ago, and now when I thought you both at rest, she is wandering away in the night, wet through and shivering with cold."

"I did not know it. When you went out a strange numbness fell upon me, it seemed as if I were in the caves at Grenada again, and that all our people were preparing to take me to the valley of stones. I was so passive, so still!"

"Aurora!" said my father, in a tone of bitter reproof, "you know how I loathe that subject—never mention it again—never think of it!"

"I never have thought of it till to-night," she answered, abstractedly, "why should I?"

"And why to-night?"

"I do not know. My life has two sides, one all blackness," here she shuddered—"the other all light. The barranca at Grenada, and this house, my grandmother and you." Her face became radiant with affection, as she lifted it to his in the moonlight. "Why should she come between us even in my thought? You are here, you, my child, my home. What has cast this heavy burden on my soul; it is the gipsey blood beginning to burn again: surely nothing has happened."

She questioned him closely with her eyes, as if longing to have him silence the vague doubts that haunted him, and he answered faintly,

"Nothing, child, nothing has happened."

She drew a deep breath, and gave forth a faint laugh.

"Ah, how strangely I have felt. It must have been the cold night air. This England is so chilly, and you, how damp your clothes seem; why your hair is saturated! Come in, Clare, come in, my poor child, my bird of Paradise, she will perish!"

Lord Clare bore me into the chamber; lights were obtained, and my wet garments were exchanged for a night robe of delicate linen.

"See if I do not take care of him," said my mother, folding the cashmere shawl around me,

while great tears crowded to her eyes, and she looked timidly into his face.

"I do not doubt it," he answered, kindly, "she is warm now and getting drowsy upon your bosom."

"Go to rest, both need it. Do you know it is after midnight?"

He touched her forehead with his lips, and kissing me, prepared to go. She looked after him, and her great eyes said a thousand times more than she would have dared to speak.

He hesitated, said something about the necessity of being early at the hall, and then, as if restraint had become irksome beyond endurance, laid his hand on the stone balustrade, and leaped over.

My mother drew me closer and closer to her bosom, as his footsteps died on the still air. Then I remember no more, only that in the morning I awoke in her arms with the shawl folded around me. She had not been in bed all night.

After that night I never remember to have seen that rich, fruity smile upon my mother's lips again. Remember, there had been no quarrel between her and Lord Clare; not even a hard word; but she loved him so deeply, so fatally—she who had no world, no thought, no existence that did not partake of him, and her trust in him was like the faith of a devotee. All at once she *felt* that he had secrets, that thoughts, memories, many things long buried in his heart, of which she had no knowledge. She had gathered it only from a look, but if all the angels of heaven had written it out in fire before her eyes the revelation would not have been more perfect.

And now the proud tranquillity of her life, the rich contentment of her love departed forever, the gipsy blood fired up again, she was restless as a wild bird. Her care of me relaxed, I ran about the park recklessly, like the deer that inhabited it. She rode out frequently alone, and always at full speed. I saw her often conversing with old Turner, and observed that he looked anxious and distressed after their conversations.

She was a proud creature, that young gipsy mother, but it was a pride of the soul, that which blends with genius as platinum strengthens and beautifies gold. All the sweet trusting fondness of manner which had made her love, while it confided, so luxurious and dreamy, changed to gentle sadness. She met Lord Clare meekly and with a certain degree of grateful submission, but without warmth. It was the humility which springs from excess of pride. In the whole range of human feelings there is not a sensation that approaches so near to meekness as the pride of a woman who feels a wrong but gives it no utterance.

Lord Clare saw and felt this. You could see
Vol. XXII.—18.

it in his air, in his slow step as he approached the house; in the anxious look with which he always regarded my mother on their first meetings. He grew more tender, more solicitous to divine her wishes, but never asked an explanation of the change that had come over her. What was the reason of this? Why did Lord Clare remain silent on a subject that filled both their thoughts? Those who know the human heart well can best answer.

Lord Clare had reached that point in life when we shrink from new sources of excitement. I have said that he was young only in years. The romance of suffering had long since passed away—he was only capable of feeling the pain.

Close by Lord Clare's estate, and visible through the trees in winter, when no foliage intervened, was an old mansion that had once been castelated, but modern art had transformed it into a noble dwelling, leaving the old keep and some prominent towers merely for their picturesque effect. A large estate surrounded it, sweeping down, on the north, to that of Lord Clare's, and extending so far as the eye could reach toward the mountain ridges that terminated the view.

The estate had belonged to a wealthy banker of London, one of those city men who sometimes by their energies sweep the possessions of the peerage into their coffers with a sort of ruthless magic. This man had married a distant relative of Lord Clare—a lady who at one time had been an inmate of his father's family. She had married the banker suddenly, most people supposed for his wealth, for she carried nothing but high birth and connections to her city bridegroom. The dwelling, of which I speak, had been purchased before the marriage, as a surprise for the lady. Close to the estate of her young relative, almost regal in its splendor, what gift could be more acceptable to the bride. It was purchased, renovated, furnished and settled upon her. On her bridal morning only she became aware of the fact. Those who were by, saw that the bride turned pale, and that a strange look came into her face as she acknowledged the magnificent kindness of her bridegroom, but one brief visit was all that she made to the estate, and it became a matter of comment that Lord Clare should have started on his foreign travels the day before the bridal party arrived in the neighborhood.

Now Mr. Moreton was dead, and about this time his widow, Lady Jane, came down to live at the castle. Turner informed us of this, but there was something in his manner that did not please me. His precise language, and that sort of solemn drollery that made him so unique and to us so loveable abandoned him as he told this

news. His dear, honest eyes wavered, and there was something wrong in his whole appearance that day, I shall never forget it.

Another piece of news he brought us after this. Lord Clare's sister, a lady some years older than himself, arrived at Clare Hall, and more company was expected. This lady was twice related to her brother, for she had married a first cousin, and if Lord Clare died without male heirs her son—for she too was a widow—was heir at law to the title and entailed estates. All this I learned in after years. My poor mother knew nothing of all this; how should she? The laws, and even customs of England were a sealed book to her. She only knew that strangers were intruding into her paradise, and the shadows around her home grew deeper and deeper.

I fancy all this gossip was brought to us by Lord Clare's direction—for he never mentioned it himself, and poor old Turner certainly did not seem to find much pleasure in imparting it. With all his eccentricities, he was a discreet and feeling man.

I have said that I ran wild about the grounds, like a little witch or fairy. This made me bold and reckless, I put no limits to my rambles, but trampled through flower-beds, woodied rivulets, and made myself acquainted with everything I met without fear. Up to this time I had never entered the hall, nor met any of the servants without avoiding them. Perhaps I had been directed to do this. I cannot remember if it was the command of my mother or an intuition. But now I ventured into the garden, the grapevines and at length into the house itself.

I had not seen Lord Clare in several days, and it was possibly a longing for his presence that gave me courage to steal up the broad, oaken staircase and along the sumptuous rooms that lay beyond.

The magnificence did not astonish me, for it was only on a broader scale than the exquisite arrangement of my own pretty home, but the stillness, the vast breadth and depth of the apartments filled me with a sort of awe, and I crept on, half afraid, half curious, to see what would come next.

At length I found myself in a little cabinet. The walls were hung with small pictures; the carpet was like wood-moss gleaming through flowers; two or three crimson easy-chairs stood around. On a table lay some curious books in bindings of discolored vellum, some glowing with purple and gold, the ancient and modern in strong contrast. An ebony desk sculptured an inch deep and set with precious stones stood also upon it; some papers lay upon the leaf, and a small drawer was half out, in which were other papers folded and emitting a delicious perfume.

Child-like, I clambered up the chair that stood before this desk and began tossing the papers about; something flashed up from the drawer like a ray of light; I plunged my hand in again and drew forth a golden shell, frosted over with ridges of ancient pearls and edged with diamonds. I clasped it between my hands and sprang down with a glad little shout, resolved to examine it at my leisure. Either the leap or the pressure of my hands opened the spring, and when I sat down on the carpet and unclosed my hands, the shell flew open and I saw the face of Lord Clare. I had not seen him in some days, and as if the portrait had been himself, I fell to kissing it, murmuring over the endearing names that his presence always prompted. After a little, my eyes fell on the opposite half of the shell, and the face that met my gaze checked my joy; it was not beautiful, but singular fascination hung about the broad forehead and the clear, greyish blue eyes. The power embodied there enthralled me more than beauty could have done. My murmurs ceased; my heart stopped its gleeble beating; I looked on the pair with a sort of terror, and yet could not remove my eyes.

All at once I heard steps in the next room. Huddling the miniature up with the folds of my scarlet dress, I sat upon the floor, breathless and full of wild curiosity, but not afraid. The door opened and Lord Clare came in. He did not observe me, for a cloud of lace from one of the windows fell between us, and he sat down by the desk wearily leaning his forehead in the palm of one hand. I heard him sigh and observed that he moved his hand rapidly across his forehead two or three times, as if to assuage the pain of some harrassing thought.

Still with the miniature and some folds of my dress huddled together, I got up, and moving toward the desk clambered softly up the chair on which he sat. Putting one arm around his neck, I laid my head close to his cheek and murmured, after the fashion of my gipsey mother, "oh, my Busne, my Busne!"

He started violently; my weight drew back the chair, and I fell heavily to the carpet.

"Child, child, how came you here?" cried Lord Clare, looking down upon me, pale as death, and excited beyond anything I had ever witnessed, "surely, surely," he added, "your mother cannot have brought you—tell me, was it Turner—was it—"

"No, no," I answered, forcing back the tears of pain that sprung to my eyes, "it was myself, not Turner, not mamma, only myself—my own self; I came alone; I will go alone—I and the pretty Busne in my dress. That will not throw me down—that will not strike my head, and fill my eyes with sparks of fire. It is the good

Busne, mamma, and I loved—it will make her glad again. Let me go out—me and the good Busne."

I still lay upon the floor, for the blow against my head made it reel when I attempted to move; but my hand clung to the miniature, and a fierce spirit of rage, hitherto unknown, possessed me. He stooped over me with his old, gentle manner, and attempted to lift me in his arms, but in my rage I shrunk away.

"You don't love me—you don't love mamma," I cried, fighting him back with one hand. "She knows it—I know it, and so does good Turner. You go away one, two, four days, and all that time she sits this way, looking on the floor."

I struggled to a sitting posture and sunk into the abstracted manner that had become habitual to my mother. I do not know what chord of feelings was struck by this position, but tears crowded into his eyes, and dropping on one knee by my side, he laid one hand on my head. I sprang up so violently that the miniature fell to my feet, glittering and open.

"Child, gipsey, where did you get this?" he cried, white with agitation, and seizing my arm. "There!" I answered, stamping my foot, and pointing with my clenched hand to the desk.

"Who told you—how dare you?"

"No one told me—dare, what is that?" I answered, meeting his pale anger with a feeling of fire in my heart and eyes.

"Contaminated again by this gipsey gang," he muttered, gazing upon the female face. "Jane, Jane, to what degradation you have driven me."

I listened greedily. The name of that woman was Jane; how from that hour I hated the sound.

"Go!" he said to me, sternly, "go, and never enter this room again. Tell your mother that this mad life must have an end. You shall not run through the estate like a gip—like a wild animal."

Every word sunk like a drop of gall into my heart—the bitterness—the scorn—the angry mention of my mother's name—I left the miniature in his hand, and, with my infant teeth scarcely larger than pearls clenched hard, turned away, burning with futile wrath. He called me back, but I kept on. Again he called, and his voice trembled. It only filled my little heart with scorn that a man should not hold his anger more firmly. In order to avoid him, I ran like a deer, through the spacious apartments, ignorant of what direction I ought to take, but determined to run anywhere rather than speak to him again.

He followed me, for I was his child, and a mere infant, and he had not the heart to leave

me uncared to make my way out of that great house. But I sprang forward like a hunted animal, through ante-rooms, chambers, halls and galleries; at last I stood panting and wild as an uncaged bird, in what seemed a little summer parlor, opening upon the most blooming nook of a flower garden; broad sash windows led to the ground, flooding the room with cheerful light. If I remember rightly, for nothing but a dizzy sense of luxurious elegance reached me at the time, the apartment was filled with rich, old-fashioned furniture, which required the graceful relief of embroidered cushions, and a lavish supply of flowers to make it so cheerful as it seemed.

All the doors in that house opened without noise, and, though I rushed in madly enough, the carpets were too thick for any sound of my tumultuous approach to precede me. A lady sat in one of the low windows reading. I started and held my breath—not from fear, that from my infancy has been a sentiment unknown to me—but a terrible sensation, which even now I can neither explain or describe, seized upon me. The face of that woman was the one I had seen in the miniature. The same grandeur of forehead, the same eyes—not beautiful in repose, but full of all the latent elements of beauty. The same blended strength and sweetness in the mouth and chin was there. She was in deep mourning; a crape bonnet and veil lay on the couch by her side, and her golden hair contrasted finely with the sweeping sable of her bombazine dress. She was neither handsome nor young, yet the strange mesmeric influence that surrounded that woman had a thousand times more power over those who could feel it, than youth or the most perfect loveliness of form and features could have secured. Her influence over me was a sort of enchantment; I held my breath, and I remember feeling a deep sentiment of pity for my mother. I had no reason for this, and was a mere child in all things, but the moment my eyes fell on that woman they filled with tears of compassion for my mother.

She was reading and did not know of my intrusion; but after a moment Lord Clare came hastily forward in pursuit of me, and though his footsteps gave forth no sound, and his motions were less rapid than mine, I could see that she felt his approach; for her pale cheek grew scarlet, and I saw the book tremble like a leaf in her hand. He had passed me, for I stood close to the wall, and entered the room before she looked up. Then their eyes met, and hers, oh, how warmly they sparkled beneath the drooping lids after that first glance.

Lord Clare checked his footsteps, stood a moment irresolute, and then advanced toward her.

She rose, and I saw that both trembled, and their voices were so broken that some murmured words passed between them which escaped me. The first sentence that reached me was from the lady.

"I thought that your sister had arrived, and so drove over notwithstanding your uncousinly neglect of my note."

"She is expected every moment," answered Lord Clare, in a gentle but firm voice, for his self-possession had returned.

He sat down as one who must prepare to do the honors of his house, and made some cold inquiries after the lady's health, but without looking at her. The lady was greatly agitated, I could see that plainly enough; her color came and went, and if she attempted to speak her lips trembled and uttered no sound. Her eyes were fixed upon Lord Clare, and, in my whole life, I have never seen anything so full of the soul's grandeur as those eyes while they slowly filled with tears. They had not uttered a word for some moments, then with a quiver not only of the lips, but of all her features, she uttered his name.

"Clarence."

He looked up shivering like a leaf to the sound, and well he might, for never did a proud woman's soul go more eloquently forth in a single word.

"What would you with me, Lady Jane?" he said, with that measured firmness which often precedes the breaking down of a man's stern will.

"I would say," answered Lady Jane, and the tears rolled one by one down her burning cheeks as she spoke, "I would say that my pride, my stubbornness has wronged you."

"It has indeed," was the still cold reply.

"I would make atonement: speak of my regret."

"What can regret avail? What, lady, tell me if you can—what can atone for years of wasted youth—affections trampled to the dust, a life disturbed?"

"Ah, Clarence."

How strangely the name sounded: I had never heard it in my life before, and I am sure my poor mother was ignorant that he was called Clarence. This among the rest he had hoarded from her.

"Oh, Clarence, I feel—I have felt long how cruel, how ungrateful, how miserably proud I was—but I, I, do you think I have not suffered?"

Lord Clare looked at her suddenly, an expression of painful surprise came over his pale features.

"Why should you have suffered?" he questioned, almost sternly, "because you pitied the man you had scorned?"

"Because I loved him!" The words seemed wrung from the very depths of her heart. She

was pale as death: her face fell forward, and she buried its shame in her hands.

Lord Clare sprang to his feet, a glow of such joy as I have never seen on a human face before or since, transfigured him. His eyes absolutely blazed; and a smile, oh, the glory of that smile poured its sunshine over his features. It lasted but a moment, the next that beautiful joy went out. Some sharp memory convulsed his features, and he dropped back in his seat again. His eyes had fallen upon me.

She looked up and only saw the last miserable expression of his face. A faint groan burst from her lips, and you could see her noble form shrink with a sense of humiliation.

"I see—I see," she cried, clasping her hands, and making a strong effort to subdue the anguish of disappointment that seized upon her—"my cruelty has done its work—even the poor privileges of friendship cannot be ours."

"It is too late—too late," said Lord Clare, turning his eyes almost fiercely upon my little form where it crouched by the wall.

"Still," said Lady Jane, with more firmness, "I must not be condemned as heartless and unprincipled where my motives were all good, and my judgment only in fault; that which was self-sacrifice must not rest in your heart as perfidy. I was proud, unreasonable, but as I live all this was from a solemn conviction of right. I believed that the love you expressed for me—"

"Expressed!" said Lord Clare, in a tone of bitter reproach.

"Felt for me then—for I am satisfied that you did love me once."

Here Lady Jane's assumed strength gave way when we speak of love as a thing that has been. What woman's heart is there which does not swell with regret.

"I did love you," said Lord Clare, turning his eyes away from the sight of her tears.

"And do so no longer?" was the earnest, almost supplicating reply. How full of soul that woman was—what strange fascination lay about her!

"It is too late—I cannot." He met the expression of her eyes, those pleading, wonderful eyes, and added, "I dare not!"

She understood him. She felt that her empire in that heart was there still, though it might be in ruins. Still she struggled hard to suppress the exhibition of this wild delight, but it broke through her tears like lightning among rain-drops. It dimpled her mouth—oh, she was beautiful then! She strove to conceal this, and kept her eyes upon the floor, but the lids glowed like rose-leaves, and flashes as if from great diamonds came through her dark lashes. Yes—yes, she was beautiful then! One moment of beauty like

that is worth a life-time of that symmetrical prettiness that common-place men admire in common-place women. With the sweet conviction of his continued affection Lany Jane recovered much of her composure. Her manner unconsciously, perhaps to herself, became gentle, pleading, almost tender. If she wept, smiles brightened through her tears. Now and then her voice was almost playful, and once as she lifted her eyes fully to his, there was a faint reflection of her mood upon Lord Clare's face. Alas! my poor mother!

"We may never mention this subject again," she said, with sweet meekness, "and now let me say all that is truth in my own exculpation. We were inmates of the same family—you and I—you full of youth in its first bright vigor—I your elder by more than ten years. It was a safe companionship—our families never dreamed of danger. I, full of worldly wisdom, strong in the untaxed strength of a heart that had never truly loved, but fancied itself tried to the utmost—would have smiled in scorn had any one predicted that which followed. You loved me notwithstanding my years, my want of beauty, my poverty, you loved me—and, and I loved you—oh, heavens! how completely, how fatally!"

"Go on," said Lord Clare, who listened breathlessly.

"You," continued Lady Jane, "brave, noble, generous, had no dread, no false shame—you would have made me lady of this mansion, the partaker of your bright young life. You gloried in the passion that won forgetfulness of all disparity between us, believing that it would secure happiness to us both. You offered me a hand which the proudest lady of England would have gloried in accepting. Listen to me, Clarence, I would at that moment have given up all my after existence, could I have been your wife one year, certain that the love you expressed would have endured—that you would never regret the sacrifice you had made for me. Still I refused you—nay, refused to listen to professions of affection that were the sweetest, dearest sounds that ever filled my ear. You were young—I no longer so. You were rich—I a poor dependant on your father's bounty. I was a coward, I had no courage to brave the whispers which would say that, treacherous to the hospitality of my relative, mercenary, grasping, I had used my experience to entrap the young heir of an earldom into an unsuitable marriage. I could not endure that the disparity of our years and my poverty should become subjects of common gossip."

"How little I cared for that!" said Lord Clare, with a constrained smile.

"I know it—but this very generosity, this self-abnegation frightened me, I could not believe in

its permanency. It seemed to me more the thanklessness of youth than a stern, settled purpose. You had forbearance for my maturity, but I—ungrateful that I was—had no faith in your youth."

"Did you deem love a thing of years?"

"Not now, but then I did! My own feelings shocked and terrified me; they seemed unnatural, I could not forgive my heart that they had found lodgement there. So much more absorbing than anything I had ever known, they seemed like a hallucination. I distrusted myself, the sweet madness that possessed me, and by one rash, wicked act sought to wrench our souls apart, thinking all the time that your happiness required the effort. I left your father's house—I placed an unloved man between you and me. I was mad, wicked. In one month after, when your father died, and I had not his scorn to dread, I would have given the world—but no matter what or how I have suffered—you are avenged—I was punished."

"Why should we revert to this?" said Lord Clare, gently. "The past is the past!"

"I have wounded your pride to save mine!" exclaimed Lady Jane, and her eyes sparkled with tears again. "It is your turn now, but if you knew—if you knew all, this bitter humiliation should be some atonement."

"I would not soothe my wounded pride at your expense, Lady Jane, still I thank you. It is something to know that a passion which cost me so much was not altogether scorned."

She was about to answer with some eagerness, but the sound of a carriage sweeping round the broad gravel walk to the front entrance interrupted her. They both listened, looking earnestly at each other. Then she reached forth her hand, and said, smiling through her tears, "Cousin Clarence, we cannot be enemies, that is too unnatural——"

He wrung her hand with a sort of passion, dropped it, and rushed from the room. She stood a moment thankfully and weeping, then her mouth brightened and curved into a smile, and with a proud air she swept by me, darkening the sunshine with her long, black garments. I followed her with my eyes, creeping on my hands and knees across the threshold that I might see her again, and be sure it was no fairy play that I had witnessed. Then I sat down on the carpet, buried my face in the embroidery of my scarlet frock, and began to cry.

After a time, I could not tell how much, for my little soul was overflowing with emotions, I felt a hand laid gently on my head. I started, shook the long curls back from my face, and there was my father bending over me. His face was so pale and stern that I shrunk away, but

he lifted me up by the arm, and grasping my hand till it pained me, led me forth.

As we approached the hall, I saw servants passing to and fro carrying packages, lap dogs, and cushions from a travelling carriage at the door. A waiting-maid stood in the entrance, chatting directions in French and broken English, with a pretty King Charles held close to her bosom, which was amusing himself with the pink ribbons of her cap.

"Where is Tip? Will no one bring up Tip?" cried a voice from the staircase, and directly I saw a tall, spare woman, with the faintest pink in her cheeks, and the faintest blue in her eyes, coming down the steps. She had drawn off her gloves and untied her travelling bonnet; a few long, flaxen curls streamed down her shoulders with the purple ribbons, and one helpless, sickly white hand glided down the ebony balustrade.

"Bring up Tip, I cannot do anything without Tip," she continued to say, leaning forward and reaching out her arms for the dog which the maid obediently brought to her.

I had a full view of this woman as she mounted the staircase fondling her dog, and from that moment loathed her from my soul. It was Lord Clare's sister.

My father paused, and drew me suddenly back as his sister appeared on the stairs. The moment she was gone we moved rapidly through the hall, took a back entrance, and entered the grounds. He walked on with long, stern strides, clasping my hand, but unconscious that I was almost leaping to hold my pace even with his. We entered the wilderness, and then, for the first time, my father spoke.

"Zana," he said, "look at me here, in my eyes."

I lifted my gaze to his steadily. His eyes were inflamed and full of trouble; they fell before mine, and left my little heart burning with strange triumph.

"Zana, you saw the lady."

"Yes!"

"And heard all that she was saying?"

"Yes!"

"What was she talking about? Can you tell me?"

"I can tell you what she said, and what you answered."

"Word for word?" question my father, anxiously.

"Yes, sir, word for word."

"And you will repeat this to—to your mother?"

"No, I will not."

"Indeed," said Lord Clare, and I saw that his eye brightened with a look of relief, "and why not?"

"Because I will not. She would hate that dark

lady as I do—she would cry more and more—she would know all about it!"

"About what?"

"About." I hesitated, no words came to express the ideas that were fixed upon my mind so firmly. I knew as well as he did that he loved that lady, and that my mother was a burden, but how could the infant words at my command express all this? My father seemed relieved by my hesitation, and saying more gently,

"Well, well, go home, tell your mother that I have company at the hall—my sister, you will remember—and that I may not be able to see her this evening."

"She can wait!" I answered, swelling with indignation. He led me to the verge of our garden, pointed along the path I should take, and turned back without kissing me. I was glad of this, though he had never done it before. My little soul was up in arms against him.

I did not go home, but wandered about the wilderness searching for birds' nests, not because I enjoyed it, but a dread of seeing my mother for the first time kept me in the woods.

Her life was more quiet than ever after this, but you would not have known her for the same being, her eyes grew larger and so wild. Her figure became lithe and tall again; all the luxuriance of her beauty fled. She suffered greatly, even a child could see that.

Now the Hall was filled with company, and we seldom saw Lord Clare. Turner came to us every day, but he too seemed changed, the rich, dry humor so long a part of his nature forsook him; his visits were short, and he said little. Thus the season wore on, and I suffered with the rest. How many hours did I remain at the foot of some great oak or chestnut, thinking of that proud lady and her interview with my father. I kept my secret, not once had I alluded to that strange visit to the hall. It weighed upon me—at times it almost choked me, but I felt that it must remain my own burden.

I had never seen a hunt in my life, for though Lord Clare kept horses and hounds, they had never been called out since the old earl's death. But now, when company crowded the hall, we often heard the sweep of horses and the baying of dogs from the distant hills.

One day, I wandered off lured by this novel sound, and lost myself in a pretty valley. I am not sure if it was not beyond the verge of our park, for I exhausted myself with the fatigue of running after the sound, and fell breathless upon the moss beneath a clump of trees. While I lay bewildered and panting with fatigue, a group of horsemen rushed down the valley in full chase. Their red coats flashed between the leaves, and I saw hound after hound leaping through the

brushwood. They disappeared like a flash of lightning. Then came the swift leap of other horses, and a lady appeared among the trees. Her black hunter was on the full run, shooting like a thunderbolt through thickets, and over the broken ground with foam flashing from his nostrils, and blood dropping from his mouth where the curb had been ground into it. The lady had lost all control of her hunter; she reeled in the saddle, and nothing but her desperate hold upon the rein kept her from falling.

I knew her, notwithstanding the masculine hat and cravat, the black skirt sweeping behind her like a thunder cloud, and the deathly paleness of her face. I knew her the first moment, and shrank back into the undergrowth, not with fear but loathing—oh, how I did hate that woman. Some persons think children cannot hate. They never studied a child like me. She came on pale as marble, reeling with exhaustion, but with a strong will firing her eyes till they gleamed like stars beneath her hat. On she came, the horse veered. A gulley lay before him; he stretched out his limbs and plunged forward. She saw death in the next instant, shrieked, flung up her arms, and the horse leaped from under her.

I did not move, but looked on holding my breath, and waiting to see if she would stir. I had no idea of death, but as I saw her pale face lifted to the sky, her black garments sweeping like a pall down the bank, and her lifeless hand lying so still in the grass—a fierce interest seized me. It was not joy, nor pity, nor hate, but I thought of my mother, and hoped that the stillness would last forever.

Another horse came tearing his way down the valley; a scarlet coat flashed before my eyes and made me dizzy. Some one dismounted, a horse stood panting beneath his empty saddle. The fiery glow of crimson mingled confusedly with those black garments on the grass—then my sight cleared, and there was my father holding that woman in his arms—pressing her frantically to his bosom—raining kisses upon her great marble forehead and her white eyelids. He held her back with his arms, looked into her face, uttered wild, sweet words that made my heart burn—tears flashed down his cheeks, and fell like great diamonds in the blackness of her dress, his grief made him more of a child than I was.

He strained her to his bosom, pressed his lips to hers as if his own soul were pouring itself into her bosom. "Jane, Jane, my love, my angel, my wife, listen to me, open your eyes! you are not dead—not gone—lost without knowing how much I love you. Oh, open those eyes—draw one breath, and I am your slave forever." She did not move, but lay cold and still in his arms: I was glad of it!

He laid her upon the grass with a groan that made even me start, and looked despairingly around. "Will no one come?—must she die?—oh, my God, what can I do?"

He stood a moment, mute and still, looking, oh, how steadily, how mournfully down upon her. Then speaking aloud, and with a solemnity that made me tremble, he said, "I have avoided her—struggled, suffered, tried to crush the great love that is within me, and this is the end! What is left to me?" I saw a shudder pass over him, and knew that he was thinking of us—me and my mother.

Again his voice reached me, not loud, but deep and solemnly impressive. His mournful eyes were bent upon her, and he slowly sunk to her side. "Let her live—only live," he said, "and so help me heaven, her own will shall dispose of me! Let all else perish, so she but breathe again!"

I rose from the ground and stood before my father, my little hand was clenched, and my frame shook with passion seldom known to my tender years.

He started as if a serpent had sprung up from the bosom of that beloved one; he gazed in my eyes an instant, and then put me sternly back with his hand. "Go," he said, with a sharp breath, as if every word were a pain—"go, wierd child, I ask not what evil thing brings you to search my soul with those unnatural eyes—but go and tell your mother all that you can understand of this. Tell her that if this lady lives, in a few days she will be my wife—if not, I leave England forever. Tell her all!"

"I will tell her!" I said, looking fiercely into his eyes. "You shall never see her again, never, never, never!" Such passion must have been terrible in a little child. He looked on me with a sort of terror.

"Tell your mother I will write, and send Turner to her," he said, more gently.

"I will say that you hate her and love this one!" was my fierce reply. "That is enough!—she will drop down like stone as this one has!"

My eyes fell upon Lady Jane as I spoke; her broad eyelids quivered, and a faint motion disturbed the deathly white of her lips; these signs of life filled me with rage. I saw a breath struggling to free itself, and, lifting my tiny foot, stamped it down upon her bosom, looking into her face like an infant fiend to see if I had trampled the coming life away. Her eyes slowly opened as if it were to the pressure of my foot, and then I flew reeling back against the bank, *my father had struck me*. I rose and went away, but without shedding a tear, without looking back. I have been told that my face was very pale when I reached home, but that I was smiling

steadily till the teeth gleamed between my lips, a thing that never happened to me before or since.

It was nearly dark when I returned home. My mother was in the little room that I have described lying upon a couch, with her large, sleepless eyes wide open, and gazing upon the wall.

"Get up, mother," I said, seizing the cashmere shawl that lay over her, and casting it in a gorgeous heap on the floor—"get up, I want to tell you something."

She rose with a wild look, for my voice was sharp, and my face so strangely unnatural that it had the force of command.

"Come out into the garden—into the woods, mother." She followed me passively. I led her down the balcony steps, across the flower beds, and into the wilderness. It was gloomy there, shadows lay thick among the trees, and a leaden sky bent overhead. I liked it. In the broad sunshine I could not have told her. The anguish in her face frightened me even as it was.

She heard me through without uttering a word, but the gleam of her eyes and the whiteness of her face was more heart-rending than the most eloquent complaints. She held my hand all the time, and as I told her of the scene I had just witnessed, of his caresses, of the blow, her grip on my fingers became like a vice. But I did not wince, her own gipsey blood was burning hot in my veins. I did not sleep that night, but lay upon the carpet in my mother's room, resolved not to be taken away till she was in bed.

Turner had been there in the evening, and they conversed together, alone, for more than an hour. The old man went away with tears in his eyes. I heard my mother say to him in her low, sad way, for she was always sad now. "Do not fail me, my good friend, I shall never ask another favor of you, so grant me this."

"Poh, poh!" was his answer, "you will ask five thousand; and I shall perform every one, trust old Turner for that!"

But there were tears in the old man's voice, I was sure of that. After his departure my mother had been greatly disturbed, walking the room wringing her hands, and convulsed with the tearless grief that rends one's heart-strings so silently. When it drew toward midnight, and she saw me, to all appearance, sleeping tranquilly on the floor, I heard a movement in the room as if she were preparing to go out—I opened my eyes and watched.

She took up the cashmere shawl and folded it over her head and person, leaving only the face exposed after the fashion of a Spanish mantilla. Her face looked thin, but very beautiful, surrounded by these gorgeous colors, for her cheeks were of a peachy scarlet; and her eyes—in my life I have never seen an expression like them—

so moist, so bright. It was like the reflection of a star in deep waters. She stole out through the balcony; I heard her descend to the garden, and then followed, actuated, I think, more by a vague dread that she was about to leave me forever.

She threaded the wilderness with a quick step, and kept her way through the grounds cut up into thickets and flower beds that lay around the hall. I do not think that she had ever been there before in her life, but she seemed to find the way by intuition. I followed close, but unseen, and to my surprise saw her pass into the hall by the back entrance, through which Lord Clare had led me. The door was not entirely closed after her, and I crept through. The hall was dark, but she moved noiselessly on, gliding like a shadow up the broad staircase.

Now I was guided only by the faint ripple of her garments, for the upper halls were in perfect darkness, and she was more in advance.

I saw by the glow of light that came into the hall, that a door had been softly opened in which a lamp was burning, and moved along the wall till I stood in view of a bed chamber lighted as with moonbeams, for a lamp had been placed within an alabaster vase evidently for this subduing purpose. I saw nothing, distinctly, in the room, but have a vague remembrance of a cloud of azure silk and rich lace brooding in one corner of the chamber—a couch underneath white as mountain snow, and on it *that woman*.

Asleep, and my mother gazing upon her. The sleeper scarcely seemed to breathe, a narcotic influence was evidently upon her, which had been used to still some previous pain; but all traces of this anguish had departed from her forehead, from which the bright hair had been swept back, giving its broad, massive grandeur to the light. She was not handsome, but a halo of happiness lay upon her face that made your breath come quick; the wealth of a great soul seemed breaking over her noble features as she slept. The eyes underneath, those broad lids were swimming in joy, that broke through like perfume from the white leaves of a rose. The atmosphere that hung about her seemed warm and rich, like that of an Indian summer in North America. There stood her contrast, my gipsey mother, with all the blood of her race burning in her eyes, her forehead, and that now firm mouth. I looked in her face, and thought she was about to spring upon her prey—for the passions burning there grew fierce as death. She bent down and scrutinized the sleeper, and then felt in her hair and looked sharply around the room, I thought for some weapon. "My oath, my oath!" she muttered, casting her great eyes around, "nothing but death can separate us; why not *her* death?"

I sprang forward wild with terror and caught hold of her dress. "Mamma, oh, mamma, come away, come away," I pleaded, in a whisper.

She yielded to me, and walked slowly from the chamber, like one moving in a dream.

"Hush," she said, as we stood in the hall, "I thought it had been his room. Where is it, child, you know?"

"Oh, come away—come away!" I whispered, still keeping a firm grasp on her dress. "It is dark, I do not know."

She broke from me and I lost her. The faint sound of a foot reached me once, but I had no courage to follow, and cowered down in the hall shivering and noiseless. It seemed to me that I remained a year in that black stillness. I could endure it no longer, but groped my way to the staircase, and so out into the open air.

The moon was up, but overwhelmed by an ocean of clouds. Now and then a leaden gleam broke out, and this gave me courage to wait and watch.

She came forth at last, and when I sprang toward her caught me firmly by the hand.

"Come!" she said, "the oath lies with us; the gipsey blood will not fail me when it is only us."

"What do you mean, mamma? Have you seen him, the Busne?"

"Yes!"

"Was he awake, mamma?"

"Awake!" and her laugh was fearful. "Child, do you think he could sleep?—can ever sleep again?"

"Did he say anything kind? Was he sorry for striking me?"

"Hush!" said my mother, sharply, "he has struck us both, the lady for my child—the heart for me!"

"Did you strike him back, mother?"

"No, but I will. The stone that crushes me shall fall on his soul."

Now I recognized my gipsey mother. She turned to me, and a straggling moonbeam struck her face. "Zana, do you know what an oath is?"

"Yes, mamma, I heard you mention the word in your sleep, and so asked Turner."

"I have sworn an oath, Zana. Will you help me keep it?"

"I will help you, mamma."

"Let me make you strong with my kisses, Zana, you are no child."

I clung to her, answering back that wild caress, for my heart was burning with a sense of her wrongs.

"I was a child once, mother, but that has all gone by; I am something else now, not a woman like you, but sharper, like a little dagger with

bright stones on the hilt, that you sometimes fasten up your hair with. The handle is so pretty; but the point, isn't that sharp?"

"It was well I left it behind to-night, Zana."

"You could not leave me behind, I would go!"

"Are you tired, Zana?"

"No."

"Walk fast then, for we must be a long way from this before morning."

"Where are you going, mother?"

"To keep my oath!"

We entered the cottage for the last time. My mother must have anticipated what was to happen, for she took me into her room, tore off my pretty scarlet dress, and replaced it with the garments of a little boy. Her own dress she changed also, and we left the house together, both clad in male garments, and each carrying a little bundle in our hands.

Where we went first, I do not know. The events of that day and night were buried upon my memory, but after that I had only a vague idea of travelling constantly, of broad, stormy seas, a river that ran with waves of dull gold, orange groves, wild hills, and at last a city in the midst of beautiful plains, filled with antique houses, and with snow-capped mountains looming against the sky. The grim towers of a ruin fixed itself on my memory, frowning between the city and those mountain tops, and when I asked my mother what was the name of this city and the ruin she answered, briefly, "Grenada, the Alhamra," nothing more.

I was not surprised at this, for since we left Clare Hall she had scarcely uttered a longer sentence.

It was sunset when we came in sight of Grenada. She paused in a recess of the hills, and opening our bundles, changed her dress and mine, casting away the male attire. I remember gazing at her with wonder as she stood before me in her strange dress. The blue bodice, the short crimson skirt, flowered and heavy with tarnished gold, the gorgeous kerchief knotted under her chin, this dress had been the contents of her bundle; mine was more simple, a frock of azure colored stuff broderied with purple—my feet and ankles were bare to the knees.

My mother bent down and kissed me.

"Are you a child now, Zana?"

"No, I am what you are."

"Come."

We descended into the Vega and passed through Grenada long after dark. I was very tired and faint, but kept up with my mother, determined to hold firm to my promise. During our whole journey I had not once complained. We left the city and entered a deep, gloomy ravine, lighted up by a host of internal fires,

that seemed to burn in the bosom of the hill. Wending along the dusty road, I saw that all the embankment was cut up into holes, from which the light came, and that these were swarming with human beings.

We walked on, speaking to no one, till my mother paused before one of these caves to which the door was shut. She paused, and for one instant I felt her tremble, but the emotion was gone in a breath, and pushing the door open, she went in.

A little, old woman sat in one end of the cave, rocking to and fro on a wooden stool, beneath the beams of a smoky lamp that stood in a niche over her head. The creature arose as we entered, passed one skeleton hand over her eyes, and muttered "who comes—who dares open my door, when I once shut it for the night?"

"One who fears nothing now, not even you, grand-dame," said my mother, advancing firmly up the cave.

The old woman kept her hand shading those gleaming eyes, and pored keenly over the haggard face before her.

"Why have you come back?" she said, fiercely.

"To keep my oath, grand-dame!"

"Your oath. Is he dead then? Is it his blood that makes your face so white?"

"No, he is safe—it may be, happy," answered my mother, and for the first time since we left England, I heard her voice falter. "That was no marriage, grand-dame, he loves another."

"And you let him live!"

"I love him—it is useless, grand-dame—these frowns, the locking of those sharp teeth. The desperate have no fear; I have disgraced my people, and am ready to redeem my oath."

"And what is this?" said Papita, touching me with her finger, with loathing scowl.

"My child, and his," was the answer, and I felt her fingers close tight on my hand.

"Oh, you did well to bring her. There is yet a drop of the old blood left; I see it in her face."

The weird creature drew nearer and kissed me. I bore it without a shudder. "Can it be to-morrow?" said my mother, calmly, as if she had been speaking of a fine festival.

"Yes," was the savage reply. "The people will not wait, Chaleco most of all."

"Let him be sent for."

"No," said the Sybil, with a touch of feeling, "he shall not gloat over your shame more than the rest. Go in yonder—you have broken one half the oath, for the rest—"

"I am ready—I am ready, only let it be soon," said my mother—"at daylight."

"In yonder! daylight will soon come," answered the Sibyl, pointing to the inner room. "I

will go and prepare the people. They thought you dead. How they will stare when old Papita tells them of her trick. They think her old, worn out, dull—she who can throw sand in the eyes of a whole tribe."

She went out, muttering thus to herself, and as we cowered together in that close hole, a great tumult arose from without—the tramp of feet, the hooting of voices, and wild murmurs drew near and nearer. My mother did not tremble, but when the door flew open, she stood out in the cave, holding me in her arms. The light from a dozen torches fell redly over; a hundred fierce eyes glared in, and the door was blocked with grim, shaggy human heads, all waving and shaking in ferocious astonishment.

She stood before them, like a dusky statue, her heavy, raven hair falling in masses down her temples, and her pale hands locked around me so tightly that I breathed with pain. As the torch-light fell upon her dress, some one in the crowd recognized it as the wedding array that had been purchased for her marriage with Chaleco, and a low howl ran through the crowd.

"She mocks us, she mocks us with her shame—take her forth at once. It is a long way to the mountains, and by daylight the authorities may be upon us," cried a stern voice. It was that of the gipsey Count Chaleco.

"To the mountains—to the mountains!" ran through the throng, and then one or two from the crowd rushed in and would have seized my mother. But the old Sibyl placed herself in their way, confronting them with fierce wrath.

"Her father was a count, and her father's father. It is of her own free will she comes. Let her walk forth alone. Think you that the grandchild of Papita is not strong enough to die?"

The crowd fell back, forming a wall from each side the door up the ravine. Through this lane of fierce, human blood hounds my mother walked firmly, holding me still in her arms. By her side went the old Sibyl, regarding the tribe with a look of keen triumph. She exulted in the desperate strength that nerved their victim. She gazed on the unearthly brilliancy of her countenance, as the torch-light fell upon it, and cried out with fierce delight, "see, it is my soul in her eyes—my blood in her cheeks. Thus would old Papita go forth had she tarnished the honor of her people."

On we went, crowding upward through the mountain passes till the snow became thick beneath our feet, and Grenada lay like a child's toy in the distance. The dawn found us in a hollow of the mountains, with snow peaks all around, and half choking up the little valley. Nothing was seen but rocks protruding through

the virgin snow, and a group of stone cairns peering through the drifts in the bottom of the valley. The rosy sunrise broke over the peaks as we entered this gloomy pass, but it did not penetrate to us. My mother lifted her eyes to the illuminated snow, a faint quiver ran through her form, and I felt the arms that supported me tremble. I threw myself upon her neck, and clung there, weeping. She shivered in my embrace; I felt her limbs giving way, and shrieked aloud. She answered me with a long, long kiss, that froze itself into my heart, for I knew that it was the last. Then she lifted up her face and said, in a clear, sad voice, "who will take my child?"

"Give her to me, Aurora!" The voice was full of compassion, and a wild, haggard man, in the remnants of what had been a picturesque costume, came forward with his arms extended. His fierce heart had yielded at last. There was relenting in his gesture and voice.

My mother turned her eyes mournfully upon him, "I have wronged you, Chaleco, but you were wronged long since, and now—she turned her eyes steadily toward the cairns, and added, "all will be atoned for."

"I want no atonement—I am sick of revenge," was the impetuous answer. "Give me your child."

"Chaleco, one promise—take her back to England. You will find plenty of gold sewed up in her dress. I was out of my mind—mad to bring her here. Take her back; she is bright beyond her years, and will tell him all better than any one else—will you promise this, Chaleco, for the sake of old times?" She smiled a pale, miserable smile, as she made the request.

"Give me your child, I will take her to England!" answered Chaleco, in a hoarse voice.

"That is all," answered my mother, gently, "I am ready now."

She turned away her face, and forcing my arms from her neck, held me toward the gipsey chief.

I shrieked, and struggled to get back, but he folded my face to his bosom, and thus smothering my cries, walked rapidly away.

Notwithstanding the close pressure of his arms, I heard a sharp shriek, and then the sound of dull, heavy blows, as if stone or iron were falling against some yielding substance. A groan burst from Chaleco, he shuddered from head to foot, and throwing himself forward, forced my face down into the snow, and burried his own there, also, moaning and trembling.

The blows grew duller, heavier, and a soft, plashing noise mingled with them; no other sound was in the glen, not a hum, not a footfall, nothing but these muffled blows, and the groans

of Chaleco. Then a hush, like that of midnight, fell over us. Chaleco held his breath, and I struggled no longer; it seemed as if the cold snow had struck to my heart.

At last Chaleco arose, trembling with weakness, and taking me in his arms again, staggered through the snow down the glen. The tribe stood in a great circle round a cairn that had not existed when we entered the "Valley of Stones." The stillness appalled me. I broke from Chaleco's feeble hold, and rushed forward, calling for my mother. The old Sibyl seized me by the arm, pointed to the cairn, and answered, "she is there!" I looked fearfully upon the stony pyramid, but saw nothing, till my eyes fell downward to the snow at its base—it was crimson with blood. Then I knew what death was, and what her oath meant. I grew sick, turned, and staggering toward the gipsey chief, fell at his feet.

I remember, dimly, being in the cave once more, and seeing that old Sibyl counting heaps of gold into her lap. I remember, also, that Chaleco was there, and she said to him, pointing to me, "no, she will not die, half the oath only is accomplished, she must do the rest." Then the cairn, with its reddened base, came before me, and I fell away again. Months must have been oblivion to me, for my next clear idea was in England. I lay in a canvass tent pitched by the wayside, half-way between Clare Hall and the village on his estate. Chaleco and the Sibyl were with me, dressed after the vagrant fashion of those broken tribes of our people who infest England. I was in rags, and seated on the ground, wondering how this change had been made—Chaleco stood by the entrance of the tent watching; the old woman kept in a remote corner, and while I was pondering over the meaning of it all, a merry chime of bells swept across the fields, that made my heart leap; I broke into a soft laugh, and crept toward the entrance of the tent, enticed by the sunlight that sparkled on the sword.

I had placed myself at Chaleco's feet, when the sound of an advancing cavalcade came from toward the village. Chaleco shaded his eyes, and I saw them glow like coals beneath his hand. First came a troop of children with baskets and aprons full of blossoms, scattering them thick in the highway. Then followed a carriage, with four black horses, streaming with rosettes and white ribbon, followed by others decorated after the same fashion, and filled with richly dressed people. The children halted, and gathered around the first carriage, tossing showers of roses over its occupants. In the midst of this blooming storm, I saw my father and *that woman*. The gleam of her silver brocade, the snowy soft-

ness of that rich bridal veil made me sick again. The snow drifts in the mountains of Spain, encrimsoned and trampled, swept before my dizzy senses. As I saw my father half enveloped by the waves of those glittering bridal garments, but still pale and looking so anxious, it seemed to me as if those soft drifts had been shoveled over him in mockery of my mother's death.

I asked no questions, but gathered from my companions, who conversed in cautious tones, that Lord Clare and his bride would rest some days at the hall before entering upon their wedding tour. I had no strength, no spirit then; instead of becoming angry, I was faint, and lay down in the tent, weeping fully as another child of my years might have done in its illness.

I remember hearing shouts, and seeing flashes of fireworks that went off in the village that night, and I saw old Papita and Chaleco holding up a small vial between them and the lamp, filled with a purple liquid—then, as in a dream, they passed away from the tent.

It was deep in the night, when I started from my sleep, Papita was shaking me by the shoulder, her face was close to mine, and it looked like a death's head.

"Awake!" she said, reeling on her feet, as if intoxicated. "It is over—Papita has kept her word—her work is done. Get up, last of my race, and see how a woman of Egypt can die."

The terrible light of her eyes fired me with strength; I stood up, and asked what she had done—why she talked of dying.

"I have left the bride stiff and stark on her silken couch up yonder. A drop of this—only one drop—in the water which sparkled on her toilet was enough. I stood by her bed when the bridegroom came—she was smiling on her pillow. The draf, that I distil, always leaves smiles behind it. He saw me, old Papita, whose blood he has shamed, whose wrath he has braved, and while he stood frozen into a statue, I glided away, away, away forever!"

She crooned over these last words in a low mutter, and sunk slowly down to the earth.

Chaleco bent over her, "Mother Papita," he said, "how is this? you have not drank of the drao."

The old woman gave a cough that rattled in her throat.

"There was no need, my count. Did you think the old frame would not give out when its work was done? I knew it—I knew it. Come hither child, and take 'the gipsey's legacy,' hate, hate to the Busne, the enemies of our people."

She struggled to a sitting posture, and tore the great ruby rings from her ears.

"Your dagger, Chaleco. Quick, quick," she said. Chaleco took a tiny poinard from his bosom, the Sibyl seized it, and thrust the sharp point through each of my ears, then she locked the rubies into the wounds, while the blood trickled down their antique settings.

"It is your mother's blood baptises them, remember that." As she muttered this, the Sibyl fell back. "Give her the papers," she gasped, "then leave her to work out her destiny and theirs, free and alone. I ask no pledge, no vow, the stars have told me all—the stars, the stars." Her limbs fell together, and she lay in a heap, like a skeleton, when its wires give way.

Before morning Chaleco buried her in the hollow where our encampment had been made. I heard the gratings of his shovel a long time in the darkness, and that was all. He never came back to the tent, and I was left with my fearful legacy, sick and alone.

Thus far my life was blended with that of my poor mother, and her destiny sent an iron thread through the rest of my existence. After the funeral of Lady Clare, my father became a wanderer in Egypt and the Holy Land, an old man still in his youth.

THE END.

TAM O'SHANTER, AN EXTRACT FROM BURNS' FAMOUS POEM.

(WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.)

"But to our tale: As market night
Tam had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finchy
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, sauter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drowthy crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks the gither.

The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and Tam grew gracious;
Wi' favors secret, sweet, and precious:
The souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus;
The storm without might rair and rustle,
Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

LIFE IN THE SOUTH WEST,*

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS.

The romance of the South West has yet to be written, but whenever this shall occur, it will be found to be as thrilling as the border legendary lore of Scotland. Indeed, in many respects, it will closely resemble that, which Sir Walter Scott has rendered immortal, in prose and verse alike; for the chief actors in both our own South West and that of Scotland, were frontier men, full of rough, heroic qualities, spending their lives in feats by field and flood.

The whole soil of this section of our country was won, in fact, amid dangers innumerable. The wars with the Creek Indians made Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi, for a long time, a battle-field, where every man, as it were, slept on his arms: while Texas has been the scene of some of the most daring exploits ever recorded in history, as well as of sufferings nearly beyond imagination. We repeat, that was similar genius to be devoted to illustrating the traditions of this region, which has been bestowed on the border legends of Scotland, the results would not fail to be a series of historical fictions not less interesting than the Waverly novels. Some day, indeed, an American Scott will arise, and this vein of traditionary lore be worked.

Whenever that day arrives, authentic anecdotes respecting Crockett, and frontier-men of a similar characteristic description, will be eagerly sought, and enthusiastically employed. The work which led to these remarks, and which is now in press, though not published, will then be prized almost beyond its weight in gold, on account of the rich material it will furnish. It is full of striking events, and even of scenes of humor, showing that Shakspeare only imitated real life, when he made comedy tread close on the heels of tragedy. We have selected two incidents, the one sad, the other mirthful, as proofs of this; and have illustrated them, for the benefit of our readers, with original designs, drawn by Stephens, and engraved by Beeeler.

The first is a story of love and war. It is a tale not uncommon to the wild frontiers, but one which could never occur in civilized cities. A young man, liberally educated, and heir to a large fortune, having been disowned by his

father, for sharing in a tragical occurrence, though unwittingly and innocently, took to the roving life of a bee-hunter, in then unsettled province of Texas. Here he remained for several years, until at last his father, discovering the injustice which he had done the exile, had him sought out in the wilderness to which he had fled, and offered to restore him to wealth and civilization. But the free, exulting life of nature had so won on the son that he would have hesitated, even if a stronger tie had not bound him to the life of the border. That tie was love. Banished, an outcast, he had sought that sympathy, under a humble roof, which had been denied him in prouder places: he had imbibed an affection for a rustic beauty of Nacogdoches, had married her, and had settled down as a frontier farmer. Here, in the midst of domestic bliss, the summons of his father found him. But though rejoicing to be reconciled to his parent, he could not abandon her, who had loved him when friendless, and hence he remained in Texas, declining all overtures to return to civilized life.

War came, however, to dissipate this dream of happiness, and convert his smiling household into a desolated hearth. The struggle between Texas and Mexico broke out. With the abstract questions of national right at stake the young husband troubled himself but little; but he saw that an invading army approached, that his lands were threatened with confiscation, and that perhaps even the life and honor of his bride were in peril. He armed and marched against the foe. His wife, when the hour of parting came, for a moment repented that she had given her consent, and urged him to return; but, though his heart almost broke, for he had a presentiment he should never see her more, he persisted in his original resolution. When he had, at last, torn himself from her, and mounted his horse, he strove to conceal his emotion, by carelessly singing,

"Saddled and bridled, and booted rode he,
A plume in his helmet, a sword at his knee."

But the wife, who, though originally unlettered, had, since their marriage, learned to share his tastes, tremulously answered him, by quoting the next two lines of the song, and then bursting into tears,

* The Life and Adventures of Crockett, with Legends and Traditions of the South West. 1 vol. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson, 1853.

"But toom cam' the saddle, all bluidy to see,
And hame cam' the steed, but hame never cam' he."

Alas! the prophecy was too true. The husband fell in battle, and the wife died broken-hearted.

The second incident is of a mirthful character. During Crockett's last and fatal journey, he travelled for some time with a professional thimble rigger, whom he met on the way, and who with the effrontery of his class, forced himself on the colonel's party. This petty gambler was a bit of a dandy, wearing a broad Panama hat, and sporting a suit of thread-bare black, the coat of which was generally buttoned up to his throat. He stuck to the travellers for several days, and was the occasion of much mirth. Among other things he was quite a brag-gadocio. He would tell tales, by the hour, of his prowess, but especially of fights in which he had engaged the savages at odds. He was incessantly practising his petty game, betting that the pea was not under this cup, and then that it was not under that, and of course dexterously shifting it, by sleight of hand, at the critical moment.

At last the travellers, to their relief, succeeded in shaking him off. Time passed. The party had fallen in with some friendly Indians, when, one day, a thin smoke was seen curling above the distant tree-tops: and, as it might betoken an enemy lurking near, they stole nearer, and then, extending their line, surrounded the clump

of trees from which it came. Crockett led the advance, and soon discovered, in the distance, a solitary man seated near the fire, but so intent on some pursuit that he did not hear the approaching footsteps. A second glance assured Crockett that it was the doughty thimble-rigger practising his game of thimbles on the crown of his Panama. Suddenly, at Crockett's whispered direction, the chief shouted the war-whoop, and the warriors rushed in, from all sides, yelling, and brandishing their weapons. The absorbed gambler sprang to his feet, and with horror depicted in every lineament of his face, stood shaking like one who sees a ghost, until Crockett, almost dying with laughter, stepped forward, and made himself known. But the thimble-rigger was never heard afterward to boast of his prowess, at least in the colonel's presence. In proper hands, this scene might be made as laughable as Bailie Nicol Jarvis's poker-fight, in the little Highland inn.

The volume to which we are thus indebted, will be published, we are informed, in the course of the winter, and will be illustrated by no less than twelve of Stephen's most spirited designs. We take this occasion to bear testimony to the merits of this rising young artist, merits which no one will question who has seen his "Comic Natural History of Man," or others of his pencil-sketches. He is thoroughly original and American, and no imitator of any man, or school.

THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.

BY J. H. A. BONE.

Ho, artizans! lengthen ye out the wire,
And plant the pole deep in the ground,
For a highway on which the electric fire
May traverse the earth around:
On the rocky bed of the troubled sea,
O'er the smiling fruitful land,
By the crowded mart and the lonely tree
Place the slight but potent band.

The lightning which blazed in the ebon sky
Was deemed as the hand of God,
And the trembling world at its sight would lie
In dread of the chastening rod:
The hand of God now rests on the wire,
And wields it as 'twere a pen,
Tracing in words of mystic fire
A lesson of Truth to men;

Razing the laws which say that man
Is a serf to his brother clay;
Telling, in spite of the tyrant's ban,
Of the dawn of a better day;

Scorching like slender threads of flax
The fetters that bind men down,
Melting away like simmering wax
The despots' throne and crown.

Back, superstition, the flashing light
Will injure thy owl-like eyes;
Hence, ignorance, hence, thy clouds of night
Must away now the lightning flies.
Despot, beware, nor trust thy power,
Though firm as the mountain oak,
The gun crowned wall and the massy tower
Must fall 'neath the lightning stroke.

Then plant the pole and stretch the wire
Till a belt goes round the earth,
And the record be traced in electric fire
Of a free world's glorious birth;
Treaties a while may kingdoms bind,
And war join clan to clan,
But the wire shall twine round the human mind,
Joining man to his brother man.

C A R O L I N E L E S L I E.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

"COME, Nora, dearest, congratulate me!" exclaimed a merry voice, as two brilliant eyes were raised from a miniature, set in diamonds, on which they had been intently gazing.

"Congratulate you, Carry! on what? Has Mr. Claymore returned?"

"Claymore, pshaw! Your thoughts are always wandering across the Atlantic. Pray, may one never receive proposals from one nearer home?"

Nora looked earnestly at her companion for a few moments ere she replied, "I will not believe it, Caroline. Wild, thoughtless, aye, ever coquetish, as some say you are, I will not so wrong you as to believe that you have seriously encouraged the addresses of any suitor save him, to whom you so long ago plighted your vows of love."

"Well, believe it or not, as you please, my most ungracious confidant; I assure you, with all due gravity, that I have within the past hour plighted my vows anew; and for proof, behold this." And she suddenly held up the miniature.

"And Claymore," interrupted her companion, reproachfully; "poor, deceived Claymore!"

"Pshaw," said Caroline, "Claymore sinks into insignificance compared with Mr. Ellsworth." And she gazed, with proud admiration, at the likeness, which indeed pourtrayed features whose noble beauty justified her praise.

"Mr. Ellsworth is certainly not deficient in any attractions, whether personal or mental," was the quiet reply. "Whatever may be said as to your motives, all will admit that your choice is in no way unworthy of you: but, with all the beauty and elegance of his face, form and manners; his acknowledged talents and splendid genius; there is yet *one* thing wanting to make him equal to the one he has supplanted—one essential which all his brilliant attractions cannot supply, yet which is worth them all."

"And pray, what may be this wonderful requisite, my little mentor?"

"A heart, Caroline! a warm, generous, affectionate heart—which you once deemed indispensable in a partner for life. Grafton Ellsworth may win admiring glances from the proud and beautiful. He may be the envy of his fellow men, while yet his position in society makes them eagerly court his favor: and he may even be worthy of all the compliments so lavishly showered upon him: but trust me he is not the man to render you happy. How much more conducive

to the felicity of domestic life would be the gentle kindness of Claymore—his unwearying thoughtfulness and affection, than all the brilliant gifts of his favored rival!"

"But you look only on one side of the picture, Nora, and do not regard the charms which the reverse presents. Ellsworth has wealth unbounded—while Claymore, through the eccentricity of a foolish, miserly old father, can only obtain, annually, a sum sufficient to support him in good style. Then remember, too, that Ellsworth is an *M. C. Heigho!* How delightful 'twill be to spend my winters in the gay metropolis of the nation—to have my husband pointed out as one of the most prominent members of the National Council—to see the House crowded when he is to speak, and all hanging with breathless attention on his words."

"Proud you may be; but happiness you will, perhaps, by sad experience learn, is not the necessary lot of the wives of our distinguished men. Yet, if you are really decided, as you say, I hope your future, Caroline, may be all that you desire."

"Thank you, dear Nora! I knew you would not long be angry with your poor Carry; but come, let us prepare for a walk," and the two girls with their arms fondly entwined left the parlor together.

Bright lights were flashing from costly chandeliers over the gay crowds that filled the spacious rooms of a large mansion; music gave forth its most melodious strains; there were brilliant eyes and witching smiles; gay dresses and flashing jewelry; all indeed that could give lustre to an evening party was collected within Mrs. Russell's drawing-rooms. It was the beginning of November; too early for the gaieties of the season: but the party was given in honor of a fair bride, who was shortly to leave her native land with him to whose destinies she had linked her own; and very few of the fashionables invited had thought proper to absent themselves. Conspicuous among the crowd appeared the noble-looking Ellsworth, with the brilliant Caroline Leslie leaning on his arm. Scarce two weeks had passed since their betrothal, and already there were rumors afloat that the bridal day had been named for an early period; and not a few ill-natured remarks were whispered by some of the company who were acquainted with her previous engagement to

Claymore, as Caroline moved gracefully along, her exquisite beauty more fascinating than ever; gratified pride and ambition lending a brighter lustre to her large hazel eyes, and a more expressive smile to her beautiful lips; her beaming glance, ever and anon turning to him who was the cynosure of all eyes—for whose admiration so many fair ones had sighed in vain.

Suddenly there was a bustle at one end of the apartment as some one entered, and several gentlemen eagerly advanced to greet the new comer. He was of small and rather slight figure; his countenance, though not decidedly handsome, was yet rendered striking by its singularly intellectual expression; his manners, gentle, easy, and unassuming, marking the perfect gentleman, and evincing in every look and tone of voice one of those warm-hearted, generous natures, which so insensibly attract the good-will of all with whom they come in contact. Ellsworth and his companion had observed the momentary confusion, but were ignorant of its cause, till a lady near them remarked to another that it was Mr. Claymore, who had just returned from Europe, turning at the same time to observe the effect of the announcement on Caroline. A crimson flush mantled Miss Leslie's very temples, but the next instant she became pale and motionless, while her eyes were intently fixed upon the group that had first arrested her attention. A sudden movement amongst them revealed the form of him she most dreaded to see. There stood her forsaken lover, whom she had flattered herself would not reach home before her union with his rival—yes, there he stood, courteously and kindly replying to those who thronged around him, though the earnest, inquiring glance that roved over the fair forms near him, showed that his thoughts were of one alone—and that one—how should she meet him? Her first impulse to retire into the adjoining room, and thus delay as long as possible the dreaded moment, was abandoned as she saw curious eyes fixed upon her; and she instantly decided to remain where she was, calling the pride of her nature to nerve her to meet him with an air of cool indifference. She turned to Ellsworth and began a trifling conversation; but the next moment Claymore stood before her, breathing her name in soft, low accents, while he pressed her hand fervently within his own. She did not withdraw it, and her eyes for a moment only met his, as coldly and without embarrassment, she returned his greeting. At the same instant, to her great relief, the music sounded for a favorite waltz, and Ellsworth led her forward. Surprised and disappointed, Claymore retired to a recess shaded by a rich drapery, where he observed with painful interest his betrothed: nor was it without

vexation that he saw her regarding her companion with the same glances that had formerly been bestowed on him alone. A suspicion of the truth, however, never entered his mind. He saw that all seemed to regard Ellsworth with respect and admiration, and could not wonder why Caroline should willingly receive his attentions; nor that he should so sedulously devote himself to one whom to see was to admire:—yet he still felt dissatisfied. While absorbed in these unpleasant musings, a hand was laid upon his shoulder, and turning he beheld his friend Vernon. The latter had heard from Leonora, to whom he was engaged, of the change in Caroline's feelings, and now drawing Claymore aside, told him, in a few, sad words, the truth.

But Claymore could not, would not credit such treachery. "You are mistaken, you are indeed, my friend," he said, "it is owing to the instinctive delicacy of her nature that Caroline acts so strangely to-night. I did not reflect, until too late, on the singular impropriety of my causing our first meeting to take place in the midst of a curious, gaping crowd. I only arrived at nightfall, and hastening as soon as possible to Mr. Leslie's, learned that his daughter was at Mrs. Russell's party; and, presuming on my acquaintance with that lady, I immediately repaired to her house, forgetting in my eagerness to see Caroline the embarrassment I should cause her—I have been rightly punished."

There was another interval of silence. "You do not speak, Hal—come, now, acknowledge that your suspicions are not well founded!"

"You are deceiving yourself, my dear friend," replied Vernon, earnestly. "You labor to persuade yourself into the belief of what you would fain have true. I can sympathize in your feelings, but cannot aid in your attempts at self-deception. Should I even do so, what could it avail, since the truth, how painful soever it be, must be revealed to you at last?"

Claymore, fixing his eyes upon his friend, as if he would search into his very soul, asked what grounds he had for speaking in this manner!

Thus adjured, Vernon proceeded to relate all that Nora had told him of the conversation between herself and Caroline, on the day that the latter received Ellsworth's miniature. Claymore listened in silence, and made no remark for some time. But at last turning to Vernon, and revealing a face of death like paleness, he grasped his hand warmly, exclaiming in a hoarse whisper, "farewell, my friend! I have detained you too long. To-morrow come and see me." And without further delay, he was gone.

At an early hour on the following morning, Caroline, having summoned Nora to her assistance, sat beside a sofa-table in the front parlor,

selecting from various annuals, magazines, &c., the different parts of a bridal toilette, which she resolved should surpass anything of the kind she had ever seen, when the servant announced Mr. Claymore, who at the same instant entered. He approached Caroline, and with a graceful bow extended his hand; without hesitation she gave him hers, but instantly withdrew it on perceiving that he was about to raise it to his lips. With some embarrassment he took a seat beside her, while Nora rose to retire. "Wait, Nora, dear, I have not yet released you," said Caroline, sportively, "you must not run away without leave." Nora, with a glance of silent reproof, retreated to the back parlor, leaving the two alone. The lover was evidently at a loss how to commence a conversation. During the long, sleepless night, he had revolved in his mind all that Vernon had said, and which his own observations tended to confirm; but balancing against these the love and devotedness which Caroline had ever manifested for him, he came to the conclusion that his friend and himself had wronged her by their suspicions. With this conviction, he had impatiently awaited the earliest hour when he could with propriety visit her. Yet now her demeanor overthrew all his reasonings, and he was again at fault. Caroline spoke first, and with as much nonchalance as if addressing a casual acquaintance who was paying her a morning call. "You have but lately returned from Europe, I believe, Mr. Claymore?"

"But lately indeed, Miss Leslie: yet I fear too soon; since my absence, long as it seemed to me, procures me this welcome from one whom I had expected would meet me rather differently!"

"Expectations are foolish things," was the careless reply. "And I wonder that a calm philosopher like Mr. Claymore should indulge them."

"Why this bantering, Caroline?" exclaimed her visitor, as if by a strong effort. "You did not always reply to my words thus. There was a time—"

"Oh, I pray you not to speak of the times that were! The present has sufficient claims on my attention. Or if you will exercise your memory, do tell me of foreign lands—recall some spirit-stirring adventure—some hair-breadth escape."

"Again I must beg of you, Caroline, to drop this trifling strain; some other time I will respond to it, but not now. Let us speak of ourselves, my beloved one! Surely a year's separation has not so changed our hearts, that you should seek to conceal your feelings under the guise of these frivolous discourses."

"I have no feelings to conceal from you, Mr. Claymore—and why are you displeased?"

"We are spending the time most unprofitably,
VOL. XXII.—19

dearest," persisted her lover. "Let us change the subject to one more precious; we will speak of the past—the beautiful past."

"I have already said that I wish not to speak of it."

"And is it then so valueless to you? That past rendered dear and precious to me by your love."

"I will not hear of love, sir, or anything connected with it. This must forever be an interdicted subject between us."

"Caroline! Caroline!" exclaimed her lover, forcibly seizing her hand, "recall these words—say you spoke them in jest—say anything—but retract these cruel words!"

"I will give no other meaning to my words than that they plainly bear. Release my hand, sir!"

"Not till you tell me the cause of this change, so overwhelming to me."

"I will give you no explanation of my words nor actions, Mr. Claymore," replied Caroline, proudly. "And permit me to say that I am astonished at your presuming to ask it."

"This from *you*, Caroline," said the lover, in a tone of sadness, while he slowly relinquished her hand. "This from you, whose vows of love were whispered so soft, so fondly to me. From you, whose image I had enshrined in my heart as the representative of all that is pure, and holy, and exalted in woman—from you, whose tearful farewell was treasured as the most precious sounds I should hear till the same voice breathed a welcome home."

He was interrupted by a deep-drawn sigh from Caroline, perhaps his words had touched an answering chord—perhaps—no matter what so that it was favorable to his hopes, and the bright light of joy beamed in his fine eyes as he inquired tenderly if it was so.

"A sigh, Mr. Claymore, may as often be the expression of weariness as of regret: have the goodness to impute mine to the former cause, and—"

"Tis enough, madam!" replied her suitor, rising with an air cold and stately as her own. "I will, at least, spare you the necessity of further words, and relieve you at once of my disagreeable presence:" and with a bow haughty and formal he disappeared. Yet scarcely had he reached the street door, when he stopped to debate with himself whether he should not return and make another effort to recall the strayed affections of his "lady love." She was his first, his only love, and he could not thus leave her. As he entered the room he had just left, he heard the soft voice of Leonora in the back parlor, and looking in saw that his recreant "queen of all hearts" had joined her. They were standing near

the window, so that neither observed his entrance, and the light, careless laugh of Caroline as she replied to her friend, sounded the death knell of the hopes he still strove to cherish.

"Nora, you are a provoking creature; yet there is something very amusing to me in your looks when you would lecture me about this same Claymore. But take heed how you trifl with me on this point. You would not have me prove false to my affianced husband, now that the very day of our union is fixed?"

"You prove false! How should I suspect you of fickleness, after the beautiful example you have given of constancy!" was the sarcastic reply.

"Now that is almost too much for my patience, Nora: but I will not be angry whatever you say, for I cannot dispense with your tasteful assistance just now. I must look my best, you know, beside the handsome groom."

Claymore had stood, meanwhile, as if rooted to the floor; but these words recalled his bewildered senses; and he rushed from the house. In a state of almost desperation he paced the streets until, without knowing how he had reached it, he found himself near his hotel.

Several days passed. Caroline busied herself with the preparations for her wedding, saw no more of her rejected suitor; while he, as if suddenly bereft of the lofty energy of his nature, spent hour after hour in his room indulging idle reveries—dwelling on the bright and glowing hopes of the past so soon overshadowed, and fancying naught in the future for him but cheerlessness and gloom. Of all his friends, Vernon was the only one admitted to his presence. He felt deeply for his friend's disappointment, and strove with kindly efforts to rouse him from his dejection. One evening, when he had been striving in vain to call up a smile to the sad countenance of his companion, he suddenly exclaimed in a tone of apparent anger,

"Really, Claymore, you must rouse yourself. The girl is not worth regret. Why not return to Europe?"

"I have been thinking, to-day," replied Claymore, with something of returning animation, "not indeed of returning to Europe, but of my folly in quitting it without visiting Greece, which to my imagination always presented the charms of fairy-land. To Europe then I will go, that I may see Greece."

And so it was decided. The same paper that announced the departure of the steamer, in which Claymore sailed, contained also the notice of the marriage between the Hon. Grafton Ellsworth, member of Congress from the state of —, and Caroline Louisa, only daughter of Philip Leslie, Esq.

Caroline was supremely happy. United to a man whose name had resounded through the Union in the trumpet-tones of fame—whose immense wealth would place within her reach all the appliances of grandeur and luxury—her splendid bridal the theme of discussion in fashionable coteries for days succeeding—her tressau such as a princess might envy—yes, Caroline was now, indeed, a proud, a happy woman. Her husband, gratified by the admiration her appearance everywhere elicited, led her proudly from one scene of amusement to another; and Caroline, her young head almost bewildered by the constant whirl of excitement—her foolish heart fluttering with the mingled sensations of joy, happiness and pride, had happily no time for serious thought—else the image of the betrayed one might, perchance, have risen to her mental vision, causing a thrill of uneasiness or remorse in her bosom.

On their arrival in Washington, her triumph and gratification were complete. As the bride of Grafton Ellsworth she could not fail of receiving attention in every circle; and her own peerless charms, varied accomplishments, and elegant manners rendered the charm complete. In every pageant—and the season was one of unusual gayety—she moved the reigning spirit, the acknowledged queen of beauty; and her vanity, constantly receiving a new impetus, was as constantly administered to by murmurs of admiration which always followed her appearance.

Meantime Claymore had reached France, on his way to Greece, when, one afternoon, as he sauntered through the streets of Paris, he heard his name pronounced. He looked up and saw a dashing equipage.

"What, de Valeurs!" he exclaimed.

"Claymore! The last person I expected to see."

At the same moment two others bowed from the carriage window: one the matronly Madame de Valeurs, the other her beautiful and blushing daughter.

"Come with us," said de Valeurs, who was leaving a jeweler's shop, where he had been giving some orders for the ladies. "You see there is a spare seat. You can't imagine how glad I am to see you."

Madame de Valeurs joined her entreaties to those of her son. The daughter said nothing, but her eyes were more eloquent than words would have been, and Claymore finally consented. While the carriage is driving to the superb villa of the de Valeurs family, go back with us, reader, and we will acquaint you how Claymore came to be so valued by them.

While sojourning in France before, it had been his good fortune to rescue from imminent peril,

perhaps from a fearful death, the only son of Madame de Valeurs. The young man's horse had become affrighted, and was ungovernable, making for a high bank on one side, just as Claymore approached. One glance sufficed to show him the danger. He had scarcely time to spring from the saddle, and grasp the unfortunate rider as he was thrown from his horse on the very edge of the precipice. The young man profusely thanked Claymore, and made him promise to visit him.

Claymore had almost forgotten this promise, when, one night at a ball, his attention was arrested by a young lady near him, in whose countenance there seemed something strangely familiar, though he was confident he had never beheld her till then. She was attended by a gentleman to whom Claymore had been previously presented, and who, on perceiving him, led his fair companion forward, remarking in a voice which though low was sufficiently distinct for Claymore to understand. "You are so partial to Americans, my fair cousin, that I must add another of them to the list of your friends. Mr. Claymore will."

"Americans—Mr. Claymore," repeated the young girl, eagerly, adding gracefully, "a sister needs no formal introduction to the preserver of her brother's life."

Our hero, as he looked at the lovely, animated being beside him, wondered that the striking likeness between the brother and sister had not recalled the circumstance immediately to his memory. They were the same in feature and expression, with the same soft, eloquent eyes—and, he soon discovered, alike in their frank simplicity and confiding ingenuousness.

From that night Claymore was a frequent and always a welcome visitor at M. de Valeur's. The time he had limited for his stay in France expired; yet he still lingered: appointing different periods for his departure, yet as often deferring it. We will not pause to discuss the probability of the fair inhabitant of the Villa having some connection with this delay. He had certainly become deeply fascinated by the artless playfulness and utter want of guile which characterized the lovely Adrienne; and in her presence it was no unusual thing for him to become deaf and blind to every one else: in short, had his heart been free, there is but little doubt that he would soon have acknowledged her conquest: but his faith, as our readers are aware, was pledged to one across the broad Atlantic wave; and were his love for his betrothed not sufficient to bind him to his vow, the strict integrity and unbending honor of his character would alone prevent its violation. But whatever might be his feelings, it was evident to many that the gentle Adrienne

entertained warmer sentiments than those of friendship and gratitude toward the handsome American. Her brother's account of the stranger who had so promptly and kindly come to his rescue, had strongly prepossessed her in his favor: and certainly there was nothing in his appearance, conversation, or manners calculated to lessen the feeling. But her feelings were never suspected by the object of her preference; and at length he left for America, still ignorant that she loved him.

But now, on again meeting her, he could no longer remain blind to the real feelings of Adrienne. His journey to Greece was forgotten. He found a delicious pleasure in being with her. Yet he hesitated to offer his bruised and bleeding heart, in return for her virgin love. At last, one delicious evening, they sat together in the spacious garden of the Villa, engaged as they had for some time past been wont to be—Frederic culling from books, or the rich stores of his memory the choicest gems of the poets of his own language, in the study of which Adrienne had of late made considerable progress; while she listened eagerly to every tone of that loved voice, striving to imprint on her heart the very accents with which he repeated the words. But as the setting sun robed the airy clouds in gorgeous regal dyes, and the deepening shadows made a quiet, spiritual beauty around, the sounds had died away, and the lovers sat in silent reverie. Almost unconsciously their hands met; and Adrienne turning cast a timid glance at her companion. He answered it with one of undisguised affection, and breaking off a few of the orange flowers which grew in fragrant beauty beside him, he hastily wove them together, and presenting the garland to Adrienne, continued his quotations from the poets, in the words of Miss Landon.

"Once, only once that wreath is worn—once only
may she wear
The wreath of orange blossoms within her shining
hair."

His voice was low and tremulous, but he knew his meaning was understood, for the little hand he held trembled in his fervent clasp, like the gentle flowers in the breeze they love—and the moistened eyes that the moment before were raised to his, as quickly fell beneath the deep-fringed lids—and the bright twilight floating around her revealed the rich crimson that tinged the clear olive of her cheeks as he drew her closer to him. The poets were forgotten; but the watchful sentinels of night had one by one taken their places in the clear, blue vault above, ere the two lovers sought the shelter of the house—and when soon after, Claymore trod the shores of Greece, his tour was far from a lonely one. A

congenial spirit was with him—a heart glowing with love and happiness responded to every thrill of his own; and Claymore often repeated the lines of the favorite poet of young and loving hearts:

"—How the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love."

When the journey to Greece was finally made, it was with Adrienne as his bride. But we do not design to follow the young couple on their travels. We will suppose them established, at last, in their quiet, elegant home in America, the tranquil pleasures of which both were so well fitted to appreciate and enjoy.

When Caroline Leslie, boasting of Ellsworth's countless riches, spoke of Claymore having only sufficient to support him in good style, she little dreamed he was at that very time the possessor of wealth probably equal to his who had supplanted him. Yet such was the real case. A rich old bachelor uncle in England, who had refused for years to hold any correspondence with his trans-atlantic connexions, became at first sight strangely prepossessed in favor of our hero, insisting that he should be an inmate of his old ancestral home during his stay in England: and when during his sojourn in France, Frederic heard of the old gentleman's decease, he was astonished to learn that with the exception of a few trifling legacies, he was the sole heir to his uncle's immense possessions. The wealth thus suddenly and unexpectedly acquired had few charms to a man of Claymore's simple tastes, for the gratification of which his own means had always sufficed. But in one respect it was welcome, as enabling him to gratify one of the noblest wishes of his heart, in lending a helping hand to young, aspiring genius, especially of his own land: and the first use he made of his new acquisition was in favor of many of his young countrymen he found in France and Italy laboring and struggling for distinction and fame, while often at a loss for their daily bread. Hence his house, if, as some thought, somewhat deficient in the luxurious adornments of fashionable mansions, was beautified with some of the highest efforts of genius, purchased at prices which even the gifted artists had not dreamed of obtaining: while his example in this respect incited several of his friends to make the same noble use of a portion of their wealth. A man of leisure, he gradually turned his attention to affairs of state, and, some years after his return, was appointed to the United States Senate, when, having purchased a commodious residence in the National Metropolis, he continued to enjoy all the comforts of home during the sessions of Congress. He soon became one of the most energetic and efficient members; and his native state had no

cause to regret the confidence she had placed in him.

But where is our other friend, Caroline Ellsworth, all this time? We parted her company amid the scenes of fashionable life, and amid its enchantments we must again seek her. She is still very beautiful, but the bright blush of careless gayety and health has vanished; and though when arrayed in rich attire she moves through the festal hall with a step graceful and stately as ever, there is but too often a faint cloud of satiety and weariness upon the jeweled brow; and he must be a superficial observer indeed who does not notice the listless attraction with which she mingles in the gay, thoughtless crowd. She is weary of the constant excitement; yet is it unfortunately her only means to pass away the time that else would drag so heavily. Poor Caroline has made a sad, a fatal mistake! The promptings of a foolish ambition are no more; and her heart awakened from its feverish dream refuses to be satisfied with the semblance of happiness which is its portion.

The thoughts and feelings of her early years, ere the syren voice of flattery and adulation had charmed with its deceitful accents a heart naturally warm in its affections, and disposed to value love above all other earthly things:—have resumed their sway in her bosom; and she sits lonely and miserable in her stately home; or robes herself in satin or velvet folds, and braids the flashing jewels around her aching head, and mingles again with the mirth-seeking throng: but the impatience and disgust with which on returning, she throws aside her costly attire and gorgeous gems which perhaps have excited the envy of all, show how futile is such an attempt to still the workings of uneasy thought. She is pining for a look, a word of sympathy and affection; and her heart constantly thrown back upon itself by disappointment weeps tears—bitter tears of sorrow and despair. Not that her husband is in any way harsh or unkind to her. Oh, no! Mr. Ellsworth is by far too perfect a gentleman in all respects to use harsh or unbecoming language to a woman: but the wife looks in vain for a token of the kind, earnest, thoughtful love which would open a new world to her vision, and make her life really as happy and enviable as her admiring friends now imagined it to be.

Mr. Ellsworth was by no means an unamiable or selfish man, but he was just as far from being an affectionate or warm-hearted one. He could not bear the sight of distress, and his purse was always open to relieve the poor and unfortunate; but he never dreamed that a few kind or encouraging words accompanying his bounty, would often prove more grateful to the sinking heart of its recipient, than the pecuniary aid he so

promptly bestowed. And in the same manner he acted in his domestic relations. He would purchase for his beautiful wife the costliest article of dress or jewelry that attracted his admiration; but the careless manner in which it was presented produced a corresponding coldness on the part of Caroline; and his brilliant gifts awoke no pleasurable emotion, and were disregarded save for their own inherit value.

Thus also, if during the sessions of Congress, Caroline wished to accompany him to Washington, put up at the most fashionable hotel, and mingle in all the gayeties of the season, she was perfectly welcome to do so: but if she preferred remaining in her distant home, her husband left her with perhaps an expression of surprise at such an absurd choice, never troubling himself to persuade her to a more rational one.

It had been the misfortune of Mr. Ellsworth to be brought up in a home, the inmates of which had but little time to spare from the requirements of custom and society to cultivate these quiet, gentle virtues which throw a halo and a charm around family intercourse. When the father is continually called abroad by the duties and excitement of public life, and the mother is as frequently summoned away by the calls of fashion; thus leaving to servants the almost exclusive charge of the younger members, it is but seldom indeed that they grow up otherwise than selfish and unfeeling.

It was several years after Mr. Claymore's last return from Europe, before he and the object of his early love met again: and then, as on a former occasion, the remembrance of which rushed simultaneously to their minds, the meeting took place before strangers. The recognition was somewhat constrained and formal on both sides; Caroline's manner was even more stately than at Mrs. Russell's party, but now it was only assumed to hide the sudden pang which she feared those around would observe. The flood-gates of bitter self-reproach were thrown open, never to be entirely closed again; for long before she had become conscious of her mistake, and one glance at her former suitor and his happy, joyous wife, recalled to her mind the happiness that might have been hers, but which she had voluntarily cast from her. Oh, how often after that ever-to-be-remembered night, did she vainly strive to banish the regrets which would arise! She knew that Claymore's wife could not but be happy, and how could she avoid contrasting the happiness which might have been her own, and her present joyless lot? Sadly and forcibly was it impressed upon her, when at length the buoyant health which had supported her through many a lonely hour of sorrow, gave way. Confined to the wearisome bed of sickness, she passed many painful

days alone, save the attendance of her nurse—her husband absent as usual, busied with his political projects: for he had declined a re-election to Congress, and was now a candidate for the Gubernatorial chair of his state. And while he was thus engaged, and his friends were making every street re-echo their shouts, and even his enemies gave reluctant testimony to his brilliant qualifications, his wife was suffering the double agony of severe illness of body, and total prostration of spirits; and thus her recovery was for a long time extremely doubtful. Often when her nurse imagined her in a quiet slumber from which the happiest results might be anticipated, she was secretly giving way to her depressed feelings, and dwelling with bitter tears on the neglect and loneliness, so sad, so heart-sickening in seasons of affliction and trial. When at length the doctor pronounced her convalescent, how little of pleasure did the words convey to her? but yielding to his advice she arose, and suffering her maid to envelop her attenuated form in a morning-wrapper, she took her seat near the window, pretending to be interested in what was passing beneath, while in fact her eyes and thoughts were at variance. Her husband was absent, and would not return for several days; and the remembrance of how little he had seemed to regard her sickness, banished the pleasurable feeling with which she would otherwise anticipate his surprise. When, however, he returned, his joy at finding her able to sit up gave her a brief sensation of happiness, for she well knew it was not feigned; and the feeling greatly accelerated her permanent cure. But all the ex-postulations of the physician could not induce her to ride out in the invigorating air; she refused to leave the house, and made no effort to overcome the debility occasioned by her long and severe indisposition.

One evening, Ellsworth hastily entered her room and found her reclining in an attitude of profound dejection on a sofa. She had felt unusually languid that day, her nervous system was almost prostrated; and Ellsworth was certainly correct in saying that it was the consequence of the want of fresh air, company, and some excitement. He stepped to the dressing-bureau, and adjusted his glossy hair and whiskers, while Caroline, with all her languor, could not but look admiringly on his noble features and commanding form.

Suddenly Ellsworth turned from the mirror, and drew a chair beside the sofa, and told Caroline that Mrs. Young expected to see her at her ball that night. She only shook her head.

"Come, Caroline, indeed you must not yield to these feelings, you will become gloomy and dispirited, and entirely lose your health."

"I cannot go," she persisted, in a low tone. "And how can you ask me, Grafton—do I look like one to mingle in a festive crowd?" and she glanced at the opposite mirror, and smiled sadly as she saw imaged there her pale cheeks and dim, lustreless eyes.

"You will look different in full dress; besides, this delicate appearance will best become you after your long illness. You must go; see, here is something that will throw a glow around your features," and he opened a handsome filagree case, in the white velvet lining of which, a set of magnificent rubies lay gleaming like drops of light.

"These will look better to-night than pearls or diamonds; come, prepare—I will give you plenty time to make your toilet," and ringing the bell for her maid, he left the house. Caroline looked admiringly on the rich gems. "I am unjust to him," she murmured. "He is thinking of me even while I am accusing him of indifference:" and determined, if possible, to gratify him, she gave the astonished girl orders to prepare her for the ball. Several times was she obliged to rest, while Florine was arranging her magnificent hair, and her fingers trembled with weakness as she arranged the gorgeous bandeau around her head; but something of her olden vanity and love of display was reawakened by the appearance of it, and she persevered. And now a robe of rich chameleon silk falls in graceful folds around her, but her cheek has been growing all the time paler and whiter, and as Florine clasps the bracelet upon the extended arm, the forced strength gives way, and she falls back fainting in her chair. When her husband returned he found her again occupying the sofa, her beautiful dress still shrouding her trembling form, the radiant gems gleaming as if in mockery above her death-like brow. He saw at a glance that she was unequal to the exertions she had used; but, still he would fain persuade her that as she was now dressed, she had better try to descend to the carriage—that the ride would reanimate her, and she should soon return. But she declined, sadly, but firmly; and he left her, telling her that he would bear her regrets to Mrs. Young for her non-attendance at her ball. Poor Caroline! It never occurred to her husband that she would miss his company more than the gay scenes in which he wished her again to bear a conspicuous part: he never dreamed that his remaining at home with her that evening, would, perchance, have a more beneficial effect upon her drooping spirits than the excitement of a public assemblage. Yet, no sooner had he gone than Caroline, gaining strength from the bitterness of her disappointment, snatched off her useless decorations, and called Florine to put them

away; and when this was done, she dismissed the girl, and falling back in the chair, gave vent to her long repressed feelings in a burst of tears, mingled with reproaches on her husband's cruelty, but far more on herself. She imagined him joining with the mirthful crowd, attracting the smiles and admiration of all, while she sat there a poor, neglected thing, on whom he would never bestow a thought, unless he was for a moment reminded of her by the inquiry of some friend respecting her health; "but I deserve it all," was the next thought. "Oh, Claymore, how sadly am I atoning for my fault."

Could the neglected wife, on that sad evening, have looked into the far distant home of Frederic Claymore, into the private parlor which was his favorite room in the winter season, how would the scene that she would there witness have sent a pang of deeper loneliness to her sorrowful heart. A beautiful home-look had that spacious apartment, with its rich draperies of embossed green silk hanging in heavy folds over the large windows; chairs, ottomans, and sofas, with cushions of the same material, giving a rich, but not gaudy, appearance to the room; no large mirrors flashed back the bright light from the glowing coal fire; but the few fine paintings that adorned the wall, the little groups of sculptured marble that filled each recess, and the fragrant flowers in beautiful vases on the mantel, evinced the refinement and good taste that had presided over the arrangement of the room. Silver candlebras, supporting waxen tapers, stood on the centre-table, beside which sat Mr. Claymore, examining, by the soft, yet luminous rays, various letters and papers brought in by the evening mail. Opposite to him sat his wife, blooming and joyous as in her girlhood's day, sometimes listening to her husband with an attention which told how dear to her was every tone of that manly voice, as he read aloud whatever items he thought would interest her; sometimes bending with the smile of maternal love and pride, over the fairy-like little girl that sat on her lap, with the dark, proud eyes of her father, and her mother's glossy, raven hair and beautiful features, as with the sportive gayety of a happy, petted child, she looked at the engravings on the table, which she had seen a thousand times before, but which had always a fresh charm to her dawning mind. How clear and joyous was the burst of silvery laughter that ever and anon parted her rosy lips as mamma pointed some object that had escaped her notice—how often the eyes of the fond father wandered from his reading to dwell on the sunny face of his darling Helen.

"Do you still wish to visit B—— this year, Adrienne?" he suddenly asked, looking up from the letter he held, "if you do we will go at an

early day, so that I can accept this invitation." And he read aloud the letter, which was from some of his political friends in B——, asking the favor of his presence at an approaching celebration. "If we go at all this winter, my dear, we may as well go now." The beautiful face of Mrs. Claymore was lighted up by a proud smile as she listened to the highly flattering letter, but when he paused awaiting her reply, she hesitated, and looked down, anxiously, on the blooming creature that nestled in her bosom. "I should like very much to go, Frederic; but would it not expose Helen too much at this time? I could not go without her, and the distance is so great."

"True, I did not think of that, we will postpone our visit till the spring. Perhaps, also, Eugene will be here to accompany us;" and Claymore took up his pen to decline the invitation.

"But you, mon ami," she said, "why cannot you go?"

"Would you prefer my absence?" he asked, with a pleasant smile.

"Yes, for Helen and I are not selfish, and we would not deprive papa of any pleasure."

"Papa can defer the pleasure; can he not, pet?" said he, as the sweet child leaned over the table to show him one of the pictures which so much interested her. And having duly admired the picture, and given the little pet a slight tap with his pen on her dimpled shoulder, which

caused a fresh burst of childish glee, he resumed his letter.

Often was he interrupted by the coaxing whisper, "do, papa, look at this," or "oh, pa, see here;" as the eager child in the excitement of her pleasure would forget her mother's gentle admonition "not to interrupt papa;" but the father's feelings were not absorbed in the politician's; and the lisping entreaty fell not on an unheeding ear. The requisite attention was cheerfully given; and then he would turn again, with unabated serenity to his writing; his own face illuminated by something of the same feelings that marked the sparkling, joyous features of the happy child.

How little thought the gay party, who a few weeks afterward listened to the reading of that letter, which bore testimony in its earnest, eloquent language of the writer's devotion to the principles which they professed, and his sincere participation in their rejoicings—how little they imagined that the letter was indebted for its warm, thrilling eloquence to the quiet, happy feelings with which it was penned. Yet how many, very many, in that gay assemblage might perchance, have taken a needful lesson from the private life of him, whose public services and zeal in the good cause were lauded in complimentary toasts, and aptly pourtrayed in many a beautiful sentence, heard with shouts of applause and enthusiastic admiration.

CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY SMITH JONES, JR.

I stood, one stormy Christmas Eve,
Before the fire toasting;
Most orthodoxy turning round,
Like turkies that are roasting.
Wild roared the Wintry gale without,
The grate blazed up like resin;
'Till finally I scorched, which broke
The reverie I was in.

I tried, in silence, Christian-like,
To bear the pain, but couldn't.
"Confound the fire," I cried, enraged,
(What blister'd victim wouldn't?)
At last I drew the sofa up,
And at full length reposing,
I watched the glowing, gen'rous grate,
Until I fell a-doxing.

I dreamed I saw an ancient hall,
Where fairy forms were glancing,
And giddy music reeled around,
And giddier girls were dancing.

And by the chimney, blazing red,
There sat the grandsire hoary,
While round him laughed the merry crowd—
Ah! I was in my glory.

Then in my dream, such things will be,
I saw (the hall surrounding)
A crowd of cherub, laughing imps
A smoking punch compounding.
One brought the flask of Glenlivet,
And one the lime was squeezing,
"With such a set," I said, "a chap
Would stand no chance of freezing."

Just then I felt my ears impinged,
A stinging pain shot o'er me.
I woke, and there, in dress de nuit,
Stood Mrs. Jones before me.
"What's this," she cried, "how dare you, sir,
Thus dream when I am waiting?"
I meekly rose, and went to bed,
To save a sound berating.

HOW ANNE DARNED STOCKINGS.

BY FANNY SMITH.

REALLY my friend Anne Woodruff was to be pitied. I called to see her a few months after her marriage, and found her nearly crying over a pair of her husband's stockings, which she was darning.

"Why, Anne," said I, "I thought you were never going to mend a pair of stockings after you were married."

"Isn't it too bad?" replied she, laughingly. "I used to say I would never marry a man without he was rich enough to keep a seamstress for me, to do all my sewing, mending, darning stockings and all, and here I am poking over these things," and she gave them a contemptuous toss.

"But," and she laughed again, "Frank would make me marry him, you know, and I forgot to make an arrangement about a seamstress."

Poor Anne! I believe there never was a woman in the world who did not hate darning thread and needles, but Anne's dislike to the articles nearly amounted to a mania.

Before a girl can scarcely pull a stocking on, she dreads the time when she will have to darn it. Many a Miss in her teens suddenly remembers a lesson which she had forgotten to learn, if a prudent, thrifty mamma suggests that she is old enough now, and has a little spare time, and she ought to darn her own stockings.

In truth, the girl sees that her mother shirks the work if possible; that superannuated grandmamas, and maiden aunts, and poor cousins, take the stocking basket, as naturally as if all the contents were their own; and as they always have the most unpleasant part of the sewing to do, she is sure in her own mind that she shall not like it.

So it had been with Anne. It was even whispered at boarding-school, that she did not always look at her stockings which had come from the wash, before putting them in her trunk; and after she left school, she made a contract with her grandmother, who resided with them, that if the old lady would darn her stockings, she in return would quill her cap borders.

I have known many a woman who would do all the fancy work of the family, hem, stitch, crochet, embroider slippers, suspenders, chair-covers, &c., without a murmur, but I never knew one who did not consider darning stockings an outrage on her genius.

Anne had been married about three years, when I called one day again. Taking up my little name-sake from the floor, I exclaimed,

"Why don't you put short clothes on this child, Anne? She will never learn to walk with a yard of muslin and flannel under her feet."

A strange expression passed over my friend's laughing face. For a moment it puzzled me. Then I said,

"My gracious, Anne, you don't keep long clothes and socks on the child for fear of having its stockings to mend?"

"Something like it, to be sure."

"Why, you unnatural mother! it will outgrow its stockings for the next two years, before it will outwear them."

But as time passed on, and Anne's family increased, her cares increased with it.

The huge family patch basket was appalling. The poor soul thought the labors of Hercules trifling compared with her own.

"Nothing but patch and darn, and darn and patch," said she to me, one day, when I went in and found her as busy as usual with her basket. Indeed the much-talked-of and much-written-of horrors of washing day, were play to her, compared with the troubles of Wednesday, when shutting herself up in the nursery, she denied herself to all visitors, except myself, and sat down with one foot on the rocker of the cradle, and a lap full of stockings which she was to assort.

Well she was to be pitied. One of the children was certain to have the toothache, or a burned finger, or a cold in the head, just as certain as Wednesday came around.

On one of these fatal days, when I happened to be there, I pitied her terribly. The whole brood of little ones was at home. Some of the children in the school had the measles, and she thought it wiser not to let her own go.

Another baby in long clothes and socks, had just been bathed and rocked to sleep. The weather was too cold for the children to be out of doors; so after repeated commands to them to keep quiet, Anne took up the dreaded stocking basket.

First, out came a pair of her own hose. A sigh of relief escaped her, as she ran her hand in and found no rent; and then they were rolled up and placed away. A second pair passed under

a like review, but only a thread had given way, and that was soon repaired.

Mr. Woodruff's stockings came next. Anne directed a glance of despair at me.

"What queer kind of feet he must have," said she, pettishly, "here are two pair of new stockings without a darn in them, and now look at this!—look what immense holes in the toes!"

"They are too short, I suspect, Anne," replied I.

"Well, I'll take care to get them long enough the next time. I shall mend them this once, and if they break so again, I will throw them aside and buy new ones. Stockings are cheap enough, dear only knows, without slaving one's life out in mending them."

I was dressing a doll for my little name-sake, and again Anne darning proceeded quietly for a while.

But presently I heard her exclaim,

"Jenny, for mercy's sake give me those scissors."

And I looked up to see Miss Jenny sitting on the floor, screwing her little face around with every turn of the scissors, cutting out paper babies, and Lilliputian frocks and aprons.

After a few moments silence, interrupted only by the creaking of the cradle, I heard Anne say again,

"Tom! do look now, what you are doing. I declare, making the hole in that stocking twice as large as it was by putting your marbles through it"—and there was Master Tom, holding one of

the unmended stockings up at full length, dropping marbles through one by one, studying the laws of gravitation.

Little Carry, who seemed to have none of her mother's dislike for stocking mending, was as busy as a bee sewing all the tops together, and darning the toes fast to the middle of the legs.

"Carry, do hand me the darning cotton—how you plague me; and goodness gracious! see what the child has done. It will take half an hour to rip all that out."

But Carry looked up wonderingly at her mother, for she was fully convinced that her work was admirable, and said,

"Indeed, mamma, I haven't got the cotton."

"Why, where can it be then?"

But happening to look on the lounge, she saw George drawing out strand after strand, tying the ends together, and as busy in weaving cat cradles with it, as his sister had been in darning.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed the nearly distracted mother, "what grand times Eve must have had with no stockings to mend; I declare I almost wish I was a Hottentot."

A few months ago, Anne came to me to know if I could find her good seamstress.

"Thank fortune" said she, "Frank's business is very prosperous, and I feel as if I could keep a girl to do my sewing without being too extravagant. Only think, Carry! no more stockings to darn! can you believe it?"

Since that time Anne Woodruff has been a perfectly happy wife and mother.

WHAT A SWEET SPOT IS EARTH.

BY LUCY WHARTON.

WHAT a sweet spot is earth, with her trees and her flowers,

Her grass-woven plains, and her rose trellised bower;

Her sun-lighted day-beams, her star-spangled sky,
Her soft voice of welcome, when Summer is nigh.

What a sweet spot is earth, when the faint ray of morn

Steals forth like Woe smiling on Pleasure's return;
When the trembling young leaves wave a tuneful salute,

And the least bird of Nature no longer is mute.

What a sweet spot is earth, when the noon tide of day

Bursts forth in the pride of its golden array;
When the blue flag of gladness floats beaming on high,
High Hope when the light spirit laughs in her eye.

What a sweet spot is earth, when the still evening hour

Brings rest to the weary, and dew to the flower;
When the bird fleeth home to his moss-covered nest,
As the Christians, in sorrow, seeks Faith for his rest.

What a sweet spot is earth, in all seasons and times,
In the South's sunny glow, or the North's frozen climes;

Whether childishly playful, or fearfully great,
Her beauty is perfect, her grandeur complete.

What a sweet spot is earth—but a fairer is found,
Where the Winter snows chill not, where Spring leaves abound,
Where the bolt of affliction no longer is hurl'd—
He hath told us who said, "Ye are not of the world."

ELLEN LINDSAY.

BY A LADY OF KENTUCKY.

It was a bright morn in May, when the bending bough and springing verdure were glittering with the sparkling dew drops, and the merry songsters were carolling thanks to the Dispenser of all good, when Ellen Lindsay, a fair-haired girl of seventeen, stepped from the portico of a New England cottage with a sad and anxious expression of face, for she had promised George Raymond that this morning he might ask her hand of her father.

But she had heard her father on the evening previous say to an old acquaintance, who had dropped in socially to tea, that he deeply sympathized with his friend, William Raymond, for he thought his only child George would prove a curse to his parents, and wring from their dim and aged eyes the tears of anguish.

Oh! how those words penetrated the very soul of Ellen. She looked upon her father as a model of all that was good. Having been left motherless at a tender age, he had well supplied the place of both parents. He had cheerfully given up all society, save the family of his friend William Raymond, that he might unremittingly devote himself to the moral and intellectual education of his daughter, who was to him the polar star of his existence. To bear that father speak in such terms of George, her playmate in childhood, her guide in her girlish strolls when looking for the first sweet flowers of spring; who had taught her to know the note of each bird, whose clear, ringing voice was music to the ear, and to whom she had but yesterday plighted her troth, was anguish deep and bitter. Why Mr. Lindsay entertained so harsh an opinion of young Raymond, it is necessary, reader, that you should review the last four years of that young man's life. He had just returned from college, where he had remained four years, and graduated with difficulty, not that he wanted intelligence, for each feature and expression bore the stamp of intellect. But he had madly yielded to dissipation, he had gambled deep.

Ellen had known nought of this. Although his father frequently had spoken to Mr. Lindsay of his fears and apprehensions for his son. Yet she had listened to that being, who of all others will cling latest to the last remnant of hope, his mother, who still seemed confident that all would be well, for had she not watched over him in his youth, and she knew there were manly and noble

qualities deeply implanted within the bosom of her son.

It would be only to mention some generous sentiment or act she would speak of him to Ellen. When he left for college at sixteen, he had only said to her you will not forget me, will you? And she, with the innocence of thirteen, replied, "no, George, I will think of you every day, and pray for you at night."

How frequently in his night revels at college had the thought crossed his half inebriated brain, that even then her prayers for him might be ascending to the most high. His better feelings would rush upon him; and resolves, alas! only to be broken were made that henceforth he would struggle to be worthy of her. And even now, after four years dissipation, there was still a green spot in his heart, around which might yet cluster and grow all the noble qualities that belong to that being who is created in the image of his Maker.

The morning after his arrival he hastened to see his acquaintances, Mr. Lindsay and his daughter. Ellen had seen him coming, she advanced readily to meet him with a cordial greeting, but with the effort there was the embarrassment of the woman that loves, she could not meet him as in days of yore. She had dwelt upon his memory till the fondness of childhood had assumed a deeper and more lasting form. When George took the hand that was extended in greeting, he felt let others think of me as they will, I am the same to her: she, like my mother, will think kindly of my faults. This pleasant reflection was interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Lindsay, in whose face could be traced the feeling of disapprobation, and who seemed to lay some stress upon his congratulations on his return to his parental roof. There certainly was constraint in his manner foreign to his custom. Ellen observed it, but being ignorant of all cause for such reserve, she was inclined to think it accidental; but she perceived first a blush and then a sad smile fit over the countenance of Raymond.

He remained with them about an hour, then rising to leave he crossed the room to where Ellen was sitting, and asked if she would be ready to renew some of their old strolls if he called in the evening, to which she assented. During the day Mr. Lindsay thought he would tell his daughter why he would wish her to shun

the society of her old playmate, but she seemed so happy and cheerful that he felt a disinclination to mar her enjoyment for the day, and satisfied himself by saying to-morrow will do as well.

At length evening came, and with it Raymond. Ellen, with bonnet in hand, was ready, they started, both were happy in relating little incidents of the past. Each spot seemed to be the register of some sport in youth. They wandered on, till coming to the shade of an elm that appeared to be the patriarch of the forest. They stopped and were silent. At length George turned to the fair being by his side, and said,

"Ellen, do you remember the pledge you gave me on your tenth birth day under this tree—we were playing, and you remarked you did not know what you would do should I ever leave you? I laughed and told you, you must be my wife: and did you not promise it? And now, Ellen, in riper years, in the same place, do I ask you to be mine. Be the good angel that will lead me on to honor and renown. You little know how I need your guileless innocence, your firm and holy belief in the justice and mercy of heaven. You know not the strong temptations that assail youth on entering the busy, calculating world. But with you by my side I feel as though I could pass through any ordeal. Answer me, Ellen, will you be my bride?"

She raised her eyes to his full of the deep feeling that was overflowing her heart, and said,

"I have always loved you, George, and will be to you all you ask. I make but one condition, and that is we have my father's consent. Never will I wed without that."

"Well, Ellen, I will have that consent to-morrow, or be rejected, for I cannot bear suspense." She was glad such was his determination, for she wished her father to know all. Neither did she fear the result.

They returned home. He parted from her at the door. She was directly called to officiate at the tea-board, for her father and his neighbor. Then it was she first listened to the recital of the faults and crimes of him she had promised to love.

Although sorrow in her sojourn upon earth had passed lightly by the happy Ellen. Yet in this her first visit, however unaccustomed it found her to disappointment, she had too much womanly instinct to let it be seen how harrowing to her feelings had been her father's words.

That night sleep forsook her pillow. She rose in the morning with the intention of dissuading Raymond from mentioning their engagement to her father. It was accordingly to meet him we have seen her stepping from the portico. What a contrast between that fair girl's anxious heart, and radiant nature clothed in her robe of smiles!

Ellen advanced to an Otahirte bush to pull some of its crimson blooms studded with the morning diamonds, then walked down the avenue till she came within view of the gate, and there saw Raymond standing apparently in deep thought. She had nearly reached him when he turned and saw her. "Why are you abroad so early, Ellen?" he said. "I thought it was too soon to partake of your hospitable board, and concluded to remain for a while at the old gate, with which is connected many agreeable recollections of the past."

"George, speak not of the past, it unnerves me for the execution of my resolve. I have sought you to prevent your seeing my father, and to say perhaps it would be well if you would not mention our yesterday's conversation."

He took her hand. "Ellen, why this change? have you too learned to look harshly upon my faults? Has one night so turned the current of your feelings? I can bear all but this. Tell me, can it be?"

"Last night, George, for the first time I heard a true account of the manner in which your last years have been spent: but you little know the heart of woman if you suppose she can withdraw her love for the first wrongs. No, she loves on hoping all things. And to me, Raymond,

"There is not a breeze but whispers of thy name; There is not a flower that sleeps beneath the moon, But in its fragrance tells a tale of thee."

"Then my own one, with that sweet confession ringing through my brain, and almost intoxicated by the draught you have just administered, I feel nervous for all opposition, dearest: remain till I come." Without a moment's hesitation, with firmness evinced even in his step, he walked to the cottage, called for Mr. Lindsay. He was ushered into the little library, where the old man was reading the word of God. He kindly took Raymond by the hand, and motioned him to be seated.

"A beautiful morning, George."

"Yes, sir, and my heart too is happy, for Ellen has promised to be my bride if you consent." To his infinite surprise a tear gathered in the old man's eye, when he said,

"It cannot be, George. It is with deep regret I pronounce the words, for I would not for all I possess have found it my duty to cross my child in this. But it cannot be."

Raymond, with his whole frame trembling, untouched by anger, for he could only feel reverence for the father who was anxious to guard his child from grief, replied, "why do you so firmly and fully deny me?"

"Review your life, George, for a few years, and see if you can wonder at my denial. It is with pain I recall to you your years of dissipation, for

I have loved you almost as a child. Nay, more, often have I watched you and Ellen when children playing around me, and thought with pleasure upon the possibility of one day claiming you for the son of my old age, the husband of my daughter, but that dream you have dispelled."

"Say not dispelled, recall that word, grant my prayer, give me Ellen, I can, I will be worthy of her."

"No, Raymond, I cannot trust her happiness to the frail promise of reform." Saying this, he rose and left the room.

Who can describe the feelings of George? He knew there was none to blame for this blow but himself. He hurried out to Ellen, who was again waiting the result. She saw it all from his manner, for his was not the disposition that can conceal the emotions.

George, my father, as I feared, has refused."

"Yes, dearest, I am not deemed worthy the guardianship of so fair a flower. I cannot reproach Mr. Lindsay for his rejection of my suit. I have been madly wild, and I should have told you before I won from you the sweet promise to be mine, but I could not nerve myself to risk a refusal from thee. But you shall not be fettered by that pledge. One request will I prefer, one boon will I ask, and then will bid adieu to these familiar scenes, and not return till I have wiped out the errors of the past. The request is this, you will not wed another for three years; and the boon I ask is your miniature, the promise shall urge me on to honor; thy miniature shall sanctify my pleasures. Will you grant them, Ellen?"

"All, all will I grant, nay, even more, though I hold no sacrifice too great to make for my father, yet never will I wed another. But when will you go?"

"I will sail on the Essex, which is soon to start for the Mediterranean to punish the piratical Turks; and remember, Ellen, you shall hear from me in the front of the battle, and your image shall be the talisman that will guard me in the hour of danger. And now, farewell."

And thus they parted for years to come. He took his way home, and disclosed to his parents his intention to volunteer his services to his country. He met with strong opposition at first, but his father, an old revolutionary soldier, could not long withstand the patriotic pictures drawn by his son.

Was it not the promise of future greatness that America, then the youngest nation on the globe, with her navy but in its infancy, should refuse to pay tribute, when even proud England was numbered among the nations that were content to buy of the Barbary States ingress to Southern Europe.

Young Raymond, having overcome the objections of his parents, forthwith took his departure to join the crew of the Essex.

It becomes necessary there should be something in particular said of the nature of the naval expedition of 1803. In 1800 the American ship George Washington while before Tripoli, had been forced by her situation into carrying presents from the Dey of Tripoli to the Ottoman Porte. There were some threats made by the Dey on that occasion that our Congress and executive could illy brook, consequently there was a squadron sent to the Mediterranean, under Commodore Dale, which served to convoy and protect our commerce, and blockade the Straits of Gibraltar against the Tripolitan cruisers. Some prizes were taken but not retained; at the expiration of the year Dale returned home, leaving two of his vessels for convoys. The Tripolitan war may be said to have lasted five years, from 1800 to 1805, yet no severe or hazardous engagement took place until after the fall of 1803, when the command was transferred to Commodore Preble.

We will now follow one commander in particular, who was in Preble's squadron, and whose very name sends a thrill of pride through every true American—that name is Decatur. It was with him as a friend George Raymond had sailed in the Essex, which reached the Mediterranean in November, 1803, where it met the Enterprise, commanded by Hull; according to arrangements Decatur was transferred to the Enterprise.

Not long after Preble reached his station, he ascertained the loss he had sustained in the stranding and capturing of the Philadelphia and her officers, among whom were men that ill could be spared at such a time.

Then it was Decatur promised to achieve the daring act that will ever be looked upon as a deed to immortalize. It was just of a nature to suit his ardent temperament.

When he mustered the roll of his ship, and proclaimed to his men he was going to destroy that American vessel, whose appearance in the enemy's harbor seemed to throw a shade upon our little navy. He now asked who would follow. At the tap of the drum every man and youth in the vessel pressed forward to offer their services to their respected commander. But all could not go. He selected a sufficient number of those most competent to the duty, among them was Raymond burning to achieve something worthy of his country and his love.

On the night of the fifteenth of February, 1804, the Intrepid, a captured ketch, commenced her perilous entrance into the bay of Tripoli. Decatur's directions to his followers were to entirely conceal themselves with the exception of some ten or twelve, a number that would excite no

alarm, while with Raymond at his side stood by the pilot to give necessary orders.

When within hailing distance the Turks from the Philadelphia hailed, they were answered the Intrepid was a Maltese trader, and the captain wished to ride by the frigate for the night. The Intrepid had nearly reached the desired spot, when a puff of wind struck her and wafted her directly under the broadside of the Philadelphia, where for some moments she lay becalmed.

That was a moment to try nerve and soul, but not one move or accent betrayed the throbbing of every heart; even in that critical moment perfect discipline was not forgot, and that night discipline wrought much.

In a short time, they were towed by ropes to the right position. Just as they were ready to board the frigate, the Turks perceived their grapping irons; and the cry of Americans rung from every point. Delay was now death to Decatur and his men. Without a moment's hesitation, each man was at the post assigned him, with his weapon in one hand, and combustibles in the other.

The Turks were now fast disappearing over the sides of the vessel. One Musselman alone, a fine athletic-looking man, strained every nerve to drive back the brave few; he soon saw the effort would be vain; then singling out Decatur, he rushed upon him with his scimeter raised to smote, if possible, the leader of the band; but just as it was descending upon the captain's head, Raymond sprang forward and threw his arm before the uplifted weapon, which saved Decatur, but left a horrid cut on Raymond's arm. The Turk, failing in this attempt, felt it to be folly to make another, springing to the side of the ship he plunged into the water shouting back, "Americans, I will meet thee again."

Decatur seized the hand of Raymond with a grateful emotion, but said not a word, for this was not a time for further expressions of gratitude, there were too many lives dependent upon the rapid accomplishment of his undertaking. Now having filled the Philadelphia of her captors, the burning of the noble ship they could not rescue was briskly commenced. And now to escape the flames, they sprang into the Intrepid, where, amidst the showering balls that fell from near a thousand pieces of artillery, night being their shield. The heretofore silent crew arose as with one impulse, and gave three cheers to victory and their country.

Safely they reached the outlet of the bay, where anxious friends were on the look out for their companions who performed the daring deed. With bright and exulting hearts they made sail to join Commodore Preble, and inform him of the success of their attempt. The officers of the

squadron hastened to congratulate Decatur and his valiant band. When the Intrepid left for the burning of the frigate, there were but few of the seamen of the other vessels that ever expected to behold again one of the actors of this enterprise. There was the sound of rejoicing heard from every vessel before Tripoli and the Mediterranean, more than three thousand miles from our shores, was made the scene of an American illumination. An express was sent to Congress, and that body passed a vote of thanks to Decatur and his men, particularizing the commander and Raymond, who had not only performed well his part, but had saved the life of his officer. The wound Raymond had received, though not dangerous, was yet exceedingly painful, it threw him into fever which confined him to his bed. Then Decatur evinced his gratitude to him by remaining with and tending him every hour he could snatch from the imperative duties of his command.

One evening, while enjoying a refreshing slumber, Raymond uttered some expressions of love and disappointment, which aroused a wish in Decatur to hear all, with a desire and hope that he might effect something for his friend in this matter. When Raymond woke, Decatur remarked, "George, tell me what it is that weighs so heavily upon your spirits; your physician says there is more than this wound exciting your system, and causing fever, perhaps I can assist you; I entreat you make no reservation, for to me you shall ever be as a brother, and gladly would I, as far as is in my power, serve you."

Raymond replied, "I am thankful for and appreciate your kind offer, but I cannot bare the secrets of my heart to any one. Suffice it to say, I have, through my own conduct dispelled a sweet dream of happiness. I will not speak of the circumstances, nor will I mention the name of that being who is purity itself. There is one kindness I will ask of you, it is this. Should death, through any untoward circumstance overtake me, you will find around my neck the miniature of her I love, and in my writing-desk you will see papers and letters with directions that will give you all necessary information."

The subject was then dropped, and they conversed upon the situation of our blockading force. Decatur mentioned the attack meditated by Commodore Preble upon the enemy's boats and galley that had come outside of the rocks of the harbor. Raymond asked eagerly when it was thought the attack would be made, and was answered, they were only waiting the return of a frigate that had been despatched toward Gibraltar, which could not be longer than a week or ten days at furthest. When Raymond heard this, he was resolved, if possible, to banish the

thoughts of Ellen, which kept him feverish, and and try to rouse himself for action. Accordingly next morning, with the assistance of his friends, he was enabled to reach the deck and inhale the pure air, so refreshing to the invalid, and particularly so in "the land of the cypress and myrtle." How beautiful seemed all to the eyes of Raymond, he listened to the low murmuring of the sea, and the soft sighing breezes as they gently swelled the sails.

"Twas musical but sadly sweet.
Such as when the winds and harp strings meet."

It was a proud sight to see the stars and stripes of our brave, free and happy land fluttering nobly to the winds. Manned by gallant officers and hardy tars, who were destined to make old England, the mistress of the ocean, haul down her colors when she came in conflict with men who knew no sovereign but their Maker, no title but defender of their country, and their country's honor.

"Glory like the eagle builds among the stars."

In a few days, Raymond felt almost restored, and was resolved to accompany his commander in the proposed attack upon the enemy.

In a short time all was ready for the engagement. The Constitution, bearing the broad pennant of Commodore Preble, accompanied with the other vessels forming the squadron, bore down within reach of the long guns. Then was sent out two divisions of gun boats, three in each division—one was commanded by Decatur, the other by the lamented Somers. It were vain to attempt to describe the wonders performed by our men. They had attacked the enemy in a manner the Turks believed themselves invincible where strength of arm was the weapon. Notwithstanding our men were greatly outnumbered, the bold and daring Americans came off conquerors, capturing many of the Tripolitan vessels. It was in this engagement Decatur was severely wounded; again had he been singled out by the captain of the Turkish boat, who was strong and grappled with the strength of the tiger. It was a terrible moment to Decatur's men, they could not relieve him, for each one had foes to face and contend with. In his extreme peril, Decatur, with singular dexterity and presence of mind, extricated one arm from the grasp of his powerful antagonist, drew a pistol from his belt, and shot him through the body. The Turk gave one expiring gasp, and sunk dead upon the deck of his vessel. His fall seemed to be the signal for his men to desist, all further attempt at resistance were relinquished; he plunged overboard and swam to the next boat. Raymond rushed to Decatur, eager to render him any assistance. He found him badly wounded, yet bravely bear-

ing up, giving his men all necessary directions. He felt not his wound, for amidst the conflict around, he had witnessed the fall of his Brother James Decatur, and his grief for him had swallowed up any sensations of pain from his wound.

Soon after this successful undertaking, it was resolved in a council of officers, an attempt should be made to destroy by fire the entire naval armament of Tripoli.

The fatal and sad result of this expedition will forever remain wrapt in mystery; we only know the noble Somers and his men returned no more. Shortly after this, Commodore Barrow succeeded Preble in the command of the squadron. The seige was still continued by sea, and occasionally a land attack was made. In September, 1805, Commodore Rogers having succeeded to the command, concluded peace with the Dey of Tripoli, and Decatur was despatched to Washington City, to inform the administration of the termination of hostilities. His countrymen everywhere received him with demonstrations of gratitude and love, and felt

"He was skilled alike to conquer and to please."

Most eagerly had Ellen Lindsay read and listened to the tidings that reached our shores from the far-off squadron of our infant navy, where the heroism and valor of the immortal Decatur was attracting even the admiration of the man who held the destinies of Europe in his mighty grasp. A few days after, Congress had passed resolutions, lauding the daring and successful achievement of Decatur, and also making honorable mention of Raymond for the personal risk and suffering he had incurred to preserve the life of his noble officer. Ellen received a paper from the hands of her father containing these resolutions, saying, at the same time, "perhaps, all may yet be as you wish. Heaven grant it, my child, for I feel the infirmities of age creeping upon me, and my head is already showing the frosts of many winters, and thankfully would I see my Ellen happy." The bewildered Ellen hardly understood his allusions, for he had never mentioned the subject of her engagement since the sad morning of Raymond's departure. Tremblingly she sought the silence of her chamber, and then with a feeling of exultation, read the flattering account of him she loved. With a heart full of freshness and sincerity, joined with the buoyancy of youth, she looked alone upon the bright side, feeling assured her love and judgment had not been misplaced. Another reason for her assurance of hope was from his letters to his mother, who had read them to Ellen, and in all he had expressed a high determination to conquer the evils of his life, and

return worthy the blessing of his mother, and the love of Ellen.

Months had now passed since Ellen knew her father would listen favorably to the suit of Raymond; and she was again the light-hearted girl of sixteen, her cheek was fresh with the tint of health, and her step had regained the elasticity of former days, for although she had tried to rally her drooping spirits after George had taken leave of her, and did calmly and cheerfully perform all the duties of a child, yet with anxiety had her father watched the gradual change in his daughter. We will now leave Ellen for a while, and follow the footsteps of her lover as he traces his way home.

Raymond had returned with Decatur to the United States, who was very desirous he should proceed with him to Washington, that he might present him to the President, with recommendations for further advancement, but Raymond had but one thought, which was to visit his home where were clustered the beings he best loved.

It was a charming evening, the gorgeous sunset was throwing a thousand gilded lines and tints upon the light clouds, and everything seemed brightly to welcome the wanderer home. He was just rising the little eminence in front of his father's cottage. He felt happy, all his sad forebodings had given place to a hope springing

from a consciousness of his reformation and worth.

He now urged on his steed at a more rapid pace, having seen his aged mother advance to the door, looking earnestly, as though her fond eyes had already discovered who he was. In a few moments, he had received the embraces of his parents, it was a joy unruffled by one anxious thought. And now, kind reader, having followed me thus far, I pray you proceed with me again to the vine clad cottage of Mr. Lindsay. The old gentleman and Ellen had just risen from their evening repast, and were sitting in the portico admiring the beauty of the night. The moon was shedding a flood of silvery light.

Soon their reverie was interrupted by approaching footsteps. Why did Ellen's heart beat with a secret presentiment of coming joy? She had no reason to expect him she loved. Gentle reader it was Raymond, and their meeting was far different from their parting, everything now smiled propitiously upon their fond hopes.

In a few weeks Raymond led Ellen to the altar. Among the guests upon that occasion was Decatur, who had not been regardless of the merits of his friend, and immediately after the performance of the ceremony, he placed in the hands of Raymond a commission from the President, appointing him to a lucrative post.

CHILD AND MOTHER.

CHILD.

"Oh! why does Brother William sleep
So long upon his little bed?

And why, dear mother, do you weep?

MOTHER.

Your Brother William's dead.

CHILD.

I thought, when dead, my mother dear,
That angels bore us through the sky?

But Brother William still is here?

MOTHER.

No: he now dwells on high.

CHILD.

I stroke his hair, his hand I hold,

Oh, William do get up and play:
Why is your hand so very cold?

MOTHER.

He hears not what you say!

CHILD.

And will he never wake again,

Nor spread his playthings on the floor,
Nor walk with us down the green lane?

MOTHER.

No, never—never more!

The little body that lies here

Will rest beneath the church-yard sod:
His soul the angel back did bear

Unto the hands of God."

AUTUMN'S LAST FLOWERS.

BY MRS. NEWTON CROSLAND.

AUTUMN'S Last Flowers are falling one by one—
Those sickly children of the fading year,
With scanty retinue of leaflets sere,
And, though companion'd, seeming each one lone:
The gracious Summer-time its part hath done;
A slanting sunray struggles feebly near,
Too chill to kiss from them the frosty tear,

That shines as jewels have on death-brows shone.
Poor scentless blossoms—waking pity's sighs,
But unbeloved of bee or bird, or bright
Wing'd revellers, gay-coated butterflies!
The heart has emblems, in its dreary night,
Of these pale flowers: like life in death they rise,
The faint-hued shadows of bright memories!

A L I C E V E R N O N.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE VALLEY FARM," "DOBIA ATHERTON," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Charles J. Peterson, as the proprietor, in the Clerk's Office, of the District Court of the U. S., in the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 219.

It was a brilliant party, and crowds of lovely women were present, yet Isabel Vernon shone the most imperial beauty there.

Suddenly, while she was talking animatedly to a group of gentlemen, Mountjoy stood before her. Practised as she was in the ways of society, she could not prevent a blush flashing over her face, for his presence at the entertainment was entirely unexpected to her, it having been told her by the hostest that he was absent in a distant city.

"I thought you were away," she stammered, at last, speaking in order to hide her confusion. "Mrs. Howe will regard this as an unexpected pleasure. Only half an hour ago she was deploring to me your absence."

Much to Isabel's astonishment, Mountjoy, instead of passing on, after a few casual remarks, as usual with him, lingered by her side. Her heart began to beat fast. What could it mean? Had he, at last, begun to love her?

Gradually the other gentlemen dropped off, one by one, and Mountjoy, finding himself alone with Isabel, proposed a tour through the rooms. The lady assented with secret joy. Her face was so radiant with happiness, as she hung upon the arm of her companion, that more than one looker on came to the conclusion that Mountjoy had offered her his hand.

After a while Mountjoy turned aside into the conservatory. Isabel, at this, began to tremble with assured happiness, for though no word of love had been uttered by her companion, she felt convinced that he could only thus seek a *tete-a-tete* for one purpose.

The first words of Mountjoy assisted to confirm her delusion.

"I am about to take a great liberty, Miss Vernon," he said, and then paused in some embarrassment.

Isabel plucked a flower, and began to pull it to pieces.

"A liberty," she said, in a low tone, like that of a girl of sixteen who hears the voice of admiration for the first time, "oh! Mr. Mountjoy, you know you may always speak frankly to me."

Her companion paused a moment and then went on.

"I have been in — lately," he said, "and

seen there what I think you ought to know." For Mountjoy sincerely believed that Isabel was ignorant of her sister's destitution. "I met there an old classmate, whom I was shocked to find in a most reduced condition——"

Isabel, at the mention of her native city, had become very pale, but these words appeared to afford her relief, and looking up with a bright smile, she interrupted him,

"And you wish to interest me in assisting him?" she said. "You ought to know, Mr. Mountjoy, that my poor purse is always open to deserving persons, especially when recommended by a friend."

"He is, indeed, a most deserving object of sympathy," resumed her companion, animatedly, for, notwithstanding his belief in Isabel's ignorance of her sister's poverty, a vague fear had embarrassed him, as we have seen, in introducing the subject. "A man of more genius, in the true sense of the word, I never knew. But, like too many men of genius, he has little practical knowledge of life, and perhaps even less tact, so that, with every other element of success, he has hitherto failed to earn even a subsistence. I promised to get him some temporary employment, but, I take shame to say, forgot my promise in the hurry of departure. However I wrote, by the return mail."

"Has he a family?"

"That is the hardest feature of the case. He is married. A wife, and two little ones, depend on him for bread."

"You interest me profoundly. What can I do? Say, my friend, and it shall be done."

And Isabel, as she spoke, laid her other hand also on Mountjoy's arm, and looked up into his face with eyes full of pity.

"Your own heart will tell you, Miss Isabel," said her companion, "for it is of your brother-in-law I speak. By what means you and your sister have become so estranged I do not know, and it would be presumptuous in me, a stranger, to inquire; but it has led to your not being aware of the terrible destitution of Mr. Randolph and his family. Your sisterly heart, I repeat, will best dictate what to be done——"

But, at this point, the speaker suddenly

stopped. The countenance of Isabel, which had been turned away from him, after his first words, now again faced him: and its expression checked him instantly.

The reader, possessing the clue to Isabel's heart, can understand that look better than Mountjoy, who, as yet, was ignorant, to a great degree, of the secrets of that dark, passionate, haughty soul.

Imagine the whole truth. She had entered the conservatory, believing that her companion was about to offer her his hand, at last; and she had persuaded herself, when he began to talk of his classmate, that he first desired to test her generosity. But now on finding that he did not contemplate any such offer, and that he came only as a suitor for the hated Randolphs, what wonder that disappointment, mortified pride, anger and revenge alternately lashed her soul, and darkened her face.

So utterly was she a victim to these unholy passions that her self-control, which rarely before had deserted her, now abandoned her. She struggled, for a time, with averted face, to conceal the hurricane in her bosom; but the attempt was useless; and finally she turned on Mountjoy with the look of an enraged tigress.

For, like most persons detected in wrong, she fancied that her companion knew more than he did; and that he had sought her out, and introduced this subject only to taunt her.

"Sir," she said, rising to her full height, her eyes flashing fire, her lips white with passion, "have you brought me here only to insult me? Were I a man you would not dared it."

She said no more, but swept from the conservatory, leaving Mountjoy amazed and speechless. Ignorant of her antecedents, he could not comprehend this whirlwind of emotion; but he saw that, for some reason, Isabel hated her sister with mortal hatred.

"I have heard," he said, mentally, as he followed her finally to the crowded rooms, "that she induced her father to disinherit her sister, and I begin now to believe it, for she looked like a demon. Could she have loved Randolph? What a gulf of rage and hate must that heart of hers be! She makes me shudder. There is a mystery here that I cannot comprehend."

When Mountjoy re-entered the ball-room, he saw Isabel, every trace of her late emotion lost, standing up in a quadrille and gaily conversing with her partner.

Her wonderful self command astonished Mountjoy. "What a woman," he continued, mentally. "Who shall read the depths of her heart?"

During the remainder of the evening, Isabel was the gayest of the gay. No one could have suspected, from her manner, the scene in the

conservatory. Mountjoy could not, however, imitate her self-collectedness. He felt, as she crossed and recrossed his path, as if some evil spirit, in the guise of a woman, was present. Her unrelenting hatred to her sister had transformed her, in his eyes, so that she seemed no longer beautiful; but, even amid her smiles, she appeared to his excited imagination, like Lady Macbeth after the murder of Duncan.

At last, unable to endure the spectacle of that face, thus continually recurring in that gay throng, like a death's head amid flowers, he left the ball and sought his own apartments.

But the self command, which Isabel had maintained, deserted her as soon as she found herself alone. No sooner had she reached her own apartment, on her return from the ball, than she dismissed her maid servant for the night. And now the emotions, pent up for so many hours, found vent at last. Again a tempest of shame, rage and hatred swept her soul. Again her face darkened with evil passions until she looked like some fiend given over to undying evil. Her excitement was the greater from the restraint she had been compelled to place upon herself. Up and down the room, like an angry lioness in her den, she walked, now clenching her hand, now knitting her brow, now muttering imprecations on Randolph, Mountjoy and even Alice.

"Am I to be baffled forever by him?" she cried, alluding to Randolph. "His story pursues me, as if in vengeance, and disgraces me even here, ay! here in the presence of Mountjoy himself. I see that I am despised by the latter. Well, at any rate, I have my revenge," and she smiled bitterly. "They are starving—starving—starving!" And repeating the word, with savage exultation, she burst finally into a wild laugh.

Oh! could the mother that bore her, and who had died when Isabel was an innocent girl, have seen her daughter now, how she would have shuddered at the change. Yet this terrible transformation had been the result of but one false step in the beginning. On that fatal morning, when Alice had first revealed her happy love, if Isabel had only banished envy and hatred from her heart, all would have been well. But she listened to the Tempter. And now, notwithstanding her wealth, she was not happy. The retribution of Eternity had begun already; and her own bosom was the Gehenna.

Atlast, exhausted by her emotions, and warned, by her trembling limbs and palpitating heart, that nature could be exhausted in the strife of passions, she sat down. She felt a strange sensation, which she could not explain. But, instead of passing off, as she expected, it increased in violence, and, before she could persuade herself to summon assistance, she lost consciousness.

The next morning, as usual, her maid entered to call her. What was the girl's astonishment to find her mistress sitting in a fauteuil, with her head slightly fallen to one side. The servant touched her to rouse her, but started, with a scream, from the icy contact. Life was utterly extinct. The brows were knitted, and the hands clenched, as if she had died in a spasm of rage and hatred.

The screams of the maid brought the whole household to the apartment. A physician was sent for immediately, though he could be of no service, except to tell of what Isabel had died. He was not long in arriving at a conclusion.

"It was a disease of the heart, no doubt organic," was his decision. "Life is not secure, for a moment, when that is the case. Nor can death usually be foreseen in this disorder. A person may be talking to you, apparently in full health, one moment; and the next, may fall a corpse to the ground."

The news of this tragical occurrence soon spread throughout the town. Mountjoy was one of the first to hear it. With others, he little imagined the real cause of Isabel's death. So completely had she deceived him, that he had no idea of the tempest of emotion which had brought on her end: and, indeed, as we have seen, he knew nothing of the cause of that emotion.

"She has gone to the last Judge of all," he said, when the first stunning effect of the news was over. "Pray God, in his infinite mercy, deal gently with her soul."

Musing a while, he exclaimed, suddenly starting up,

"But I had forgot. I must leave town immediately. The decease of Miss Vernon makes her sister sole heir to all her wealth: and what a blessing that will be!"

We must now return to Randolph, whom we left staggering home, after having burst a blood-vessel.

Alice and Lily were anxiously watching for him, so that, as soon as he appeared, the latter had opened the door. At the first sight of his face the wife saw what had occurred. A shriek rose to her lips, but was suppressed immediately, and darting forward, she threw her arms around Randolph, and drew him in.

His eyes thanked her, and he would have spoken, but she put her finger up.

"Not a word, dearest," she said, breathlessly, but with heroic courage and composure. "Your life may depend on it. Lily, Lily, do you think you could find a doctor?" she said, eagerly, turning to her daughter. "There is one in the next square."

"I remember, ma. I am sure I can find him." And the child was almost as composed as her

mother, though she well knew that some great peril threatened her father. "Shall I go?"

"Yes, run, darling. I will get your papa to lie down. There, my love," and she turned again to Randolph, as little Lily flew on her errand, "don't, don't speak. I know what you would say, but a doctor you must have, and God will send means to pay him."

The physician for whom Lily went was fortunately a kind-hearted man. He had, moreover, often observed the little girl in the street, before the weather had become so severe, and been struck by her almost angelic beauty. To crown all, he happened to be in. On seeing the breathless child, and learning her errand, he put on his hat immediately, and, as her little feet had only the thinnest of old shoes to protect them from the sleety pavements, he took her in his arms and actually carried her home.

Randolph had just been got to bed, by Alice, when the doctor came in. At a single glance around him the physician understood all, for experience had made him more or less familiar with such scenes: the former opulence of the family, the exhausting career of poverty, and finally the haemorrhage brought on by mental excitement. His first duty, he saw, was to speak cheerfully; for Alice, in spite of her efforts, could not keep down her tears: so, after he had heard her story, he said,

"Ah! only this. You don't know how glad I am to find things no worse. Your little daughter quite frightened me," and he turned, smiling, to Alice, "but all you unprofessional people get easily alarmed at sight of blood. With a little care we shall bring your husband round."

Thus speaking, he set to work, and, under his skilful management, the bleeding, which had already been partially checked, was stopped entirely. When satisfied that there was no immediate danger of a return of the haemorrhage, he said,

"Now, madam, if you will keep your husband in that position, and not allow him to move, nor even talk, until I remove the prohibition, I think I can promise a speedy recovery. His case is more alarming in appearance than in reality. Meantime," he added, with delicate tact, for he had noticed that his patient had no bed under him, and knew from this circumstance how destitute the family must be, "as you cannot leave Mr. Randolph, I will take the liberty of sending in what might be wanted for him."

Alice made no answer in words, but her eyes were eloquent with thanks. There was no false pride left now, for her husband's life, she was aware, trembled in the balance. The physician, without waiting for her gratitude to find language, smiled and hurried from the room.

"How little," he soliloquized, "one knows of his nearest neighbors. Here have I, for months, known that this family lived but half a square from me, yet never imagined to what straits of poverty they were reduced. A man, evidently born to affluence, lying on a bolster, because there is only that left to place between him and the slats of the bedstead: and the room almost icy cold, clearly because a fire cannot be afforded. Alas! what shall I say of myself, and others who have a sufficiency, when such extremities of misery can exist, yet we know nothing of it! Ah! if we, the rich, did our duty; if we sought out those in distress, as we should, there would be none of this."

That afternoon, a cart drew up at the door of the Randolphs, and one comfort after another was handed from it, beginning with an adequate supply of coal, until even Alice almost felt ashamed to be under such obligations to a stranger; for though the carman refused to tell who had sent him, she felt convinced it must have been the physician, whose kind face had haunted her ever since his visit. But when the doctor appeared, his well-acted start of surprise, though it did not deceive her, taught her that their benefactor expected her to say nothing. She did not thank the physician, therefore; but she silently prayed for the blessing of heaven on him: the words of the Saviour coming forcibly up to her memory, "inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

The doctor, on this occasion, had no need to speak more encouragingly than he felt, for Randolph was perceptibly in a fair way to recover, if no accident occurred.

"Let me congratulate you," said the doctor, addressing Alice, but looking at the invalid, for whom his words were intended as much as the wife. "Your husband has improved astonishingly. Only keep him quiet, and think of nothing, either of you, but getting him well." And turning to Lily, he patted her on the cheek, he said pleasantly, "you must see, my dear, that mamma doesn't go out, at all, not even for a minute. You'll not let her do it, I know."

His kind tone and winning smile brought an answering smile to Lily's face; and looking at her mother, who smiled too, she said, archly,

"I'll watch her, sir. Oh! she shan't leave pa a moment. Whatever's to be done, I'll do, for I'm quite a large girl now. Ain't I?"

"That you are," answered the doctor, lifting her up and kissing her; and, addressing her mother, he added, with a sigh. "Ah! Mrs. Randolph, what would I not give for such a treasure as that."

With these words, he hurriedly departed. As the door closed on him, the eyes of the husband

and wife met. They both recollect, at the same moment, having heard, the preceding summer, that the physician had just lost his only child, a daughter of about the same age as Lily, and they knew all the unutterable woe which was embodied in that sigh and wish. Alice, as she tucked the quilt in afresh, whispered in her husband's ears,

"Ah! George, how thankful we ought to be. Poverty, and even sickness are nothing, nothing to death."

He pressed her hand in assent, for since he had been lying there, new thoughts had entered into his soul. He had been thinking, indeed, on this very subject. Reflecting on the possibility of his own decease, and of the anguish it would cause his wife, for, even with all her womanly self-control, Alice could not prevent the quivering lip and eyes filling unconsciously, he saw, as he had never seen before, that, terrible as destitution was, it was nothing compared to death. "Once restored to health," he soliloquized, "and I can, at least, struggle through my difficulties: but if lost to Alice and Lily, what will not be their grief." He thought, it will be seen, more of them than of himself.

Lying there in silence, and thus meditating, Randolph had approached nearer, in spirit, to his Creator than he had ever done in his whole life. He knew that he was hanging on the verge of the grave; that a feather's weight might precipitate him into eternity; and the consciousness of this made him, as it always does, understand himself thoroughly for the first time. He beheld suddenly revealed the great defect of his character, that want of trust in Providence, which had made him so often despond, and which, like an impassible wall, had kept the sunshine of heaven from his soul.

Already he had become an altered man. Already many a silent prayer had ascended to his Maker for forgiveness, and for aid in the reformation he had secretly vowed, in case he should recover. He shuddered in spirit, indeed, to think of the want of faith, which he had exhibited throughout his entire life: it seemed so like a silent, but daily, practical denial of the goodness of God, and His interest in His creatures. It appeared to him as if he had been living, year after year, in a virtual infidelity, when such texts as this rose to his memory, "Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the fields, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you. Oh, ye of little faith?"

He answered Alice by a look, which echoed her words fully. He felt that, if he were to recover, and either she or Lily be taken, all the wealth in the world would be nothing compara-

tively: and his heart went forth in gratitude to heaven, that they had been spared to him, and not ravished away like the only child of the physician.

From that hour, it may be said, Randolph was a Christian. Never again did he call in question the wisdom of the dealings of Providence, or say, in his heart, as he so often had before, "what have I done to merit this treatment." From that moment he believed, not only intellectually, but with his whole being, in the mercy of the Almighty, and was ready to acknowledge, even in hours of the deepest trouble, the kindly love of the All Protecting Father, who, by such chastisements, disciplines his children for the life everlasting.

When Mountjoy arrived, with the intelligence of Isabel's death, and heard of Randolph's illness, he hesitated, for a moment, whether to tell Alice or not. She had received him in the outer room, and now stood awaiting his pleasure, secretly wondering what he had to impart, which could render his seeing her husband as important as he had declared it to be.

At last Mountjoy looked up from his momentary hesitation.

"I am addressing Mrs. Randolph, I presume," he said.

Alice nodded assent.

"You can bear trouble, I hope, madam," he continued, "for I am the bearer of mournful intelligence."

Alice looked at him with a sad smile, as she answered,

"Sorrow and I are old acquaintances, sir. Speak to me freely. Mr. Randolph's health forbids his being disturbed on such an errand."

"You had a sister, I believe——"

In a moment the truth flashed on Alice. Much as Isabel had wronged her, she still loved her sister, and at the bare idea of her death, she trembled violently.

"Is she ill?" cried Alice, interrupting him, eagerly. The mournful aspect of his countenance told her that it was more than mere illness. She clasped her hands, and bursting into tears, exclaimed, "oh! she is dead. I know it by your looks."

In that moment, all the injuries Isabel had done her passed from her remembrance, and Alice recollects her only as the playmate of childhood, as the adviser of her later years. For a while she wept uncontrollably, covering her face with her hands, Mountjoy sitting in respectful silence.

At last, recovering some composure, she asked her visitor for details of the sad bereavement. These Mountjoy gave, softening all the harsher incidents, and leaving Alice to suppose that

Isabel had died calmly, though suddenly: indeed, the more terrible circumstances connected with her decease were, as we have seen, unknown to Mountjoy himself.

Alice listened, the tears silently stealing down her cheeks, until the melancholy tale was finished. Then, finding she still did not speak, her visitor ventured to say,

"You must be aware, my dear madam, that you are the nearest representative of the deceased," Alice started, "and as such the only person entitled to dictate what the arrangements for the interment shall be. You are, of course, Miss Vernon's heir; for her attorney says she had no will."

For the first time, a thought of the great change, which the death of Isabel would produce in their worldly circumstances, rushed across Alice's mind. She reflected that now her husband would be able to have all the little delicacies, which his situation imperatively demanded, but which poverty had prevented her getting for him. She reflected also that Lily would suffer no more, dear, patient child, from cold and hunger. What wonder that she burst again into tears, and that now they were almost hysterical in their violence.

In all this there had not been a thought of self. It was of others she considered. Noble, generous woman, would that more resembled thee!

But Alice recovered her composure quickly; and now, addressing Mountjoy, she said,

"As you are a friend of Mr. Randolph, I may make bold, I hope, to ask you to attend to the——" her voice faltered, but recovering herself, she went on, "the necessary arrangements. He is too ill to undertake a journey himself, or to permit my leaving him. We have no near relatives to whom we can apply."

"Most thankfully will I accept the commission," said Mountjoy, admiring the ready composure of mind, as he had before admired the sisterly affection of the speaker, "whatever I believe you or your husband would wish, I shall see executed; and I think I can divine what those wishes would be."

With a few more words their interview closed. As Mountjoy departed, however, he said,

"In a few days, I will return. Meantime, perhaps, Mr. Randolph had better be kept in ignorance, lest the information should agitate him too much."

Alice thanked him, by a look, for the delicacy of the first allusion, as well as for the kind interest exhibited by the last; and then they parted.

It was no easy task, however, to keep her own counsel. A dozen times, during the day, she felt as if she could not longer restrain the tears,

which the thought of Isabel lying cold and lifeless summoned up. She was afraid also lest her husband, noticing the numerous little luxuries she had purchased for him, for Mountjoy had considerately left a pocket-book on the table when he departed, would insist on knowing where her resources came from. But fortunately she escaped suspicion.

At last, however, and by degrees, she broke the truth to her husband. Randolph, chastened by sickness, had already been softened toward Isabel; and the information of her death entirely subdued him; so that he saw, without wonder, the tears of his wife, and could even join with her, to some extent, in her regrets. Often, that day, he repeated to himself "forgive our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us."

Our story draws near its end. The restoration of Randolph was soon complete. To this his altered fortunes, the tender care of his wife, and the skill of his physician all now contributed. When Mountjoy made his appearance again, the invalid was able to see him, to thank him for his kindness, and to converse of old times with him.

As soon as Randolph could bear it, which was about this time, he was removed from his humble lodgings to others more suitable to his improved fortunes. One of his first visits, on going out, was to a handsome house, which Alice wished to purchase, and which they subsequently bought. It was a commodious mansion, in one of the pleasantest parts of the city, where they immediately established themselves.

Prior to moving into it, however, Alice fitted up an apartment in it for a studio; and thither she caused her husband's easel to be secretly removed. For, as Randolph was still much of an invalid, he could take no part in arranging the furniture, but had to leave everything to his wife, who managed her little plot so well as to entirely to surprise him, when at last they moved into the house. The Turkish dressing-gown and slippers, which Alice had once jocosely promised him, if ever she became rich, were not forgotten.

Here it was the delight of Randolph to work. For now that pecuniary cares were strangers to him, he seemed to enjoy a greater facility than ever with his pencil: his genius assumed a boldness and originality it had never known before; and his execution improved not less decidedly. At least this was the unanimous verdict of the public. But as he was now a rich man, he was courted where formerly he had been neglected, and many a votary of Mammon purchased his pictures in consequence, who, had he still been struggling for bread, would have turned from them with a sneer.

That studio became the favorite resort for

Alice also. There she would sit and sew, while Lily sat at her feet reading, the nurse occasionally bringing in the baby to share in their household bliss. Now and then Alice would pause from her feminine labor, and gaze silently on her husband, as, with kindling eye, he worked away with his pencil: and now Randolph would himself stop, catch her look, smile at her, and, perhaps, desire her to approach the canvass that he might ask her advice. Oh! how happy they were. Loving and loved, husband, wife and child, what a Paradise on earth they made. Surely, if there is a heaven below, it exists in an affectionate family circle.

But the Randolphs did not selfishly confine their happiness to themselves. Having once been poor themselves, they knew how to sympathize with the needy: with the Carthaginian queen they could say, "*non ignara malis miseric succurrere disco.*" Nor did they, like so many of the compassionate rich, delegate to others the task of seeking proper objects of their bounty. They went in person, on the contrary, to the abodes of suffering, and even to the haunts of vice; and when they gave alms, they gave also sympathy, without which, mere pecuniary aid is frequently in vain. In all their pursuits, they recognized as a solemn duty, to which everything else had to give way, the relief of the poor. They never forgot that the Great Teacher, when on earth, proved his divine mission, by saying that the sick were healed, the lame made to walk, and the gospel preached to the poor.

One shadow clouded the otherwise perfectly happy life of Alice. It was the recollection of her disobedience to her father, on that fatal day when Isabel betrayed her into eloping with Randolph. To it, indeed, she attributed all the misfortunes of her life. Her own experience was a proof, she said, that even in this world, God sometimes visits retribution on the offender. To her dying hour, she will retain, in her heart, the sorrowful recollection that her father died without forgiving her.

Alice never learned the extent of Isabel's treachery toward her, nor the awful manner of her sudden death. It is well that she is ignorant of it. She can still regard her sister with regret and even love.

Lily is fast growing up to womanhood, and promises to be as lovely as even Alice was. Her goodness is on every tongue. She never omits an opportunity to accompany her mother in visits of mercy, and her sweet face is known and welcomed, in hundreds of humble homes, as that of an angel. Thus, already she has begun, on earth, the heavenly ministry which is her destiny.

In the halls of nobles, in the palaces of princes,

in the galleries of great nations the name of Randolph, the artist, is a familiar thing. His pictures sell sometimes, it is said, for their weight in gold. But, though thus renowned, he is one of the most unassuming of men. What faults he had, disappeared in the furnace of affliction, and he is now not less esteemed in public than ~~loved~~ at home.

Alas! it is not every one whom experience can thus teach. Reader, has life made you better, or have its lessons failed?

Oh! whatever else you do, live not in vain.

WAYSIDE MUSINGS.

BY H. W. PAYSON.

I AM walking by the wayside,
And my path is long I know;
All alone 'tis mine to travel,
Yet I sigh not as I go.
It is morning, and the sunbeams
Scarce have sipped their dewy meal;
Softest breezes round me whisper
Grateful things I can but feel.

On my right there rolls a river,
Slowly, silently it flows,
The same course with me pursuing
To its ocean home it goes,
Lovely stream! how like thou seemest,
To a nobly gifted soul
In the path of peace and duty
Swerveless, as thy waters roll!

Lofty trees their shades are lending,
Grassy mounds invite my stay,
Winding rills entice me sweetly,
Tinny cascades coaxing play.
Can it be thou art soulless,
And my heart can love ye so?
Round ye may there not be lingering,
Dear ones once 'twas mine to know?

But the sun while I am musing,
Reaches his meridian bound,
And the laborers homeward turning,
At their ample board are found.

I will sit beside this fountain,
Where I play'd a careless child,
'Neath this old familiar willow,
'Mong the hazels rough and wild.

From this leaf I'll form a goblet;
"Bye-gone hours" I drink to thee!
When I sang to hear responded,
Words these rocks return'd to me.
Now my walk at last is ended,
And my childhood's home I see
Memory brings with deep emotion
Buried forms and joys to me.

Life thou art a dusty pathway,
But embower'd with smiling green,
And a stream of peace and plenty,
Ever by thy side is seen.
Blooming flowers and vocal streamlets,
Ever join to charm the eye,
Shall we pass them all unheeded,
Plodding, murmuring till we die?

Let us ever looking round us,
Do whate'er 'tis ours to do,
And enjoy whate'er is given,
Of the beautiful and true.
Loving all and Him adoring,
Who is leading us along
To that home amid the angels,
Where the beautiful belong.

NO MORE.

BY G. L. PARSONS.

No more that gentle form of thine
Will pass before my sight,
As oft it did in days agone,
In beauty and delight.

No more I'll hear that footstep light,
Come tripping o'er the floor;
Or see that smiling face again,
Alas! those days are o'er.

My heart has lost its joyousness,
And brightest hopes are dead;
A gloom is on my spirit's core,
And happiness hath fled.

But memory oft-times sheds a gleam
Of sunshine through my breast:
And banishes the gloominess
With which I am oppress'd.

OUR WORK TABLE.
GENTLEMAN'S TRAVELLING CAP.

BY M^{LE}. DEFOUR.



MATERIALS.—Three ounces of double brown Berlin wool, three quarters of a yard of brown silk, one yard of brown ribbon, one quarter of an ounce of brown silk, and leather peak pins No. 14. Cast on fifty loops, and knit two rows.

3rd row.—Knit three, *a*, thread forward, knit two together; repeat to two stitches of the end of row; leave these unknitted on the pin.

4th row.—Thread forward, knit two together; repeat, finishing the row with knit three; repeat these two rows five times more, increasing the number of stitches which are left unknitted in the alternate rows. Thus, in the fifth row leave four; seventh row, six; ninth row, six; eleventh row, ten stitches, unknitted; thirteenth row,

plain, knitting every stitch; fourteenth row, plain, every stitch.

One division of the cap is now worked. Commence again at third row, and repeat, till four divisions are completed; after which cast off twelve stitches at the bottom of the cap; knit four more divisions (in all eight) on the remaining stitches, and cast off. Join the two sides together, leaving twelve stitches to correspond with the twelve which were cast off. After the fourth division this piece forms a cape. Line with silk; make a tassel with the sewing silk, and attach to the centre of the crown; sew on the peak, and the strings at the corner of the cap.

EPI TAPH O N A N I N F IDE L.

FROM THE LATIN.

BENEATH this stone the mould'ring relics lie
Of one to whom Religion spoke in vain;

{ He lived as though he never were to die,
And died as though he ne'er should live again.

EDITORS' TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR VOLUME FOR 1853.—If we were to speak as most of our cotemporaries do, we should say that this is the last time we shall address many of our readers. But it is the peculiarity of our Magazine and has been from its commencement, that very few of those who begin to take it, ever give it up. Our subscription books exhibit the same names renewing, year after year. Once introduced into a post-town, our periodical makes good its position, and increases the number of its patrons there annually. While others are complaining of a change in the public taste, and of a decrease in their list, and are altering the character of their Magazines every six months in hopes to hit popularity at last, this one remains the same in plan as ever, only, by increasing in merit, it steadily increases its friends. Ours is, indeed, the only monthly periodical in the United States which has never declined in circulation, but always advanced.

For 1853 we intend to do "greater things" than ever. What these are, the Prospektus will explain in part, but not wholly. But we shall not be more explicit here. We intend to take the public by surprise, and when we say this, those who know us know it will be done. Be on the look out therefore. We issue the present number, altogether the most elegant and costly December number we have ever published, as an earnest of what we intend; and we have the pride to boast that there is not a story in it, which is not original, a fact that cannot be said of any other monthly. In truth, we have lately read, in several of our cotemporaries, articles that we saw in the newspapers months ago. Those who do not want stale reading must, therefore, take this Magazine for 1853.

The cash system, to which we strictly adhere, enables us to spend more, pro rata, on our Magazine than any cotemporary. None of our subscribers have to help pay for those who don't pay, which all, who take a Magazine doing a credit business, have to do. We, therefore, can afford to publish a cheaper periodical, considering the lower price, than any cotemporary: and the newspaper press unites to say that we do so, in proof of which we call attention to the notices on another page.

All who wish the cheapest, best, and only original Magazine; all who wish accurate fashions, engraved on steel, and colored; all who wish a series of mezzotints worth, for a scrap-book alone, the price of subscription:—all such, we say, should have this Magazine for 1853. The postage is now a mere trifle. Every lady can afford two dollars, much less one dollar and a quarter, which is the price where eight club together. Among twenty-five millions of inhabitants, surely there are one hundred thousand

ladies, intelligent enough, and public-spirited enough, to support a thoroughly American Magazine like this.

IS YOUR CLUB READY.—We hope our fair readers have not forgotten what we said, in our last number, about each one getting up a club for us in 1853. If any one has neglected it, and feels mortified at her forgetfulness, let her go to work at once, for it is not yet too late. We make it a personal matter, this year, between ourselves and our fair subscribers, in order to see if the ladies of the United States are disposed to sustain an *original* Magazine of art, literature and fashion, as it should be sustained. Nothing less than one hundred thousand subscribers for 1853 will satisfy our ambition. If every fair patron will help us, by procuring a club, or at least another subscriber, *the hundred thousand will be ours.*

SUPERIORITY OF OUR FASHIONS.—In Godey's Lady's Book, for last month, appeared a fashion plate, one of the figures of which we gave a year ago, in the December number for 1851. Godey's plate is a wood-cut, but ours was engraved on steel and magnificently colored. But things like this are continually occurring, to prove that our fashions, as we assert in the Prospektus, are published in advance of every cotemporary.

REMIT EARLY.—The January number will be ready by the first of December. Our friends will just have time, therefore, to inspect this number, before forwarding their money for 1853. Those whose names come in first will receive the earliest and consequently best impressions from the plates, which are truly magnificent, unsurpassed indeed by any ever before published. Our patrons cannot remit too soon.

OUR PROMISES FOR 1852.—We promised, a year ago, to make our Magazine for 1852 far better than for 1851. Examine for yourselves, and you will see that while we have not decreased the number of embellishments, we have greatly increased the quantity of pages.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Comparative Physiognomy; or, Resemblances between Man and Animals. By James W. Redfield, M.D. Illustrated by Three Hundred Engravings. 1 vol. New York: J. S. Redfield.—This is really one of the most curious books that has appeared in our editorial career. It is an attempt to bring back into fashion the study of physiognomy, which the author places above phrenology in practical usefulness, if not in real value. Dr. Redfield writes with much

force, and occasionally with considerable humor. He compares, by means of engravings, different human faces with the faces of different animals, showing how one description of man looks like a lion, another like a calf, a third like a vulture, and so through some hundred examples. Wherever there is a similarity between a human face and that of an animal, the author contends that a resemblance exists also in character. The work is amusing, if it is no more: though, for ourselves, we confess to being half a convert to the doctor's odd theory. Like all Redfield's publications the volume is handsomely got up. W. B. Zeiber is the Philadelphia agent.

Ancient Egypt Under the Pharaohs. By John Kendrick, M. A. 2 vols. New York: J. S. Redfield.—Within the last fifty years, a series of the most astonishing discoveries have been made, respecting the ancient history, arts, laws and customs of the Egyptians. The interpretation of the hieroglyphics; the travels of Belzoni, Leipsius and others; and the writings of Wilkinson, Young and Vyse have made scholars almost as familiar with the ancient inhabitants of the valley of the Nile, as we are with their descendants in the present day. But there has been no popular work, containing a condensed account of these researches, until the present one by Mr. Kendrick. In his volumes, however, we have a synopsis of all that has been written, in every language, on this subject. Redfield has published the work very tastefully.

Northwood; or, Life North and South. By Sarah J. Hale. 1 vol. New York: H. Long & Brothers.—This gracefully written novel created no little sensation, twenty-five years ago, when it first appeared. No higher proof of its acceptability could be adduced, perhaps, than that it can now be republished, and, as we understand, with eminent success. A work of fiction which is popular, a whole generation after it first came out, may be regarded as a classic. The volume is neatly printed, and handsomely illustrated.

Library Edition of the Waverly Novels. Vols. X, XI, XII. Boston: B. B. Mussey & Co.—We repeat, what we have said frequently before, that everybody should have this edition of Scott's novels. The large type alone renders it superior to all other editions, even without the handsome style of the binding, and the spirit of the illustrations. The work will be complete in twenty-seven volumes, but if each volume is purchased as it comes out, the cost will scarcely be felt.

Bleak House. By Charles Dickens. No. VIII. New York: Harper & Brothers.—We are not among those who consider this one of the master-pieces of Dickens. On the contrary, we think the serial grows worse, as it proceeds, though here and there fine passages appear, which are full of the author's genius. The edition is handsomely printed.

Meyer's Universum. Parts VII, VIII, IX. New York: H. J. Meyer.—The interest of this series is well sustained. It is, indeed, a world's gallery of engravings.

Parisian Sights and French Principle, as seen through American Spectacles. 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—A racy volume, for which we predict a great sale. Though so much has been written about Paris, this author proves, like Sir Francis Head in his "Faggot of French Sticks," that a great deal has been left unsaid. The book is full of spirited engravings. In other respects also the publishers have done themselves credit by their style of issuing it.

The Cabin and Parlor. By J. Thornton Randolph. 1 vol. T. B. Peterson.—We have two editions of this work on our table: one in cheap form for fifty cents, the other on fine paper, bound in cloth, and gilt, for one dollar. The latter is as handsome a volume as has been issued this year. For the character and merits of the work we refer to the advertisement on our cover. Twenty thousand copies, we learn, have been sold in about a month.

The Forest. By the author of "Lady Alice." 1 vol. New York: Redfield.—There is no resisting the charm of Huntington's style, however silly one may consider some of his incidents. The present novel is a sequel to Alban, and is of a semi-religious character. The scene is laid among the Adirondack mountains. The volume is quite elegantly got up.

Reuben Medlicott. By the author of "My Uncle the Curate." 1 vol. New York: Harper & Brothers.—This is by one of our favorite authors, a man who always writes with spirit, and whose pages are full of common sense. His present work is intended to show that talents, without perseverance, only lead to ruin.

Romance of American History. By Joseph Banvard. 1 vol. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.—This is another charming volume, by the author of "Plymouth and the Pilgrims," which we cordially recommend to every family. The book is full of spirited illustrations.

Lossing's Pictorial Field-Book. Nos. 26, 27 and 28. New York: Harper & Brothers.—The scenes numbered lie in the South. The illustrations are as fine as ever, and being mostly from drawings by Mr. Lossing, are of original historical value.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—MORNING DRESS OF BLUE CASHMERE, corsage high and close, and lined with canary colored silk. A sacque of the same material as the dress, with the sleeves faced with quilted silk, is exceedingly appropriate for the cold weather. An under skirt of white muslin richly worked is worn with this dress. Cap of rich lace, trimmed with blue and canary colored ribbon.

FIG. II.—WALKING DRESS OF RICH SLATE COLORED SILK.—Skirt long and very full. Cloak of black velvet trimmed with sable fur. Sleeves very wide at the hand, and finished like the body of the cloak. Bonnet of straw colored uncut velvet, puffed, and lined with pink silk. A long, light plume and pink face trimming, completes this beautiful bonnet.

GENERAL REMARKS.—There is no novelty in the

style of making dresses; the open corsage still continues to be worn, but the long points before and at the back are entirely discarded. A fashion which was very prevalent a few years ago has of late been partially revived. We allude to dresses having one broad flounce extending more than half way up the skirt. We have seen a dress of Pomona green glace made in this style. The edge of the flounce was ornamented with narrow *mignonette* ribbon, stitched on in the same manner as braid. This ribbon was of various shades of green, and it was disposed in a wreath pattern, presenting the rich effect of embossing without its heaviness. The same design formed a heading to the flounce, the ribbon being stitched on the dress itself. Small bows of ribbon were fixed to each end of the three traverses, which confined the fronts of the open corsage, within which was to be worn a chemisette of lace or of gouffered organza. The sleeves were slit open from the elbow to the lower edge; and the opening was confined by three traverses or bands, finished by rosettes of ribbon with flowing ends.

In Paris, another style of under-sleeve, called the Manche Louis XIII., has just been introduced, and received with marked favor. It is very showy in its effect. It has three large puffings, separated one from the other by small puffings. Within the latter are inserted ribbons, which are fastened in large bows on the outside of the arm. This style of sleeve, in net or in worked mulin, is exceedingly graceful and elegant with a dress of colored silk. It need scarcely be mentioned that the color of the ribbons should correspond with that of the dress.

BONNETS.—Some of the newest bonnets present a curious combination of heavy and light materials, as for example satin and gauze, velvet and tulle, &c. We think the shape rather closer, for velvet bonnets particularly, than has been worn heretofore. Linings of a different color, but in harmony with the outside of the bonnet, are much in favor. Drawn bonnets, as in our fashion plate, are the most fashionable, though some frame ones have been made up. Lace is very much used in trimming, particularly around the front of the bonnet, where it is inserted, giving a lightness of effect to even the heaviest velvets.

CLOAKS.—The circular shape so much in favor last winter is still retained, some with the hood, and others without, and some having in addition the large hanging sleeves in the Venetian style. The material most in use for cloaks is a cloth, of a soft, light kind, now employed almost exclusively for that purpose. Cloth cloaks will be generally worn this winter. Those of black cloth are most fashionable, and next to black very dark brown, grey, and drab are favorite hues. These plain cloaks are usually trimmed with braid, or narrow black velvet. The braid may be either broad or narrow; if broad, one or two rows are set on straight; if narrow, it may be set on in a pattern. The narrow velvet is usually set on in a Greek design. Velvet cloaks of the round form are made of smaller size than those of cloth; they are, however, usually made with sleeves, and are trimmed with fringe of that massive kind which the French call Sevillian fringe.

We will describe a few of those most remarkable for novelty in shape and style of trimming, designating them by the names they have received from the Parisian makers.

ONE, called the *Richeleten*, is of black velvet. It has a neck-piece, round which the fulness is disposed in large plaits. This neck-piece is concealed by a turning-over collar of guipure. The cloak has long hanging Venetian sleeves, gathered up and fastened by an ornament of passementerie, with cords and tassels. A similar ornament serves as an attachment at the throat.

ANOTHER cloak, bearing the name of *la Seignier*, is of grey cloth, with trimmings of violet colored velvet. It is of the round form behind, and very full. This cloak has a large cape, which falls over the back only, and ends at the seam on the shoulder; for it must be observed that this cloak is seamed at each side. A broad band of violet colored velvet edges both the cloak and the pelerine; the latter is also edged with two rows of fringe; one row grey and the other violet. The arm-hole of the cloak is concealed by the pelerine, the rounded ends of which present in front the effect of Venetian sleeves. The neck is finished by a small turning-over collar of violet colored velvet, ornamented with braid.

THE GENNARO CLOAK is of very ample dimensions. It is of a drab colored cloth, and has a flat hood, ornamented with braid of a peculiarly beautiful kind, partly velvet, partly silk, and of two colors, morone and black. The same braid, together with a rich morone fringe. The sleeves are exceedingly long—so long as to descend to the bottom of the cloak, if not supported by the arms.

THE SULLY MANTELET is of rich puce colored velvet. It is of the shawl form at the back, and is trimmed with a braid figured with jet, forming a heading to a row of guipure. A row of the same lace is run on the mantelet, thus presenting the effect of a pelerine descending to the waist.

SEVERAL of our country subscribers having applied to us for information respecting the most fashionable style of dressing the hair, we offer the following remarks:—The back hair, whether arranged in plaits, torsades, or bows, is still worn very low; and a portion of it is brought round to the front of the head, where, either in a plait or twist, it forms, as it were, a coronet above the bandeaux of the front hair; or it may unite with the front bandeaux, which are then *lisées* in the lower part and plaited above. For *blonde* hair, very full waved bandeaux are the most becoming style of arrangement. For dark hair, the bandeaux should be less thick, and divided by the plait or twist in the coronet style above-mentioned. For separating the bandeaux a ribbon is sometimes employed instead of a tress of the back hair. This ribbon should be of two different shades, and after dividing the bandeaux it forms two coques, one behind each ear. Young ladies frequently wear a band of velvet, green, blue, or cerise, which, after being simply passed through the bandeaux, is fastened just above the nape of the neck, in a bow with flowing ends.

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